

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 FIVE



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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)

I found Stanley's letter very interesting and amusing. Charlie read it, too, and he and I decided at once to ask Gordon to come with Stanley and act as a second model for my dresses. We immediately wired Stanley:

"Delighted to have both you and Gordon. Start preparations at once. Am writing."

Then I composed a letter to Stanley and Gordon, with the help of Charlie. I enclosed a check for \$1000 for each of them, and we made out a list of the feminine things the boys would need for their prolonged masquerade. We were so glad that they would come. It would be such a help to me. Charlie all along had been sure that they would accept my invitation, but I had been a bit doubtful, for I knew from my own experiences as a girl the many drawbacks and discomforts, and so I had thought that it was asking a great deal of two boys to play the part of girls for an extended period of time. I, now being a girl, but with my former 21 years as a male, realized how difficult and trying it would be. It was one thing for the boys to be girls for a day, as they so often had done. But it was quite another thing for them to dress in complete female costumes day and night, day after day, without any let up. To be tightly corsetted and high heeled for a day, wearing a wig and make-up and all of the ~~accessories~~ accessories that go with a complete outfit, would not be a strain for them. The next day they could rest in their comfortable male clothing and shoes, and recover from the discomforts of the previous day. And, besides, they could go where they pleased and not come into close contact with people unless they wished to. But now they would have to spend all of their waking hours in full feminine regalia, including, of course, their tightly laced corsets. Stanley would have to have an 18-inch waist, to match my figure, and the astonishing Gordon would be laced in to 17 inches from morning till bedtime. And then there would be the close-fitting dresses, the snug high-heeled shoes and slippers, the wigs which would have to be kept nicely dressed at all times, and which would be far from cool and comfortable. And there would be the many accessories for them to fuss with. Yes, it was indeed a most fussy undertaking for boys, and very few boys would be willing to tackle it, even if they could get away with it, for, besides the discomfort, they would have to throw away their manhood and assume feminine personalities. They would have to be girlishly soft-spoken, and talk like girls, walk like them, act like them, be completely effeminate, as well as feminine. They would at all times have to think about their appearance so as always to look their prettiest. They would have to be sweet and charming, dainty and delicate and demure, smiling and angelic, no matter how they felt. It was a very difficult thing to do, and the strain would be greater because Stanley would be house guests of mine, and come into the closest contact, and even intimacy, with the members of my family, with the servants, the dressmakers and my many friends, both boys and girls, and men and women. They would have to endure the closest scrutiny, especially on the part of critical girls and women, without anybody having the slightest suspicion that they were not real girls. They could never relax for a moment when with others, and never forget themselves and make a slip that might arouse suspicion as to ~~at~~ their real sex.

So I was somewhat surprised when I got Stanley's letter agreeing to come if Gordon came too, but I was still further surprised to learn that the two boys planned to go on as girls, after the wedding, for a long, indefinite period. But Charlie said he had been sure all the while that they would come, and was not surprised that they wished to continue as girls for more months, and perhaps permanently, for he understood them much better than I did, probably due to his feminine intuition. Charlie even thought that they might make good on the screen, especially if they could get a good introduction to some Hollywood producer. He thought that probably my father, through his bank, had business connections with some

movie magnates, and he could give the "girls" a letter of introduction that would assure them a screen test. Charlie thought that both of them were lovely enough to become feminine stars. As for myself, I was not so sure. I first would have to see how they got along with us, and how pretty they were, for I had only seen them as girls for a short time, and I didn't remember exactly how they looked, though my impressions were that they made very good looking girls. But Charlie, with his feminine interest, had been fascinated, and thought their impersonations of pretty girls was the most remarkable piece of disguise, and acting, that he had ever seen.

Both Charlie and I, being what we were, with reversed sexes, were very keen to have the boys with us, to study them and associate with them intimately. Their real sex would be a secret shared only by Stanley and Gordon, and Charlie and ~~me~~. Nobody else was to know about it. It would be such fun sharing the secret, and watching the boys play their difficult feminine roles under all sorts of conditions, and in all sorts of company. They would have to be perfect girls in every way, for it would be disgracefully shocking and scandalous if it should be discovered that they were only boys, after all. Charlie was positive that they could do it, and he finally convinced me.

Charlie was of great help to me in compiling the list for the boys. I had now been a girl for nearly a year, and I had probably, in that short time, done ten times as much shopping, and bought ten times as many things as the ordinary girl, without my money. And so I had had a splendid opportunity to learn about all there was to know about things feminine. Of course, my mother had guided me, but Charlie had been of the greatest assistance, because from the very start of my girlhood, he had advised me and guided me with my clothes. He told me what dresses to wear, and what to buy, and tried to develop in me a taste similar to what his own had been during the years that he was a girl. Thus I would dress and act as he would have done. In this way, my "memory" returned, and more and more I became the natural Mary Morris, as she was before her operation. I had developed a real fondness for pretty clothes, and excellent taste. I got to know instinctively what was the most becoming to me. And I loved to dress the beautiful body of Mary, now in my possession, in clothes that would add to her beauty and charm. The possession of her supremely ~~feminine~~ body made me happy for the most part, in spite of the drawbacks, but I enjoyed most standing in front of a mirror so that I could see and admire the girl that I loved so deeply. Next to that, I loved to fondle ~~it~~ in bed, to feel her lovely luxurious long hair about my head on my pillow, to have the joy and privilege of being at all times able to run my soft little hands over my satin-smooth, slenderly girlish body, to feel my delicious little breasts, with their cute pink nipples, to caress Mary's (my) smoothly rounded hips, derriere and thighs, and even her little calves and feet. But for a long time it was a shock to me when I ran my hand into the most private place of her body, to find my former male sexual organs missing. But I had the sexual sensations of a girl, rather than those of a man, and found them equally enjoyable, though perhaps not so strong and violent. And, besides, these feelings were intermittent, as with the female, and not continuous, as with a male. But I enjoyed the possession of Mary's body, except occasionally, when a feeling of revolt would take possession of me, and I would loathe being a girl, and long with all my heart and soul to be a man again. These spells would usually come when I awoke early in the morning, after a dream that I was my old self, Charlie Cross, once more, to find myself a girl. I would hate the whole business, and dread getting up, placing myself in the hands of my personal maid, and dressing as a girl and going through the day as one. How could I, a man, possibly endure it? But I had found that the best way to overcome this distaste was to get up, lock my door, lest any of the maids or my mother or sister come in, and then stand before my full-length mirror, after slipping off my dainty nightgown. I was somewhat ashamed of doing this, and never told Charlie about it, for fear that he might

former
resent my thus exposing his/body to my gaze before we were married. Then, of course, it would be all right. But it consoled me, filled me with increasing love for Mary, and I would be able to get back into a contented frame of mind, and be satisfied with my role as a girl, as I gazed at Mary's reflection with adoring eyes. I would toy with my beautiful hair, tossing it over my shoulder, and sometimes I would brush it. Then, still before the glass, I would turn my body this way ~~at~~ that, so as to view its feminine perfection from every angle, and gloat over the realization that that lovely, desirable maiden was really myself. I was a beautiful girl, admired, respected, loved by everybody, very rich, with fond parents, having everything my heart could desire. Surely, I thought, I was indeed lucky, and it was much more delightful than being a mere man, with short hair, a beard and dressed in plain woollen clothes instead of my lovely silks and satins.

After I had thus gotten myself back into a feminine mood, I would slip on my night-dress and get back into bed, after unlocking the door, and lie there enjoying the possession of Mary's body until my maid came.

I told Stanley and Gordon ~~to~~ go to Manuel's, on Fifth Avenue, and have two wigs made of the very finest quality in every respect, and never mind ~~the~~ the expense. The wigs, naturally, were of the utmost importance, and must not only be pretty, but must fit so perfectly that they would, even on the closest inspection, be taken for their own hair. Manuel is French, and is perhaps the best hair-goods maker in the world. Then I told them to go to Mme. Bertha, a Fifth Avenue corsetiere who caters to ladies of fashion, and have three pairs of corsets made, two for day wear, and one, cut lower in the back, for evening wear. They must be the best that money can buy. I gave them my measurements--bust and hips 36 inches, and waist 18. The corsets should be made to produce that figure. Possibly some slight padding would be required at the hips and buttocks, but that could be built into the corsets, and would not show. After their corsets were finished, I instructed the boys to put them on and go to Lord & Taylor's dress shop, on Fifth Avenue, and select ten dresses, size 36, and have them altered to fit. With the dresses they already owned, left over from the shows and their public appearances as girls, ten would be enough, for when they arrived at my home, they could select from my enormous wardrobe, as many dresses as they wished. I would have so many new ones, that I would have to dispose of many now on hand. I told them to get the needed accessories, and listed them. They would need dainty night-gowns, nice lingerie, shoes, hats, bags, perfumes, make-up, coats, etc., and suitcases fitted with feminine things for the trip, and also each a woman's wardrobe trunk. Also hat boxes, so as to be ready to travel as girls. I suggested that they go daily to a certain beauty parlor that I named and have massages, bleaching treatments, manicures and, if necessary, the electric needle to remove permanently any possible beard or body hair. I asked that one of them write me every day, reporting all the details of their shopping and preparations for their coming maidenhood. This would be intensely interesting to both Charlie and me, to learn how boys go about it to transform themselves into attractive girls, and their experiences with the various people from whom they bought their outfits.

I mailed the letter, special delivery, and eagerly awaited a reply. It was not long in coming. I could tell from the writing on the envelope that it was not from Stanley, and so it must be from Gordon. I was right. The handwriting was that of a girl, and it was on the same scented feminine notepaper that Stanley's first letter had been. The handwriting was as prettily feminine as that of Stanley, but different in that it had a backward slope. I learned later that Gordon did it by holding the pen between his first and second fingers, and making his letters tall and thin. It was totally different from his ordinary hand writing, which was completely masculine in appearance.

Gordon's letter, like that of Stanley, was so interesting and amusing, that I am reproducing it in full.

* * * *

GORDON'S LETTER TO MARY.

Dearest Mary:

This is Gordon writing. I am, as I write, dressed as a girl, and in a feminine mood, so I feel that I can write to you intimately, as "girl to girl," the same as Stanley did, and I trust, darling, that you will find the tone of this letter feminine.

How can I ever thank you, dear Mary, for inviting me to come with Stanley as a girl house-guest, and for sending me such a generous check for our outfits. Both Stanley and I do thank you, from the bottom of our hearts, and hope we shall do only what will please you, and will do our best in our shopping, and follow your instructions and suggestions to the letter.

We are so thrilled at the thought of being girls for a long, long time that we feel like dancing for joy. Stanley is so happy that he is continually bursting into song in his sweet soprano voice. He is such a sweet girl that I know you will love him when you get to know him better. Of course, you know that he (and I, too) has a dual personality. As a male he is jolly, full of fun and laughter and very companionable, so that I am very lucky to have him for my boy pal. But he is at his best as a girl, and it is a pity that he is not really one. As a boy he is popular and well-liked in college and elsewhere, though some men are inclined to look down on him because of his pretty face and slender, graceful, girlish body. But he is completely manly and so good looking that girls fall for him like a ton of bricks. But it is as a girl that he shines, and is at his best. As you know, he makes a very pretty girl (I call him beautiful). But besides that he has great feminine charm, and a wonderful personality. He is always happy, blithe and gay, and he has a great sense of humor, loves to have fun. He is a very affectionate girl, and he and I, when maidens, are very fond of each other, like sisters, and so we are inseparable, and have the loveliest times together. As Stanley has told you, when we are girls we feel, act and talk like them, and of course we treat each other as girls. So I feel very fortunate in having him as my closest girl friend, and I know we are going to have wonderful times together in our coming feminine life.

From the minute your first letter came, we have thought and talked of nothing else except our plans for the future. We are simply wrapped up in them, and so excited and full of enthusiasm! Among other things, we had to decide on our "girl" names, and we discussed the matter for some time. It was easy for Stanley to decide upon his first name, which of course will be his favorite: "Frances". That has always been his name when we were girls together, and so he will stick to it in his coming girlhood. But we had to pick out a last name for him, of course, and it would never do to use his own, and call him "Frances Stelter", at that might give him away. When we are girls, we usually call each other by endearing names, such as "darling," "dear", "sweetheart," etc., and it often is my habit to call him "Frances, darling" when addressing him, and it occurred to me that there was the very name for him: "Frances Darling". Darling is a well-known family name, and so quite appropriate. This name is very pleasing to Stanley, and so he has adopted it.

"My future boy friends can call me by my last name, and it will be quite all right," said he, with a naughty twinkle in his eye. "Or they can reverse the name, and call me "Darling Frances". I would not object, providing they are nice, good-looking boys that I like." So that was settled.

But the selection of my girl name was no so easy. My favorite name had been "Mary" and I have always been "Mary" with Stanley when a girl,

but we both think it would be better not to use that name now, because it might cause some confusion when I am in your house, if we both were "Mary."

"Aren't we lucky girls?" said Stanley, "being able to pick and choose our own names. Most girls are given names when they are babies and have no choice in the matter, and very often they do not like the names given to them, when they get older, and wish they were something else. But we can pick our names from all the long list of feminine names there are, and get just what suits us. We must pick a pretty name for you, and there are so many of them."

We talked over many names. There were French names, many of which are cute, such as Bebe, Fifi, Mimi, but we passed them up as not being appropriate for me. We went over the names of the months--April, May, June, Julia, Augusta, but didn't like them. Then we thought of the name of flowers, like Gardenia, Lily, Violet, Heliotrope and Rose and its combinations, such as Rosalie, Rosamund, Rosalind, Roseleen, some of which I like. Stanley slyly suggested that I take the name of "Pansy", and, while it is a pretty name, yet I thought it not just proper for the sort of "girl" I am. Stanley was looking over the paper, and saw an ad. of a picture in which Gloria Swanson was playing. "How do you like "Gloria"? he asked.

"I like it," I said. "That will be my name".

"I like it, too," said Stanley. "How would you like "Gibson" for your last name? You are often called a 'Gibson Girl', for you look like one, and have the figure of one, with your tiny waist. It's a pretty name. So there you are: 'Glamorous Gloria, the glorious, glittering Gibson Girl.'"

I laughed at Stanley's al/iteration, but I was ~~secretely~~ secretly pleased to hear Stanley call me a "glamorous." That's the sort of girl I want to be, and I hope I can live up to my name. The sweet Stanley says I am always a "glamour girl", and I love him for it. I hope, Mary dearest, that you will not think I am conceited and vain, in telling you all this. I thought it would amuse you. Of course, if I am "glamorous, I take no credit for it. It is just my good fortune, for I was born with my looks and cannot help it if I am able to impersonate a girl who is pretty and even "glamorous".

We were quite sure that you would invite me as well as Stanley, and so we have been busily at work packing our things, so as to move to New York City for our shopping and beauty treatments. We are going to take all of our feminine outfits, including wigs, which may come in handy before our new ones are finished. We plan to put all of our male things in storage when we change finally to girls.

We are going to find an apartment where we can live in privacy, which of course will be necessary when you recall that part of the time we shall be men, and girls at other times, so we want a place on the ground floor, where we can slip in and out without being noticed by the other tenants or neighbors. We want a furnished apartment, with living room, bedroom, bath and kitchen and pantry, for we plan to keep house, and cook most of our meals. Stanley is an excellent cook, and, in fact, a good housekeeper, a good housewife, and I also know how to do housework and can cook, so we shall get along nicely in a simple way. We have been reading the ads. in The World, and have marked a number of apartments which we may find suitable. We shall go to the city tomorrow morning and look them over, and engage one and pay the rent in advance, so that we shall not be bothered by the agent or landlord coming to see us. We don't want to see anyone, but want to remain strangers, and be unknown, so that when we become girls nobody will know anything about it. Of course, we know that it is against the law for us men to appear in public dressed as women, so we must be careful, for some mean person who saw us going in and out of our apartment first as boys and then as girls, might inform against us. That's the only risk. Otherwise nobody could penetrate our disguise. We are sure of that from long experience.

One of us will write again soon, dearest Mary, and tell you all about our doings.

We are two very happy girls, and again we thank you for making possible the wonderful feminine adventure that is before us.

Frances sends love and kisses, and so does your loving

Gloria

* * * * *

A few days later I got another letter, from New York, and I immediately recognized the handwriting as that of Stanley, or rather, Frances, for he wrote it as a girl. Here it is.

FRANCES'S LETTER TO MARY

Darling Mary:

This is from Frances. I hope you know my girlish hand-writing by this time, and can read it all right. Gloria wrote last time, so she says it is my turn now. Yes, as I write we are "Gloria" and "Frances", for we are both dressed as girls, as is our custom, here in our new apartment. We shall always dress as girls whenever we are in for any length of time; for we want to get all of the practise we can before we become girls permanently--or, at least for several months.

We have had a busy day, and are now relaxing in negligees, with hair down and in mules. Gloria is reading a fashion magazine as I write, and she looks very pretty stretched out at full length on the davenport, with her feminine curves showing to the best advantage--for we both are still corsetted. For the sake of our figure training, we have both agreed not to ~~unlace~~ unlace until just before going to bed. As I wrote you, we go corsetted from morning till night, and are reducing our waists gradually, an inch at a time. I now have mine down to 19 inches, and shall go to 18 tomorrow morning when I dress for the day. Gloria is now down to 18, and will go to 17 tomorrow, and that will give us our final measurements.

After visiting several apartments on inspection this morning, we finally found this one, which we like very much. It is on the ground floor, front, in a large building with many tenants. One nice thing about New York is that everybody minds his own business, and nobody knows his next-door neighbor and pays no attention to anybody, so that Gloria and I shall be able to slip in and out, either as men or girls, without being noticed, which is just what we want, of course. But first we shall take a peek to see if anybody is in the hall, for we do not want people to see us and get to know us and how we look, for if they get to know our men's faces, they might recognize us when we go out as girls eventually. But for the present we shall be men in public, until we have shopped for most of our outfits.

We have a large and pleasant living room in front, nicely furnished. Then there is a bedroom with a good double bed--Gloria and I like to sleep together when we are girls. There is a roomy bathroom, with tub and shower, and a kitchen and pantry, and an ice box. So you see we are nicely settled, with comfort and privacy. There are good-sized clothes presses in which we can hang our dresses as well as our suits. Our bedroom has a three-way full length mirror, well lighted, so that we can inspect ourselves from all sides when in dresses. But we also inspect and help each other so as to be sure that everything is all right and that we are well groomed, properly laced and hooked up, and hair attractively dressed, slips not showing, and make-up properly applied.

We were busy all morning finding the apartment and unpacking, so that we didn't get to our shopping until after luncheon, which we had in a restaurant.

We know that our wigs are the most important, and will take the longest to make, so we first went to Manuel's, on Fifth Avenue, the place you told us to go. It is an exclusive shop, with soft rugs and luxurious furnishings. There are a number of booths for fittings in privacy, for the fashionable women who buy their hair goods there naturally do not want people to see them trying on their transformations and wigs. Along the wall is a glass case filled with the loveliest lot of hair goods I have ever seen, all beautifully dressed, and looking perfect. There were wigs of all colors and styles, but mostly up-to-date coiffures. Gloria and I had several minutes to examine and admire them before Mr. Manuel came to see what we wanted. He is a small, dapper Frenchman, and somewhat effeminate, as you would expect of a man who knows so much about ladies' hair, and can design and dress ~~any~~ coiffures.

Gordon and I (we were then men, so I may as well so call us) had framed a story which we would tell in connection with our shopping, which would explain in a plausible manner, why we were going to disguise ourselves as girls, and so we told it to Mr. Manuel. We said we were detectives, experts in female impersonation, whose work required us to disguise ourselves as girls from time to time, and work on cases which required women, but which often were too difficult or dangerous for real women. He seemed to be much interested, and studied our faces, and looked us over, sizing up our figures, I suppose, and then he said he was sure we would make up very well as girls. He said he would make us wigs that would fit perfectly, be absolutely undetectable, and also be pretty heads of hair. I, of course, am always a blonde, my natural hair being light, and Mr. Manuel agreed with me that I must be a blonde, as it would be natural for me, with my blue eyes and fair complexion. One by one, he took from his show case, various wigs of light color, and tried them on me while I sat in a booth, before a mirror, with Gordon looking on and offering advice as to which he thought the most becoming shade. A young woman assistant also was there to help with the wigs, and she was very curious and interested, and helped Mr. Manuel adjust the wigs and touch them up if needed. This was done to select the shade that would look best. We all were unanimous in choosing a blonde that was of a brilliant golden color, very striking, but which looked remarkably well on me. To get the full effect, Mr. Manuel deftly made up my face, and I took off my coat, vest, collar, tie and shirt. I must say that Mr. Manuel and the young lady were rather surprised to see me in lingerie and corsets, but I explained my figure training and they thought it was a good idea. I have always made it a point to keep ~~the~~ my neck, shoulders, back, arms and bust a smooth, creamy white, and so when I put the wig on again, with my flesh exposed and my make-up, I looked convincingly feminine, and Mr. Manuel and the girl exclaimed over me, remarking that I was actually pretty. They called some of the other shop girls in to see. I smiled sweetly, looking my best. They all were surprised and said they could not believe it really was a man, in spite of my trousers. It was fun. They laughed when I assumed a feminine air, and gracefully patted my hair and adjusted a hairpin or two just the way women do. They little guessed that I had done it thousands of times, and that it was just as natural for me as for a real girl, and that I could be just as natural a girl as any of them.

Mr. Manuel sent them away and then proceeded to measure my head for the two wigs that were to be made to measure. The girl took down the figures. It took quite a while, as Mr. Manuel was very particular. The fit must be absolutely perfect. Our wigs, by the way, will cost \$200 each. I hope you will not think that is too much, dear Mary. You told us to get the best and we are doing it. Besides, we shall have plenty left from the \$1000 to buy everything we need and money left over for carfare, and then some.

After finishing the measuring, Mr. Manuel tried on my head one of those ventilated silken wig foundations, to get a better idea. Then he brought out the golden hair from which my two wigs will be made. The hair will be shoulder length, which is the way I like it. The hair, which is of the finest texture, and has a natural wave, comes from Sweden, and is very lovely, and of the most divine shade. I am sure you will like it when you see it. It is rather a trying color of hair unless one has the face and complexion for it, but Mr. Manuel assured me that it was just the thing for me. Such hair, of course, attracts a lot of attention, but I shall rather like that, so long as I have the face to go with it. How often one sees, from behind, a girl with lovely blonde or red hair, and expects to see a pretty face with it, and is disappointed to find that her face is not pretty and does not go with her hair. So I think I am very lucky to have a face that many have called pretty (Gordon insists that I am beautiful, and I hope he tells the truth) and so I shall be able to have hair of spun gold that will be lovely looking and be becoming to me.

Next came Gordon's turn. He stripped as I had done, so as to expose his white neck, shoulders, back, bust and arms, above his corsets. Mr. Manuel made up his face, and then tried on wigs of various shades of brown. Gordon at different times has been a blonde, a red-head, a brown haired lass and a brunette, and looked well in each part, but brown is his favorite color of hair, and is most becoming to him, as it goes well with his brown eyes. He also makes a pretty blonde, but we thought it best not both to be blondes, but to have a contrast, which will make us both more attractive. The wig we finally decided on--or rather the color we picked, for of course his wigs were to be made to order,--was a rich, bright chestnut, which has golden glints when the light strikes it just right. It is a lovely shade, and almost made me wish that I had chosen it. When this chestnut wig was on Gordon's head, the girl again called the others to come and have a look, and Mr. Manuel didn't object, for he wanted them to see how pretty a mere man could look when wearing one of his wigs. And I assure you, dear Mary, that Gordon looked really charming and remarkably pretty (beautiful, I call it). The girls all made complimentary remarks, as they had done about me in my blonde wig. It was funny to see them stare at Gordon's smooth, white skin and rounded arms, exactly like a girl's. And they also stared at his corsetted figure and his 18-inch waist. Gordon smiled sweetly, showing all his pretty white teeth, and enjoyed it as much as the girls did. One of the girls made bold to ask Gordon how he stood it, having such a small waist, and he said: "The same as you do", glancing at her waist, which was small and well laced in. This caused a laugh. "You see," continued Gordon, "I have to be a girl, in my work, and must have a fashionable figure and go to just as much trouble as a real girl does. A man doesn't mind it, once he gets used to it."

"But I didn't think that a man could have such a small waist," said the girl, "and, if he could, I didn't think he would be willing to lace so tightly."

"Why not?" said Gordon. "A man can have as small a waist as a girl. It's only a question of whether the strings break: I lace in very easily. You'd be surprised."

"And is your friend the same way?" she asked.

"Yes, he is very slender and supple and could have even a smaller waist, if he wanted to."

"Enough of this corset talk," said Mr. Manuel, shooing the girls away, and measuring Gordon's head for his wigs, the same as he had done with me.

Then came the selection of the hair for Gordon's wig. Gordon likes long hair, reaching to his waist, and fortunately Mr. Manuel had it in the desired shade. It was wavy and rippling and fine and thick, really lovely hair. Mr. Manuel said it also came from the head of a Swedish girl, and

I could not help feeling sorry for a girl that had sacrificed her beautiful hair for money. But her loss was our gain. She could grow more, while we could not. Finally we left, after Mr. Emanuel had told us to come back in three days to try the wigs on, as there might be some minor adjustments needed before they were completed.

Gordon and I left full of enthusiasm and happiness. What lovely hair we were to have! We could hardly wait to put it on. We both have a lot of wigs, which we have accumulated from the time we first did an impersonation, and we thought them pretty fine and becoming. We had often worn them without detection. But now we realized that these wigs were nothing as compared to the ones we were having made--not in the same class. Some day we should like to show you our collection of wigs, Mary dear. We have all colors and all styles of coiffures, for all ages from little girls with long curls, to stately white haired ladies, with hair piled high in the old style, to go with old fashioned costumes. (I am quite cute, Gordon says, as a little girl with long blonde ringlets. I once was one on the stage, and made quite a hit). We have worn on the stage all sorts of historical costumes, including hoop-skirts and crinolines, which are not easy to manage, and to sit down in. We once danced the minuet in them and managed to do it gracefully. Gordon looks sweet in a white wig, with curls over one shoulder. We have worn a greater variety of costumes than most girls, except actresses, of course. In one of the college shows, we were chorus girls, in tights. We were glad we had such good legs and figures. We looked quite nice. We have also been ballet girls, which also requires good legs and small feet. In one of the shows I dressed as a bride. I liked that. They told me I looked like a blonde doll. Am I model your wedding gown, Mary darling? I hope so. It would be simply divine; the ivory satin, the veil, the long train--I would love to have them fitted on me.

We next went to the beauty parlor you told us about and made arrangements for daily beauty treatments and manicures. We told the woman the same story about our being detectives who had to imitate girls and she was interested and will be helpful, saying she will do her best to give us ravishing school-girl complexions, and make real beauties out of us. We shall start in tomorrow.

The afternoon was now nearly gone, so we bought some food for dinner, and returned to our apartment. It didn't take us long to remove our male clothes and shoes, put on a little make-up and a wig, and don a dress--and become Gloria and Frances again. It saved time having lingerie and corsets on already. As soon as we were dressed, we became girls, losing ourselves in the parts, talking, walking and acting, and even feeling like maidens. It is easy for us to do, from long practise. We cooked and ate dinner, and now I am writing at our desk. Soon we shall go to bed. I hope I have made this letter interesting, and told about our day in a satisfactory manner. One of us will write again soon, and tell you of our progress.

Gloria joins me in sending you love and kisses.

Your girl friend

FRANCES.

Charlie and I greatly enjoyed Frances' intimate, amusing letter. I dropped the boys a line telling that they were doing all right, and to keep on writing and give us all of the details of their shopping and their life in New York while preparing themselves for their future girlhood. I asked them, also, to tell us about their reactions and feelings as they passed from boys to girls; especially their sexual sensations. For I judged from their letters that they would so immerse themselves in their feminine roles that they would feel themselves to be girls ~~and~~ not only.

physically, but sexually as well. And Charlie and I wanted to hear all about it, and were deeply interested because we both had experienced change of sex ourselves.

Soon another letter came, this time written by Gordon-Gloria. I now know his feminine hand-writing, ~~so~~ before I opened the envelope, I know who had written.

Gordon-Gloria's Second Letter.

Mary Darling:

Frances says it is my turn to write, and I am happy to do so, for I have a lot to tell you about our day-to-day life and our preparations for becoming girls, at which we are making good progress. I have two days to cover, and since you have asked for details, I will try to give them to you, so you can picture what we have done.

Yesterday morning we got up rather early, and after breakfast, which we ate in negligee, we dressed, and, since it was to be "corset day", we both laced in the last inch, giving me what will from now on be my regular 17-inch waist, and Frances his permanent 18-inch waist. It felt pretty tight, but it is not the first time that we have been laced in to this extent, so we do not mind it much, and will soon get adjusted to it, though it will take a few days before we feel comfortable. We know that it is necessary, so we "grin and bear it." Frances and I have made it a rule never to speak to each other about our corsets. We ignore them. It is better that way. If we do not talk about them, and how tight they are, we do not think so much about them, though of course we are conscious of their compression. But it is an old story to us, and we are used to it, so that the "compression" does not make much of an impression. ~~the~~ ~~the~~

Our small waists do not show beneath our shirts, vests and coats, especially if we ~~wear~~ our coats unbuttoned. We do not wear suspenders and have to wear ladies' belts to hold up our trousers, since of course men's belts are not made anywhere near small enough.

We went to Madame Bertha's, the corsetiere on Fifth Avenue that you suggested, to order our corsets. We explained that we ~~each~~ wanted three pairs of corsets made to measure, and told her our "detective" story. We said that we must have thirty-six figures, since that was the size of our dresses, and I said I must have a 17-inch waist, and Frances an 18-inch one. She looked a bit dubious, and said it would be very difficult to get our waists down to such small measurements, but she would try. She instructed us to go into one of the dressing rooms and undress, down to our underwear, so that she could measure us. We didn't say anything about our being already corsetted, thinking to surprise her. She had not noticed our figures, so we knew that they did not show. It didn't take Frances and me long to slip off our male clothing. We each had brought with us a pair of high-heeled slippers, as we hate to appear in men's shoes when we are in feminine attire, so we put them on, and tripped out into the fitting room clad in our lingerie, stockings and corsets. Our dainty panties, worn above the corset, made us feel modestly covered, so we felt no embarrassment in appearing before Mme. Bertha and her sales girls and models in our undies. In spite of our short hair, we looked every inch girls, and, as our feminine vanity demanded that we always look as attractive as possible, we each had powdered, rouged and lipsticked our faces quickly in the dressing room, with make-up that we had brought with us. We had expected that Mme. Bertha would be surprised, and she was, to see two "girls" emerge from the dressing room where two men had entered only a few minutes ago. And she was surprised to find us already corsetted and in lingerie, and with such small waists. The models gathered and stared, amazed at our figures, and they made complimentary remarks and said they never would have believed that men could have

such tiny waists. Their admiration was very pleasing to Frances and myself, for there could be no better judges of feminine figures than these models, all of whom were beautifully corsetted, with wasp waists which were a good advertisement for their customers. Mme. Bertha, with her rather full, mature figure, had a magnificently corsetted figure, with a tapering hour-glass waist that required the most severe lacing, so that we wondered how she could stand such compression. Compared with her, we felt that we were hardly laced in at all, and that made us feel more comfortable.

After Mme. Bertha and the girls had recovered from their astonishment over our figures, and girlish appearance, she proceeded to measure us for our new corsets, one of the young ladies putting down the measurements as she called them off. While this was going on, a lady customer came in and walked closely past us, giving us merely a glance.

"She thinks you are girls," said Mme. Bertha, with a smile and a wink. "You certainly look the part. You would fool anyone."

"We have to look like girls, in our work," said Frances. "You ought to see us in our wigs. They make a great difference, and complete the disguise."

"I should love to see you in them, and completely dressed. Will you come in some day and let us see how you look in full regalia?"

"We shall be glad to," said Frances, "after we have these new corsets and the wigs we are having made, and buy our dresses."

"That will be lovely," said Mme. Bertha. "Don't forget. It's a ~~x~~ promise. All of the girls will want to see you as girls. But do you dare to walk the streets in broad daylight in female clothes. Aren't you afraid that the police will spot you?"

"Oh! no," said Frances. "We have done it many times, in our work, and nobody has ever suspected us. We really make very presentable girls. Wait until you see us fully gilded up. You won't know us. The wigs make such a difference."

"I am sure you will make very presentable girls, for you both have pretty faces and perfect girlish figures, which will be still better in your new corsets."

"My friend, Frances here, makes a ravishingly beautiful blonde," I said. ~~xxxxxx~~ "I have never seen a prettier girl than he is when in feminine costume."

Frances smiled and blushed with pleasure at my praise.

"Gloria here (that's his girl name)," said Frances, "is the real beauty of the two of us. He makes a real glamorous Gibson Girl, the most stunning thing you ever saw in skirts. But you will see him next week and can judge for yourself."

"I can easily picture him as a Gibson Girl, with that figure, but I am sure you both will be very pretty, and I shall be most anxious to see you!"

Mme. Bertha completed her measurements of us with our stays on, then asked us to take them off, for further measuring. We went to the room and ~~xxxx~~ removed our ~~xxxx~~ corsets, and went back out clad ~~only~~ in our vests and panties, stockings and slippers. Mme. Bertha continued her work with the tape measure and it was intriguing to have their soft hands feeling of our bodies so intimately. At times her head, and that of her pretty assistant, would come in contact with us, and we could smell the perfume of their hair. It would have been embarrassing when they took measurements for the length of the corsets in front, had we not taken the precaution to bandage ourselves tightly in the crotch and thus keep that part flat and suppress that which otherwise would have risen at this close intimacy with these attractive women. I am sure you will understand what I mean and I hope you will not be offended at my telling you about such intimate, personal things. I never would have dared, as a man, but now I am Gloria, a girl, and so can talk freely to another girl, even on matters of sex. Perhaps you will say that, since my contact with these

women gave me (and Frances, too) an erotic feeling, that we are not girls at all, but men. Of course, that is true, to a certain extent. But we have dual natures, and at times the masculine in us will crop out, even when we are girls. Also, please remember that at the time, we didn't have our wigs on, and without them we do not feel completely feminine. Also, the women knew that we were men, and that made a difference. But we assure you, Mary dearest, that once we become girls for good, we will be as feminine as yourself, and shall be able to associate intimately with girls and women without any sex reaction, so you will have nothing to worry about on that score. It will be good-looking boys and men that will have sex appeal for us, as with any girls. But we are going to try not to fall in love with any man, though we shall like it if men fall in love with us--it would be such fun.

Frances and I thoroughly enjoyed being measured for corsets. It was a new experience for both of us, since we have always worn ready-made stays, which give us pretty good figures, and small waists. But we know that our new ones, carefully made to measure, are sure to improve our figures, and give us feminine lines that we never had before.

"I am going to make your corsets very long over the hips and down in front, so as to give you streamlined, "snaky" hips and derrieres. They will have to be padded a little to give you the 36-inch hip measurement that you require, but the padding can be built into the corsets, so it will not show and will look entirely natural," said Mme. Bertha. "Of course, these long hips will be rather uncomfortable, and will hamper your walking and sitting down, a bit, but they are necessary, and you will soon get used to them. I am sure you will be so proud of your figures that you will not mind."

That is true, Mary dear. If we can have figures that we are proud of, we shall not mind our long corsets, even if they do hamper our walking, and make it harder to sit down, for we are willing to do anything that will add to our appearance and femininity.

Mme. Bertha measured our busts, and then said that we needed a couple ~~of~~ ^{more} inches to bring them up to the 36 measurement. That would be easy to do. It was simple. All we had to do was to have some ~~xxx~~ rubber breasts made. There was a man in the building, a Mr. Wilson, who makes rubber breasts, and she told one of the girls to call him on the phone and ask him to come down and bring with him some sample rubber breasts. The measuring was finished, and we went back to our room and put on our corsets again. 12 A
Two of the girls accompanied us and laced us in. It was so pleasant to be laced in by pretty girls, and another new experience for us, as heretofore Frances and I had always laced each other in, or laced ourselves. The girls were surprised at the smallness of our natural waists, and they spoke about how easily we laced, and about how supple our bodies were, just like girls.

"We have a number of male customers," said one of the girls. "They are men who like to dress up in female clothes, or men who wear corsets to give them a better carriage and slimness. Of course, they telephone in advance for appointments, and try to sneak in without anybody except us seeing them. They are so different ^{from} you, for they seem so masculine, and their bodies are so ~~muscular~~ muscular and firm that they are hard to lace in. They are usually ambitious to have the smallest possible waists, but it is impossible to make them small, like yours. You would be surprised at the number of men who go around corsetted. You would never know it, because it doesn't show."

By this time Mr. Wilson had arrived, and we went out, in lingerie and corsets, to be measured. Mme. Bertha hadn't told him that we were men, and so he took us for short-haired girls until she told him the truth. And then I wish you could have seen him stare at us. But we are getting used to that. We seem to surprise everybody who sees us dressed as girls. After making nice remarks about our figures, he measured our busts, and then tried on us some of the pairs of rubber busts he had brought with him. You never saw anything so natural-looking as these rubber breasts. They were of flesh-colored rubber, nicely shaped, with pink nipples that you would swear were real. He had samples of rubber of various flesh shades, and he found ones that would exactly match the color of the flesh of Frances' and my bosoms. He said he would make us each a pair, which he guaranteed would defy ~~xx~~ detection, and promised that he would have them ready by the time we came in for fittings for our new corsets. We are to come back for that in three days, which will be just about the time our new wigs will be finished, so all is going to come out right, as to time.

Bertha

We put our clothes on over our corsets, and said good-by to Mme. and the girls who had been so helpful and pleasant. We would be back for try-ons soon.

Our next call was at the beauty parlor, to keep our appointment. We had quite a long talk with the proprietor, and he quoted us prices for full treatment every day except Sunday until it is time for us to leave. The treatments he has laid out for us include facials, bleaching of face, neck, arms, shoulders, back and bust--in short, every part of us that will show when we are in low-cut evening gowns; daily manicures, we to let our nails grow long and pointed; the electric needle to remove all unwanted hair, and later on, the last day, we are to have our eyebrows plucked and shaped. Fortunately, neither Stanley nor I have any beards to speak of, and we have little unwanted body hair, but still there is some fuzz, which, while it does not show now, may do so later, and so it is best to have it removed permanently. Isn't it wonderful? We shall never have to shave and shall always have faces and bodies as smooth and hairless as a woman(s). We also shall have the hair under our arms killed with the needle, so that we shall be able to raise our arms when in evening dress and no unsightly hair will be there. We have very little, but it is best to get rid of it now, while we have a good chance.

After our interview, each of us went into a booth. My operator is named Miss Flora, and Stanley's is named Mazie. We found them to be nice girls, skilled and very much interested in us and our plan to impersonate girls, and eager to do everything they can to beautify us and help along the good work. Flora told me that already I had a nice complexion, especially for a man, but she said she could lighten it several shades, and at the end I would have a pink-and-white school-girl complexion. She is going to treat our eyelashes, to make them longer and darker.

The first thing the girls suggested to us was shampoos. We had not been to the barber's for some time before your letter came, and since then we have not had our hair cut, nor washed it. It is getting pretty long, but we can get by with us until we start wearing our wigs permanently. We both agreed to the shampoos. Stanley was in the next booth to mine, and so we could talk back and forth, and hear what was going on. Mazie told Stanley that after his shampoo he needed a wash to brighten his hair and make it more golden, and he agreed to it. Then Gloria said I should brighten my hair, too. So they went ahead with our shampoos and then applied the washes. Mine made my hair a brighter chestnut, with gold glints, much like the wigs I am having made, while Stanley's showed up a bright golden shade, also like the color of his new wigs. Then the girls suggested that we each should have permanent waves, to make our hair look even more attractive.

"Lots of men have their hair waved. We have several male customers. I never could see why men should not wave their hair and have beauty treatments. If it is all right for women to beautify themselves, why is it not for men, too?" said Mazie.

"We hardly need permanents," said Stanley, "since we soon shall be wearing wigs. But I have always thought it would be fun to have it done, and I should like to see how I would look with my hair waved."

"Let's have it done, then," I said. "I have always wondered how it would feel to have my head in one of those electric contraptions, and I, too would like to see my hair waved."

"All right," said Stanley. "I'm game. But how are we going to look with our waved hair? Won't it make us look more girlish than ever?"

"Of course it will," said Flora. "But it won't show when you have your hats on, as we shant wave it in back. And you will have your hats on when in public, won't you?"

"Not in restaurants and theaters," said Stanley. "But we don't care if we do look girlish. We want to, so go ahead."

The girls went ahead with our permanents. It was a bit trying sitting so long without moving with our heads in the shiny curling machine, but we were given magazines to read, which helped to pass the time. They were women's magazines, which were the only kind they had there, and when Gloria apologized, I told her that we wanted to read women's magazines, to study the fashions, and get the feminine viewpoint on all subjects. At last the

work was finished, and the girls combed out our hair and fussed with it until they were satisfied. Stanley and I both were pleased with the result, as our hair looked very feminine, and Mazie said it was "cute." Now we were ready for our facials and bleaching treatments, and for the latter it was, of course, necessary for us to take off our outer clothes to the waist, so as to expose our arms, busts, etc. You can imagine the surprise of Flora and Mazie when we had stripped, and they saw us in feminine lingerie and corsets--now indeed we looked like girls, as far down as the waist. We explained to them, of course, about our figure training, and they said it was a fine idea, but they never would have thought of it. But we explained to them how unpleasant it would be if, when we started to dress as girls, we had to suddenly draw our waists in several inches, while this way, we could do it an inch at a time, and so get adjusted and used to it. We told them that our work required that we dress fashionably and that small waists were absolutely necessary. The girls saw the sense to that, but made the same remark that we have heard so often: they didn't think a man could have such a small waist.

After they had finished the treatments, we submitted ourselves to the electric needle, and had some of the hair on our faces killed. It was unpleasant, but not what you'd call painful, and we are glad to have it done. To go to the needle booth we had to leave the booths we had been in and walk through the salon, and we must have looked funny to the several women customers and other operators who saw us, apparently girls from the waist up, but trousered men below. It was a little embarrassing for us, and we wished we had skirts and women's shoes to wear in place of those hated trousers. How they stared at us, and laughed. We could hear a buzz of talk, and could hear the proprietor explaining that we were detectives who had to impersonate girls, and we were preparing ourselves for it. And we could hear the women remark that we would make good girls, and that we looked like them now, except for our trousers and shoes. "And what tiny waists!" I hear one woman explain. "How do they ever manage it?"

Stanley and I decided that for future visits we would bring along skirts and feminine shoes, and put them on, so as not to look so ridiculous.

We went back to our original booths, and sat in the chairs while the girls set our waves, and applied soothing lotions to our faces where the needle had been at work. I didn't pay much attention to what she (Flora) was doing, until she had finished, and handed me a mirror. Then I discovered that she had made up my face, using powder and rouge, and just a touch of mascara for the eyes. I protested, saying that I didn't want to be made up, as I had to go out where people would see me. But I studied the effect in the glass, and the combination of my waved hair and the make-up really did make me look attractive and girlish. Stanley, in the next booth, also had been made up.

"We always make up our customers at the end of their treatments. There is no extra charge," said Flora. "You have a very delicate street make-up and nobody will notice it. Your hats will cover your waved hair, and you can turn the brims down, and nobody will notice you."

I now looked at Stanley. He looked pretty and so girlish, with his brightened, waved blonde hair and his face so cleverly made up. It looked perfectly natural.

"Gee, Stan, but you look swell," I said.

"So do you, Gord. Simply glamorous," he replied. "But do we dare go out on the street looking like this?"

"Why not?" I said. "As Flora has said, our hats will cover our hair, and if we go along and mind our own business, nobody will bother us. Besides, lots of boys have complexions like ours, and there certainly is no law against men wearing a little make-up, if they wish!"

"That's right," said Mazie. "You look fine, and just have school-girl complexions. Lots of men wear make up. We have several male customers who come here for facials, and we always make them up before they leave, just

as you two are made up. So you needn't be bashful about it. You would be surprised at the number of men who wear make-up. It makes them look more attractive and helps them in their business, especially a man who is getting a little along in years!"

We decided to leave the make-up on, and donned our male clothes and hats. We looked all right, though we had complexions better than most men in the street. But nobody paid any attention to us, except that one or two girls we passed "made eyes" at us. We did look handsome, I admit.

We stopped in a food store, and Stanley, who is our "housewife" ordered supplies, which were to be delivered at our apartment at about six o'clock. Then we went home.

As you will guess, the very first thing we did was to strip off our male things, and put on wigs, dresses and mules. It was so nice being already corsetted and having on lingerie and stockings. It saved so much time in making the change. We were glad we had left the make-up on at the beauty shop. That, too, saved a little time. But, of course, we do not need a great deal of make-up, and shall need less and less as our beauty treatments and bleachings progress. I forgot to say that we had brought home from the beauty shop bottles of the bleach and facial creams, which we are to apply every night just before going to bed. This will hasten the whitening of our skins. Stanley will apply them to my back, shoulders and bust, and I will do the same for him. Thus, with bleaches applied twice a day, Flora assured us that, in the short time we have for treatments, our color will be several shades lighter. Already, after one treatment, I can see a change in Stan's complexion and mine is lighter, too. A week of it should do wonders.

We had just attained our feminine "state" when the door-bell rang.

"Who can that be?" asked Stan. "We don't want to see anybody."

"It must be the grocery deliveryman," I said.

"Oh, yes. I forgot," said Stan. "I'll go to the door."

He opened the door and was confronted with the man with our supplies.

It so happened that he was a young fellow, tall and rather handsome.

I watched the naughty Stanley. He is so full of pep and animation and always looking for something that will give us both a chuckle and a laugh. He has a great sense of humor and is so quick to take advantage of any situation that will give us fun. I call him a "bold, bad girl", but I am always delighted with the way he gets amusement for both of us whenever there is a chance. This, to him, was such a chance, and how he went to it!

Nobody could blame any he-man for being charmed by the lovely blonde maiden which was Stanley. If he tries, he can wind any man around his little finger, as the saying goes.

I saw Stan give the boy a ravishing smile, showing all of his pretty, even, white teeth. It is a smile that few men can resist. Then he asked the young man, (he was more than a boy) to carry the groceries into the kitchen. Stan followed him to give directions and I could see that he was making quite an impression on the grocer man. (I know Stan, and have seen him work many times. It is all in harmless, innocent fun, and if we get a kick out of his vamping the men we come into contact with, when we are girls, surely it is all right.)

"Gee, you girls have a swell joint," said the boy, whose name was Harvey. "How long have you been here? I never saw you before."

"We just came here from Milwaukee," said Stanley. "We have a job as corset models, in one of the big corsetiere shops."

"Well," said Harvey, "all I can say is that you both have wonderful shapes. But I gotta go. So long. Order more from our store, and I'll deliver it, and see you again."

"O. K.," said Stanley.

"We'll have some fun with that bozo," said Stan. "The next time I'll vamp him good."

"Well, you made a good start," I said. "He sure fell for you."

"Why not?" asked Stan. "Haven't I got what it takes?" (He has.)

"Housewife Stanley went ahead with the cooking of the dinner. He loves to be called 'housewife' and always says, when I twit him, that perhaps some day he will really be a housewife. But I don't know how he figures it, unless he thinks that some day he may experience a change of sex--and I do not think that that is possible. Stanley would love it. He should be a real girl. He has all of the qualifications. How terribly unfortunate it was that he was born a male, when he should have been a female. But there is no accounting for the quirks of nature and some are born male who should have been female, and we all know how many women there are, countless thousands of them, who are masculine and should have been born males. The number of men who would wish to be women are comparatively few, but altogether, there are a goodly number of them, and it is a difficult task for them, because men interested in dressing up in women's clothes are looked down upon as being 'sissies' and effeminate, and not 'normal' sexually. But that is not true, in many cases. Many 'normal' men enjoy impersonating the female sex, just for the fun of the thing, and the fun they get out of it, such as in the case of Stanley (and myself) where we do such good feminine impersonations, that we fool everybody, including the men who 'make eyes' at us. Then we can 'vamp' them, and get a laugh."

So Stan and I are very happy in that we can do such a good job.

We stayed in after dinner, as usual. Stan worked on his needle-point while I worked on the pink sweater that I am making for myself. From this you can see how we keep up our femininity, day and night. We went to bed dressed in feminine night dresses--the feminine touch.

Today we went to Manuel's to see how he was getting along with our wigs, and for a fitting, if necessary. The wigs were in process, and we tried them on, for fit, which seemed to be perfect. They are going to be lovely. We could see that.

Mr. Manuel asked us if we could dress our hair. We told him that we had had a lot of experience doing our wigs, but were no experts. He gave us a lesson in hair dressing, which we were very glad to have. First he placed a wig on Stan's head, a wig of the same length of hair his new wigs would be. Stan did it up as best he could, and that was very good, but Mr. Manuel gave him a number of pointers, little things which a girl should know about dressing and doing her hair. Stan followed instructions, and did his hair several times, until Manuel was satisfied. Then he called me over and told me to do Stan's hair. Doing one's own hair, and that of another, is an entirely different thing, but I did Stan's hair three or four times, and got so I could do it to Mr. Manuel's satisfaction. There are so many little touches that a man must learn. There is that little twist of the hairpin that makes it stay in place. I put on a long haired wig and did it up a number of times, in various coiffures, with Mr. Manuel looking on and criticizing. With hair the length of mine, reaching down to the waist, there are an infinite number of styles of coiffure possible, with high and low hair-dos, and everything in between. Mr. Manuel had me do them in many styles, until my arms ached from holding them up to my head so long. We studied the different coiffures to see which would be most becoming to me, Stanley, Mr. Manuel and several of the girl attendants looking on and passing judgment. Finally we agreed upon the style of coiffure that all along I had favored--hair dressed low at the neck, in two buns. I knew that this was best, because there was no chance of showing the outlines of the wig at the place where they are most apt to show. Mr. Manuel insisted that the outlines of his wigs wouldn't show, no matter what the hair-do, but I was not so sure, and I got Mr. Manuel to agree that the one I liked was the best.

Then Stan did my long hair, on my head, in the coiffure we had selected for me. He did it several times and each time it seemed to me that it was beautifully done. Stan's small, skillful white hands are eminently fitted for dressing hair and for all occupations of a feminine nature. Mr. Manuel was pleased, and said that now we were sitting pretty--we each could do his (or her) own hair, and also do the hair of the other. This would make us independent of hairdressers--and no doubt we would be able to do our hair prettier than any hairdresser could.

All of this was yesterday, Mary darling, and now I have to give the report of today, and, since you have asked for all the details, I can give you a very amusing account, (I think), of our second day.

We got up as girls, as usual (we spent the night as girls, wearing feminine night-dresses, of course) and after breakfast, prepared by the pretty blonde Frances--grapefruit, eggs, toast and coffee--we washed the dishes, did our housework, and then donned our male clothes and went shopping. Mostly we were "looking", to get ideas of what we wanted, but we did buy some nightgowns, silk vests and panties, and enough silk stockings, of various colors, to do us for the extent of our girlhood (we hope). And we each bought two negligees, for room-intimacy, which really are thrilling--at least to us would-be girls. Stan's favorite color is Alice blue, which is so becoming to his blonde style of beauty, and so he picked out the most adorable bluenegligee you ever saw. It is low cut and trimmed at neck and ends of short elbow sleeves with lace.

His second was a black satin garment, trimmed with white lace at the neck and sleeves. You know, Mary dear, how wonderful a blonde looks in black. When you see Stan in this number, he will simply slay you.

I also bought two negligees, to keep up with Stan.

My favorite color is pink, and so I ~~xxxxxxx~~ bought a most adorable negligee in pink, with pink flamingo feathers for trimming at the throat and sleeve ends, elbow length. It was an expensive garment, dear Mary, but we have plenty of money left from the thousand dollars you sent us, so I am sure you will approve of my buying this lovely negligee. My second negligee was not quite so expensive, but it is a honey, and I love it. It is of scarlet silk, also with lace trimming, and very fetching--if you know what I mean. Stan says it is a bit passionate in color, but red is becoming to me--so, why not?

Our shopping finished, we went to the beauty shop, for our appointment. We spent most of the day there. We had our facials, bleachings all over the body that would show, and then the electric needle, which takes no end of time.

It was amusing to us to enter the studio, and see the intense interest of the girls in us. No doubt Flora and Mazie had told them as much as they knew about us from our talk of yesterday, but it was apparent that they were eager to learn more. We filled them with curiosity. We were two men preparing ourselves to impersonate women for a long period of time. It was most unusual--unheard-of. It was most intriguing. The place was a hotbed of gossip, as all beauty parlors are, and as Stanley and I entered, we could "feel it in the air" that we had been the subjects of discussion. Men as women always intrigue women. And certain men, too. But we were not interested in that sort of men.

We were greeted very cordially by the proprietor (Mr. Robins) and all of the girls, who were in the salon. We went to our booths, those of Flora and Mazie as yesterday, and we undressed down to our corsets and lingerie, then took off our trousers and shoes, and donned skirts and high-heeled feminine slippers. That made us feel better, and not half girl and half man. We had the usual facials and bleaching treatments, and manicures, and then went to the electric needle booths for a long session. It is a slow process, and, while we have not so much hair to remove, yet

it is fussy work, and takes a lot of time.

It is a peculiar thing how women, in a beauty parlor, with their hair down, will become confidential with the operator and confide their inmost thoughts and disclose secrets which they would not dream of telling to even their closest friends. There is something about the intimacy of it that seems to break down barriers, the girl so close, working on a woman's head, face and hair. It's like a man in the barber chair, who is apt to become confidential and tell things to the barber that he would not tell elsewhere--head to head. But women are far more confidential, and they will tell to their masseuses secrets that they would not dream of disclosing to their closest friends. There is something about it, hard to explain. No doubt she thinks that what she tells will be kept in confidence, but beauty shop operatives are the greatest gossips, and what is told is spread around the shop, and even reaches those customers who are inclined to gossip, and who have a bump of curiosity. And what woman has not?

Stanley and I were fully wise to this shop gossip, and knew that we created intense interest and curiosity among the staff and customers who saw us there, or heard about us--for of course the fact that men were taking beauty treatments to prepare themselves to impersonate women was noised about. All the women wanted to see us, to size us up, and see if we were capable of impersonating girls, and try to find out why we were doing it. Their curiosity amused us. They were all agog. It was so unusual, so unique, for men to masquerade as girls. They wanted to know how they prepared themselves for it. They were dying to know what we were going to do as girl detectives and how we would go about it.

I was sure that Flora was prepared to "put the pump" on me to satisfy her own curiosity and to be able to tell the others all about Stanley and me. I decided to give her an "ear-full." I would answer all her questions and frame colorful answers which would be interesting, if not true. It being out of the question to tell the truth, I might as well tell a good story, making it up as I went along. I might as well have a little fun at the expense of Flora and the others, whom she was sure to tell everything. Besides, it would help to pass the time away while I was in her chair, and under the electric needle, which took several hours every day. The needle was very unpleasant, and if I talked to Flora about myself and Stanley, and our experiences as "girl detectives," it would distract my attention, and also be cause for a chuckle. Of course, Dear Mary, you know that I am not an untutored girl, but I think you will say it was O.K. for me to tell "fairy ~~xxx~~ tales" in the beauty parlor, to pass the time away. ~~Of course, I could not tell the truth.~~

As soon as I had gotten in her chair, and Flora had started my facial, she started asking questions.

How had Stanley and I gotten into the female impersonation business, in the detective agency? *she asked.*

Here was a chance for my imagination to work freely. And I said:

Stanley and I lived in Chicago, and, having finished High School, were looking for jobs. We happened to see, in the Chicago Tribune, an advertisement for "Help Wanted." Two young men were wanted who were clever at female impersonation, by a certain detective agency. Stanley and I were rather girlish, and made up very well as girls. With the help of our sisters, we had dressed as girls and gone to masquerades and fancy dress dances and we had fooled everybody, several times. We were slender and had feminine faces. We could take off girls to perfection. And so we decided to answer the ad. We knew that we could impersonate girls very well--in fact, we made quite pretty girls.

We went down town to the office of the detective agency in answer to the ad. at the appointed time. Somehow we had expected that we would be about the only applications for the job, as we thought that men who could and would be willing to impersonate females were rare. Imagine our surprise, then,

when we found about 50 young fellows gathered in the outer office, all eager for the job. We felt let down. Did we have a chance, with so many after those two jobs? We looked the crowd over. As might be expected, they were an effeminate, sissy lot of boys and young men, just such a bunch as one would expect to want to wear girls' clothes and imitate females. They were talking in high, affected voices, with feminine mannerisms. Some of them were wearing make-up, and we were sure that many of them were corsetted, underneath. They rather annoyed Stanley and me, for we were of the he-man type, even though we could take the part of pretty girls.

One by one the boys were called into the inner office, while the rest of us waited, and watched. Man after man came out from the interview looking disappointed, and as the crowd dwindled, Stanley and I took hope. The weeding-out process continued, until at last only ten of us were left. At least we had a chance. Now, one by one, the men went in, and at last came our turn. The manager was at his desk, and beside him a good-looking woman in her forties, who was helping the man to decide which of the applicants would make passable girls. This woman, Mrs. Fay, eyed Stanley and me very keenly, as did the manager, Mr. Sheldon. We were taken, in turn, into an inner room, which was equipped as a dressing room, and Mrs. Fay made up our faces, put a wig on our heads, and had us return to the manager for inspection. Well, to make a long story short, Stanley and I were hired as "girl"

detectives. Mr. Sheldon explained the work we would have to do, mostly shadowing in places where girls were required, but where the work was too hard or too dangerous for real girls. We would have to be pretty, attractive girls, who could go anywhere and do anything required.

Mrs. Fay was a former actress, and she had been hired on purpose to train us as girls for our coming work, after having helped Mr. Sheldon in his selection of the two best fitted for the work.

Mrs. Fay took Stanley in hand and put us through a course of "sprouts". She slapped us into corsets, to reduce our waists, and made us wear them all the time, and laced us in, inch after inch, through our training period, until she got my waist down to 17 inches, and Stanley's to 18 inches. This was severe treatment, and at times we were sorry that we had gone into the work, and thought of quitting, owing to the discomfort of it, and all of the training we had to go through, all of which was so feminine, and contrary to our masculine natures. But we stuck it out, egged on by Mrs. Fay, who twitted us whenever we showed signs of the "white feather." "So you can't take it," she would say. "You are bothered by a tight corset, which almost every woman wears. And by high heels and tight dresses and the wearing of a wig. Shame on you. Are you less manly than a girl?"

From the very start Mrs. Fay trained us as girls most strenuously, from morning till night. We were dressed as girls all the time, and were taught to comport ourselves as girls. We were taught how to stand, and sit, and walk and talk. We learned feminine mannerisms. We learned how to make up, and to dress the hair of our wigs. We knew all the secrets of women's clothes. She taught us how to walk in extreme high heels, and to dance in them. We went to dances with her. We met men, and danced with them. And they never suspected that we were not girls. And then we met other girls and Mrs. Fay saw to it that we came into close relations with them, to test us. They never suspected us. They took us for girls. Of course, by that time, we had perfectly fitting wigs, and nice dresses, and our complexions had been beautified in beauty parlors, just as we are doing now. Mrs. Fay had done a good job, and we had made good. We both were considered pretty girls--in fact, the blonde Stanley was rated as a beauty wherever we went. Boys and men flocked around him, and he never went to a dance but that he was besieged by men who wanted to dance with him. He was outstanding, a belle, wherever he went.

"And how about yourself?" asked Flora. "Did the men flock around you too?"

"You bet they did," said Stanley, who had ^{heard} every word in the next booth. "Gord is a Gibson Girl, and he just slayed all the men at the dances, and everywhere else. "If I am beautiful (as he has said,) then he is more so, and that figure of his with its tiny waist, just knocks men off their feet. I could tell you stories of the conquests he has made--men fall in love with him on sight, and if he were a real girl he could have married a dozen times."

"Don't believe it," I said. "Stanley is the beauty, the glamour girl and that first year he trusted men around his little finger. Sometime I will tell you about his love affairs, and how he got engaged."

"Well, after Mrs. Fay had completed our feminine training, and we were feminine enough to suit even her critical ~~ideas~~ ideas, Stanley and I established ourselves in an apartment (as girls, of course) to await the call to duty. It was only occasionally that a case came up that required our work, but we had to be in readiness at all times."

"Do you mean to say that you lived as girls all the time?" asked Flora. "How long did it last?"

"Eleven months," I replied. "Then we got a month's vacation. It has just ended, and now we have to get back on the job. That's why we are here improving our complexions. We were a bit careless of them during our month, which we spent at a camp in the woods. We wanted to get away from it all, and relax."

"But after eleven months as girls, wasn't it hard to become men again?" Flora asked.

"Yes, it was, and that's the reason we went to the woods to be alone. We had let our hair grow and it had to be cut short. We had become so feminine in voice and mannerisms, after all those months, that we found it hard to throw off, and become like men. We had become so used to high heels, that we found it awkward to walk in low-heeled men shoes. And trousers, and shirts and pants seemed funny to us, after our months in feminine finery. Our time was so short, just a month, that we didn't try to be masculine, once we got to the privacy of our camp. Of course, we wore trousers and other men's garments, outside, but we continued to wear lingerie and corsets, laced as always, knowing that it would be a mistake to let our waists get out of hand, and then have to go through the process of figure training."

"Well," said Flora, "it looks to me as though you were pretty much girls through your vacation, what with your corsets, and everything."

"I suppose so," I said. "You see, we had to keep in training, and after 11 months, we were more girls than men, and, as we had to go back to it so soon, we didn't try very hard to become men. In fact, inside the camp, when nobody was around, we dressed as girls, and we always talked as girls to each other. It is not easy to change from a girl to a man, even temporarily. All those months made us feminine, and we even have feminine thoughts, and get to consider ourselves to be girls."

"Was your detective work hard?" Flora asked.

"Yes, it is hard when we are engaged at it, but there are long periods when there is no call for our services as girls," I replied.

"What do you do with yourselves when you are not busy?" she asked.

"We have a nice apartment, with telephone connection, and are always subject to call. But we have a lot of time to ourselves, and have quite a gay social life. We have many friends, male and female, and a nice little circle, with many events, such as dances, bridge parties, movies, picnics, in the summer, etc."

"Do you mean to say that you go to all of these affairs as girls?" asked Flora.

"Why not?" I asked. "Of course we do."

"And do they all think that you are girls?" asked Flora, with a look of surprise. "Do even the girls think you are girls?"

"Of course they do--girls, men, everybody. Even at the office everybody thinks we are girls, except the manager and Mrs. Fay," I said.

"Well, you must be pretty good," said Flora.

"We have to be, or we couldn't fill our jobs," I said.

"I should to see you as girls" said Flora.

"All right," I said. "As soon as we get our new wigs and the rest of our outfits, and become girls again, we will drop in and let you see us. But I'll bet you won't know us."

"Oh, yes, I will," said Flora. "I know your faces, and you won't be able to fool me. But you must find it a strange life, you two men living as girls all the while. Don't you get sick of it? Girls lead such a restricted, confined life, compared with the lives of men. And it is so fussy and particular, and you have to look after so many details which men do not have to bother with--your clothes, your hair, your complexions, your figures. And I should think you would hate being always tightly corsetted and having to wear high heels, and women's hats and dresses, and all the rest of it. And I should also think that you would get tired of having to be so effeminate, soft and girlish, talking, walking and acting like sweet, demure maidens. It is so unnatural for men--and you say you both are he-men. I don't see how you can do it. It must be very hard for you."

"It was hard at first," I replied, "and very strange, but we got used to it. You must remember that it is our bread and butter, the way we make our living. The work itself is easy and we are well paid and all expenses paid and our clothes furnished, and all of the accessories, including wigs, so that the money we make is all velvet, and we are able to save it. So you see we have splendid jobs, and are doing much better than we could at any other work. At first we disliked having to be so soft and feminine, but, under Mrs. Fay's training, we gradually got used to it, until it became natural for us to be girls. At first we were pretty lonesome and kept to ourselves, but after we had become perfect in our roles, Mrs. Fay introduced us to a nice circle of young people, and we were taken in, and since then we have had a good time. We lead the lives of normal girls. We like company, parties and dances. In fact, being girls is not bad at all. We have lots of fun."

"But what about your relations with boys?" Flora asked.

"Oh, we are just like other girls and like their company,--as pals, of course," I said. "We both have boy friends who take us out and dance with us. We love to dance. That and walking are about the only exercise we get. And we have some close girl friends, too. We know how to make ourselves charming, and so they like us and we are popular. We are good actresses and are always agreeable and sweet. We are the sort of girls that both boys and girls like--we know how to please them."

"Have you had any love affairs?" asked Flora, grinning broadly. "Have any of your boy friends 'fallen for' you?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, with a smile. "The blonde Stanley attracts men like honey attracts bees. He is a real beauty, a golden haired siren. A certain man in our circle fell in love with him. Stanley is high-spirited and an incorrigible little flirt, and so he had a delightful time carrying on his affair with the boy friend. I could see that he was going too far with it, and warned him, but he was having so much fun that he paid no attention to me, though at night he would confide in me and tell me all about his goings on with Harvey, the boy, whenever he had been out with him. Stanley told me about the first time Harvey had held his hand and put his arm around his waist, and about the first kiss. After that there were many of them, for Stanley thought that the least he could do to reward Harvey for all the money he was spending on him, was to allow him to pet him and kiss him. Stanley felt like a girl, a sweetheart, and so liked being kissed and petted by the good-looking Harvey, of whom he was quite fond. This may sound strange to you, that a man should like being petted and kissed by another male, but living continuously as girls makes men feminine,

especially if men fall in love with us, and we become their sweethearts. We forget our real sex, and seem to become women."

"So Stanley went on with his affair with Harvey, who finally proposed marriage. That was the time that Stanley should have called a halt, but he was getting such a kick out of it that he foolishly told Harvey that he loved him, and they became engaged. Harvey gave Stan a handsome diamond ring, which he proudly wore, and let everybody see it. All the other girls of our set were envious of Stan, for Harvey had money, and was considered a good "catch." For a time Stan had a lovely time as an engaged "girl." Harvey took him out or called nearly every evening, and made him presents of flowers and candy and some jewelry. They billed and cooed together, as lovers will. Stan would tell me all about it. Finally he got worried, for Harvey began to insist that they get married. He could see no reason for further delay. But Stan could see plenty of reasons. The foolish, impetuous "girl" now realized that he would have to break it off with Harvey. We talked it over and decided on a plan. Stan changed from a sweet, loving maiden to a disagreeable huzzy, picking quarrels with Harvey on the slightest provocation, and annoying him in every possible way. Stan's charming nature had changed completely. At first Harvey made allowances for it, because he loved Stan so much, but finally he got disgusted and after a particularly violent quarrel, of Stan's making, Stan told Harvey that he no longer loved him, and wished to call off the engagement. Stan returned the ring, and it was all over. Soon afterwards Harvey left Chicago, and Stan didn't see him again, which was a relief to him, though he missed Harvey, who was such a nice, affectionate young man, and such a perfect lover. Stan missed the billing and cooing, the petting, and Harvey's passionate kisses, which, he confessed to me, had filled him with bliss. His reactions had been those of a girl, and so he felt rather forlorn at first, as a girl does when she has lost her sweetheart. But he got over it, and got himself a new boy friend. It was no trouble for a beautiful blonde like Stanley. All he has to do is to give a man that "come hither" eye, and he comes running."

To be continued)

"Tell me about ^{more} your detective work," said Flora. "You must have some very interesting experiences."

"Yes, we do, but naturally our work is of a confidential nature, and secret," I said. "Do you think there would be any harm in telling about our first case?" I asked Stanley, who, with Mazie, was listening to our conversation with all their ears. "It was way out in Chicago, and is closed now, and of course I wouldn't give real names."

"Go ahead," said Stan. "I am sure the girls would enjoy hearing about it."

OUR FIRST DETECTIVE CASE (purely imaginary, of course).

So I told about our first case in Chicago, making it up as I went along, and trying to make it sound intriguing to Flora and Mazie--and to Stanley, too, for of course it was all "news" to him, and I knew he would be amused at the way I let my imagination run wild.

Stanley and I had been living as girls for about two weeks, without being assigned to any case. We would go to the office every morning to report, and would help the regular office girls with their work of typing, filing, etc. But there was not much of that work for us to do, and so usually we would go home. But we were always on call, and if we went out, our maid would take the message and relay it to us--yes, we had a maid-of-all-work, who was paid by the agency. She cooked and did the housework. We both were anxious for experience, and so were glad when the call came one morning for us to report at once. On our arrival the manager told us that there was a lady in his inner office who wanted to engage our agency's services to shadow her husband, who was going around with another woman. The lady, whom we will call Mrs. Smith, needed evidence against her husband, so as to obtain a divorce, or else break up the liason. We were to try to obtain that evidence. Two of our men would be engaged on the outside shadowing, but two operatives were wanted within the Smith household, and that was where Stanley and I came in. One of us was to act as her personal maid and the other as one of the several house-maids--for it was a large house, the Smiths were very wealthy, and there was a large staff of servants. Now Stan and I were to go in and be interviewed by Mrs. Smith. Of course she would engage us, as she needed detectives, but we must make the best possible showing, and try to impress her.

We found Mrs. Smith to be a very pretty lady, in the early thirties. She was beautifully dressed and groomed, and class and breeding and charm stood out all over her.

She was very pleasant to Stan and me as she looked us over, after the manager had introduced us as "Miss Frances" and "Miss Gloria" (for of course she took us for girls. That was necessary, especially for the one of us who should be chosen to act as her personal maid.) She asked us about our qualifications. I told her that I could dress hair, understood women's clothes and their care, knew beauty culture and make-up and thought that I could give satisfaction as her maid. She chose me for the position, and Stan was engaged as house-maid, which he preferred, anyway. Fortunately for the both of us, Mrs. Fay had given us a thorough schooling so that I was competent for my job as maid to a lady, and Stan could readily do the necessary housework, which, Mrs. Smith said, would be easy, since there were a number of other maids, as well as footmen and a butler, to divide up the work. My work would be easy, too, and Mrs. Smith said she would not be too exacting with me, since, after all, I was a detective and had that work to do in addition to my duties as ladies' maid. And so it was arranged. We gave Mrs. Smith our home address, and she said she would send a car for us in the afternoon, after we had had time to pack the few things that we would need. Stan and I were excited and

thrilled over our coming work. It was just the sort of work we wanted to try and for which we were fitted--both the maid work and the detective work. We packed our suitcases, not putting in many dresses, since Mrs. Smith would furnish us with uniforms. But we would need dresses for our afternoons and evenings out, and so we packed some of our pretty things, and our night-gowns, lingerie, shoes and accessories such as were proper for maids to have. We were taken to the house in a fine limousine. It was a large mansion. We were received by the dignified butler, who had one of ~~the~~ the maids show us to our room, in the servants' quarters, on the fourth floor. Fortunately, Stan and I were assigned a room together, and it was a very nice room. As Mrs. Smith's personal maid, I had high social standing among the servants, and so rated a good room, and was sure of respectful treatment. Stanley's social position in the house was slightly lower than mine, but he didn't mind, and was sure he would get along all right. His blonde beauty would be a great help, as it always won him the favor of the men, and the butler was the boss, and looked on him with an interested eye, as did the footmen, and other men servants, including the two chauffeurs and the gardeners.

The housekeeper brought us our uniforms and lace caps, and we went down and reported for duty. Mrs. Smith was very kind to me from the start, and showed me just how she wanted things done. My first job was to undress her, help her with her bath and then dress her for dinner. It was a rather unusual position for a man, even for one living as a girl, and I am afraid I was nervous and that my hands shook a little as I unhooked her gown and helped her off with it, then removed her bra and slip, unlaced her corset and took it off, then stooped down and removed her shoes and stockings. Then off came her vest and panties, and she was nude, and I had an opportunity to see what a lovely body she had. I accompanied her into the bathroom, and helped her with her bath, rubbing her back, at her direction. After she came from the tub, I dried her pretty white body and helped her into a negligee. We went back into her boudoir and I dressed her all in new undies, an evening corset and a pretty lace dress. She was slender and I found it easy to lace her in to 18 inches. Before putting on her dress, I did her pretty, long hair, doing it the same as it had been when I let it down, as instructed by Mrs. Smith. I had no difficulty with it and I was pleased. It showed that my lessons with Mrs. Fay had made me skillful--that and the practice of doing the hair of my wig a couple of times a day, at home. Mrs. Smith now donned her delicate make up, and put on some jewelry. She kept the ~~jew~~ jewel casket in a wall safe, hidden behind a picture, and she told me to put it away. I was pleased that she had so much confidence in me, for she had a large collection of very valuable jewelry. She was now ready for dinner. A rap came on the door, and I came a good-looking gentleman who I knew must be Mr. Smith. Apparently, on the surface, his relations with his wife were pleasant, and he was a good actor and nobody would have suspected that he was not true to his lovely wife, but was intimate with another woman.

"This is my new maid, Gloria," said she, introducing us.

He came over to me, put a finger under my chin to raise my face, and inspected me closely. I was embarrassed, and dropped my eyes, as I thought a maid would do, under the circumstances, and I guess I blushed a little. I could "feel" that Mr. Smith was a ladies' man and had a way with the fair sex. Even I could see that. No doubt he was a philanderer.

"I'm glad you got a pretty maid this time," he remarked to his wife. "That last one would stop a clock."

This was the man Stan and I were to spy upon. We were to listen in when he telephoned to try to find out when he made engagements with his lady-love. I was to search his pockets, if possible, to see if he had any billet-doux from her. And I was to report to our outside ~~men~~ man by telephone every time he left the house, so that they could shadow him. If I or Stan could find out where he was going, so much the better.

Stanley and I worked in that house for ten days. Stan enjoyed his work as maid, and learned all about housework. The other servants were nice to him, especially the men, who took both of us out on our days off. They were pleasant enough, but we would have preferred our own crowd, but thought it best to play the game and act as real maid servants would, so as to avoid suspicion. As for me, I got a kick out of my duties as lady's maid, for it was very pleasant to serve my beautiful mistress as her maid, and the intimate contact with her, dressing and undressing her, taking care of her hair, bathing her, massaging her lovely white body, was a privilege which any man would enjoy. She was extremely kind to me, and made me presents of dresses, lingerie, shoes, hats, etc. When it was time for me to leave, she asked me if I would not stay on as her maid, offering to pay me more than I was getting as a detective. But it was confining, monotonous work, with no excitement about it, and I missed our crowd and the social life we led, so, while I felt highly flattered that she should wish me to stay, I refused. Stanley also could have stayed, as he had made good, but he had had enough of that life. And so we left. Our detective work had been carried out successfully, and Mr. Smith had been caught by our outside men in a hotel room with his inamorata, and so Mrs. Smith had grounds for divorce. Later on, as we learned from our office, she obtained it, and was freed.

* * * * *

This was the end of my story for that day. It had helped pass the time while we were undergoing treatment, and Flora and Mazie seemed to believe every word of it. We dressed and went home. On the way we talked about the way I had "stuffed" them, and had a good laugh over it.

"I was nearly bursting with laughter," said Stanley, "especially when you told them about my engagement. What a simp you made me out to be. But I don't care. It was funny and they drank it all in. Next time I am going to tell them some fairy tales about us, and I am going to make you the goat. I'll bet they'll tell the others about our adventures as detectives, for they are very curious about us."

Sure enough. The next day when we went in, the girls eyed us with knowing smiles, and one of them asked Stan how Harvey was and if he had heard from him lately. But I am getting ahead of my story.

We walked home and on the way stopped at the food store again and ordered supplies. We didn't see the delivery clerk, which was just as well, for he might recognize our faces, and he might wonder whether we were boys or girls. We ordered the groceries to be delivered at our apartment at six o'clock, and were sure the same boy would deliver them, so Stanley suggested that we have some fun with him, and I agreed, of course. The sprightly Stanley is full of ideas for our amusement and I always go in with him, for I love a good laugh as well as the next person.

As soon as we had entered, we threw off our male clothes, and turned ourselves into "Frances" and "Gloria." In order to make the best possible impression on Harvey, we made up rather heavily and did our hair in the most becoming style. Stan tied a blue ribbon in his, and I a pink one, forming cute bows. We drew in our corsets fully, to take up the stretch of a full day in them. Frances put on her new blue negligee, with matching high-heeled mules, and I donned my new red one, which went well with my high make-up. We tied the belts closely about us, so that the smallness of our waists would show to the best advantage. We put on earrings and other simple jewelry, doused ourselves well with strong perfume and sprayed the rooms with it, to give them an exotic, feminine odor. I surveyed the blonde Stanley--I mean, Frances. She looked too sweet for words, and I told her so, pleasing her, as such praise always did. She kindly told me that I looked very glamorous, and the mirror told me that I did really look nice. Soon the bell rang.

Frances went to the door, while I draped myself full-length on the sofa of the living room, as planned. I propped my head on a pillow, and lay on my side so that my curves would show in an alluring feminine manner--

the deep downward dip of my waist, the up-curve of my hips and ^{and} derrierⁿ and the roundness of my thighs and calves, through my gown which I drew tightly about me on purpose to get that studied effect. My silk-clad ankles and feet, in their dainty mules, peeped out below my gown. Propping my head on one hand, I pretended to read a fashion magazine. Harvey, or any man, would be impressed. We wanted to impress him. We were playing a game that was much fun. It was such fun for us to try out our "sex appeal" on a man, and make him "fall" for us. All the time when we were playing this game, Frances and I were inwardly bubbling over with suppressed laughter. For we loved to fool men, and make them think that we were attractive girls. Aside from that, we wanted to practise our "wiles" and make sure that we were "convincing" girls. It gave us more confidence, and, dear Mary, we needed it, for it is going to take a lot of confidence and courage to embark on the adventure we are preparing for--to be girls--unsuspected--for a long time.

Frances asked Harvey in and went with him to the pantry while he deposited his groceries. She had greeted him with a warm smile and a very friendly air, as planned. Now she asked him if he would not like to have a highball with us. He said he would love it.

Frances and I had it all planned. We had made up and dressed to give the impression that we were very "friendly" girls, who would be nice to a man. With our paint and powder and exotic gowns, he might well take us for ladies in a receptive mood for flirtation, lonesome and looking for the company of a good looking young man. That was what we wanted.

Harvey and Frances came into the living room where I was alluringly draped on the lounge. Frances asked me if I would mind making the highballs. I agreed and asked Harvey to help me up. He took my little soft hands in his strong big ones, and pulled me up from the sofa. As he did so, I pretended to stumble and fell against him. He reached out to catch me, and for a moment I was in his arms, my face close to his, so that he encircled my slender form and he caught the perfume of me, and had a close look at my face, as planned. It was just a gesture of allurements, but I could sense that Harvey was intrigued, as any man would have been. I went into the pantry and mixed the drinks, making Harvey's a double scotch, while the drinks of Frances and myself were mild. We do not believe in drinking much, and are always abstemious. Harvey was thirsty and quickly drank his drink, while Frances and I only sipped at ours. We wanted to get him feeling good, so that he would become amorous. Frances had bet me that she would make Harvey try to kiss her before he left. I took the bet, with the proviso that if he also tried to kiss me, the bet would be off. I went to the pantry, and mixed another strong highball for Harvey. When I came back into the living room, I saw Frances and Harvey sitting very closely together on the sofa, and Harvey had his arm around Frances's slender waist, and he was holding her hand, while she--bold girl--was resting her golden head on Harvey's shoulder. When they saw me, they broke apart. Harvey eagerly drank his second highball, and then was feeling fine. He made love to beautiful Frances boldly. Time passed, and he said he must leave. But first he asked us to make a date with him for the following Sunday. He would bring a boy-friend for me and we would "step out," eat, dance and have a good time. We agreed, knowing full well that we would be gone by that time. As he went to the door, both Frances and I followed him. Gazing at him with her big blue eyes, she lifted her adorable face and inviting lips to him. She was, of course, irresistible, and, as expected, Harvey enfolded her into his arms, and kissed her. Perhaps I didn't play fair, but I recalled the bet, and so I asked Harvey if he wasn't going to give me a good-bye kiss, too. "Why not?" he asked, and I found myself clasped in his strong arms, and our lips met in a warm kiss. Then he said: "So long. See you soon."

I hope we do not shock you, dear Mary, when we tell you about being kissed by a man. It is harmless, and all a part of the game we were playing. And in our feminine roles, it seemed natural. We were girls, at the time, and girls like to be kissed by handsome young men. Frances said

I had not played fair, asking for the kiss, and so I agreed that I had lost the bet, and I promised to buy her a drink later on. It had been such fun. Harvey had "fallen for" Frances in a big way in such a short time. It gave her renewed confidence in her femininity--and me, too.

Today we again had a long morning at the beauty shop, much of the time being with the electric needle, with which we are almost finished. We also had the usual facials, bleachings and manicures, and then the proprietor sprang a new one on us. He said that our entire bodies should be massaged and bleached--waists, hips, buttocks, thighs, calves, ankles and feet. We had not expected that, but it sounded good to us, since the boss had suggested it, for we wanted to do everything that an expert could do to us to make us more beautiful. We both felt a little embarrassed as we emerged from the dressing room, having doffed our corsets and lingerie and were entirely nude, except for a pair of tiny panties that bound us closely in the crotch, suppressing all possible bulges. He stretched out on cots and Flora and Mazie proceeded to massage our entire bodies and apply creams and bleaches with their soft but firm hands. Needless to say, it was a most unusual experience for men, and quite exciting for both of us, especially when they rubbed our hips, thighs and "derrieres". We were so glad of our confining panties. It could not have been done very well, without them--for both Flora and Mazie are pretty--and we are men, after all, in spite of our assumed femaleness. For half an hour the girls manipulated our white, bare bodies, while we tried our best not to writhe in pleasure at their touch, and not to show our feelings. They treated us like girls and seemed not to notice anything, for which we were thankful. They applied strong bleaches to our bodies, and it stung a little, but we didn't mind. At the close of the treatments they rubbed scented powder into our skin all over, which was very soothing. Then they made up our faces, as usual, and "set" our permanents. Then we dressed. We now had no secrets from Flora and Mazie--nothing to conceal; they had seen everything we had, and so we were glad to accept their offer to come into our dressing room and help us to dress, and lace our corsets for us. We looked like girls until we put on our trousers, shirts and neckties. The girls laughed at us, being girls underneath and men outwardly, and we somehow resented having to don male clothes. I suppose we did look funny to them, with our marcelled hair, delicately made-up faces and slender girlish figures--then to put on male clothing, which made us look like girls in disguise. Our complexions are noticeably several shades lighter, thanks to our treatments, and our cheeks are naturally pink, so we are getting more and more to look like girls--which is as it should be--that's the way we want it. But Stan and I notice how people stare at us in public, and, from remarks dropped, many of them think we are girls in disguise. But we go along minding our own business and so no policeman has molested us, as yet. Surely, there is no law against men wearing corsets and lingerie and make-up, so long as they wear male garments and attend to their own business. But people in the street eye us, and so we probably shall travel in cabs hereafter--we won't care what the cabby thinks. And the same way in the shops where we go. We can't help it if they think we are girls disguised as boys, and we don't care what they think. We have to be hard-boiled about it, and not let them bother us. And we are not annoyed, because we WANT to look like girls, as you can understand, Mary darling. We must look like girls--pretty girls--and are happy that we do, for otherwise of course we could not carry out our adventure of coming to you and acting as models and going on as girls after your wedding. We are afraid that you will think we are very "queer" boys, with our preference ~~of~~ ^{for} girls' clothes over men's, and our fondness for impersonating girls, with all the handicaps it entails in living a feminine life, and abandoning our male personalities. We feel that few men would be willing to feminize themselves over a long period of time. It is so.

contrary to masculine nature to act like a female--so effeminate, so soft, so vain of looks, so conscious of hair and clothes and general appearance--to walk and talk like a girl, and assume all of her mannerisms--to lose one's self in the impersonation--to lay aside masculinity, which most men cherish.

But Stanley and I are different from most men, because, unlike them, we are able to make up as really pretty girls--(I am sure you will pardon me for saying this--it looks like conceit--but it is true, as you well know, so why have false modesty?) At first we "did" girls in the shows as a joke, but when we found that we made pretty girls, we did it more and more, and so got a fondness for wearing female clothing. It sort of grew on us. And when we finally realized that we made better girls than men, we naturally preferred to be girls, whenever possible. So I am sure you understand, Mary darling.

* * * * *

Stanley and I found it so much fun to "stuff" Mazie and Flora with our imaginary experiences as girl detectives, that we continued it during our treatments. They drank it all in, every word, which made it all the more amusing to us, and I tried all the harder to make my invention more interesting. Besides, it took our attention away from the sting of the electric needle, and so it was a good idea.

I think you will enjoy, Mary dear, hearing about the second adventure of ~~me~~ "girl detectives," as I told it to Mazie and Flora. It was as follows:

Shortly after we had finished our work for Mrs. Smith, we were again summoned to the office, where another job was awaiting us, but a totally different one.

A very wealthy widow, whom we will call Mrs. Jones, was the owner of a very valuable collection of diamonds, as well as other jewelry. In fact, they were so precious that she was afraid to wear them in public without a bodyguard. She had done that a number of times when she had worn the jewels to some special function, but she had found it annoying to have a man always at her elbow, on guard. And so she conceived the idea of having women, instead of a man, as bodyguards, to protect her jewels from possible hold-up and theft. So she came to our agency to see whether we could supply two trained women for the work. She wanted to wear her diamonds at the opening of grand opera, where she had a center box. The opening of the opera season was always a social event, at which all the women displayed their most beautiful gowns and jewels. Mrs. Jones planned to go and asked Mr. Sheldon if he could supply her with two female detectives to guard her. She wanted attractive, well dressed women, whom the people would take for her guests.

Mrs. Jones interviewed Frances and me in Mr. Sheldon's private office, and apparently she was pleased with our appearance and manners, for she engaged us to be her bodyguard at the opera, which would open a week later. She said we would have to be elegantly dressed, so as to look like members of society, and asked if we had any evening costumes suitable for the opera. Her box was in the center of the horse-shoe, and we would be conspicuous, as everybody in the audience could see us, and so we must look all right in every particular. Mr. Sheldon had bought us a few evening frocks, along with the rest of our wardrobes, but nothing nice enough for the opera, as Mrs. Jones's guests, in her center box, and we told her so. She kindly said that she would outfit us completely and properly for the occasion, and she gave us a note to the head of the dress department of Marshall Field's store, authorizing her to supply us with everything we needed for the opera, from head to foot, a complete evening wardrobe, all of the best quality, and charge to her account.

The occasion was so important, and Frances and I were so intrigued at the idea of getting complete and lovely evening ensembles, that we asked Mrs. Fay to go to the store with us, and help us. Of course, it is no secret that Frances and I had become so completely feminine that we love pretty dresses and all feminine accessories, and it was exciting to think that Mrs. Jones would buy us the most lovely dresses and other things needed, and make us a gift of them. We didn't need to think of the expense, which was enough to warm any girl's heart. We decided to "blow ourselves". Mrs. Jones was so rich that she wouldn't mind how much we spent, so long as we didn't go too far, and buy such things as furs and jewelry.

Mrs. Fay went with us, being as interested as we were, and anxious that we should be beautifully dressed and groomed for this grand occasion. We gave Mrs. Jones' letter to the head woman, and she was extremely kind and helpful, for Mrs. Jones was an excellent customer, and one to be pleased. Thus, with the advice of her and Mrs. Fay, we did our shopping, and it was a regular orgy of trying on lovely evening gowns, and inspecting ourselves in the mirrors, and listening to the comments of the others. It was a wonderful chance for Frances and me to try on all of these beautiful evening frocks, and we took full advantage of it, for we loved to

see ourselves in them. We loved to hear the complimentary remarks as to our looks from the head lady and her several girl assistants. We looked "sweet", "adorable", "darling", "chic", "charming", "cute" and all of the other words that are applied to women when trying on pretty dresses, and naturally it pleased us "girls" to have these adjectives applied to us, for it gave us confidence as to our looks, and flattered us--and we like flattery as much as any girls. Of course, there was not the slightest suspicion that we were men, and that amused us mildly, but not so much as it would have done when we first began to be "girls", for now we were used to it, and had a feminine viewpoint. And we were completely at home in feminine finery. We had been fitted to a good many dresses, but we always enjoyed trying on pretty frocks, and never seemed to get tired of it. We loved to see how we would look in the different gowns, and how the various colors looked on us. I suppose we each tried on at least 20 evening gowns, and inspected ourselves in them, while Mrs. Fay and the store clerks made comments and suggestions. There were so many stunning frocks that it was difficult to make a selection. Frances looked pretty in everything she tried on, but finally we all decided on a princess style ivory white satin gown. It was cut low in front and back, so as to display a goodly expanse of her smooth, satiny skin. The dress was sleeveless and had very narrow shoulder straps which were studded with rhinestones. Thus all of her white shoulders and arms were exposed, as well as her dimpled back and flawless bosom. Her bra was slightly padded, to give her nicely rounded, maidenly breasts. The bodice was tightly form-fitted, so that her cute little figure, with its tiny waist, would show. It was also tightly fitted over her rounded little hips, but below the skirt flared out in a series of ruffles, of girlish ankle length, so that her feet would show below. This dress was most becoming to her blonde beauty, and in it she looked like an angel without wings. We all were entranced, and I have never seen Frances looking more charming, nor more happy. When in fully evening regalia, she would look simply marvellous. We all agreed on that. Mrs. Fay said that Mrs. Jones would be delighted to have such a lovely blonde in her box.

I had a hard time, too, to decide upon a frock, for I looked well in a number of those I tried on, but finally we all chose a pale blue lace creation for me, with bodice cut similar to Frances' white gown, but with skirt clinging the form down to the ~~ank~~ knees, then with flounces down to the ankles. It was rather a sophisticated dress for a young "girl" like me, but I really did look very nice in it, as all agreed, and blue goes well with the color of my hair. Besides, blue is my favorite color. After I had had my fitting, we shopped for the remainder of our evening outfits. Everything we bought was of the finest materials and expensive, the best that money could buy. We ordered lingerie, stockings, bras, slips, and corsets made to measure, of lovely brocaded satin, in colors to match our dresses. The shoes we selected also matched our dresses--opera slippers with $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch spike heels. This was at the suggestion of Mrs. Fay, who also suggested that we were a smaller size than customary, to make our feet look as small and as dainty as possible. So we squeezed our feet into narrow, pointed slippers, which were naturally uncomfortable, but, as Mrs. Fay pointed out, we would have to walk very little, and so would not mind them for an evening. We had never worn such high, slender heels, but we walked in them back and forth on the strip of carpet in the shoe department and found that we ^{could} navigate in them all right, though only tiny steps were possible. And so we decided upon the slippers, and were pleased with their effect, as they made our feet look unbelievably tiny. We of course knew that many women wear shoes too small for them, through vanity, and, now that we were women, we were acting like them. But with us it was not all vanity. Being the sort of "girls" that we were, it was of the utmost importance for us to spare no pains to make ourselves as girlish, and feminine and attractive as possible, and there was no doubt

that the extreme slippers we had chosen would help a lot, though they pinched and we knew that our feet would ache before the evening of the opera was over. But we would have to stand it, as we stood the other discomforts of feminine clothes, especially the corsets, which we wore through necessity, though we were never happy in them.

We bought pretty evening bags, containing make-up compacts; and long white kid gloves, with innumerable buttons, and reaching above the elbow. These would be a nuisance, but they were the style and so we would have to wear them. We finished our shopping with the purchase of lovely evening opera cloaks. Frances selected a beautiful black velvet number, which would be in striking contrast to her ivory white gown, and go well with her vivid blonde hair. It had a collar of ermine. The combination of black and white would be most fetching, and her long white gloves would stand out against the black of her wrap. Her bag of white, studded with rhinestones, also would look stunning with the black cloak.

As for me, I selected, with the aid of Mrs. Fay, a wrap of pale blue to harmonize with my blue gown, slippers and evening bag. It was lovely.

Now that our outfits were on order, we busied ourselves for our work as guards by ~~practise~~ target practise with the tiny pistols that Mr. Sheldon had bought for us. We were to carry these in our bags, on top, so as to be ready for any emergency. We both were familiar with firearms, as we had hunted with shot-gun and rifle, but had never shot pistols. We practised at a range in the basement of one of the police stations, with one of the expert cops giving us instruction, as arranged by Mr. Sheldon, who stood in with the police, who often cooperated with our detective agency on cases. We soon got the hang of it, so that we could hit the bull's-eye, and the instructor complimented us on our skill, saying that girls usually were gun-shy, and couldn't shoot, anyway. He seemed to like teaching the two pretty "girls", and was very friendly, and others of the policemen would come to look on and compliment us. We acted very feminine, and perhaps a trifle flirtatious with the men, who ~~seemed~~ seemed to think us attractive. That's the way we get our fun out of our being "girls"--little harmless flirtations with men who show that they are attracted to us. We know how to use our eyes--in fact, all the little feminine tricks that girls employ when with ^{pearl} ~~man~~ they wish to flirt with.

Our pistols, with their mother-of-pearl handles, were made for women. They were small and dainty, but deadly at close range, and we knew that if we had to use them, it would be at close range. But we hoped we would never have to use them, naturally. We would hate to have to shoot a man, even a thief.

All of our clothes had been delivered by the time the opera day rolled round, and we were quite excited as we laid our lovely things out on our beds--excited not only at the thought of wearing these beautiful garments but also from thinking about the evening that was before us--and evening of possible adventure, an evening that would bring to us a new experience. For of course we had never sat in a box as girls at the opera--or anywhere else--though we had often gone to the theater as girls, but had sat in orchestra seats, and were not conspicuous.

Mrs. Jones had asked us to dress early and come to her home for dinner, before the opera. Mrs. Fay kindly came in to help us dress for this important occasion, when we must be perfectly groomed and look our loveliest, quite an undertaking for the sort of "girls" we were. But from past experience as girls under various circumstances, we were sure that we could make good. We wanted to look as beautiful as possible, to please Mrs. Jones, and be a credit to her when we sat on either side of her in her box, where all

could see us. Mrs. Fay told us that we would be almost as conspicuous as the actresses on the stage, but we need not be nervous about it, but would enjoy it, because with our new dresses, and the way she was going to do our hair and make us up, we would be as pretty as any women there. This gave us confidence. It was going to be fun.

Early in the afternoon Frances and I had gone to a beauty parlor and had facials and manicures, and had our hair waved (we were now wearing our own hair, as it was long enough). We undressed and took baths, using plenty of scented crystals in the water. I bathed first and gave myself into the capable hands of Mrs. Fay. I left the bath-room perfectly nude, but neither of us thought anything of it, for Mrs. Fay had seen me that way often, from the beginning of our training, which, as I have said, was very strenuous. At the very start Mrs. Fay had delivered a little lecture to us, which was somewhat as follows:

"You both must remember that from now on you are girls, and must think of yourselves that way, and forget that you once were boys. I shall consider you to be girls, and always treat you as such, and there is to be no nonsense. You are to be gentle and lady-like, and not act like tom-boys, for I despise that sort of girl. So never let me hear you act or talk in a masculine manner from now on. And you needn't be embarrassed when you are naked before me, as we shall be females together. I have got to handle your bodies and train them to be feminine, so you'll have to get used to it from the beginning. The treatment is going to be rather severe, especially at first, but I want no complaints out of you. Remember that what I shall do will be necessary, and for your own good. It is my job to turn you into attractive young ladies, and I know how to do it, so you must submit to everything I do to you, even if it is unpleasant. You are not going to like wearing corsets, for one thing, but you have to wear them from now on. They will be tight, and confining and make you very uncomfortable, but it can't be helped, so I don't want to hear any complaints, for it will do no good. You must promise to obey me, and all will go well, and I will fit you for your jobs, which are good ones, and will pay you well."

We promised to mind her, and, to tell the truth, were somewhat awed at her strong personality and a little afraid of her at first, until we got to know her better. She was severe, but it was for the best, and she was kind if we were nice. Of course, now we were no longer under her, but we still allowed her to dominate us, because she was so helpful, and we needed her, especially on an occasion like this.

While Frances was taking her scented bath, Mrs. Fay rubbed my whole body with perfumed powder. It was really a body massage, and was very soothing. Then she applied a liquid base powder to my arms, neck and shoulders--all of the body that would show in my low-cut gown, and then rubbed on thickly a flesh-colored powder, so that I fairly gleamed, and my skin was satin-smooth. And now I was ready to dress. How soft and caressing my vest and panties felt as I drew them on! Then I put on my lovely sheer silk stockings, and my slippers, having to use a shoe-horn to get into them, they were so snug. But I loved the daintiness of my feet in those spiked-heel slippers. Never had they looked so small. And next came my corsetting, an important operation. When I had laid out my new corsets on the bed, I thought that they looked rather small. Mrs. Fay now brought them over and let out the laces a lot, and I clasped them about me. Frances and I had learned from experience that there is no joy in wearing new corsets, with their stiffness, and we had had the experience of breaking in several pairs since we had been girls. So we didn't look forward with pleasure ~~into~~ wearing these new, heavily boned stays, but of course they were a necessary evil, to be cheerfully endured. And now, as I stood before the long, mirror, teetering on my extreme heels, Mrs. Fay proceeded to lace me in. I could tell by the feeling, and also by my appearance in the glass, when I had reached my 17-inch measurement, so I put my hands behind my back and was surprised to find that there was a gap of a couple of inches in my corset.

"Keep your hands away, so that I can lace you," said Mrs. Fay.

"But I am already laced," I said.

"Oh, no, you are not," said Mrs. Fay. "There is still about two inches

to go. I ordered your corsets made size 15, as I wanted you to have an exceptionally nice figure, and tiny waist, on Mrs. Jones's account. She will admire it, and so will everybody who sees you at the opera." And she went on drawing me in.

"But I have never had such a small waist, and cannot stand it for a whole evening," I protested.

"What a silly girl you are," she exclaimed. "Of course you can stand it." She tied the laces. "There," she said, "now you have a 15-inch waist and it is not so bad, is it? Look at it in the glass. Isn't it too cute for words?"

Yes, it did look cute, and unbelievably tiny, as though I was almost cut in two. Could I stand it? Yes, I could, and would. But then I thought of something.

"My dress won't fit," I said to Mrs. Fay. "It was made for my normal 17-inch waist."

"It will fit perfectly," she replied. "I told them to take the waist in to 15-inches. I didn't want to let you know about the small waist you were going to have, for fear you would kick. Now it is too late to do anything about it, so go ahead with your dressing."

I suppose few men would have submitted to wearing such tight corsets and such snug slippers, with their extreme heels, but I had now been a girl so long and so gotten accustomed to the discomforts of wearing female clothing, and to obeying Mrs. Fay in matters of clothes and of deportment, that I meekly submitted, though I knew full well that I was in for an extremely uncomfortable, if not painful, evening. But my appearance and femininity were improved, and Mrs. Jones would be pleased, so I would try to forget my tight clothes and shoes, and enjoy myself, if possible.

The blonde Frances now came in from the bath-room, looking very pretty and rosy after her bath. Mrs. Fay gave her whole nude body a massage, whitened her body as she had done with mine, and then Frances started to dress. Meanwhile I had donned my lacy bra and had gone to the mirror to primp. I made up my face and fussed with my hair, putting my curls in place, and setting my wave. I had worn a rubber cap in the bath, so my coiffure didn't get wet, and I simply had to adjust it. It was so nice having our own girlish hair, and no longer having to wear a hot wig. Both Frances and I wore our back hair in a mass of ringlets, and it was quite pretty, though of course a bother to keep the ringlets in shape, and we had to do our hair on curlers at night. An ordinary man would hate this, as it took time and the curlers would stick into the head on the pillow. And in the morning it took time to comb out our curls and arrange them prettily, such a fussy job, requiring a long time in front of the mirror. But, of course, Frances and I were no longer ordinary men, but girls, and so we had learned to have patience and spend all of the time necessary primping over our hair and make-up and clothes, to be well groomed and make ourselves as attractive young ladies as possible. And so I stood before the mirror primping and adjusting my curls and fussing with my make-up, while Mrs. Fay was helping Frances to dress. I was watching them with one eye, for I wanted to see how Frances would act when she discovered that Mrs. Fay had ordered her corset made two inches smaller than usual (for she had treated us both alike.) I was curious to see what Frances would say when Mrs. Fay drew her waist in to 16 inches.

Frances had immediately spotted my small waist as I stood before the mirror, with my back to her, and had exclaimed:

"Why, Gloria, darling, how you have laced yourself in! What's the big idea?"

"The big idea," said Mrs. Fay, "is that she wants an exceptionally good figure for this evening, to look lovely, and to please Mrs. Jones. And you, my dear Frances, also are going to have a tiny waist, so get ready to be laced."

"But I don't want to be laced tighter than usual," protested Frances. "I think an 18-inch waist is plenty small enough."

"There you go," said Mrs. Fay, "finding fault when I am doing my best to make you a glamour girl for the evening. You are going to be laced fully into your new 16-inch corset, so let's hear no more about it. You ought to be glad to be able to have such a small waist. Very few girls could. Fortunately you and Gloria lace in very easily. I think the reason is that you used to be boys, and boys, when young, lace easier than girls, because their waists are naturally smaller and their bodies more supple. Yes, you are very lucky, and you both are going to look very alluring in your slenderness."

Frances had already donned her silk stockings and stilt-like slippers, and now she hooked on her corset, and Mrs. Fay proceeded to lace her in until the stays met closely at the back. Frances had yielded gracefully, knowing that it was no use to protest. Like myself, she found that it was not too bad, and she was pleased with her figure as she looked at herself in the mirror. Like myself, she decided that she could stand it for the evening. Just another penalty for being a girl and having to dress in the height of fashion. Mrs. Fay now helped Frances with her hair and make-up, and then came the supreme moment when we donned our beautiful evening gowns. How carefully Mrs. Fay put them over our heads, so as not to disturb our hair! And then she hooked us up. The fitter had done a good job, and our dresses fitted our tiny waists and the rest of our bodies, without a wrinkle. Oh! They were lovely, and Mrs. Fay was good enough to say that we looked lovely in them. Frances certainly did. She was a vision of blonde loveliness in her clinging white satin. Her vivid golden hair, with its soft waves on top and entrancing curls at the back, was perfection, and an excellent frame for her sweet pink-and-white face, small and oval. Her big blue eyes sparkled with pleasure as she inspected herself in the long mirror. Her little red lips parted in a smile, showing her even white teeth, and that made her even prettier. Her smile is ravishing.

"Mrs. Jones is going to be so proud of both of you, sitting in the box beside her," said Mrs. Fay. "You both really are beautiful."

That word "beautiful" was music to our ears, as it is to the ears of all girls, and it seemed all the more wonderful to have it applied to the sort of "girls" that we were. We had often been called "pretty," but had hardly dared to hope that anyone would ever call us "beautiful."

And now Mrs. Fay, a former actress, and a good judge of feminine beauty, had called us that, and naturally we were thrilled through and through. But we took no credit to ourselves. It was due to Mrs. Fay for the way she had trained us. We were no really "beautiful," but looked beautiful the way we were gotten up.

"I can't see any difference," spoke up Mazie. "If you look beautiful you must be it, for beauty is only looks and appearance."

I thanked her and went on. It was our exquisite gowns that made us look so attractive, combined with pretty hair, (perfectly coiffured,) flawless peached-and-cream complexions, our white skins and our slenderly fashionable figures. The whole combination was very effective.

"And don't forget your pretty faces," said Mazie. "They are most important of all, and Mrs. Fay doesn't get the credit for those."

Again we thanked her for the compliment, which was highly pleasing.

Fully dressed and ready, we gave ourselves a final inspection in the mirror, a final primping, but our hair and complexions were perfect, thanks to Mrs. Fay's kindly help. She remarked that it was too bad that we didn't have any jewelry to wear, as that would give the needed final touch. What we had was cheap and would not do to wear with our elegant toilettes. But she said that perhaps Mrs. Jones would lend us some of hers, for no doubt she had a great collection in addition to her

famous diamonds, which we were to guard. *me*

It was a little hard for Frances and *me* to tear ourselves away from the mirrors, for we could not get over how lovely our new dresses looked, and how well we looked in them. Never had we been so beautifully dressed and groomed. And we were fascinated by our figures, our intriguingly small waists, which we had never had before. Our bodices fitted very closely, so we were indeed wasp-waisted, and the effect was so good that we were glad that Mrs. Fay had insisted on lacing us so tightly, and so we would willingly endure our severe corsetting for the evening, for it was worth while.

We gave ourselves a final perfuming, then donned our lovely evening capes, gathered up our evening bags and gloves, and were ready to leave. We did not put on our long gloves, since we were to dine with Mrs. Jones. But we would have to put them on after dinner and we wondered how long it would take to work them on and button the countless buttons. They would be a bother, but they were a part of our opera costumes. We made sure that our little pistols were placed carefully at the top of our bags, within easy reach. We had practised opening our bags and taking out the pistols with our gloves on, so that we could do it quickly. It had taken us some time to get accustomed to wearing gloves all the time when out-of-doors. At first we had found them awkward when we wanted to get a coin or a hair-pin or a lipstick or any other object out of the bag, digging down for it. But practise makes perfect. It had taken us some time to get used to carrying bags, and we had missed our pockets at first--and still did. And we would lay our bags down, and forget them. But soon they got to be a habit, and we were lost without a bag in hand, and no longer felt for our absent pockets. Carrying a bag was just another penalty for being a girl. Until a man has tried it, he never knows the many disadvantages of dressing as a female--but Frances and I now knew them all, and we put up with them cheerfully because our work required us to be girls, all the way through.

We found Mrs. Jones's limousine waiting for us outside, and we were quickly whisked to her house, which was an imposing mansion, the home of a millionairess, with every evidence of great wealth.

The butler opened the door to us and told us that Mrs. Jones wished us to go immediately up to her boudoir, and a maid led the way, after relieving us of our cleaks. We entered her lovely room, and found her with her maid just finishing her toilette. She was a very pretty young matron and looked stunning in black velvet and diamonds. And what wonderful and valuable diamonds she had on! On her head she had a diamond tiara, about her throat a diamond "dog-collar," and her most valuable gem, a huge stone, hung on a chain. She had on magnificent diamond drop earrings, two diamond bracelets, and several large diamond rings. She was fairly ablaze with the brilliants, which were worth a large fortune. She looked magnificent. She had a striking figure, with a well-defined waist-line. Her close-fitting princess gown brought out the perfection of her curves.

Mrs. Jones greeted Frances and me most cordially, and we could see that she was favorably impressed with our appearance, as Mrs. Fay had predicted. In fact, she was delighted, and, I think surprised, for before she had only seen us in plain street dresses.

"What lovely dresses," she exclaimed, "and so becoming. You both look charming. I didn't realize that you were so pretty. And your figures," she said, "inspecting us from head to foot. "How did you ever manage such tiny waists? I have never seen smaller."

"Gloria's waist is 15, and mine is 16," said Frances. "Luckily we lace in rather easily."

"You are indeed lucky," she said. "The best I can do now is 20 inches, though when I was a young girl I wore an 18-inch corset, which was as small as I could get into. I admire your courage in lacing so tightly, for we have quite a long evening ahead of us."

"Oh, we don't mind," lied Frances. "We are quite comfortable, and hardly know that we have corsets on." What a fib! We both were acutely conscious of our stays, but did our best to ignore them.

"You both look lovely," said Mrs. Jones, "but you will look even better and more completely groomed for the opera with jewelry. I will loan you some."

She brought out some magnificent pearls and Frances put them on-- a long rope a priceless matched pearls, pear-shaped pearl drop earrings and pearl bracelets and rings. It was just the touch that Frances needed. The pearls were wonderful with her ivory white gown, and glowed against her white flesh. She was more beautiful than ever.

Mrs. Jones fitted me out with a complete set of rubies, lovely, glowing, blood-red stones, which went well with my chestnut hair and blue gown. They added to my attractiveness. Mrs. Jones warned us to be careful of our jewelry, saying that the pearls Frances had on were worth \$50,000, while my rubies were worth only a little less. Mrs. Jones's diamonds were probably worth half a million dollars, so it was easy to see why she wanted a body-guard. Among us, we were worth quite a fortune.

We three women now went down to the drawing room, where the butler and two footmen served canapés and cocktails. We only sipped ours, knowing that, laced so tightly, drinks would go to our heads, and make us dizzy.

Then the butler announced dinner, and we went into the magnificent dining-room, and were served with a perfectly delicious dinner of many courses. The butler stood behind Mrs. Jones's chair, and a footman behind the chairs of Frances and myself, and the courses were served rapidly.

None of us ate heartily, as our stays allowed little room for food, but we took our soup and pecked at the other dishes. What a shame not to be able to do justice to this delicious dinner! How I would love to be there without corsets, I thought. Then I could eat and enjoy all of it. But not now, for I had learned from experience. When Frances and I had first become girls and Mrs. Fay had laced us in tightly, we had eaten as before, and had been greatly distressed, and our stays had felt twice as tight. So we had learned to eat with moderation. Besides, our corsets had somewhat subdued our appetites, and tonight, what with the lacing and the excitement of the occasion, we were not hungry at all.

After dinner, coffee was served in the drawing-room and then we donned our evening wraps and went to the opera in the limousine, Mrs. Jones sitting between Frances and me. We were on the alert, ready to quickly open our bags and draw out our pistols, in case of need. We all were wearing long, white kid gloves, reaching above the elbow. The maid at the house had buttoned them up for us, taking some time. We put our bracelets on the outside. I am sorry that I cannot make an exciting story out of it by telling that a hold-up was attempted, and we had to use our pistols. But as a matter of fact, nothing happened. Quite a crowd had gathered at the entrance to the opera house to see the society folks enter in all their finery, and we could hear OHs and Ahs as we got out of our car and crossed the red carpet into the building. I heard one man in the crowd say to another: "Ain't that blonde some doll-baby?" referring to Frances, and I could feel myself blushing with pleasure, as the other man replied: "I'll take that redheaded peach for mine," meaning me, though my hair was not really red, but looked so in the lights. An usher escorted us to Mrs. Jones's box, which was on the upper tier, right in the center of the circle, and, after removing our capes, Frances and I took chairs on either side of Mrs. Jones. Nearly everybody had arrived, but the lights were still brilliant, and now Frances knew what it was to be the cynosure of all eyes, as people not only in the boxes, but down in the body of the theater raised their opera glasses and stared at the new-comers, as was the custom. We could tell that we created quite a stir, what with Mrs. Jones's diamonds, and the appearance of three beautifully gowned women, looking fresh and lovely. I was glad that the railing of the box was low, and our

chairs rather high, so that we showed up well. Now Frances and I rejoiced in our tiny waists, as we were aware of people looking at our figures and admiring them. We sat up very straight and threw out our busts, and were proud. We remembered to look our prettiest, chatting and smiling and pretending to be unaware of the many people who were staring at us, and at Mrs. Jones and her diamonds--and no doubt at Frances's pearls, and my rubies. It was most thrilling, and Frances and I were so happy in the knowledge that we looked lovely, and that no girls there were more beautiful. This may sound boastful, but it was a fact. Mrs. Jones herself said so. Mrs. Fay had said so, and Frances and I remembered how we had looked in the mirror--we could hardly believe our eyes. So I guess we really were beautiful-looking young ladies as we sat there in the box. Most men would have hated it. Men love to be handsome, big, strong and masculine, but they resent the word "beautiful" being applied to them. They hate anything the least bit feminine in their looks or dress. So you can see how "different" Frances and I were. We were completely feminine in looks and dress, in hair and figure and complexion, in every detail. It was our "job" to be girls. That was what we were paid for, and at first we had expected simply to be passable girls, so that nobody would suspect our masquerade. But we are "blessed" with girlish faces and bodies, and Mrs. Fay had made the best of them, and given us a thorough training and we had emerged as "pretty" girls, more than just "passable." But now tonight, so perfectly groomed, and in our beautiful new gowns, we heard ourselves being called "beautiful girls", and naturally it thrilled us. To be a "beautiful girl" is an exquisite feeling which no ordinary man can appreciate. There is something about it which fills you with bliss. There is a feeling of well-being, of sitting on top of the world with all men at your feet admiring you and desiring you. When Stanley and I had started in on this work of feminine impersonation, we had had no idea that it would go so far. We had pictured ourselves going about furtively in dresses and hats and veils, not attracting attention, but passing as girls in the crowd, shadowing some suspect for our detective agency, but keeping out of the lime-light. But it so happened that we made pretty girls, under the training of Mrs. Fay, and we had developed more and more until here we were now young ladies of fashion in high society, and being pronounced as "beautiful" by more than one judge of beauty. If we had known at the beginning, it is doubtful if we would have accepted the job, for we were masculine he-men, and had no idea that we would have to so completely feminize ourselves. But the transition had been gradual, and so we had not noticed it so much. From the very start Mrs. Fay had imbued us with the idea that we were "girls." She had insisted that we talk in high, soft, girlish voices, until it became second nature. She had dressed us completely as girls, corsets, high heels and all, and had insisted upon feminine mannerisms and graces, night and day. She had put us in tight corsets from the beginning, and gradually reduced our waists. This alone was enough to constantly remind us of our femininity. We had had constant beauty treatments to improve our complexions. We had let our hair grow from the very start, though wearing wigs at first, lest we look too boyish with our "bobbed" hair. And so we had developed into girls, and here we were at the opera being called "beautiful." And we were happy and content. And yet I cannot think of any boy or man that I know who would have been happy and content in our places, and that is easy to understand. The ordinary boy or man hates to "doll up" as a girl and make himself "pretty", though perhaps he does not mind dressing up as a "comical" girl, to get a laugh, with funny, comfortable costume. But how the ordinary man would shrink from what Frances and I were now undergoing. They simply would not endure being corsetted the way we were, and

squeezing their feet into high-heeled slippers too small for them, and having their hair curled, their faces made up, powdered and scented, their bodies encased in clinging, hampering dresses, their ears pinched by earrings, their nails long, pointed and tinted, and wearing tight white kid gloves reaching above the elbows. And having to sit there in full view of hundreds of people, and remembering to look pretty and happy and unconcerned, full of smiles, acting a part though perhaps suffering pain from corset and slippers. But ignoring them. ^{used} But Frances and I had worked up to it gradually. We had become to being tightly corsetted and to wearing high heels and skirts, and to acting as girls day after day, until it seemed more natural to us than acting as boys, through constant practise. Everybody took us for girls--and we knew a good many people--and so we got to thinking of ourselves as girls, even when Frances and I were alone together. We never relaxed, as boys. We always called each other by our "girl" names--Frances and Gloria. We avoided masculine thoughts. Our occupations were feminine--sewing, knitting, fancy work, reading only women's magazines, studying the fashions, and interested only in feminine things. We kept our voices in a high pitch, but soft and feminine, until we didn't have to think about it, the same as our mannerisms, which became naturally girlish. At first it had seemed so silly, and we had felt foolish imitating girlish talk and manners, the way a man feels when he jokingly imitates a girl. In fact, we had felt rather ashamed at being so effeminate, but Mrs. Fay had soon talked us out of that, and convinced us that it was nice to be girls; much better than being boys, because we could wear pretty clothes and have pretty complexions and pretty hair, and be dainty and attractive, as no man could be. We got to like it. Of course, at first our corsets were a bugbear, as they would be to any man, and Mrs. Fay did not spare us, but reduced our waists rapidly, so that we had a very hard time, and many times felt like quitting, especially at dinner time, after having been laced in all day and having no appetite and no room for food, and if it had not been for Mrs. Fay, I am sure we would have given up, but her strong will carried us through, and after we had gotten our waists down to our permanent measurement, and become accustomed to it, we became reconciled, and even glad to be girls, because there were many things about it that we liked--such as the delicate lingerie and the pretty dresses and night-gowns, and our hair after it grew out to girlish length. And then we made many friends, both male and female, and we were girls to them, and so, to ourselves. Being a girl with a man was the best possible experience for us, because we had sex appeal for men, and thus became the more feminized. I suppose it is given to few men to be a "girl" and have feminine sex appeal, but Frances and I had that experience, and knew full well what it was to be made love to by a man, and to be kissed and petted and fondled (for we knew how to flirt and encourage a man). We played to the full the role of girls, which was as it should be, because it was our duty to train ourselves to be girls in every aspect, including the sexual, in order to make us perfect.

"But, didn't you hate being kissed by a man?" interposed Flora. "I can understand a girl kissing another girl, because we are naturally affectionate, and do not mind displaying our affections. But men are different, and do not kiss each other. It makes them ashamed, even fathers kissing their sons when they get a bit old. Even young boys resent being kissed by men, and women, too. It makes them feel sheepish and uncomfortable. So how could you bear having a man take you into his arms and kiss you? After having petted you? I should think that you would loathe having a man make love to you, hold your hand, put his arm around your waist and squeeze it, and look into your eyes with desire. How could you and Frances, being really males, stand it?"

I told her that we didn't like it at first, but as we were going with a crowd of boys and girls, and pretending to be girls, we had to act naturally as girls do with boys, so as not to be "different". We wanted to be popular and have a pleasant social life, and so had to play the game as all the girls did. We soon found that it was fun to flirt with boys, and got so we didn't mind a little necking and being kissed occasionally by a good-looking boy. Our life feminized us and living as girls made us feel that we were really females, and, as such, we got to enjoy male attentions--kisses and all. To all intents and purposes, we were girls.

But to return to the opera.

In one of the boxes were two handsome young men, in full evening dress, who kept staring at our box. Stanley and I could not help noticing them, as they kept their eyes constantly on us. And Mrs. Jones noticed them too. At first we thought they were staring at Mrs. Jones and her wonderful diamonds, but she told us that Stan and I were the attractions. Yes, sure enough, we could see that we were attracting them. Mrs. Jones knew them. She told us they were wealthy, prominent socialites, bachelors who every woman with an eligible daughter had her eye on. They were the best "catch" in Chicago. And they knew all the pretty girls in society. So Mrs. Jones said we should feel flattered at having having attracted their attention--for there now was no doubt but that they were looking at Frances and me with admiring eyes. Naturally, we were thrilled, and so happy to be so attractive in our feminine guise.

The lights went out, the curtain went up, and Frances and I, who both love music, greatly enjoyed the first act of the opera. During the intermission, who should come to our box but the two young men who had been staring at us previously! Mrs. Jones introduced them to us, and they sat down in our box, one beside Frances and the other beside me, and we chatted animatedly. We were well aware that they had "fallen for" us, and so we were very sweet and maidenly with them, throwing on all of the feminine charm of which we were capable, and using all of the girlish tricks of flirtation we had learned. And yet coy and modest, withal. They asked permission to remain in our box for the next act, and Mrs. Jones graciously asked them to remain. She saw how the "wind was blowing." Again the lights went out and the curtain went up. In the dark my boy friend moved his chair close to mine, and I became aware of his leg pressing against mine, and then his hand groped into my lap and took my hand in his, and he held it tightly. What to do? How would a young lady of fashion, in his own class, act under the circumstances? Would she withdraw her leg and hand or not? I decided not to. I gently returned the pressure of his manly leg against my feminine one, and I gently returned the pressure of his hand in mine. I thought that that was the proper thing to do. And I was genuinely thrilled, as a real girl would have been. For I felt myself to be a real girl, and so had feminine reactions from the advances of this charming man. I thought how lovely it would be to have him take me in his arms and kiss me. Later on I found the Stanley had had the same experience with his "boy friend", when we compared notes at home. Stan had become almost completely feminized.

At the end of the opera, Mrs. Jones asked the two men to come home with us for supper and a drink, and they gladly accepted. They were very attentive and flirtatious with Stan and me, and wanted to see us home. But Mrs. Jones kindly intervened, saying that we were staying with her. She knew that before we left we would have to leave our jewelry, and then the men would learn that we were not the wealthy society girls they took us to be, but poor girls wearing borrowed jewels. So finally they left, saying they wanted to see us again. That was the end of our "romance," for of course we never saw them again. How could we, as girls, working as detectives? But we had had our fling in high society, and had been a success. Mrs. Jones sent us home in her car, after we had taken off our borrowed jewelry, with regret.

Up to now, what with the excitement of the evening, Stanley and I had not had time to think of our corsets or slippers, but now, in the car, we became acutely conscious of them. It must be remembered that throughout the entire evening we both had been laced in two inches smaller than our usual corset size--which, goodness knows--was tight enough. Stan had endured a 16-inch waist for all those hours, and I a 15-inch waist. Perhaps a woman of fashion can appreciate what that means, but no man could, unless he had been corsetted within an inch of his life--which probably would never happen.

"My corsets are killing me," whispered Stan, so that the chauffeur could not hear him.

"So are mine," I murmured, "and my feet are balls of fire." For it must be remembered that our slippers were too small for our feet, and had extremely high heels. How we had endured it all for so many hours without feeling it, will always remain a mystery to me. It must have been the excitement.

You may be sure that as soon as we reached our apartment, we hurried to kick off our squeezing slippers and unhook each other's gowns and let out the laces of our stays and take them off.

Oh, what a relief!

"It's almost worth wearing tight corsets, for the pleasure of taking them off," exclaimed Stanley. "How good it feels." "Never again."

I told Stan that it reminded me of the story of the man in the insane asylum whom a visitor found hitting his head with a hammer, and asked him why he did it.

"Because it feels so good when I stop," replied the inmate.

It was lovely to be freed of our compressing stays and tight slippers. We were tired and it didn't take us long to remove our make-up, (slight as it was), put our hair in curlers, don our frilly night gowns and slip into bed for a long, feminine night's sleep. Next morning Stan and I compared notes and found that both of us had dreamed of ourselves as girls being made love to by the two handsome men we had met at the opera. And the dreams had been delicious! For we dreamed that we had had sexual intercourse with the men--and we had been females in the act, the receivers, the accepters. Thus in our dreams we had experienced the ultimate in feminine sexual sensations, and we had loved it. This added to our femininity, and made us wish that we were real girls, instead of imitations. Why did our girlish beauty have to be wasted on mere men, when so many girls would have adored to be as pretty as us? And why did we have the misfortune to be born males, when we were so much better as females--as pretty girls? We were girls in everything but sex--but that was most important of all. Men could admire us, and even fall in love with us--but they could never marry us. And we realized that now we could never marry girls. What girl would marry another girl? Or, at least, a man who was more girl than man, and more feminine in looks and manners than many a girl. And prettier than most girls? No girl, surely would want a "husband" who was a better looking "girl" than herself, with a smaller waist and a flair for wearing feminine clothes and looking stunning in them--but who would look "silly" in men's clothes. How a wife would hate to see her husband faring forth in feminine finery and far outshining her. No woman would want such a husband--far from it.

So Stan and I knew that we were too pretty and feminine ever to become husbands. No--we never could marry--unless we could be "wives", which was what we both would fondly desire, though of course realizing that it was impossible. But we would talk about it, and Stan would say how much he would love to be a wife--and a mother. To have his own baby, nursing it at his breast. And to have a husband, sleeping nightly in his arms as his adored wife. What bliss that would be! But, alas, how impossible! We could only dream.

* * * * *

And now came the day when our wigs and corsets were finished, so that we felt that we were getting somewhere, and could go ahead with our permanent change of sex and gender.

In the morning we had our usual beauty treatments, including, of course, the all-over body massage, which tended to reduce our waists, increase our breasts and hips and thighs and make our bodies more feminine. Besides the massage, we were shown certain exercises which would improve our curves and there were developing creams for our busts. The bleaching treatments were getting good results, and each day we could see that our complexions grew lighter and more school-girlish.

We went to Mr. Manuel's and found that our wigs were finished. They were lovely pieces and we were delighted with them. Mr. Manuel fitted them on our heads and they looked for all the world as if they were our own hair--and no girl could ask for prettier hair. Again he gave us lessons in hair dressing. I did my long hair on my head two or three times, each time to his satisfaction. Then Stanley did my hair on my head, and I did his on his head, after he had experimented with it himself, under Mr. Manuel's supervision. He pronounced us experts. We could do our own hair and the hair of each other. We told him to send the wigs to our apartment, at six o'clock, when we should be there.

Next we went to Mme. Bertha's corset salon, and found that all three pairs of corsets that each had ordered were ready. From now on we would wear them. After we had taken off our old stays, we stepped out of the booths in our lingerie, and were laced into our new corsets. We had on silk vests and panties, and silk stockings, and we donned heeled women's slippers that we had brought with us. We found the new corsets a little more difficult than those we had been wearing, because they they were made so long over the hips, buttocks and thighs. They were not exactly tight there, but, in fact, were a little padded, to give us the required 36-inch hips and rounded, streamlined figures, but they were so long that we found that they restricted our walking, and we could only take short steps, and they were not too easy to sit down in. But Mme. Bertha assured us that we soon would get used to them, and that they would be more comfortable after they were "broken in." We well knew what that meant, as we had "broken in" many a pair of stays and had endured their unyielding stiffness until we became adjusted to them. But these corsets were made-to-measure and fitted quite well, and the main drawback was their length over the hips and thighs, which hampered our movements somewhat, and definitely shortened our strides. A special feature was the length down in front, which assured flattening there and no chance of any bulge, and there was a band which passed from the front of the bottom of the corset tightly through the crotch and was fastened to the bottom of the corset at the back by means of snaps. This compressed the male organs very closely, almost to the point of painfulness, but we were glad of it because it removed any fear of discovery. And the constant wearing of this tight binding would tend to reduce the size of our male organs, through atrophy, and that would be a comfort to boys who planned to become girls permanently. If our organs became small to the vanishing point, it would make our impersonations so much the easier, for we would have little to hide, and then could be "girls" among girls even in the nude.

Mme. Bertha and her girl assistants drew Stanley and me in fully into our corsets--Stan to 18 inches and me to 17 inches. They felt very stiff, due largely to their sweep down over the hips and thighs. But all new corsets feel stiff, so we didn't mind, as we had expected it. Mr. Wilson came down with our rubber breasts and fitted them onto us. They matched our skins wonderfully and looked like our own flesh. He covered the outlines with a special water-proof make-up, and told us that we could wear them at all times, even in the bath, for they would not come off. The little pink nipples were so true to life that anybody would be deceived, and an infant who saw them would want to suckle. In fact, our little breasts were perfect, and it would take the closest inspection for anybody to see

that they were artificial--and we would make sure that nobody was allowed close inspection. And so we could stand in the nude with our new breasts and look absolutely feminine. They made our figures complete, for we had developed tapering waists and rounded hips and thighs--of course not large, but girlishly feminine. Now we were all curves, and all masculine angles were missing. Fortunately, we had no unsightly muscles, as we had never exercised to develop them, so our arms were nicely rounded, and our backs were smooth and flat, and even dimpled.

We were pleased with our improved figures, and all of the women in the shop, as well as Mr. Wilson, made nice remarks about us, and told us that many a woman would envy us our feminine forms. They couldn't get over the fact that we willingly wore such small corsets. My waist was the smallest in the room and few equalled Stan's in smallness. But we laced in easier than most girls and took pride in our slenderness. We felt that the kind of "girls" that we were should have the smallest possible waists--and we didn't mind our lacing--it made us more convincingly feminine--and we were used to it--and nobody who saw our wasp-waisted figures could possibly suspect that we were boys--males couldn't have such small waists, they would say--and so if there were anything else of the masculine about us, our waists would throw everybody off the track of suspicion. We simply must be girls, with such figures.

Fully laced in and padded, we put on our male clothes. We could hardly get our trousers over our hips and "derrières", so tight was the fit. We had perfect stream-lined feminine curves, and we bulged out altogether too much for men, with our "posteriors" rounding out behind in a manner no man could expect--or desire. We kept on our new breasts, as we were going to be fitted to dresses, and we could hardly button our vests over our chests, and we stuck out in front, our shirts bulging. But our coats somewhat covered our curves, and we had pads at the waist to conceal our nipped-in-ness, but I am afraid that we still did not completely hide our girlish contours, and all smiled as they saw us starting out in our waddling stride, trying to walk in a masculine manner, but hampered by our long stays.

"You sure are funny looking men," said Mr. Wilson, laughingly, "at least in your walk. But don't worry. There is no law that forbids men from wearing corsets underneath, so long as they wear trousers outside. But you had better walk straight ahead and tend to your own business, and not look at anybody. For you might be taken for "faries" or "pansies", and the law is hard on them, if they try to ply their trade. But the cops won't bother you if you mind your own business."

We thanked him, and tripped out to the street and on toward the dress department of Lord & Taylor's department store, on Fifth Avenue, which you recommended to us, dear Mary, and which we found to be very fine. We had only a few blocks to walk up the Avenue, and we tried to appear nonchalant and not attract attention by reason of our walk, which was, perforce, feminine, and we would stop and look at window displays, so as to distract attention from ourselves, in case anybody had noticed our girlishness. For we were quite girlish looking by this time, what with our lightened complexions, thanks to the beauty salon, and now our short-stepping girlish gait, which we could not overcome. People stared at us (we thought) as we made our way up the avenue, but nobody accosted us, and so we came to Lord & Taylor's, and went to the dress shop, and asked for the head sales-lady. She was a pleasant, friendly woman, and when we told her our story--that we were outfitting to be detectives in feminine disguise, she became immediately interested, and did all she could to help us, especially when we told her that we each wanted to buy at least ten dresses, which was a wonderful sale, and worth a lot of attention. It would run into good money.

Stanley and I had a great time looking over dresses in the long racks. There were hundreds of them, most of them lovely, so it was most difficult to decide, and most of them that we both would have loved to wear. But we must select dresses that were most servicable and becoming, and the sales lady helped us a lot in that. The trouble in making the selections was that:

the glamorous, blonde Stanley, looked well in everything--and many of the dresses also were becoming to my chestnut coloring. But we were conservative, realizing that "girls" like us should not be conspicuous, though we knew that we were safe enough in our girlhood. And so we picked out the required number of dresses.

The sharp eye of the head sales-lady had spotted our corsetted figures, through our male clothing, and so told us to go to the dressing rooms and prepare to try on the gowns we had liked. There were twice the number that we intended to buy, but we would try them on and look them over on ~~us~~, and decide which ones to buy.

It didn't take Stan and me long to divest ourselves of our masculine clothing, and put on the slippers and high-heeled slippers we had brought with us, knowing full well that one could not get the proper hang of a dress without the shoes with which it was to be worn.

Before leaving the beauty shop Stan and I had had the usual make-up that is given to all women customers after treatments, so we looked quite pretty and girlish, and our hair had been given a finger wave. But we had become girlishly fussy, thinking about our looks, as was, perhaps, proper for boys about to change their sex and become girls, and so Stan and I brought out the vanity cases we carried in our pockets, and touched up our complexions--a dash of rouge and powder, mascara and eyebrow pencil, and, of course, lipstick. And then we fluffed up our hair, as girls will. For some mysterious reason we wanted to look like girls--attractive girls--when we tried on the dresses. Our hair had been marcelled, and was quite pretty, though short behind, but feminine enough. And so, when the sales ladies came in with their armsfull of dresses to be tried on, they found two shapley, convincingly feminine girls, clad as we were in our corsets and dainty lingerie and stockings and high heels, smooth white skin, perfect pink-and-white complexions, slender and graceful and smilingly ready to try on the dresses and make their selections. Only the head sales-lady had met us when we came in, and so knew that we were men, and so she had a hard time convincing her assistants that we really were males. We really did look like girls--which, of course, was as it should be. We were glad that the girls, and even the fitters who came in, thought we were actually girls, even without wigs. It was a real test, and a successful one. When girls, close-up, think you are girls, you have "arrived" and need have no fear of anyone suspecting your disguise. It made Stanley and me very happy. We were a success as girls. Dressed only in lingerie and corsets, and wearing our own hair (properly waved, it is true) we had passed the inspection of these women in the dress shop. They were sure we were girls. They had no suspicion of our real sex. Our arms, backs, shoulders, busts were exposed to their view, and they could size up our figures--to say nothing of our faces, which, after all, is the most important of all--and never for a minute did they take us for anything but girls--and attractive ones, if I may say so. From their remarks, they thought that we were pretty, which was, of course, most pleasing to us. For any man to pass as a girl in any form is difficult and unusual, but for two men to pass as pretty girls is indeed an achievement--and so we were happy and glad, and could not help preening ourselves a bit. What a fuss those sales-girls made over us! How they exclaimed over our figures. "How do you stand your corsets?" they would ask. "Don't they simply slay you?" And they would glance at my face to see if I showed signs of suffering because of my tightly laced state, not believing that a man could be so corsetted. You can imagine their astonishment when I told them that my 17-inch waist was normal for me, as was Stanley's 18-inch waist, and that in our work as detectives (we told them that story) we would continuously dress as girls with the same small waists--and didn't mind being so corsetted at all. It seemed perfectly natural to us, as it did wearing dresses and complete feminine clothes, from the skin out. We were perfectly at home in all things feminine, including the highest of high heels, when it was proper to wear them. We even could dance in them, and often had, ~~xx~~ with men's partners. It was all part of our job.

Of course you will see our clothes when we come out there, Mary darling, but yet I think we should give you some idea of the dresses that we bought, which we hope will meet with your approval. We bought some individual skirts, which had only to be taken in at the waist to fit, and we got blouses to wear with them. But among our dresses were a tailored silk print suit with a fine swish of lace veiling. A short-sleeved dress with jacket of sheer smooth rayon, shaped to slimming ~~xxxx~~ looseness except at the tense little waist. A rayon jersey housecoat with marvellous line, slimming and dramatic with a beautifully draped contrasting panel. A shirt-waist dinner dress with a gracefully pleated silk skirt. A Gibson Girl blouse (so appropriate for me), also with pleated silk skirt. An afternoon dress of strawberry blonde, a delightful shade, with suggestions of reddish highlights. A rose hostess gown in jersey, with long fringed belt. A two-piece woven crepe afternoon dress with all-round tucked blouse and a smart, slim pleated skirt in golden coffee-and-cream beige. A lovely evening gown of beige chantilly lace with front panels and bolero jacket of navy blue taffeta, and another of beige lace with front and back yoke of black chiffon rippling with ruffles at the back. A jacket dress of navy lace and beige organza, with a belt of rose grosgrain ribbon. An enchanting evening frock--a strapless bouffant dress of black lace edged with a full ruching of black net. An afternoon dress of green wool lace, with full circular skirt. And, finally, a negligee combining a long bodice of white Alencon lace and flowing skirt of white chiffon.

These are some of those we selected, and we think they are beautiful and becoming. You will note that we have gone somewhat strongly for lace in those I have mentioned. In addition to all these, we bought some other evening gowns with more severe, form-fitting lines, which will bring out to best advantage our new streamlined feminine curves and our wasp waists. But all of our dresses will be fitted in at the waist so as to dispose our slenderness--for, as Stanley so often remarks: "What's the sense of lacing in our waists to tiny proportions and wearing corsets that give us attractive feminine curves, and then not showing them?"

Needless to say, we spent a lot of time selecting our dresses, and being fitted, but it was pleasant work for us because, like all "girls", we enjoy putting on pretty clothes and seeing ourselves in them. But at last we were done, but were asked to come back for further final fittings of our close-fitting evening gowns, which must not have a single wrinkle, but fit our forms as smoothly as though we were poured into them. For this last fitting, we were to wear our new low-cut evening corsets, so as to get the lowness of the cut of the bodices at the front and back. Mme. Bertha had made our evening corsets a trifle smaller at the waist-line than our day-time stays, so as to allow for any possible stretching, and when we had them on, fully drawn in, we certainly knew that we had on corsets. But we did not mind, for, like all girls, we particularly wanted to look our most fashionable slimness when in evening dress. That is when we doll-up to look our loveliest and will put up with a good deal to add to our attractiveness. Of course you, dear Mary, being a girl, understand all this, but we are telling you about it in our case to show you how feminine and girlish we are--just like normal girls, and not a bit like men. (I am afraid we both have lost the larger part of our former masculinity, but we are glad of it, and strive to be as girlish as possible, because from now on we are to be girls, and the more feminine we can be in every way, the better. We both doubt whether we ever shall be men again--we have gone too far in transforming ourselves into girls in face and form and manners and voices. We would be simply ridiculous as males--and naturally we hate ridicule as much as anybody. And we prefer to be girls and wear feminine clothing. So there you are!)

These last few days have been difficult and, at times embarrassing ones for Stanley and me, for we have found that it is no easy matter to be constantly changing our sex and gender, so we shall be most happy to adopt permanently the feminine gender. In our apartment, as you know, we have been girls, dressing and playing the part and doing our utmost to be as feminine as possible in looks and actions, and even in thoughts. But by day we have had to be men, in public, changing completely from one sex to the other--or, at least, trying to. But sometimes we would forget ourselves, and act and talk altogether too feminine for boys, so people would stare at us, and no doubt wonder what manner of "boys" we were. Stan and I have had to watch each other to see that we did not give ourselves away by our voices and girlish mannerisms in public. It has been hard for us to act as males, since underneath we were dressed as girls--corsets, lingerie and stockings--which made us feel feminine. We really were only the "shell" of men. I would catch Stan raising his hand to his back hair to adjust his imaginary curls, in a completely feminine gesture, and I would do the same. We wore wigs so much at home, that the gesture was entirely natural, and we fussed with our hair just as real women do. And then, when we would take off our men's hats, we would unconsciously fluff up our hair and "pretty" it, as women do. And the fact that we both had had "permanents" made this gesture all the more natural to us. People who happened to see us do these things, would smile knowingly. And then we would forget to force our voices into lower male range, and would talk in our soft soprano, girlish voices, which we had so carefully cultivated, until they became our real, natural voices, and to talk as men became an effort.

When we left Lord & Taylor's dress shop we had an embarrassing experience along these lines, which, however, turned out all right and is going to lead to a very interesting experience.

Stan and I are always fascinated with lingerie, and so we stopped at the lingerie counter on the ground floor, and asked to be shown some vests and panties.

Fondly fingering some of the garments, Frances absentmindedly exclaimed to me, in her soft, sweet, girlish soprano:

"What do you think of these? Don't you think they are adorable, Gloria, darling?"

The male clerk overheard him, and at once became suspicious of us.

"Gloria!" he exclaimed. "Girls!" "I thought so. You can't fool me."

But what's the big idea--you girls going around dressed in boys' clothes?"

Stan blushed with embarrassment at his faux pas, and so did I, realizing that he had been off-guard and talked like a girl.

"We are not girls," he declared. "We really are boys. We are female impersonators. We know we look like girls, but that's the way we have to look to be successful in our business."

The clerk's eyes sparkled, and he looked intensely interested. We now took more notice of him. He was a small, dapper man, with regular features,

very good looking and definitely the effeminate type of man, as you would expect to find presiding over a ladies' lingerie counter and selling the dainty feminine garments to the fair sex. His hands were small and white and his nails beautifully manicured and polished. His voice was soft, and lisping. Yes, he was decidedly the feminine type of man.

He at once became confidential with us. He lowered his voice, and said he was greatly interested in female impersonators. Looking around to be sure that he was not overheard, he whispered that he himself liked to dress up as a lady, and made quite a good one. He said he would love to see Stan and me in full feminine regalia and asked us if we would come to a party at his apartment the following Sunday evening, for dinner and a social hour. He said he knew a number of other men who went in for female impersonation, and would invite three of them, close friends, to come to meet us, all of us, of course, to wear dresses and doll up our prettiest. This sounded interesting to Stan and me, so we accepted the invitation. He said we could dress at his

apartment, but we told him we would dress at home. He said he was sure we could "get away" with it, though he and his friends never ventured to appear at large in feminine guise in daylight, though sometimes they went out in public at night. We assured him that we often went out as girls in the daytime without our sex being suspected. We told him we would wear evening gowns, and he said that was correct, and all the others would do the same. He gave us a card with his address. I might as well tell now about that most intriguing party, though I may be getting ahead of my story. But who cares?

When that Sunday rolled round, Frances and I had become girls permanently. We naturally wanted to look our prettiest at the party of man-women to which Mr. Carlson (that was his name) had invited us. There were to be six of us men in feminine guise, and Frances and I wanted to outshine them all. But we felt confident that we could do so. Jimmie Carlson was good looking, we had noticed, with small, regular, girlish features, and small hands and feet and a slender body, and we were sure he would make a most acceptable woman, and a blonde, since his hair and coloring were blonde. But we didn't know about the others, though we were sure we would be the best looking "girls" in the group. So Frances and I spent considerable time over our toilettes that Sunday afternoon. At the beauty shop we had previously had our eyebrows plucked and shaped into a narrow, delicate arch, and our many treatments had given us exceptionally bright girlish complexions, so that we needed only light, cleverly-applied make-up to enhance the beauty of our faces, (if I may be permitted to speak of "beauty" in connection with our faces, without being accused of vanity. Frances, at least, is a "beauty", as pretty a blonde young maiden as you will meet in a month of Sundays--and I am not a bad looking "girl", and I can truthfully say that I have a marvellous complexion, thanks to our beauty treatments and, I suppose, naturally good skin.)

But we took unusual pains with our toilettes and each selected one of our most attractive evening frocks to wear for the occasion. We did not want any of the others to come even close to us in our impersonations, and so we selected clinging gowns which looked as though we had been poured into them, and we laced ourselves very closely into our new evening corsets, which gave us marvellous stream-lined figures, tiny waists and voluptuous feminine curves. We donned our narrowest, highest-heeled matching slippers. We were terribly uncomfortable--but beautiful--so to speak. We knew nothing about the men-women we were to meet, but were anxious to outshine them and make them admire us. We took great pains to dress our new wigs most attractively--

Frances in her vivid blonde one, and I in my rich chestnut one--and no real girls could have asked for prettier hair. We perfumed ourselves richly, called a cab, and went to the address Jim Carlson had given us. It was in a large apartment building in an excellent neighborhood, and Stan and I were surprised that he could afford such luxurious quarters. But later we learned that Jim had an independent income and only worked at the store because of his love for feminine lingerie and his joy in handling it and selling it to his women customers. His apartment really was very nice, consisting of a suite of several rooms.

When Frances and I arrived, powdered, perfumed, and wearing new evening wraps, we were shown into a pretty feminine boudoir by a maid. Frances and I wondered, at the time, about this boudoir. Was Carlson married? But later we learned that he was not. He used the boudoir for his feminine dressing, which, we learned, was very often. In fact, he always dressed as a woman at home. He preferred wearing delicate, pretty feminine things to coarse masculine garments which he was forced to wear in public. The maid was a dainty brunette, and we did not notice her particularly at the time, but later learned from Jim that "she" was a boy, who lived very successfully as a maid, and did the work as well as any maid could have done. It was a good set-up for Jim, dressing as a girl at home and having a boy-girl as maid who understood him and helped him in every way in his dressing.

After the maid admitted us at the door, Jim Carlson greeted us and escorted us to the boudoir. We hardly knew Jim, for his make-up was marvellous,

and he made a most enticing lady, as both Stan and I had expected, having seen him at the store. He was wearing a first-class wig, beautifully dressed and perfectly fitting, as though his own hair. He was a golden blonde, and it was becoming to him, because of his own light hair and blue eyes. He was in a princess-style black velvet, low-cut evening gown (daringly low cut) which exposed his nice white flesh, which was apparently made up with liquid white and heavily rubbed-in scented powder. He had a nicely curved figure and was corsetted about as tightly as any man would care to stand, but, being slender, we guessed his waist at about 20 inches. He wore pearls, and was really quite an attractive "woman."

The pretty "maid" relieved Frances and me of our cloaks, and we noticed that "she" paid us marked attention and we were aware of her looks of admiration, which flattered us. We learned later that "she" was a boy, and so we could understand better her admiration, for it takes one female impersonator to appreciate to the full other impersonators who do it unusually well, and later, when we got to know "her" better, "she" told us that we were the most beautiful boy-girls that "she" had ever seen.

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Frances and I primped before the mirror, as girls will, arranging our hair and touching up our make-up, and making ourselves beautiful. Then we tripped out to the drawing room where Jane (that was Jim's girl-name) introduced us to the three other "ladies" who were assembled there. Before going further, I may as well give a description of these three men, who had dolled themselves up as ladies to the best of their ability, and left nothing undone to make themselves as attractive and feminine as possible. The first, George Dressler, whose girl-name was "Georgia", was inclined to be stout. He was a blonde and wore a yellow-gold wig reminding of a chorus girl's bleached hair, being almost too yellow and vivid. He had a round, moonlike face, but with pretty features and skin, and was nicely made-up, so that his face looked quite feminine and attractive. He wore a loud, scarlet, low-cut evening gown which displayed to good advantage his really nice bosom and back and shoulders, smooth, white and plump. His white arms were nicely rounded and plump. Like many stout women who strive for a fashionably tapering waist, Georgia had laced herself in so tightly that we imagined we could fairly hear her stays creak as she moved. Undoubtedly she was much tighter laced than Frances and myself, though of course she could not attain a really small waist, but it had a decided in-curve and looked small by comparison with her bosom and hips. Her corsets forced the flesh upward to form a feminine-looking bust, and downward to enlarge her hips, which were full and nicely rounded out. Somehow, Frances and I, during a rather long evening, had rather expected her to show signs of her severe lacing, but she never did for a moment, but was jolly, bright, witty and full of fun, keeping us all laughing with her stories and jokes. We found that she often dressed up as a girl, and so was used to her squeezing stays, and actually enjoyed wearing them. The second man, Robert Knapp, called himself "Roberta". He wore a flaming red wig, a bright green dress, and was made up as though for the stage, being heavily rouged, lipsticked, powdered and mascara-ed. He overdid it, and reminded us of the average man dressed up as a woman who over-acts the part, talking in and acting in an exaggerated feminine manner, with high falsetto voice. He was severely corsetted and well padded at bust and hips, so appeared to have a good figure. He had small hands and feet, the latter being squeezed into matching green slippers, small, narrow and pointed, which must have hurt his feet. But he was proud of his feet in their extreme high heels, and made it a point to keep his skirts well up so that his feet should always show. He wore long, jangling green earrings, and a green necklace, bracelets and rings. He was highly perfumed. But he made an amusing "girl" and was pleasant and good company and enjoying himself very much in his feminine finery. Apparently he was well satisfied with himself, and thought that he made a pretty girl, though anyone with half an eye could have told that he was a man in disguise.

The fourth was Dr. John Phillips, a women's specialist in his medical practice, whose girl-name was "Joan." Joan was a natural brunette, with big black eyes and olive complexion, and looked very much like an attractive Spanish girl in his blue-black wig, a fine piece, prettily dressed and well-fitting. Her make-up was very well done, dainty and natural looking, and she really was quite pretty and would have passed anywhere as a good-looking girl. She wore a pretty pink satin evening gown which fitted her closely-corsetted figure without a flaw. She was slender and had a 20-inch waist without excessive lacing. Her hands and feet were small, and, like all the rest of us, she wore very high-heeled slippers, narrow and dainty. For jewelry, she wore real pearls, necklace, earrings, bracelet and rings. We learned later that Dr. Phillips was a very wealthy man, with female impersonation as his hobby, and he spent a great deal of money on dresses,

jewelry (especially pearls) and accessories. He had an enormous feminine wardrobe and in the privacy of his home spent most of his time dressed in women's clothes, which he preferred to men's. But more about him later.

So there you have a brief description of the four "ladies" we met-- Jane Carlson, our hostess, a really attractive, shapely blonde; Georgia Dressler, the stout blonde; Roberta Knapp, the flashy red-head, and Joan Phillips, the stunning brunette.

But Frances and I had hardly been introduced to them before Joan spoke up, after having looked us over:

"There must be some mistake here," she said, staring at us critically. "These are beautiful girls, but this is no place for them, for this is a party of male 'ladies' exclusively, and we do not want any real girls with us, to laugh at us. They must have fooled you, Jane, and got you to invite them to your party under false pretenses. I should love to meet them in the proper place, but this is not it. Let's give them a drink, and then ask them to leave. They make us very uncomfortable."

"I don't know," said Jane, in perplexity. "I thought they were men when I met them at my lingerie counter, and they claimed that they were, and they were wearing men's clothes. But they certainly did look like girls, and at first I took them to be such, and believed them. But of course, I am not sure, now that I see them as girls, for there is no denying that they are beautiful and it is hard to believe that they are males. I never saw more perfect specimens of females and it is impossible to see anything the least bit masculine about them. If they are men, they are the most beautiful ones that I have ever seen. How about it?" she asked, turning to us. "Are you men or girls?"

Naturally being taken for girls and called beautiful was pleasing to Frances and me, but at the same time it was embarrassing to receive such a cold reception. It was intensely flattering to be taken for real girls by these female impersonators who were the best possible judged of other female impersonators, and hard to deceive. But we had fooled them and they were convinced that we were actually girls. They didn't think it possible that we could be males, because we were such perfect females, apparnetly.

"Of course we are ~~men~~," said Frances, blushing prettily in her embarrassment, and I too felt my face hot.

"Well, you will have to show us," said Joan Phillips, "for I doubt it very much. I don't see how ~~men~~ could be such perfect girls, for you really are beautiful. And your figures--no men could have such tiny waists, such perfect curves, such small hands and feet, such lovely hair, such pretty faces and dazzling complexions. You simply must be girls."

"I tell you we are ~~men~~ and there is only one sure way to prove it, so that you will never doubt it again. Come into Jane's boudoir," said Frances.

Frances and I tripped into the boudoir followed by the swishing skirts of the other four "girls." We raised our skirts, let down our panties, undid the crotch-band, and convinced them that we were full-fledged males.

They were surprised and very apologetic, but we forgave them, and all rustled back into the drawing room, and then into the dining room, where a delicious dinner, with champagne, was served by the dainty, graceful "maid."

Then we went back into the drawingroom for coffee. At dinner, the pretty Frances had sat next to Joan Phillips who was tremendously interested in her. Joan was filled with admiration for Frances and carried on a vivacious flirtation with her, which Frances did not fail to encourage. They made a stunning pair of girls, the blonde and the brunette, and were absorbed in each other. I sat next to the pretty blonde Jane, our hostess, and we, too, flirted quite outrageously, which was quite thrilling to me, as Jane was a most charming young woman and so appealed to me greatly, and I appealed to her, too, for she told me I was one of the most beautiful girls she had ever met, which was high praise from one who had been around a lot and seen and met thousands of attractive girls and women. He had waited on hundreds of them at his lingerie counter and had a chance to study them. So

I was greatly flattered and feeling very feminine and happy. Jane was extravagant in her praise of my figure and admired immensely my tiny

waist. "I don't see how you do it," she exclaimed. "I feel as though I am laced within an inch of my life, and yet have only a 20-inch waist, and here you are with a scant 17-inch waist, 3 full inches smaller than mine. And you don't seem to mind it. How do you do it? I would give anything if I could."

I explained that I had a naturally small waist and had been wearing corsets regularly for a long time and had gradually reduced my waist to the present size, and was used to it and didn't mind my corsets.

"You and Frances came here dressed as girls. Do you often go out in public that way?" she asked.

She was surprised when I told her that Frances and I dressed and lived as girls right along and would probably continue to be girls for the rest of our lives, as we preferred it, and were too girlish and feminine looking to be successful men.

"Yes, of course I can see that," said Jane. "Your faces are prettier than most girls', so if you go about in boys' clothes, people would take you for girls in male guise, just as I did that day at my counter. But why were you in male clothing that day, when you say that you dress as girls regularly?"

"We were waiting for our new wigs to be made, and as our own hair is short, we thought it would be better to wear men's clothes. Besides, sometimes we like to dress as boys, just for a lark," I said. "But from now on we probably shall not do so, unless we should go to a masquerade or fancy dress party disguised as boys."

"But that would not be a disguise," said Jane. "It would be in the clothes of your own sex."

"I know it," I replied, "but everybody would take us for girls in male disguise, for we cannot make ourselves look otherwise than as girls. We cannot disguise our feminine figures, voices and mannerisms, as they have become natural to us through long practise. I suppose you have noticed that both Frances and I have soprano voices. They are not forced, but natural and we are unable to talk in a low, masculine key. Frances has a particularly sweet voice, sings well, and can easily hit high "C". I can, too. And then, we have worn corsets and high heels so much that we cannot walk like men, but have feminine gaits. And our gestures are unconsciously those of girls. We are always raising our hands to our heads and feeling of our hair and patting it, and adjusting hairpins. It is second nature. We did it when dressed as boys and how people would stare at us--and smile. No doubt they took us for girls, the same as you did. We are developing breasts and feminine hips and curves, so you can see that it is logical for us to be girls rather than boys. Our breasts already have grown an inch and so have our hips and the treatments we are taking will give us another inch, which will be the size we want. The treatments are also permanently reducing our natural waists, so that our corsets get more and more comfortable."

"Well, you certainly are two wonderful young maidens, and I am afraid that I'm falling in love with you. And it looks as though Joan is falling in love with your lovely blonde friend Frances. She is adorable," said Jane, "but I must confess that I prefer a chestnut-haired girl like you," and she looked deep into my eyes with a look of affection--or was it love? At any rate, it thrilled me, and I experienced a feminine sex feeling, just as a girl feels with a man who makes love to her--for Jane, though apparently a pretty woman, was, after all, a man, and had the look of the male in her eyes as she gazed deeply into mine. I felt that I really was a girl, a female, a member of the feminine sex. I was no longer a boy.

In the drawing room for after-dinner coffee, we seemed to pair off naturally. Frances and Joan, the pretty, vivid blonde, and the handsome, dark brunette. These opposite types were drawn to each other, seeking their opposites, and the contrast made each more attractive. Georgia and Roberta paired off and went to a corner where they seemed to be having a wonderful time together. Of course, Jane and I paired off and had a cozy time on the sofa. I suppose I might as well confess that Jane made love to me, petting and fondling me, with an occasional kiss, to which I did not object. It was rather nice having an attractive blonde man-woman making a fuss over me. It was fun.

Jane kept me pretty busy with her love making, but from time to time I glanced over to where Frances and Joan were billing and cooing, and I could see that they were having a marvellous flirtation, with Frances on the lap of Joan being hugged and kissed, and held very tightly in her arms. But of course one expected that, for Frances was irresistible, and everybody, man or woman, would "fall for" her, because of her charm, beauty and personality.

In a little while Georgia and Roberta, who had disappeared, came into the room in their male attire. They were now George and Robert. They were ready to go home, having gone to the bedroom and changed into their own clothes. They kissed Frances and me good-night, and left.

"What silly girls they are," said Jane. "They love to dress as girls, but tonight they have overdone it, and so are quitting early. Georgia laced himself in to the limit, and then, with his natural hearty appetite, ate a hearty dinner, so that he could not endure his corsets. He had to undress early, just when we should be having a good, social time. And her pal, Roberta, quit, too. And no doubt glad to do so. "Her" fetish is high heels and small slippers, and tonight "she" had a new pair of shoes that were two sizes too small for "her" and much too narrow. Her feet looked small and dainty, but "she" had forced them into her all-too-small slippers with the aid of a shoe-horn, so that they were squeezed unmercifully. She is very vain of her feet and will suffer tortures in wearing too-small slippers to make them look small. She goes to dances in them and suffers until her feet finally become numb from the deadening pressure; then she is happy, and can dance for hours, without feeling in her feet. But for a week afterwards, she is lame and her feet are sore. Tonight she joined Roberta in leaving early. There was no excitement to keep them with us! Both looked very handsome as men, which of course was to be expected, since they made good-looking women. George was a nice-looking, rather stout man, and Robert was quite attractive as a man. He would have made a most attractive girl if he had not insisted in making up in a garish red wig and extravagant make-up and a loud dress. I thought how I would love to take him in hand, and make him up, with a modest brown wig and delicate make-up and quiet gown. Then he would look quite like a lady and not like a man impersonating a lady. Maybe some day, if I got to know him, I could persuade him to dress properly, and make a proper lady. He had the face and the figure. All he needed was proper guidance.

Now Joan and Frances, and Jane and I were alone, paired off. There is no doubt that Joan was infatuated with the adorable blonde Frances. She was simply irresistible. Any man, or man-woman, like Joan, would have fallen in love with the little beauty. It seemed to be a love match at first sight. As for me, Jane protested that she loved me and I found myself on her lap and being held very tightly and petted and kissed, just as was happening to Frances across the room.

Before we left, Doctor "Joan" Phillips invited the three of us to a dinner party at his home the following Sunday evening, and of course we promptly accepted.

"It will be a mixed party," said Joan, "and some surprised are in store for you. So wear your prettiest gowns and be as beautiful as possible, and I can promise you a most interesting and excitable evening."

"What do you mean by a 'mixed party'," asked Frances. "Will men be present?"

"Never mind," said Dr. Joan. "Just come and I will guarantee you one of the most intriguing evenings you have ever had."

"Don't miss it," said my lover Jane. "Joan gives the most delightful and exciting parties. You will have the time of your life, and you will be surprised and intrigued with the other guests. A new experience, I am sure."

Frances and I now went home in a taxi, after a warm good-night kiss from Joan and Jane. We were full of curiosity as to the nature of Joan's party, which was to be a "mixed" party. "I suppose that men will be present," said Frances. "We must get new dresses for the occasion. We have plenty of money left, and Mary wants us to be well dressed and attractive."

But I am ahead of my story, and will tell later about the party at Dr. Joan's home. Now I go back to the routine of our day of preparation.

And now came what Stanley and I called our "big day." It was the day of our permanent transformation into girls. We had our new wigs, our new corsets and our new dresses and most of our accessories. All had been delivered at our apartment. In the afternoon, at our daily visit at the beauty salon, we had had our usual facials, bleaching treatments and manicures, and at last we had our eyebrows plucked and shaped into delicate thin arches. We had put that operation off until the last, because we realized that it would make our already girlish faces still more feminine looking and we disliked to appear in public, as boys, with arched eyebrows. Flora and Mazie, after the plucking, gave us the customary delicate street make-up, and so we left for home with faces that were distinctly those of girls. But we went straight home, trying to avoid attention, though we could not help being aware of the curious glances people passed at us in the street. Arrived in our apartment, we hastened to take off our now hated male clothing. As ~~Stan~~ Stan removed his trousers, he gave them a kick across the room, saying he hoped never to see them again and I cast my male clothing into a corner with a sigh of relief. "Never again," said I. Being already in lingerie and corsetted, as usual, it didn't take us long to don our bra and slips, put on high-heeled slippers and new dinner gowns. And then came the crowning moment when we stood before our mirrors and put on and adjusted our new wigs. We both had worn many fine wigs, which had been so good that we had worn them often in public without their being suspected of being wigs, but never had we had such lovely wigs as Mr. Manuel had made for us. Never had we had such beautiful hair. Mr. Manuel had shown us how to wear the wigs so that they could not possibly get out of place. He had made for us loops of white elastic webbing which fitted tightly around our heads just back of the hair-line. After our wigs were adjusted at just the right place, we pinned them all around to the elastic, which held them closely in place. They could not slip. In addition, we put a number of small, invisible hairpins through the wigs into our own hair, which made the wigs still more secure. In this way we could be absolutely certain that the wigs could not move a fraction of an inch, which was a comfort when we took off our hats, and, also, we could sleep in them and roll our heads around on the pillows without getting them out of place. The wigs fitted so perfectly and were so secure that anyone would have sworn that they were our own hair. After Stanley had done primping before his mirror, he turned to me for inspection. But he was no longer Stanley, but Frances Darling, a girl if ever there was one. He looked simply ravishing, as beautiful a little blonde as I had ever seen. I was enraptured with his loveliness.

"Frances, darling, you look perfectly beautiful," I exclaimed. "You are lovely, marvellous."

"Thank you, Gloria, dear," he said, obviously delighted with my praise.

"It's the way I want to look." But you, darling, are beautiful, too. Look at yourself in the glass. I never saw such lovely hair."

Of course I had already been looking at myself in the mirror as I adjusted my wig, and could not help knowing that I really did look very nice, and was delighted with my appearance, and with my hair, a lovely shade of rich chestnut, as you already know. I had made a good selection as to color and Mr. Manuel had done a perfect job. I had to admit that I looked at least like a pretty girl, if not actually beautiful. Never had I looked so well.

"Isn't it wonderful," Frances exclaimed, "and to think that we are now girls for good. I never was so happy in my life."

And the sweet, impulsive girl, took me in her arms and her warm

soft little scarlet lips met mine in a sisterly kiss, which, needless to say, I returned in full measure.

(I hope that you will not be shocked at this, dear Mary. Frances and I now felt ourselves to be full-fledged girls, so it did not seem out of place for us to kiss, as girls and women do. If Stanley, as a boy, had ~~kissed~~ kissed me, as a boy, I would have resented it, and probably slapped his face. But for me, as Gloria, to be kissed by the lovely Frances, seemed entirely natural.)

Frances now danced me around the room in her joy in her new girlhood, both of us laughing and feeling very happy.

We felt that this special occasion was one to be celebrated, so we decided to dine out as two fashionable young ladies. We touched up our make-up for evening coloring under lights, put on the simple jewelry we had bought--earrings, necklaces, bracelets and finger-rings, being careful not to over-do it, and, it being dinner time, we donned our pretty new evening wraps, and, gathering up our evening bags, and gloves, we summoned a taxi, slipped out of the apartment, and went to a fashionable restaurant where there was an orchestra and dancing. We were now aware of our

attractiveness as young ladies as we entered the restaurant, for the head-waiter was very attentive and gallant, and showed us to a table in the best location, bordering on the dance floor, and took our order. Soon the dancing began, between the courses, and the rhythm of the music got our small feet to tapping, and we longed to dance. Two good-looking young men at a nearby table, who had noticed us from the time of our entrance--and we had noticed them, too--came over and asked us to dance. You may be sure that we accepted their invitation and found ourselves in their arms enjoying a waltz. Our slippers had extremely high heels, but we were accustomed to them and so had no trouble in dancing in them, keeping on our toes, so that our heels would not touch the floor--no easy thing to do without practise. Of course, we flirted with them and got a thrill out of their admiration. We danced with them several times, and then decided it was time to go home. They wanted to accompany us, but we thought it better to refuse. It would be risky. We went home in a taxi and managed to slip into our rooms without being seen by any of the other residents.

We had decided that it was necessary for us to move. We had rented the apartment as men, and it never would do now for two girls to be found occupying it. It might arouse suspicion, and we might possibly be recognized as to our faces, though of course we were completely transformed. But we didn't care to take any chances. Besides, we wanted a better apartment, not on the ground floor, and with a goorman and elevator service and also maid service. We wanted to be more luxurious. We had been studying the ads in the paper for apartments, and had marked several of them, and later on would go to look at them and make our selection. But we thought the best thing for us would be to go to a hotel the next morning, make our search from there and then move. So we packed all of our feminine belongings into our new wardrobe trunks, fitted suitcases and hat boxes. We spent our last night at the apartment. To the more enjoy our new femininity, we let down our hair, combed and brushed it for the night, donned our frilly nightdresses, and went to bed in our new hair. It felt soft and silky and delightful on the pillow, against our faces and over our necks and shoulders, it was so blissfully feminine. Our own hair was growing rapidly, but was at that awkward stage, not long enough to be girlishly pretty. Reaching only part way down to our shoulders. It was growing very thickly. We had to pin it up under our wigs, so that it wouldn't show. How happy we both would be when it grew down to our shoulders, so that we would look well without our wigs. But for a time we should have to wear them.

I shall not soon forget the thrill of the next morning when I awoke and realized that I was now a girl for good. I looked over to the chair where my dainty feminine garments were spread and felt joy at the thought

that soon I should be putting them on and wearing them all day--and every day thereafter. I had a slight feeling of distaste at the sight of my tiny corsets lying there on the chair, with laces let ~~out~~ as I had left them the night before, and realized that soon I should be tightly encased in them for the long day ahead. But corsets always gave Frances and me that mildly unpleasant sensation. Neither of us enjoyed wearing them, for we, like all women, know full well that there is no joy in going about tightly laced from morning to bedtime. But we were ~~thoroughly~~^{so} accustomed to them, knew that they were a necessary evil, and we wore them willingly enough because they gave us the hour-glass figures that fashion dictated and we had no wish to go without them.. Perhaps you will ask, dear Mary, why we insisted in lacing so tightly, Frances with an 18-inch waist, and I with a 17-inch measurement. It is simply because it increases our femininity and attractiveness. We both realize that "girls" of our sex must leave nothing undone to allay suspicion. When we had first taken girls' parts in the shows at college, the costumer had insisted on lacing us in to our present proportions, and we had meekly submitted and so we had become used to it, and continued it to the present time. Our waists had adjusted themselves to our stays and become permanently tapered, so we were only moderately uncomfortable, and not laced nearly so tightly as appeared on the surface--not more tightly than the average girl and man of fashion. We had always said that if they could stand it, then we could, too. But enough about corsets. You wear them and no doubt are not interested in the subject.

Frances, in bed beside me, was till slumbering sweetly, so I lay there a while enjoying the luxurious feeling of my delicate satin nightie and the feel of my beautiful hair about my face on the pillow, toying with it and drawing strands of it across my face so that I could get the "feel" and perfume of it--for I had applied perfume to it before going to bed. How delicious it was to have lovely, waist-long feminine hair. If it only grew there! But perhaps, some day--and I dreamed a bit of my future as a girl and woman.

And then I turned my head and studied the beautiful blonde girl beside me. Her long slashed swept her cheeks. I marvelled at the perfection of her complexion and sweet, girlish face. Her blonde hair formed a halo about her head. Never had I seen anything more charming. I was entranced. I decided to awaken her with a kiss. As I did so, she opened her eyes, and, realizing what I had done, her affectionate nature impelled her to put her arms around me, draw me to her, and return my kiss. For a time we lay there in each other's arms, talking together as girls in bed will, planning the day. But at last it was time to get up.

For the thousandth time I congratulated myself on being the intimate friend of Frances. We were pals. We had been together so much that we had the same tastes and even thought the same thoughts and impressions and reactions. We did not need to talk. We knew what the other ~~was~~ was thinking and feeling. It was a most intimate and satisfactory relationship. And Frances was ~~such~~ such a satisfactory pal. She had everything that a male pal would want, and a female pal, as well. I was both, and so happy.

Frances and I were delighted with the idea of our first day as girls, permanently. It was what we had been looking forward to.

We got up as girls, and made our feminine toilette. How different from that of a man--and the toilette that we should follow from now on. First a scented bath. Then the things that a man does not do--but the things that Frances and I, as females, now did, and did every morning thereafter--combing and brushing our feminine hair, putting on our dainty vests and lacy panties, then the corset and being laced into it; then the brassiere, the slip, the dress, the make-up, the perfume, the jewelry--all out in our complete femininity.

How lovely it was to be a girl, from the moment of first wakening in the morning, realizing that you were to be a girl throughout the day, and from thence on! How intriguing--how fascinating--the feminine toilette. Not hasty and sketchy, like that of a man, with a hasty shower, a dab at his hair with his comb, the throwing on of his loose clothes and off, carefree and contented with his appearance.

How different were Frances and I now, far removed from our masculine state and the hasty masculine toilette and little thought of appearances. No more could we be carefree and careless of our appearance. Our thoughts had to be centered on it. We were now girls, and had to give every thought to our appearance, and try to look girlishly attractive. And so came the morning feminine toilette, so totally different from that of a man, but pleasureable for us as girls, though fussy, and taking lots of time, but which we did not begrudge because of our femininity, though an ordinary man would have fumed and resented what he would call the wasted time. But not Frances and I. No time was wasted that added to our femininity.

How we loved our new feminine existence, which was to continue indefinitely. We loved that first day of our girlhood. The bath, being careful not to wet our hair. Then the donning of fresh lingerie--(we were very dainty girls, and never wore the same vest and panties the second time, always changing to fresh every morning). Then the drawing on of our sheer silk stockings, and the putting on of our high-heeled shoes for the day. Then came the clasping on of our corsets, and attaching the garters to the tops of our stockings. Next came the most important part of our dressing, the lacing of our corsets. Frances would lace me in, and then I would do the same for her, and you may be sure that we didn't spare each other, but laced in the stays fully. But of course that was necessary, in order that our dresses would hook around our waists. Fully laced in, and feeling very trim and shapely, we donned our brassieres, with the needed padding, then our slips. Next we did our hair. Mine, as you will recall, was heavy, of chestnut color, and reached to my waist. Frances asked me to let her do it, and of course I was glad. She did it beautifully, and I was greatly pleased. Then I did her hair, a long bob, shoulder length, much easier to do than my long mane, but needing careful and clever curling at the ends, and waving above. I loved standing behind Frances and doing her hair. Her dimpled white back intrigued me and I could not help kissing it as I fussed with her golden hair. Frances would feel my kiss, and the sweet girl, moved by my affection, turned around and kissed me warmly on the mouth with her soft red lips.

A sweeter, more affectionate girl never lived. Nor a more beautiful one. Then came the selection of the dress to be worn for the morning, and the careful, dainty, unobtrusive daytime make-up, which could not be detected. Frances cooked breakfast--a simple meal with nothing fattening--while I did the house work. ~~Then, after washing the dishes, we fared forth to the beauty salon for our daily treatment. But this time we went as girls, and it was an event for us. At last we had arrived.~~

~~A second-hand dealer to whom we had telephoned the day before, arrived~~ after breakfast, and we sold to him all of our male belongings, not keeping a single thing to remind us of our masculine past. We made a clean sweep of it, "burning our bridges behind us." Now we owned only feminine things for the first time in our lives.

"Just think," said Frances. "We probably shall never wear a pair of trousers again, only skirts."

"And no shirts or stiff collars, or coats and vests, or ugly flat shoes," said I, "but only pretty dresses and feminine things--pretty hats and jewelry, and perfumery, and dainty shoes, and all the rest of it."

"Isn't it wonderful?" exclaimed Frances. "I feel exactly like a girl. Don't you?"

"Of course, I replied. "We are girls from now on, always. "We have no men's clothes, and couldn't change back if we wanted to. But we don't."

"Certainly not," said Frances. "I couldn't endure being a boy again and I don't see how we ever stood it. But, thank goodness, it's all over now."

We closed the apartment and took a cab to the Waldorf-Astoria hotel to spend a day or two while finding a suitable apartment. We wanted to have a little "fling" and stay at a stylish hotel the first real day of our maidenhood.

We both were fashionably dressed and perfectly groomed, and so had lots of confidence as we followed the bell-boy into the hotel, and to the desk, and registered. What a thrill it was for both of us to sign our girl names for the first time.

"Miss Frances Darling, Atlanta, Georgia."

"Miss Gloria Gibson, Boston, Mass."

That's the way our names appeared on the register.

Frances had decided to be a Southern girl, for which she was the perfect type. She had taken the part of a Southern belle in one of the shows, and it had been one of her most successful roles. She had been most charming and had learned to talk in a slow, soft southern drawl that is so appealing. And she knew all of the southern expressions, such as "you-all," "honey-child," etc. So she had adopted that character, and always talked that way in her sweet voice. She was very "cute" in the role, and never failed to charm men, who always fall for a southern belle, especially northern men. This charm, added to her blonde beauty and perfect figure, made her simply ~~irresistible~~ irresistible to the "other" sex--by which, of course, I mean men.

As for me, I was a refined young lady from Boston, and talked with a New England accent.

We asked the clerk for a good room, facing Fifth Avenue, with double bed and bath, of course. He was very attentive to the two attractive young maidens and smiled at us pleasantly, and, we thought, a trifle flirtatiously, when we smiled back.

Going up in the elevator we noticed what a good-looking boy our bell-hop was, and when he had shown us to our room, I gave him an extra large tip, and we engaged him in conversation, as I wanted to look him over more carefully. Frances and I have always sized up boys and men to see whether they would make up well as females. It was a habit with us--but how seldom we saw a man who would make even a passable woman--and not very often did we run across a boy who would make-up well as a girl. But as we both examined this bell-boy, we could see that he had a pretty, girlish face, small hands and feet and a slender, supple young body. He told us his name was Lauren, and his number was 22, so if we wanted anything, we could ask for him and he would take good care of us. He said he went off duty at six o'clock, and Frances asked him to come to our room at that time, which he promised to do.

"Did you notice how girlish he is?" Frances asked me.

"I certainly did," I replied. "I should like to see him dressed as a girl."

"That is my idea," she said, "and that's the reason I asked him to come back here at six. We must try to get him to let us dress him up in my clothes. We'll give him another big tip, and if we handle him right, and lead up to it naturally, I think we can persuade him to do it."

"That will be great fun," I said, "but do you think he can get into your things? How about the corset? We would have to lace him in to 18-inches if he is to wear one of your dresses. Do you think we can do it? And will he stand for it?"

"I noticed that he is quite slender and I think we can talk him into allowing himself to be laced in and I am sure we can get him in to 18 inches."

I am sure he will be interested in seeing how he will look as a girl. We will make him up and put on his wig before we lace him, and he will be so surprised at his pretty, girlish appearance, that he will let us lace him in, especially when we tell him that we must do it in order to wear my dress," said Frances. "At least, we can try, and a good tip will help."

"Wouldn't it be great if we could turn him into a girl, and engage him as our maid?" I remarked.

"Perhaps we could, and it would be wonderful," said Frances. "He seemed to me to be an effeminate sort of boy, who might take to girl's clothes. He may have feminine instincts and tastes, like ourselves, and, if so, perhaps he might like to be turned into a girl and become our maid.

He probably doesn't get much pay as bell-boy, and we could pay him just as much and give him his dresses and a home with us, so he would be better off than now. We will sound him out this evening. You never can tell. We may be able to do it."

After unpacking, we paid our usual daily visit to the beauty salon. What fun it was going about as full-fledged girls, happily walking the streets in our feminine finery. The whole atmosphere of our lives was changed with our change of sex. The attitude of men and women was now reversed towards us. Men admired us, while women were critical, if not jealous of us because of our attractiveness. How strange it all seemed as we walked along the street as pretty girls with sex appeal. We were aware of men's glances of approval, while before, when we had been "pretty", girlish-looking boys, they had regarded us with amusement or even contempt, because we seemed to be "sissified." But women and girls had looked upon us with approval, because of our good looks--for most of them like "pretty" boys and do not look down upon them. But now we were pretty girls and could hold our heads up and go about with confidence and take pleasure in our existence, with no apologies to anybody. It was glorious, and we both delighted in our new-found femininity and girlhood. Of course, we shall get used to it, but now at first, when it is novel, it fills us with bliss, and the thought that we now are girls for good, fills us with contentment and satisfaction.

Naturally we created quite a stir when we entered the beauty parlor as girls for the first time. They had never seen us before in our wigs and dresses and at first didn't recognize us. The wigs, especially, made a great difference in our appearance. But our faces were not changed, and so at last they knew us and gathered about to look us over, and--I am glad to say--to praise our appearance and assure us that it didn't seem possible that men could transform themselves into such pretty and completely feminine lassies. There were some women customers there, and Flora and Mazie, wishing to show us off as specimens of their handiwork, introduced us to them and told them that we were actually males--but they refused to believe it, even when the girls said they would swear to it on a stack of bibles. After we had "passed inspection," Flora and Mazie gave us our usual beauty treatments, but as girls, for we kept on our hair, which was covered with towels, just as is done with women, and afterwards they waved our hair and did it up, just as though we were real women. But we shall never take our wigs off anywhere except in the privacy of our apartment. They are to us the same as though our own hair, and so closely fitted and securely fastened to our heads, that they really seem to us as though the hair grew there. The girls said they would not have known they were wigs if they had not seen us before without them.

After our facials, we undressed, as usual in the massage rooms, and Flora and Mazie gave us our full body treatment, to develop our busts and hips and reduce our waists and otherwise emphasize our feminine curves. From the start they had made a chart of our measurements, and measured us frequently after treatments and made a record of the figures. The work was getting excellent results, and already both Frances and I had gained an inch in our busts and hips, and lost an inch in our waists. Also our derriers had rounded out nicely, without any hollows, such as men often have, and altogether our bodies were more those of girls than boys, and would grow more so as we continued the treatments.

Flora and Mazie were quite proud of the way they were getting desired results, and took a great interest in us. The work was so intimate that

we all had become very friendly and confidential. But while the girls admired the success of our impersonations, yet they hardly approved of our permanent change of sex, and often would twit us about it while we were undergoing our massage.

"So you are dressing as girls, at last," said Mazie. "You certainly make good-looking ones, but I think you are very strange boys to be willing, and even anxious to live as females. It is so unmasculine, and there are so many drawbacks that most men would loathe it, and I should think you would, too. Flora and I, like most women, wish we were men, because there is so much freedom, and so many things they can go and places they can go, that are barred to women. But I never before heard of men who wanted to be women, because ~~of~~ the restricted life they have to lead, and the restricting clothing they have to wear would make men consider it unendurable. What other men would be willing to spend all of their waking hours encased in tight corsets, the way you do? And to go about in high-heeled slippers? Those are the worst things about dressing as a woman, but an ordinary man would hate the whole business, because it is so effeminate."

"You and ~~Mr~~ Flora say you would like to be men, members of the opposite sex. What's the difference between that, and our wish to be women? Isn't it just as strange and unnatural?"

"I never thought of it in that way," said Mazie, "but there's something in it. But what are you going to do when you want to change back to men? We are making your bodies and faces so girlish that you won't be able to make satisfactory men again. You will have breasts and hips and curves that will be hard to conceal."

"We will raise full beards," said Frances, laughingly.

"Pooh!" said Mazie. "You couldn't even raise mustaches."

"Then we will wear a full set of false whiskers," said Frances, and we all laughed at the idea, realizing how ridiculous we would look that way, with our pink-and-white girlish faces peeping out as though through a hedge.

"And," continued Frances, "we can wear loose clothing that will cover our breasts and other curves."

"Well, all I can say," remarked Mazie, ^{is} "that you certainly will be a queer looking pair of men, and I will bet you anything that everybody will take you for girls dressed in male clothes, and that certainly would be very embarrassing for you."

"Well," said Frances, "we have gotten along so far, and I guess we can in the future."

"I know," said Mazie, "but you were not so girlish looking before. But now Flora and I have beautified your faces and given you girlish complexions and now we are giving you feminine figures, which you didn't have before. You are going to have a hard time after this to pass as men again."

We let it go at that. We had no idea of telling them that we intended to remain girls, and not change back to boys. That might have shocked them. We let them think that we were merely going to be girls temporarily, for our detective work. It was none of their business what we planned for our future.

Our treatments finished, we dressed and left. We had promised Mr. Manuel and Mme. Bertha that we would call so that they could see us when we had adopted feminine guise, so now we went to Mr. Manuel's shop first. It was really flattering the way he and his assistants gathered around and inspected us, and spoke in words of praise about our appearance, assuring us that we made perfect girls and nobody could penetrate our disguise. Mr. Manuel was very proud of our hair, which, he said, added much to the effect. At Mme. Bertha's we also got a flattering reception. She and her girls had never before seen us in our wigs and dresses and full make-up, and the way they praised us was enough to turn our heads and make us conceited girls. They were delighted with our figures, in our well-fitting dresses, which made our corsets much more effective than they had been during the fittings.

Next we stopped in at Lord & Taylor's dress shop. Miss Green, the head saleslady, who had waited on us, didn't recognize those pretty young ladies at first, until we spoke to her. Then we received a warm reception and further praise from her and the girls who had helped us there, so that it was a wonder we did not become vain. But Frances and I are only human, and we loved to be admired, and so it made us very happy and proud of our feminine appearance.

We went ~~at~~ the store's millinery department and tried on numerous hats, and finally each selected three. The pretty Frances had quite a hard time to make her selections, as she looked adorable in every hat she tried on, but finally she chose a silver turban, a large black petitpoint straw, off face, with organdy ruching for a white edging, and a forward-perched straw edged with frayed gingham check and accented with tailored check hat band. I bought also a turban, and a tremendous hat of white faille facing, of pale blue baku, designed to perch backward; and a semirough straw in white trimmed with stitched belting ribbon and dusted with veiling. All the hats were lovely and the latest styles. We ordered them sent to our hotel. Before leaving the store, we stopped at the lingerie counter for a chat with Mr. "Jane" Carlson. He reminded us of the party at Dr. Phillips' the coming Sunday, but asked if he and the doctor couldn't call before that. He said the doctor was very anxious to examine the bodies of Frances and myself, as he had been much impressed with our feminine forms, and wanted to study them. We promised him that as soon as we were established in our new apartment we would telephone and make a "date" with them, and be delighted to have them come and pay us a visit some evening--and, if the doctor insisted, we would allow him to examine our bodies.

"But I want to examine them, too," spoke Jane-Jimmie, giving me "the eye".

"We'll see about that when the time comes," I said, and I guess I blushed a little, feeling quite maidenly before the eyes of this man. But inwardly I felt that I would permit it, for I wanted his admiration, and I knew he would be pleased with my feminine contours, and like me more than ever. What a handsome man he was!

"Will you and the doctor come as men or as women?" Frances asked.

"Which would you and Gloria prefer? We plan to come as men."

"Oh! I would prefer that. I suppose the doctor will make love to me, the way he did at your house, and I would rather be made love to by a man than by a woman. And so would Gloria," said Frances.

"Never fear, you shall have your wish," said Jimmie Carlson.

* * * * *

We were in our room at the Waldorf at six o'clock when Lauren arrived to keep his appointment with us. We chatted with him for a time, asking him about himself. He was an orphan, with no family ties. He didn't care much for his job as bell-boy, but was unable to find any other work for which he was qualified. Thus we learned that he was not tied down, and would be willing to make a change. He was a good subject for our scheme, if we could interest him in it. After talking for a while and becoming more and more friendly, Frances said:

"I suppose you know, Lauren, that you are an unusually good-looking boy. In fact, your face is actually pretty, like a girl's. Did anybody ever tell you that before?"

"Oh! Yes, lots of people. And the boys tease me about it, and call me by girls' names. But I can't help my looks, can I?"

"No. Of course not," said Frances. "We think you are lucky to be so good looking. Did you ever dress up in girl's clothes, to see how you would look?"

"No. I never had the chance, though I have thought that I would like to try it some time," he replied. "I think it would be fun. I think I should like to wear girl's clothes."

"Well, Miss Gloria and I should very much like to see you dressed up as a girl, and I think you could wear my clothes. What do you say to our dressing you up right now?"

"I should like to try it, but I don't think I could wear your dress," said he, glancing at Frances's narrow waist.

"Leave that to us," said Frances. "All you have to do is to put yourself in our hands and we'll do the rest. Are you willing?"

"You bet," he said, smiling. "Lead me to it."

Frances handed him one of her silk vests and lacy panties and a pair of her silk stockings and mules, and told him to go into the bathroom, undress and put the things on, then come back. She showed him the front of the vest and panties.

In a little while he tripped into the room in the feminine finery. The ~~xx~~ high-heeled mules fitted him, showing us that he had small feet, and we had noticed that his hands were small--as small as our own.

In spite of his short hair, he already looked like a girl, with his girlish features and slender, girlish body, which we could see was eminently fitted for wearing girls' clothes.

Frances and I made him up and placed one of our blonde wigs on his head. (We had brought all of our collection of wigs with us--wigs of every color which we had kept after wearing them in the various shows we had been in, from the very beginning.)

Lauren was fascinated as he stood before the glass and inspected himself.

"Why, I look just like a girl, don't I?" he exclaimed.

"Of course you do," said Frances. "And a pretty girl, too. Now stand ~~xx~~ still and admire yourself in the mirror while we go on dressing you."

She clasped one of her 18-inch corsets around Lauren's waist, and laced him into it, both of us talking to distract his attention, for we were afraid that he would balk at being so tightly squeezed in. But he didn't seem to notice it, and soon we had his waist in to the desired 18 inches.

"How does that feel?" asked Frances.

"A little tight," he replied. "But, do you know, I like the feel of it. And what a tiny waist I have, small. It makes me look more like a girl, doesn't it?"

"Yes, and when we get you fully dressed, you will look completely like a girl," said Frances.

We now put a bra on him, and padded it, then a slip. We now made up his neck, shoulders, arms and back with liquid white and powder. He had nice, smooth skin and no bulging muscles, and rounded arms. He really looked quite girlish. Now Frances brought out one of her evening gowns and we dressed Lauren in it. It fitted him beautifully. Then we changed his mules for a pair of Frances's high-heeled evening slippers. They were snug for Lauren's feet, but he could get them on with a shoehorn. But we put them on for him, as he couldn't bend down, owing to his corsets. Next we jewelled him--earrings, necklace, bracelets and rings, and then doused him with strong perfume.

"Now look at yourself in the mirror," we told him.

"Why, that can't be me," he exclaimed, staring at the pretty girl he saw reflected in the glass. "It must be somebody else. I couldn't be such a pretty girl."

"Smile, and see if she smiles," said Frances.

Lauren smiled, and so did the girl in the glass, showing all her even ~~xx~~ pretty white teeth. That made him look prettier than ever and he was entranced.

After he had gazed at himself for a while, we told him to sit down. He tottered across the room on his unaccustomed high heels, and we were afraid that he would lose his balance and fall over backward. But he managed to make the chair and sat down in it rather stiffly and awkwardly, spreading his legs apart. Frances pulled his legs together, crossed his feet and showed him how to sit in a ladylike manner, with hands gracefully clasped in his lap. He got the idea at once. We could see that he was going to be an apt pupil, and take to feminine ways naturally.

While he demurely sat there, Frances and I removed his blonde wig, and tried on him wigs of various colors, studying the effect to see which shade would be the most becoming to him. We found that a brown wig was best, that being the color of his hair and eyes. He looked very nice in it. We now had him get up--we had to help him a little--and he went to survey himself in the glass.

"I would rather be a blonde," he said. "I like that first wig best".

He was like most men who dress up as females. They want to be blondes, ~~in~~ though the color is ~~trying~~ and usually not suitable.

We told him that he made a pretty blonde, but he looked better with brown hair, which was more natural, and went best with his brown eyes.

"You want to look like a nice girl, and not like a dizzy chorus girl," we told him.

"I guess it is better," he said. "I do look like a girl, don't I? Nobody would know that I am a boy, would they?"

We assured him that they would not.

"Do you know, I love wearing girl's clothes," he said. "I like their feeling on me."

"How about the corsets? Do you like wearing them, too?" asked Frances.

"Yes, I do. I love the compressed feeling. And they give me such a nice little waist," he said.

"How would you like to wear girls' clothes all the time, and live as a girl?" Frances asked.

"I would like it, and I would be a pretty girl, wouldn't I? I have always sort of wished that I was a girl. I guess my tastes and instincts are feminine, and I am so girlish that people make fun of me, and it makes me unhappy and ashamed, though I can't help the way I look. I was born this way. Oh! If I could only be a girl!"

"You can," Frances exclaimed. "Miss Gloria and I will transform you into one and we will give you a job as our maid and pay you as much as you are earning now, and in addition furnish you with maids' uniforms and a complete outfit of girls' clothes at the start. Also, you can live with us, so you will have no board to pay, and so will be much better off than you are now, and the work will be pleasant and easy. You will have a home. What do you say? But you will have to sign a contract to be our maid for a full year and during that time wear nothing but female attire and play the part of a female the entire time to the best of your ability. We will train you and teach you to be a girl. You will be our housemaid and also our lady's maid, helping us with our toilettes, doing our hair, etc."

"But I wouldn't know how to do that," he said. "And, besides, I would be embarrassed and you wouldn't want a boy-maid to be around your bedroom and see you undressed. But I would like to be your housemaid, and shall be glad to accept your offer, and become a girl for a year."

"We might as well tell him the truth," said Frances to me, "now that he has agreed to become our maid. Lauren, Miss Gloria and myself are men, males, the same as yourself."

"Oh! That's impossible. I can't believe it. You couldn't be men. You are such beautiful ladies--your faces, your hair, your figures, your voices, your hands and feet--men couldn't be like that," he exclaimed.

"Nevertheless, it's true," said Frances, "so you need not be afraid of being our personal maid. Look at yourself. You look like a pretty girl, don't you? And with training you will look much more so. That's the way it has been with us. We have trained to be girls and with long practise we have transformed ourselves into what appear to be beautiful women, and live their lives. You can do the same. And we are sure you will like it, for you are fitted for it as few boys are and have a desire to be a girl. So we will turn you into one. As soon as we get our new apartment, we will let you know, and then you can come to live with us and begin your maidenhood."

Frances and I now gave Lauren some preliminary lessons in feminine deportment, and were delighted to see that he took to it very easily. In fact, he was a "natural", and more girlish than masculine, and the clothes he had on seemed to transform him into a girl.

Frances had him walk across the room as he thought a girl should walk. But he overdid it, as most men do when trying to imitate a woman, putting a hand on one hip and swaying his body too much and walking too mincingly.

"Not that way," said Frances. "Don't exaggerate your movements, but try to be natural and graceful. You are acting like a man imitating a woman. Act like a girl. Watch me."

Frances walked across the room while Lauren watched her, as she glided smoothly and gracefully, the picture of a pretty girl, with no exaggerated movements. She sat down and got up, all with complete grace. Then she told Lauren to try it. He did so, and was an apt pupil, for he copied the example of Frances very well, and we both praised him and told him that it would be easy for him to become a girl and act the part as well as a real girl. All he needed was a little practise.

We removed the evening dress from Lauren, and dressed him in a sports suit, then an afternoon dress, with hat, and tried one or two more costumes on him. He was fascinated, and kept going to the mirror to admire himself. In fact, we could hardly tear him away from it. We had him walk back and forth in each change of costume, in high heels and low, and he did it exceptionally well, for the first experience. But towards the end Frances and I noticed that he had a far-away, sort of absent-minded look. We were amused, and suspected that the corsets were "getting" him, but we didn't say a word. We would wait for him to complain. He had now been laced in over an hour and quite severely, for an 18-inch corset was too small a size for him at the start, the first time he had ever been laced in. He had stood it remarkably well, much better than we had expected. Furthermore, with the last costume he had tried on he had been wearing a pair of Frances's smallest and highest heeled slippers, which were altogether too small for him, and squeezed his feet. We had put them on him as a further test of his endurance and his willingness to suffer discomfort to enhance his appearance as a girl. If he had complained, or refused to crowd his feet into these narrow, pointed slippers, it would have been a bad sign, for to become a successful girl, he would have to put up with discomforts, especially at first. But he had come through with flying colors up to now, but began to weaken. And Frances and I didn't blame him much, for we knew from our own experiences what he was going through in those pinching stays and shoes.

"Couldn't you let out this corset a little?" he asked. "I like to wear it, and to have such a small waist, but it is hurting me, and so are these slippers. I think I can't stand it much longer, unless you let out the strings."

Frances and I quickly took off his dress, slip and bra, and let the corset out to 20 inches.

"Oh! That's so much better," said Lauren. "I could go all day like this."

"It's still pretty tight," said Frances. "It feels loose in contrast to your 18-inch waist, and if you wore the corset like this all day long, it would irk you by bedtime. But I think you can stand it, and we will standardize your waist at 20 inches, for a beginning, until your body becomes adjusted. Then, if you want a smaller waist, we shall see what we can do about it. So we shall get your maid's uniforms and other dresses and clothes with a 20-inch waist, size 36. And you needn't wear such tight shoes. We will get you the proper size, especially for your working shoes, with fairly low heels. When you dress up and step out, you can wear high heels, if you wish."

"That will be fine," said Lauren. "But I know I shall want a smaller waist after a bit. I should like it to be as small as yours, or even

Miss Gloria's."

"Her waist is exceptionally small, and I doubt if you can get yours down to a scant 17 inches," said Frances. "But we shall see. We are glad that you are ambitious for a small waist, for it is a sign that you ~~are~~ are the proper feminine instincts of a girl, and a desire to be in fashion in spite of the discomforts."

"Oh! I'm sure I shall not mind," said Lauren. "Besides, I like the feeling of snug corsets and also the feeling of skirts and all the rest of it. I know I shall simply adore dressing as a girl, and being one. Girls' clothes are so much prettier than men's, and girls have prettier hair, too. Shall I have to wear a wig until my own hair grows long?"

"No," said Frances. "Your hair is thick, and you can be a bobbed-haired maid at the start. You can wave your hair, and perhaps have curls and ringlets, to make it look more girlish. In a few months it will grow to be like a girl's hair. A wig is hot and uncomfortable and in your work you will be better without one."

"I should love to have my own long hair, like you and Miss Gloria," Lauren said. "How long has it been growing? It must have taken years. It is lovely hair."

"We are going to let you into our secret," said Frances. "We are both wearing wigs. But we are letting our hair grow and some day we shall be able to discard the wigs. Neither of us like bobbed hair. But it will be all right for you, and very appropriate for a maid."

"But your hair is wonderful, and nobody could guess that it is not your own," said Lauren.

While we were talking we had dressed Lauren in a pale blue negligee one of my prettiest ones, and put matching mules on his feet. To please him in his desire to be a blonde, we removed his brown wig, lightened up his make-up and put on him a golden blonde wig with a profusion of curls flowing down over his shoulders, as though he had let his hair down before bed. He was delighted with his appearance, and primped before the mirror, turning this way and that and tossing his curls about, smiling at himself, kissing his hand at himself, and exclaiming:

"I look just like a girl, don't I? Nobody could guess that I am a boy, could they? Don't you think I look pretty? I do, and I feel just like a girl. I want to be one always. I always want to wear skirts. I can hardly wait to change into a girl. It will be soon, won't it?"

Frances and I assured him that he looked beautiful and, in fact, he was such a charming young maiden that we couldn't resist kissing him on his soft red lips, which pleased him, but made him blush through his rouge.

"You don't know how funny your kisses make me feel," ^{girls} he exclaimed. "It seems like being kissed by girls, and yet I know you are men, so my feelings are mixed. As a boy, I like being kissed by ~~me~~ ^{men}, but as a girl, I like to have ~~me~~ ^{men} kiss me. I am both, and you are both, but to me I am afraid you will ~~also~~ be women, because you are so beautiful and feminine. I know you are really men, because you have told me so, and yet I can't believe it. So I hope you won't mind if I always consider you to be girls. I think it will be better that way. I would dislike to think of you as men, it seems so impossible."

"That's the way we want it," said Frances. "We think of ourselves as females, since we have changed our sex, apparently, and live the life of females, completely. So, when you come to us, we want you to consider us to be women and never refer to our former sex. And as soon as you become a girl, you must think of yourself as being completely feminine, get into a feminine mood, think feminine thoughts, and try to forget that you ever were a male. In that way, you will enjoy your girlhood to the full and you will practically become a girl, to all intents and purposes. We shall all be females together, with everything masculine banished for good. We all must forget our former sex, and never refer to it, for that would be a backward step in our feminization."

All the time we had been talking, Lauren had continued to stand in front of the mirror, inspecting himself, fingering his pretty, long golden curls, fluffing them up, arranging them over his shoulders so that he could see them the better, smiling at the girl he saw reflected, and constantly assuring himself that that pretty blonde maiden was really himself. His negligee was very becoming to him. We had tied the sash of it closely about his waist so that his slender curves would show. It had a low neck and short sleeves, so that the smooth whiteness of his skin, well made up and heavily coated with perfumed powder, showed gleamingly. His face make-up was excellent, too, carefully done, and of course that added to his girlish attractiveness.

"What will be my name as a girl?" Lauren asked. "I want a pretty, feminine name."

"How would 'Laura' do?" I asked. "It is a good deal like 'Lauren', and a nice name."

"I have it," exclaimed Frances. "Laurette". It has a French sound and you can pretend to be a French maid, with French style costume such as are seen on the stage--you know--frilly lace cap and apron, close-fitting black dress, black silk stockings and high-heeled black slippers."

"That will be a lovely name," said Lauren, "and I choose it here and now. And I will be a French maid, for my mother was French, and I can speak it very well. But of course I will speak English with a French accent, which I think is very cute. Mais oui, Madames."

Lauren was reluctant to take off his feminine finery, but it was growing late, so we undressed him, took off his wig and removed his make up, and he donned his boys' clothes. He had fallen in love with my pretty blonde wig, and said again that he wished he could be a blonde, but we pointed out to him that such vivid hair was too conspicuous for a boy who just turned girl, and who would not want to attract attention to himself, especially at first, when he was learning to be a girl. Such hair was all right for a chorus girl, but for a French maid brown hair would be more appropriate. Later on perhaps he could dye his own hair a bright blonde shade if he still wished it. My wig was indeed a pretty one, and one of my favorites. I had worn it in a play, as a soubrette, and sometimes put it on at home when I felt a desire to be a blonde, but I had never worn it in public, except on the stage. But I told Lauren that I would keep the wig, and that he could at times wear it in the apartment when he wished to doll up as a blonde when nobody else except ourselves were there. This pleased him.

"I am going to simply adore being a girl," he gushed, "and I can hardly wait to begin."

He was already talking like a girl, and in a high, girlish voice which he had unconsciously assumed as soon as we had dressed him up. His voice would be all right for a girl. We told him to keep practising talking as one, so as to get used to it, and in the privacy of his room he should practise girlish mannerisms, which he promised to do. He would hear from us soon.

"How I hate these trousers," he exclaimed. "Skirts are so much nicer to wear."

Frances and I understood him and sympathized with him, for we, too, now hated trousers, and loved wearing skirts. How glad we were that Lauren was feminine, like ourselves. It would be so much fun to transform him into a girl, and so easy to do because he had such a feminine body, and soul. How lucky we had been to run across him. He would make such an attractive maid for us.

Lauren kissed us good bye and we both enjoyed his kisses. We could not decide whether we had preferred his kisses as a pretty girl or as a very handsome boy. He kissed us as a boy kisses girls--he was now the male, and we the females, as we wished to be.

This is a very long letter, Mary, darling, but you asked us to tell everything, and I like to write. Frances has read every word and has helped me, so that this is really from both of us.

We hope you will approve of our action in arranging to have a boy-maid. It will be such a luxury and we are sure that Laurette will train very easily and become a perfect maid. We are going to try to have her go to our beauty parlor and take an apprentice course in hair-dressing and beauty culture, and massage, and manicuring, to fit her for a first class ladies' maid. We hope you will allow us to bring her with us when we come to your home. Our own feminine training is nearly finished, and we are awaiting word from you as to when we shall come.

We close now with love and kisses. O O O O O X X X X X

Your adoring girl friends,

FRANCES DARLING

GLORIA GIBSON