

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 ONE



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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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My Strange Double Life. (By Gloria)
(An Autobiography).

Few men, if any, have lived as strange a life as I--a double life, so to speak, but an honest one, so now, at the age of 40, I have decided to write my autobiography, feeling sure that it will be of interest, because so unique.

From my boyhood days I was very athletic and fond of all masculine sports, and very good at them. In school I played baseball, football and basketball, and was quite a good boxer, loving a sharp bout with other boys, with hard blows given and taken. I was wholly a very masculine he-boy in every sense of the word. But I excelled at tennis. My older brother was a fine player and taught me all I knew, so that by the time I got to college, I had become an unusually good player, won most of my matches, and became the college champion, and entered outside tournaments, where I met with considerable success. At the time this story opens, I was numbered among the dozen ranking men players of the country and thought that I was launched on a wonderful tennis career. I was devoted to the game and always in the strictest training. I never smoked or drank, not even coffee. I was to bed at nine and up early to indulge in various exercises to build up my body. As a result of this Spartan life, I had developed a magnificent body, lithe, powerful, very muscular. I was over six feet tall and weighed 190 pounds, stripped, and had not an ounce of fat or waste on me--all hard, pliant muscle and brawn. I suppose I would be called the ideal athlete, with a perfect male body. I could not help knowing that I was good looking, for I was aware that I attracted feminine notice always. But I was not interested in girls, though I admired them as all normal boys do, but from afar. My tennis, my training were my life at the time. I occasionally went to dances and liked to dance with the girls, but I was shy when in their company, and didn't understand them. I had no sisters, and girls to me were a mystery, and I had little to do with them. I would leave the rare dances I attended, and go home early to keep up my training. In the back of my mind I had, like all boys, the vague idea that some day, after I had done with my tennis career, perhaps I would meet a girl that I would fall in love with, and marry, but that was in the future, and girls at the time had no part in my life and little in my thoughts. I was too busy otherwise. I felt that the dainty, delicate little things were all right in their place, to be admired at a distance. But I much preferred masculine company and athletic competition. No young man could have been more intensely masculine than myself, and I thoroughly despised some boys and men I had seen who were inclined to be effeminate and "sissies". I lived an austere life. My people were well-to-do, and we had a nice home, but I despised luxury and my room was sparsely furnished with a hard cot, without a pillow--I thought it kept me straighter to sleep without one, and very plain furniture. There were boxing gloves, dumbbells and indian clubs for ornamentation of the walls, a straight-backed chair or two and in my clothes press a few suits of plain clothing, as I took no interest in clothes and dressed very plainly. (The reason I tell all this will be evident later).

And then it happened!!

I was suddenly stricken with an attack of acute appendicitis, and an immediate operation was necessary. I had never before been really ill in my life and had never been in a hospital, so that to be thus stricken was hard on me. But there was no help for it. I was hurried to the hospital and to the operating room as soon as I was prepared. The last thing I remembered was breathing in the ether--then a blank.

* * * * *

When I gained consciousness, I found myself in bed, and very uncomfortable from the operation. The fumes of the ether had not entirely disappeared, I had gas pains and my mind was confused, and I felt very weak. I moved my head a little.

What was this? Hair, long, thick hair about my face and neck--soft silky hair. But it was not my hair, it couldn't be, for I wore mine

closely cropped always. Surely I hadn't been ill long enough for my hair to grow long like this. Had they put a woman's wig on my head, for a joke? Of course not. That would be too silly. But could this be my hair? I weakly took a strand of it in my hand and gave it a tug. Yes. It was growing from my head. It was long, feminine hair. I was filled with disgust and terribly confused. I couldn't have long, girlish hair. It was impossible. I must be still under the ether, or dreaming.

A pretty young woman, a blonde, seeing my movements, came over to the bed, placed her cool, soft hand on my forehead, and said:

"What is the matter, Miss Morris?"

What did she mean--Miss Morris? She was calling me by a girl's name. I resented it with all my heart.

"Who am I?" I asked. My voice shocked, and surprised me. Instead of my deep bass voice, the sound that came out of my mouth was that of a girl, a weak, high voice, but very pleasant. Even at the moment I noticed that nice voice, a voice that I was to know so well from that time forth.

The nurse evidently thought that my mind was wandering from the ether fumes, and from weakness. But she humored me.

"Why, you are Miss Mary Morris, of course. Don't you remember me? I prepared you for your operation yesterday. But you must not excite yourself or you will run up a fever."

"I don't remember anything," I said, again in that girl's voice, which shocked me again. "But I am not Mary Morris or any other girl. I am a man."

"There, there," said the nurse, "you will be all right in a little while. Here, drink this, and go to sleep."

She handed me a glass of something, which soon made me drowsy and I fell into a deep sleep. But for a few moments, before I dropped off, I was filled with revolt and dismay at being called a girl, and told that I was "Miss Mary Morris". I was not Mary Morris, I insisted to myself. I was Charlie Cross, the tennis player, a man if there ever was one. Were both the nurse and myself out of our minds? Was I having a hallucination? It must be that. It was unthinkable that I should be taken for a girl. I would not stand it for a minute. There must be some mistake. I would wake up and find it all a dream. I turned my head a little on the pillow. There was that hair again surrounding the sides of my face. Again I felt of it, and pulled it. But it couldn't be mine. I must be dreaming. When I came to I would find it all a mistake and I would be my own self again. Comforted with this thought, I fell into a dreamless and refreshing sleep, helped along by the soporific the nurse had given me.

When I awoke, very gradually, I was alone in the room. I felt much better, and stronger. And then I began to take note of things. My body felt very strange. It seemed to be small and shrunken. I had a feeling of littleness, of shortness, of lightness. I didn't seem to be myself. Now fully awake and very much disturbed, I moved my head on the pillow. That long hair was still there. I lifted my hand and felt of it. There seemed to be masses of it about my face and covering my pillow. My mind was in a whirl. What had happened to me? And then I happened to glance at the hand that was feeling of the hair. What was this? A tiny, white dimpled hand, with slender tapering fingers, and long, pointed nails. This was not my own big hairy muscular paw. It was unquestionably a girl's hand, and yet it seemed to be mine, for I could move it at will. I looked at my other hand. It was the same, a dainty little girlish hand, soft and white. I was filled with consternation. Something was wrong, something had happened to me during the operation. Had I been changed into a girl. I shuddered with horror at the thought. I quickly ran my fingers over my face. It was not my face, large, coarse and with a stubble of beard. Far from it. The face I felt was as soft and as smooth as velvet, small and oval. In place of my bushy eyebrows I was conscious of delicate little arches--the eyebrows of a girl. I became aware of a small nose and a tiny mouth, far different from my own big one. All in a dither, I now hurriedly felt of the rest of my body. The neck was small and smooth, with my customary Adam's apple entirely

missing. And then, running my hands down my body, they encountered, in the place where my hairy chest should have been, two softly rounded feminine breasts. Terribly disturbed and resentful, I felt of my arms. Gone were my bulging, wiry, hard muscles. My arms were small, smooth round with no sign of a biceps. The skin was very soft and velvety. Undoubtedly the arms of a girl! I explored further down, in a fever of excitement and revulsion of feeling. My hand reached between my legs. To my dismay, I found that my male sex organs were missing, and those of the female in their place. And now the truth came to me with stunning force. My body was that of a girl--a young girl. How terrible. I would not stand it. I refused to be a girl. I would do something about it. The idea that I, Charlie Cross, who had always prided himself on being a big he-man was now occupying the body of a young girl filled me with anger, and shame, and with embarrassment. I resented it with all my being. Again and again I ran my hands over my body and felt of my hair. There was no doubt about it. In some strange way, I had been turned into a girl. I suffered agonies of shame at the thought. I could not bear to think of myself in the guise of a girl--long hair, a delicate feminine body, small, delicate, weak. I looked down at my feet, and wiggled my toes, under the covers. How tiny they felt. I had worn size 11. I guessed at my length as I lay there. Not over 5 feet six, I decided, and maybe less. I felt very small and light. Probably I didn't weigh over 120 pounds, some shrinkage from my 190. How strange I felt, how ridiculous and how ashamed. I shrank from the idea of anybody seeing me like this, as a girl. But what could I do? Nothing. At least for the present. But when my wound had healed, when I got up, I would do something to end this foolishness. I simply would refuse to be a girl. Some way I would regain my own body. I was a man, and nothing else. But at present I was weak and helpless. I should have to get along somehow and make the best of it. I had often thought that I would like to go on the stage and be an actor. Now would be my chance to be an actor, with a vengeance. I, a man, should have to act the part of a girl, and, as I realized with a shudder, perhaps for a long time. And I knew so little about girls and how they acted. To me their clothes were a mystery as well as everything about them.

At the thought of clothes, I noticed for the first time what I had on. To my shame I found that I was wearing a very delicate feminine nightdress, of sheer silk, lace trimmed and beribboned. It was the first time in my life that I had ever worn any article even approaching the feminine. I knew some boys who had gone to fancy dress parties in feminine dress, and played the part of girls, but such a thing had never occurred to me. I was too masculine for that, and looked on boys who would dress up in girls' clothing as "sissies". And here was I wearing one of the most delicate and feminine garments that I had ever seen. I could feel my face blush with shame and embarrassment. I felt hot all over. I would demand a suit of men's pajamas. I would refuse to wear a frilly, feminine night gown. Again I became conscious of the quantities of soft, girlish hair about my face. I would not have it. I would cut it off at the first opportunity. This thought somewhat comforted me. For the present I was flat and couldn't move. But soon the incision would heal, and I would be up and assert my manhood. I would have no more of this foolishness. But, what could I do? How could I rid myself of my girl's body, and get back into my own? I didn't know, but decided that I must find a way, for it seemed to me absolutely for me to live as a girl.

And then I began to wonder what had become of my own body, and of the young girl whose body I was now occupying. Had there been a transference and was she in my body, as I was in hers? I hoped so, and that I had not died--or my body had not died--while on the operating table. If Mary Morris was alive and in my body, perhaps something could be done about it. I would find out about her--or, rather, myself, my body, as soon as possible. And now I thought of Mary. I must not betray her. I must try to act as she would do, so as not to disgrace her--or myself. I would do

my best to play her part, and try to act like a real and natural girl. How I regretted that I knew so little about girls, and things feminine. Alas that this should have happened to me. I was the last one in the world fitted to play the part of a girl. I could think of some boys I had known in school and college, effeminate young men, who could play a girl's role very successfully. Perhaps some of them would even like being turned into a girl, and even to remain one the rest of their lives. Why could this not have happened to them, instead of to me, who resented it so bitterly? And so I planned my course of action. I would be a girl to the best of my ability until there could be a change back to myself, much as I loathed and despised the very idea.

I realized that I was in for a very difficult time. Who was Mary Morris? I didn't know her. She must be the daughter of John Morris, the millionaire banker of our city. I had often passed their large house, a mansion on the most fashionable avenue. They were society people, living in the height of luxury. How old was Mary, I wondered. As near as I could guess she--or should I say I?--was about 18. I, myself, was 21. I must learn Mary's age and all about her as soon as possible. But what would they think of my ignorance? I didn't even know my own parents--I mean, Mary's. It was all very confusing. Was I myself, or was I Mary? I seemed to be both, my own ego, my personality in Mary's lovely young body. In order to be natural, I decided to think of myself as Mary. But could I? I was not a girl, even though possessing now a girl's body. But could I be both a man and a girl at the same time? Which was I? Which should I be? Try as I would, I found it absolutely impossible to think of myself as Mary, as a girl, though I really was one in body. I could not lose my masculine personality, my ego. This would make it much harder for me in the days that were to come, but there was no help for it. It was terribly confusing, and my brain was in a whirl. I would do my utmost to be Mary, especially when others were with me. I must treat Mary fairly. And I hoped she would treat me the same and try to play the man, as I would do, while she occupied my body, if I--she--were still alive.

It would be silly for me to deny that I was Mary while occupying her body. Who would believe me if I said I was not Mary, but Charlie Cross? The idea of little Mary being that big brute of a man, was too ridiculous. It would seem to them impossible. I would have to keep still and play the game. If I persisted in claiming that I was a man, they might think me crazy, and even lock me up, or keep me under restraint. That would be worse than ever. But I didn't know anybody connected with Mary in any way. Who were her friends? Did she have any brothers and sisters? I seemed to remember that she had one of each. I would have to pretend complete loss of memory, following the operation. My mind would have to be a blank--as indeed it was in regards to Mary and her affairs. I would have to keep my eyes and ears open and learn as quickly as I could. Meanwhile my loss of memory would excuse any mistakes I might make--and I was sure I would make hundreds of them--what boy would not if he suddenly found himself turned into a young girl? It was a most disturbing situation, but I would have to summon all my manly courage, and go through with it the best I could. My distaste for the feminine role made no difference. However much I loathed being a girl, I was undoubtedly one, at least in body, and nothing could be done to change it. I must play the game.

* * * * *

It was by this time broad daylight, and I must have slept the night through. My pretty nurse came in, felt of my forehead, brushed back my hair and asked me how I felt.

startled

"Much better", I said, and was again startled at the sound of my feminine voice. Would I ever get used to it? But it was a sweet voice, and instinctively I liked it. Mary must be a nice girl, I thought, and for the first time I thought about my--or her--looks--(which was it?) I wondered if I--she--was pretty. At least I was sure that she had a pretty body and lovely skin and hair. A strange feeling of shame came over me. What right

had I, Charlie Cross, to be so familiar with this young girl's body? What right had I to feel of her hair, her soft little breasts, her gently swelling, smooth, firm rounded girlish hips and buttocks, and the other even more intimate parts of her body? But how could I help it, I reasoned? It was her body, and yet mine, the only one I had. I had to live in it, so how could I help being familiar with it. I knew that Mary would not like it, but it was not my fault. Fate had played me this scurvy trick. Many such thoughts passed through my mind in a torrent, as the nurse proceeded with my toilet, much to my shame and embarrassment. Not since I was a small boy had anybody, and least of all, a woman, waited on me in this intimate way. But I was helpless, and must needs submit. I tried hard to remember that I was a girl, Miss Mary Morris, in the presence of this pretty nurse, and that it was perfectly proper that she should handle my body in an intimate manner.

I was rapidly gaining strength and was able to take more notice of things than I had the day before. First, the nurse threw back the bed clothes, having propped up my head a little on the pillow, and my wonderfully white little feminine body was naked and I ~~xxx~~ saw it for the first time, and realized immediately that it was very lovely. I gazed at my cute little breasts, my girlish hips, so ideally rounded out, my lovely white arms, so round and perfect, and then my legs, which, to my masculine mind, were absolutely perfect. I gazed at my small ankles and my unbelievably small feet. How could I ever walk on those tiny things? I asked myself. In spite of my bandage, I could see that I had a delightfully tapering small waist. In fact, my body was perfection, and I was entranced with it., and yet ashamed to have a feminine body-- it was no body for a man to have. But, still, I had it, there it was, and I should have to live in it for goodness knew how long. I was glad it was so lovely. I should have it with me all the while, to admire it and to caress it.

The nurse now bathed my body with a cloth, dried me, and covered me up. Next, supporting me behind the shoulders with one hand, she combed and brushed my long hair, which I now saw was thick and reached down to my waist in a soft reddish-brown cloud. The male in me came to the surface as I underwent for the first time this supremely feminine act of having my feminine hair dressed by a woman. How I hated it, and the hair with which I was afflicted. How ridiculous for a man to have long hair and to have it fussed with. But I concealed my disgust from the nurse and tried to act as a girl would act at this perfectly normal attention--for a girl. I could not help wondering if ever before, in the world, a man had been treated as I had been, and transformed into a girl. How long would I have to go on with it? How long could I stand it? Suppose I could never regain my own body, and would have to live my whole life as a girl. The thought was too terrible, and I tried to dismiss it from my mind. I would live for the present and take things as they come and try to make the best of them. But it was going to be hard. Would I ever get used to it--to having my hair fussed over two or three times a day, to wearing feminine clothing. I thought of that with dread. I knew nothing about what a girl wore, especially underneath, but I knew that they wore corsets, and that small ~~xxix~~ waists were in vogue--I had always noticed them and admired them on girls and women. Would I be expected to wear a corset, and have a small waist? Horrors! That I would absolutely refuse to do. And I also decided that I would not wear pretty, fluffy clothes, or the silly stilt-like shoes that were the fashion. No, indeed. I would not wear a corset, and I would wear flat heels and the plainest clothes and divided skirts. And I would cut my hair short. But this thought gave me pause. Would it be fair to Mary if I cut short her beautiful long hair. And, furthermore, I realized with somewhat of a shock that I would not want to have the hair cut. It made me feel sheepish, but I did not mind having this lovely long hair. Mind it? I actually liked it, admired it, already liked the feel of it about my face, neck and shoulders, like the spread of it

of it on the pillow. It exuded a pleasant perfume. I had only had this hair two days, and yet I was fond of it already, though I knew that it was going to be an infernal nuisance. Why did I like it? It must be because it was Mary's, and not because I was wearing it, (temporarily, I hoped.) Yes, that was it. It was, I thought, the most lovely hair I had ever seen, Mary's hair. I felt that I was falling in love with Mary, and with everything that pertained to her, her hair, her body.. Certainly I would not allow it to be cut, and I thrilled at the thought that I would have this beautiful hair of Mary's with me constantly, to fondle and caress it. The same thing applied to her lovely body. It was mine. I could not get away from it. Perhaps I did not want to. Perhaps there would be compensations in my role of a girl. No man could ever be so familiar with and constantly with a beautiful girl's body as I would be. And I was falling in love with Mary's body, my own. But I had never seen my face--I mean, Mary's. Was I,--was she,--as beautiful as her glorious body? I would soon find out. I had

only to look in a mirror. While all these thoughts were rushing through my head, I was acutely conscious of the movements of Miss Robson, my nurse. I could not be otherwise, for it was a brand new experience for me to have long hair and to have it dressed. She combed it carefully, being careful not to pull it so as to hurt me, as naturally there were some snarls, after my illness and operation. The combing finished, she took a large silver hair-brush, and began to brush my hair, with long, soothing strokes. Now I knew how a cat feels when it is being stroked, for my hair was being stroked with the brush and it was such a delightful sensation, that I felt like purring, like a cat. It was delicious to have my long mane of thick hair thus stroked, perhaps a hundred times. I was sorry when Miss Robson stopped. It was so soothing, so luxurious, even voluptuous. I was entranced, and no real girl could have been more proud of her hair than I was. I loved it. I adored it. And then, suddenly, I was filled with shame, for I realized that I, a man, was enjoying myself as a girl, and glorying in my hair. Was I already becoming feminized? That would never do. I ought to hate everything that pertained to being a girl, and here I was intrigued with the most feminine attribute of a girl--her hair. But I could not help it. In spite of myself, I was simply entranced with my lovely hair--or, rather, with Mary's hair. That was the answer. It was Mary's, and no credit to me. And yet I regarded it as my very own, for it surely was growing on my own head--Mary's head--and yet mine. My emotions were terribly mixed and confused. I was a man, and yet a girl--Mary. And yet I could not be Mary, for she was elsewhere, and I was sure she occupied my own body. Therefore I was myself, and not Mary, and yet Mary's beautiful body and exquisite hair were my own. I had them, could feel them, and nobody could question my right to them. Was I a man or a girl? Was I myself, Charlie Cross, or Mary? I must be a girl, for I had a girl's body, and such a lovely one! But my male ego would not down and I felt myself to be a man. Was there ever such a mix-upedness. I was a man and a girl at the same time. But I couldn't be both--and yet I was. The idea of being a girl was obnoxious to me, and I still resented it with all my masculine nature--and yet--why did I like my long feminine hair, if I was so masculine? I was baffled, and ashamed of myself lest my nature become softened and feminized/

While I watched her with mixed feelings, partly of disgust and partly of pleasure at having my hair brushed in such a soothing manner, Miss Robson divided my hair in two sections at the back, evenly, then parted it and braided it in two long silken plaits. How soft and smooth and silky my hair was--and so thick and luxurious. Magnificent hair! The braiding finished, Miss Robson arranged the two plaits over either shoulder, and then, to my distaste, brought two light blue ribbons, and tied them in bows at the ends of my long braids. I revolted at thus being decorated and made more pretty--how could a man stand wearing hair ribbons to make his hair more attractive? I was tempted to pull the ribbons off, but restrained myself. I must act like a girl, and not like a petulant man. I must not give myself away--must not give Mary away. Mary would have liked those ribbons in her

hair, and so I must endure them. For was I not Mary, in body? I was acting as her. I must try to think of myself as a girl, as Mary, and try to like everything feminine that I should have to undergo. But I found it impossible to put myself in Mary's place. My male ego would not permit it, and I revolted at everything feminine, in spite of myself. I would have to endure it, whatever befell me, and hide my feelings. I must pretend to be a girl in spirit as well as in body. I found myself almost wishing that I was a girl, to make my role easier to bear, and then I was angry with myself at the very thought. I wanted to stay a man in spirit, even if my body was that of a girl. I would not give up my male personality.

And now came another ordeal to my male sensibilities. Miss Robson gave my face a beauty treatment, applying cold cream, wiping it off and then rubbing my face with soem perfumed lotion. It felt soothing, but never in my life had I used a drop of perfume. I considered it "sissy".

"Now you look better, Miss Mary," said my nurse. "But you are a little pale, which, of course, is to be expected after what you have gone through. But you will have callers, and need to bit of color in y  ur cheeks." She stepped to the dresser and returned with a box of rouge. I was filled with loathing and disgust as I watched her apply a toc  h of the rouge to each cheek. Here was I, a man who had always avoided anything the least bit artificail, having my face painted. Never had I allowed the barber to put talcum on my face after a shave, or even bay rum, because I considered it effeminate. And now my face was being made up. But I dared not protest. No girl would have objected to it, and I must act as a girl, much as I hated it. Then Miss Robson got a powder puff and covered my face with strong-smelling French face powder. I was thoroughly ashamed to be thus scented. It was so contrary to my masculine nature. But I was not yet through, for Miss Robson applied drops of heady, strong perfume behind each of my ears. It was the same odor as the face powder. I was steeped in shame. I was painted, powdered and perfumed, effeminated, humiliated. I realized with a feelibg of dispair that this was only the beginning. How could I endure being a girl and having my   manhood emasculated? There would be a thousand eff  minations that I should have to endure. Could I keep my manhood, my masculine feelings, living in a girl's beautiful body, as a girl, under feminine influence? I would never give in. I would not give up my masculine ego, in spite of my female body. Never, I swore. It was unthinkable. But I fully realized that I would have to fight against it with all my courage. Already I had succumbed to the charm of Mary's--my own --lovely hair. Would I succumb to other feminine things, through habit and environment? Never! I must remain a man in mind. I must not relinquish my masculine ego. If that was gone, all was lost.

And now came a moment--a supreme moment--wh  ch I shall vividly remember so long as I live! My face was made up, my hair prettily arranged, as I have described with along silken rope over each sh  ulder, tied with ribbons. I was acutely conscious of it. With each little white, dimpled hand I reached up and ran ~~myxxx~~ them down my braids, and found myself automatically adjusting the ribbons. Was I becoming vain? Was I already thinking about my looks? I wondered. As was only natural, I had been wondering about my face, which, of course, I had never seen. Was it pretty, like my body, or was I an ugly girl? I shuddered at the thought. If I had to be a girl, I wanted to be an attractive one. And so I was filled with eagerness, as well as anxiety, to see my own face for the first time. Again and again I had passed my hands over my face and felt my features and I had gained the impression that I was nice looking. I knew that my face was small and oval and I had a smooth complexion. But was I pretty? I was eager to find out. So that it was with a feeling of excitement that I took the large hand-mirror from Miss Robson and beheld my face for the first time. I cannot describe the lovely thrill that ran through my entire being. Never had I seen such a lovely, such a beautiful face. It was the face of my dream girl, of my ideal, but far lovelier than any face I had ever seen before in my life. The make in me was enthralled. I was speechless as   g gazed at that exquisite face, and looked into those beautiful large brown eyes. It was a case of love at first sight, and I was deeply in love with Mary from that moment. I had before become enamoured with her--with my--surpassingly lovely feminine body, and now I found that she--that I,

had a face to match that body. I eagerly examined every feature of Mary's--of my own--face. It was flawless, perfection. My complexion was pale, but pure. My skin was lovely--soft and velvety. My eyes seemed enormous and they were very beautiful. My eyelashes were unbelievably long, and when I closed my eyes, I could feel them sweeping my cheeks. They were very thick. I had a straight, white little nose, which I considered perfection, and below it was a tiny rosebud of a mouth, crimson and shaped like a cupid bow. I had never seen a more kissable mouth, and, as the nurse's back was turned, I secretly kissed it in the mirror. I had a round, firm little chin, which to me was adorable. I now held the mirror at arms' length to get a more comprehensive view. My lovely auburn hair framed my little oval face most charmingly and added greatly to its loveliness. I gazed at my long braids with approval. Never again would I object to hair ribbons, nor, indeed, to my feminine hair. I loved it.

I am sure that mine was a unique experience, and one that no one ever had before. I was a man deeply in love with myself as a girl. And yet, was I in love with myself? Was I not in love with Mary, with her body? That must be it, for a man could not be in love with himself. The idea was disgusting. A man loves a girl, and so I loved Mary. But was I not Mary? No, I was Charlie Cross, a big he-man. And yet I was here and to all intents and purposes I was Mary. Who could deny it? Nobody but myself, and nobody would believe me--except Mary, in my body, if she really was living in my body as myself. I must find out. I held the mirror before me until my arm ached. I was ashamed of my puny girlish strength. How small and weak I was. How I missed my great masculine strength. I would have to get used to it, but it would make me feel frail and helpless. How awful to be a girl!

And yet, was it going to be so awful, after I got used to it? Perhaps not. Would I not always have the girl I loved with me, every minute of the day and night? Would I not always be able to feel and caress her adorable hair, to fondle her lovely breasts, to smooth with my hands her hips and thighs and legs, to touch all parts of her glorious young feminine body, even the most sacred parts? That would be my undisputed privilege and pleasure at any and all times, and, best of all, I would be able to stand before mirrors and gaze to my heart's content my--and Mary's--lovely face and ideally voluptuous form, in all its naked glory. I could put my slender arms about my slender waist and hug Mary whenever I had the notion. I could kiss Mary's tiny, soft, dimpled hand whenever I wished. I could kiss Mary's adorable red lips, in the mirror. But I realized that that last would be disappointing. Alas, would I never be able to kiss Mary's rosebud mouth myself, as myself? Scant pleasure in kissing a reflection in a mirror, and cold comfort. I was in love with Mary and the idea of marrying her filled me with strong desire, as well as bliss. And then I was filled with dismay. How could I marry Mary, when I was she? It was impossible. Was I to go through life frustrated, in love with my own body, which represented Mary? No, I could not endure it. Better to be dead. But suppose Mary fell in love with me while she was in my body, as I had fallen in love with her while in her lovely body. Could we marry and could I become a wife--and perhaps a mother. What an experience that would be for a man--to marry another man, in the person of Mary--to be a bride, a wife, and to give birth to children I shuddered at the thought. But it seemed absolutely necessary that Mary and I should get together as soon as possible, for mutual help and protection, and to live together. The only way for that would be marriage. I decided that if necessary, I would become Mary's bride and wife. If we were united as one--as man and wife,--perhaps on our wedding night, in bed, a miracle would happen as we lay in each other's arms in the bonds of wedlock, and our egos might change back again into our proper bodies. Much as I abhorred the idea of being a bride and a wife, I would endure it and take the chance of the transformation, the chance of my becoming a man again. Perhaps it would be the only way.

I was still very weak. My mind was filled with strange ideas. Or was I out of my mind? Was I crazy? I must be, for no man but a crazy one could possibly think of himself as a wife and mother, married to a man. I was filled with shame

A hundred thoughts rushed through my mind while Miss Robson hovered over me and completed my toilet. Then my thoughts returned to Mary.

"Is Charlie Cross still in this hospital?" I asked, in that feminine voice that took me by surprise every time I spoke. I could not get used to it.

"Yes," said Miss Robson. "Do you know him?"

"I have met him." How is he getting along?"

"I don't know, but I'll find out for you," she replied. "Did you know that you and he were operated on at the same time, in adjoining operating rooms?"

At the same time, I thought. This seemed to confirm my suspicions. While we both were under ether our spirits had left our respective bodies, and then they returned, had made a mistake and gone into the wrong bodies, Mary's into mine and mine into Mary's. That seemed to be the only possibly solution of our exchange of bodies. While I was pondering this, my nurse left the room saying that she would go to the men's section, and inquire about Mr. Cross. The men's section! That meant that I was in the women's section of the hospital. What a place for me to be!

In a little while, Miss Robson returned with news about Charlie, which I was so eager to hear. I had been relieved to hear that he was alive and in the same hospital.

"I talked with his nurse," said Miss Robson. "She says he is not recovering as fast as could be wished for. He is fretful and restless, and seems to have something on his mind. When he came out of the ether, he acted very strangely, insisting that he was a girl. Then he burst into tears and has had crying spells ever since, just as though he really is a girl. The doctor and nurse cannot understand him--cannot understand how such a big, strong man can act so childish, can cry and say he is a girl. It really is funny to hear such a man talking that way, they say. But now he is growing calmer and getting more sensible, and they hope that soon he will become his normal self again and stop fretting, which makes him feverish. His nurse said he has been asking about you and wants to know how you are. I told her to tell him that you are getting along nicely."

Poor Mary! I could easily imagine her consternation at finding herself a man. She probably resented it as much as I did finding myself to be a girl. But I thought that my situation was the worse of the two, and was bound to be much more complicated when we left the hospital. I had often heard that most women wished they had been born men, because of the greater freedom of life and independence. A man could go anywhere, do anything he chose, work, carve out his career, live his own life, choose a wife and be happy. Surely, I thought, when Mary got used to it, she would not mind it. But think of my situation! I would be a beautiful society bud, the daughter of a millionaire. I would be pampered, but lead a very restrained and restricted life. I would be much sought after. Men would admire me, and court me. How hateful that would be. And I thought with dismay of the clothes I would have to wear. I would have to pass my time in dresses. How foolish and awkward I would feel! No doubt Mary was popular and had hundreds of friends of both sexes. I knew none of them. How would I ever get along? And so I laid there and worried about the future.

Soon a man came briskly into the room and I knew he must be the doctor, though I had never seen him before.

"How is our young lady feeling?" he asked, feeling my pulse and looking intently into my face. How I hated being referred to as a 'young lady'. But I must play my part.

"Who are you," I asked. "I don't know you."

A look of surprise was on his face, as he said: "Why, my dear, I am Dr. Spence, and I have known you all my life. Don't you remember me?"

"I am sorry, doctor," I said, "but my mind is a blank, and I can't remember anybody or anything of my past life."

"Don't worry, little girl," he replied. "You are still weak. Your memory will soon return."

"I hope so," said I, "for I don't even remember my own father and mother."

The doctor then examined me, and said I was making good progress. Just

as he left the room, he met some people out in the hall, and I could hear him talking to them, and heard him say something about "memory."

"Here are you mother and sister to see you," said the nurse, and I saw them come into the room. Mary's mother, who had now become mine through force of circumstances, was a lovely looking lady in her early forties, with a sweet face, a slender figure and a small waist. My sister was an exceedingly pretty girl, whose age I judged to be a couple of years younger than myself--probably about 16. She looked a lot like me--there was a strong family resemblance. Her hair was darker than mine and she wore it shoulder length. She had a tiny waist--already I had become observing of things feminine, thinking of my future--and I realized that both she and my mother were tightly corseted, with fashionably small waists. I realized with a sinking feeling that I, too, would not be able to escape wearing a tight corset, when I once got around, and pretty, fluffy clothes, such as my sister had on. And a big hat and high heeled shoes, and all the rest of it. What a distressing outlook for a man. How could I bear it to be so feminized? My manhood revolted at the idea.

These thoughts raced through my brain as my mother--as I must now call her--came over to my bed, and kissed me warmly. I instinctively returned her kiss. I immediately felt a strong affection for her.

"How do you feel, my darling?" she asked, smoothing the hair back from my forehead with her gentle hand.

"I don't feel very well," I replied. "I don't know who I am. I have lost my memory. I can't even remember you. Are you my mother?"

With a look of pain, and pity, she said: "Of course I am, my darling. You are my sweet little daughter, Mary. It will all come back to you when you get stronger, the doctor says. Here is your sister, Agnes."

The pretty Agnes gave me a sweet kiss, and her eyes were filled with affection and sympathy, as she said: "Surely you remember me, don't you, Mary?"

I told her I was so sorry, but I did not know her.

Perhaps I should not tell it, but the male in me had enjoyed those kisses from those two attractive women, and I could kiss them whenever I wished--and other girls, too. That would be some compensation to a man who was a girl. Perhaps I should get some pleasure out of it to help me to endure the unwelcome role.

My new mother and sister now sat down and chatted with me, giving me all the news about my many friends and about happenings since I had come to the hospital. But it all meant nothing to me. However, I listened carefully and tried to remember the names they mentioned for future use.

My room was filled with flowers, sent to me by friends of Mary, and also there were a number of notes. My mother now read me the notes and told me who had sent the various lots of flowers, which were very beautiful. Some of them came from boys, undoubtedly admirers of Mary--and now, alack, they would become admirers of myself, when I once got out. How I dreaded that. I shrank from the idea of boys and men admiring me, but it came to me that I, as Mary, would have great sex appeal for men, and I would suffer greatly from their attentions. Not only would I be an heiress, but a lovely, charming girl that any boy would fall in love with and wish to marry. I dreaded the future. I worried about it most of my waking moments. What man would not have done so, finding himself suddenly transformed into a beautiful and wealthy young maiden, and having no idea whatever how to act? I should have to feel my way, I decided, and do my best so as not to make Mary appear to be a fool and a simpleton. The best way would be for me to take a passive part, to let others do the talking and take care of me. I simply would have to put myself in their hands and trust to good luck not to make a fool of myself--of Mary--as a girl. I knew that I would have to remain there in the hospital until fully recovered--ten days to two weeks--and that part of it would not be so bad, as I would be in bed, and helpless. I knew I would have callers, many of them, for already I knew that Mary was a very popular girl, and a sweet one, I was sure, to say nothing of her beauty--now mine--I squirmed at the thought--I, Charlie Cross, was a beautiful girl, instead of a big athlete, a star tennis player. I loathed being a beautiful girl. I wanted to be a man--Charlie Cross. And

yet, somehow, a perverse fate had transformed me into a girl -- a lovely girl, and, strangest of all, I, Charlie Cross, the man, was in love with Mary Morris, the girl whose body I occupied. And then I wondered about Mary. Would she like my body, that of Charlie Cross? I hoped so. I well knew that I had a splendid male body, which I felt sure any normal girl would admire. Surely Mary would like me, would like my fine manly, muscular body, after she got used to it. She would know as much about me and my body, all the intimate things, as I did about her, and I felt that I had no reason to fear that she would not admire me. But would she fall in love with me--with my body--as I had already fallen in love with her--her body? That was of supreme importance, for if we both could be madly in love, we could marry, and perhaps solve our most baffling problem, or at least be together to lend aid and comfort to each other in our unheard-of transformation of sexes.

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My new mother and sister stayed with me for some time, until my father and brother (whose name I learned was Bill, and who was very fond of me) came to see me late in the afternoon. They both kissed me. I hated being kissed by men, naturally, but it was not as bad as I had imagined. My new father was a big, handsome man, my ideal of a big millionaire banker, and my new brother Bill was a peach. I instantly liked them very much, as I had my new mother and sister Agnes--how pretty she was. Already I loved her, for the old male was still strong in me--in my feminine body. But I still was weak, and so they ^{my mother} did not stay too long--in fact they were shoo-ed out by my nurse. Before leaving as she kissed me good bye (and the lovely Agnes kissed me, too) she said that she would send my maid, Marie, around the next morning with some of my things and she would take care of me. Miss Robson was good, but Marie far more skillful as a maid, and I was used to her! Used to her! Me, Charlie Cross, with a personal French lady's maid. Horrors! How could I possibly stand having a personal maid--I, Charlie Cross, a man, in every sense of the word--and yet, alas! now in the guise of a girl? The idea to me was sickening, revolting. And how embarrassed I would be. I knew nothing about lady's maids. What did they do? How should I act? And it would be so intimate. Well, I should have to let things take their course. I could not refuse to have a maid, as I would have wished. She was Mary's maid--and now I seemed to be Mary--I was Mary at least physically. I would have to endure it. But, on second thoughts, a maid would be very useful and helpful in my girl's role. She would take care of my confoundedly long hair, she would handle my new feminine clothes and dress me properly. I wouldn't even know where to begin. What did a girl wear underneath and put on first, I wondered? There would be all sorts of dainty lingerie, stockings, corsets, dresses to be donned, of which I knew absolutely nothing. But I would have to learn, until such a time as I could do what I longed for with all my heart and soul, and that was to get back into my own male body. And how was that to be brought about? But I comforted myself with the thought that there must be some way. But it might take time, and meanwhile I must remain a girl and play the part of one to the best of my ability. But no man could be worse fitted for the part--no man could resent being a girl as much as I did. What a terrible situation for me!

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That night I had a bad dream. I dreamed that again I was myself, Charlie Cross, but somehow I had long hair, and was disguised in girl's clothes, and I was walking along a crowded city street, meeting many of my friends. They all stared at me, and laughed at me. I was filled with shame and humiliation. I tried to run and escape, but my skirts hampered me, and I couldn't get away. My friends followed me, laughing and ridiculing me, asking me why I was wearing female clothes and making a fool of myself. I at last ducked into a dark doorway, and then felt myself falling--falling. And then I awoke with a start, as one does from a nightmare. For a moment I thought that I was myself again, Charlie Cross, in my own bed, and then I became aware of that long hair about my face, and my small body, and then I remembered--I was a girl, Mary Morris. It was a shock. I found myself shedding tears of shame and humiliation. And that filled me with disgust. I, Charlie Cross,

was crying like a girl. Was I already becoming soft and feminine and girlish? I was terribly ashamed of myself as I reached for the dainty little lace handkerchief on the stand at the head of my bed, and dried my tears. This would never do. I must not cry. I must remain a man. I had not cried in years. I could not understand it. But I would not do it again. Men do not cry, and I would not. I must fight this feminization. I had been a girl only two days and already I was acting like one. If this went on, I would soon become soft and feminine, and lose my masculine ego. This must be stopped. I didn't want to be a girl. I must save my individuality. I must remain Charlie Cross, even though a girl in body. And then, to try to comfort myself and give me peace of mind, I planned for the future. As soon as I got out, I would bob my hair, and wear the most masculine clothes possible for a girl. I would refuse to wear a corset and would wear a short, divided skirt and a plain shirtwaist and mannish jacket, and shoes with flat heels. No fluffy ruffles for me and no silly feminine flapdoodlery. I would be as much a man as it was possible for a girl to be, and I would find an excuse to get rid of Marie. No maid for me, I thought. (How amusing all this seems to me now after what I have gone through, and how little I knew how helpless a pretty young girl is, a member of society, a slave to fashion and in a rut from which it was absolutely impossible to escape.) But it comforted me at the time. And I fell asleep.

Next day I felt better, physically, and the doctor told me I was making a fine recovery from the operation. I was now allowed to see some visitors. The previous day my mother had mentioned "Alice" and said she was anxious to see me. I learned that Alice was my closest girl friend--an intimate "pal". It seems that she and Mary had been inseparable. Here was another problem for me. I had a close girl friend, but one I had never seen. How was I to act and behave with an intimate girl friend. What was she like? Did we share all our secrets? How could I, Charlie Cross, be intimate with a girl. It would be terribly embarrassing, and it worried me a lot. But there was nothing I could do about it. I would have to do the best I could and try to act like a natural girl--like Mary. Again I decided that the only thing I could do would be to be passive, not talk much and let Alice go ahead, and I would follow as best I could. But it would be difficult. Alice was coming in that afternoon.

During the morning my mother came, accompanied by my maid, Marie. She was a pretty little brunette, trim and efficient, and I watched while she unpacked a bag, taking out and hanging up a lot of delicate feminine things, the names of which I did not know--then--but I realized that I should have to wear them, eventually. There was no way to avoid it. Among the things she unpacked was a pair of tiny pale blue satin slippers (later I learned that they were mules). The heels looked ridiculously high to me (but they were only 2 inches) and I felt sure those little things would never go onto my feet, and even so, that I never would be able to walk in them. I was thinking of my size 11 shoes, and not about Mary's dainty little feet, now my own. I was having a very difficult time trying to adjust myself to being a girl.

Marie arranged some silver things on the dresser, which I supposed were Mary's toilet articles, a lovely silver set, and there were pots and jars which I felt must contain cosmetics for me.

Marie was obviously very glad to see me, but she treated me with the respect that I was to find that servants have toward a rich girl like myself. I had liked Miss Robson's care of me, but now I was to find that Marie's was far better, and more skillful and to my liking. The two of them bathed me--and again I had a sense of shame at having my naked body exposed to these two attractive women, but made an effort not to show it. And then they gently lifted me and changed my night-dress--the new one was even more sheer and pretty and feminine, if possible. And then Marie did my hair, after undoing my braids and coming out the long tresses. For some reason I didn't like the braids, so I told Marie I wanted my hair loose--why I should care and take an interest in it, I do not know. Surely, Charlie Cross would never have taken an interest in the way his hair was done, but in spite of myself, I was, in girlish manner, thinking of my appearance. Marie parted my hair

at the side, and waved it on top, then curled the ends, and I blush to say that I found myself draping my hair over both shoulders and then asking for the hand mirror to get the effect. It was entirely satisfactory--it was lovely and I glowed with pride at the beauty of my hair. But first Marie had performed various rites with my face--creams, lotions, a massage and then the make-up, a touch of rouge, powder and perfume. I was filled with rapture, with a voluptuous feeling, as I gazed at the beautiful Mary Morris in the glass--and to think that I was that lovely girl. It did not seem possible. With an instinctively feminine motion (I had inherited all of Mary's graces, automatically) my hands went to my hair and arranged it over my shoulders, patting it, caressing it. I was ashamed of my already acquired girlish vanity, yet I could not help it. After all, Mary's feminine brain was in my body, and I found that I was completely feminine in all my movements. I was glad of this, for it would have been terrible if I had still the masculine mannerisms of Charlie Cross. But no. I was Mary Morris and I loved to watch her (and my) wonderfully graceful girlish movements. This was good, for now I knew that when, at last, I had to wear her clothes and play the girl after leaving the hospital, I would be exactly as Mary had been. I would wear girl's clothes as she wore them. And I felt sure now that Mary, impersonating me, would also act in my own masculine manner, and show nothing of her femininity. That was a decided relief to my mind. Of course, I still hoped to eventually regain my own body, and I would shudder at the idea of Mary acting the least bit feminine, and thus disgracing me, the athlete and well-known tennis star.

I asked my mother many questions about Alice, so I should be prepared ^{been} for her as much as possible when she called ~~that~~ that afternoon. It seemed that we had very intimate friends for years, and went to the same boarding school together, and roomed together. My Mother refreshed my memory as much as she could, and I tried to remember all that she told me about Alice. Fortunately my memory was very keen and retentive.

My Mother came back to stay with me ~~xxxxxxx~~ in the afternoon, and a little later Alice arrived, and came breezing into the room, rushed over to my bed, put her soft arms around my neck, and kissed me. A thrill ran through me as I felt her soft lips pressing mine. The male in me was aglow, and I returned her kiss with interest. I could smell the perfume of her. Then she stepped back, and I had an opportunity to examine the girl who was to be my most intimate friend so long as I remained a girl. She was lovely, beautiful, a vivid blonde with a piquant little face and the brilliant complexion that goes with a true blonde. I fell in love with her at once. She was faultlessly dressed in the latest fashion and had a decidedly small waist, as was the style in those days of tight lacing. Her hat was very becoming and her small feet were clad in shoes that, to my masculine eyes, had ridiculously high heels. Already, you see, I was beginning to notice feminine things, because I was fully aware that as soon as I was able to leave the hospital, I should have to wear feminine things. I wondered how it felt to wear a tight corset and trip about in high heels. It looked very uncomfortable to me and I thought with distaste of the time, soon to come, when I should have to don feminine apparel and go out and face the world so dressed. I recoiled at the idea. Such things were not for a man to wear. But perhaps a miracle would happen again, and I be reincarnated in my own body and Mary back in hers. How I longed for that to happen, though I realized that there was little chance.

The adorable Alice was a regular chatter box and told me the things that had been happening in "our" social set while I was laid up, and about various boys and girls who were Mary's friends. I made a note of the names, for future reference. The sooner I recovered my "memory" the better it would be for me in the feminine life that was before me. Alice talked about plans for both of us, as soon as I got out. I must come and stay over night with her, and we would have a nice intimate talk, as of old. This plan thrilled me. If I stayed overnight with Alice at her home,

no doubt we would sleep together. She was a lovely, desirable girl, and any man would have been delighted at the idea of sleeping with her. But, alas, I was not a man, except in spirit. It would be perfectly proper for me to sleep with Alice in my female body form. I could do her no harm, and it would seem the most natural thing in the world. But I looked forward to the experience with pleasure, as any man would. As she chatted merrily along, I studied her, and decided that, next to Mary Morris, she was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. She would indeed make a lovely intimate friend. After a while, Alice kissed me good bye (how I loved it) and took her departure. I hated to see her go. Several other girl friends of Mary's dropped in to see me, and each one greeted me with an affectionate kiss. Not so bad. I was at least enjoying this part of being a girl. I could kiss other pretty girls with impunity.

The days now passed more rapidly, and I made a quick recovery from my operation and gained strength rapidly. Every day my nurse took messages from me to Mary, and she sent messages back. Mary, now, was getting along all right. She sent word that she wanted to see me as soon as we were out and able to get about. I was, of course, very anxious to see her, to compare notes, to ask her advice as to how I should act as a girl, in her stead. There were hundreds of things she could tell me--about her friends, about her clothes and the many intimate little things that I, as a girl, would have to learn. I had many callers every day and remembered them all by looks and name, knowing that I should be associated with them later, as they were Mary's best friends. The doctor came every day and examined me (it was strange how reluctant I was to have him see my feminine body, for I was ashamed of it--I hated being a girl and having anyone see me as one). At last came the day when I was well enough to go home. I had dreaded that day. Here in the hospital I was sheltered and protected. Lying in bed, I had nothing to do and did not have to play the girl very much, simply be waited on and take a passive part. But now I should have to leave that shelter and go out and play a girl's part in the world--and I didn't know how. No man could know less about it than I, so it would be an ordeal, a great trial. I knew I should make hundreds of mistakes, and be very much ashamed and embarrassed. I hated, loathed, despised (being a girl, and, worse still, the daughter of a millionaire, whose family moved in the highest circles of society. I knew from the talk of my mother, sister and Alice, that soon I would be drawn into the social whirl, and live the life of a society butterfly, and I hated such society. How much would I give if I could only find myself back in my own male body, and Mary back in hers. But how to bring it about, I did not know.

Marie had brought a suitcase containing clothes for me to wear "home", and at last I was helped out of bed to prepare for my homegoing. I stood before the long mirror as Marie whisked off my nightgown, and for the first time I had a good glimpse of Mary's body, full length, in the nude. It was lovely, and during the brief time I was naked, I gazed with eager eyes at her beauty. How small, how short she was. I felt tiny after my great size as a man. I judged my height now as 5 feet, 5 inches, instead of my former 6 feet, 2 inches, and I was sure that I didn't weigh more than 110 pounds. But I was a little thin, from my long confinement in bed. Mary seemed to have a strong body, for a girl, and I had already learned from Agnes and my mother, that Mary was quite athletic, and played an excellent game of tennis. This cheered me, for I was passionately fond of tennis, and, as I have said before, I had been one of the best players, as Charlie Cross. With my knowledge of the game, perhaps I could develop into a fine lady player, and win some tournaments. This thought comforted me. I would play a lot of tennis, as soon as I was able. But I knew I would miss my former great strength. It was going to be hard on me to have only a girl's puny strength. But I would have to make the best of it until such time as I could be transformed back into my own body. I never would give up hope of that happening, in some way, or other.

I had now to be dressed in feminine clothes, and though I hated it, yet I had to submit. There was no other way. To everybody but myself (and Mary) I was a real girl, and was occupying Mary's lovely body. Of course that lovely body could wear nothing but feminine clothing--it would look ridiculous in the male clothing that I would have wished to wear --and yet I, Charlie Cross, resented the fact that I had to be dressed as a girl. I knew nothing about feminine clothes--except the nightgowns I had been wearing, and so I watched with interest, but with mixed feelings, while Marie, helped by Miss Robson, proceeded to dress me. I must learn all the mysteries of feminine clothing, mysteries denied to most men, until they are married. And so I watched while Marie slipped a delicate chemise on Mary's body. Next came a pair of dainty lace-trimmed panties, which caused my masculine ego to squirm--how I hated to wear such feminine garments. I was a man, and such things, on my body, filled me with shame and embarrassment. Next a girdle was hooked around my waist. It was not tight, but snug, and, to my surprise, I rather liked the support it gave me. In fact, it felt good on Mary's body. But I recalled that her body had worn girdles, and corsets, for some years, and of course they should feel natural to her body. Next they put a couple of petticoats on me, then a slip, and finally a skirt. I felt silly, wearing a skirt for the first time in my life. Next a brassiere was donned, and then I sat down in front of the three-way mirror to have my hair done up for the first time. I watched with interest while Marie coiled my long hair and pinned it up on my head in a large coil. She seemed to use bushels of hair-pins. She handed me the glass to survey her handiwork. My coiffure was wonderful. She had made the great masses of my hair look very attractive, no easy matter, with such a head of unusually long hair. With my hair done up, my head felt different, strange. I had become used to my hair flowing down my back. This was different. Next Marie put a dainty shirt waist on me, then a waist of the same material as my skirt. How well I remember this, my first experience of being dressed in girl's clothes. How I disliked it. Next a trimmed hat was put on my head, and held in place with half a dozen long hatpins through my top hair. Then a veil was draped across my face, to protect my complexion, I learned. I didn't like it. It interfered with my vision. What did I care about my complexion? I didn't want to wear a veil. I wanted to see clearly what was before me. Marie now removed my mules, and clad my feet in a pair of tiny shoes which had, to me, enormously high heels. They looked like stilts. How could I ever walk in them? But when I stood up, I was surprised to find that they felt quite natural, and I recalled that Mary's little feet were accustomed to such shoes. I found that I could walk in them quite naturally and gracefully, but yet it seemed strange to me to be walking practically on my toes. But Mary's feet had high arches, and high heels were natural for her feet. I immediately took to them and never had to give them a thought through the future years that I remained a girl--and woman.

Now fully dressed, I had to leave the sanctuary of my room, and go out dressed in the hated garments of the fair sex. I was ashamed and humiliated at the thought that Charlie Cross should thus appear in public dressed as a girl. Of course, this was silly, for I really was the pretty Mary Morris, and looked very attractive in the clothes I had on, but the masculine ego was still strong in me, and so I resented bitterly the necessity of having to be dressed as a girl, and appear in public as one. But there was no way out. I had to go through with it. The pretty Miss Robson, my nurse, kissed me good by. I had given her a present of a bracelet which my father had bought for the purpose. I had a feeling of regret at leaving her, and my room, where I had felt safe and had had no responsibilities. Now I was in for it, the life of a society girl in a strange world--a world about which I knew nothing, except what I had read in the papers, about the doings of high society.

So with reluctant feet, I left my room. I was still weak, so my Mother took my arm and supported me as I walked down the long corridor of the hospital, then down in the elevator to the ground floor. Here I had to run the gauntlet of a number of nurses and doctors and interns. I was a prominent

patient, the daughter of a millionaire and a member of the best society, and so quite a crowd had gathered to see me leave, and wish me luck, and congratulate me on my speedy recovery. I was pleased at these attentions, though I realized that they were for Mary, and not for myself, but I tried to act as Mary would, and gave them one of Mary's ravishing smiles. Have I mentioned what lovely pearly teeth she had, which added to the loveliness of her smile?

The car was waiting in front of the hospital, and I at once noted that it was a Rolls-Royce, which I knew cost about \$15,000. We were indeed a family of wealth, but that would only make it harder for me in my role of a girl. I was an heiress, and would be much sought after. Everybody would fawn on a girl of so much wealth and beauty. How I hated the thought. The chauffeur respectfully touched his hat to me, and said how glad he was to see me well again, while the footman stood at the door, helped us in the car and put the laprobe over our knees. How helpless I felt. I should have to get used to be waited on with ~~obsequious~~ fawning servility. Everybody would help me, as though I was not able to do anything for myself. I could not get into a car without somebody taking my arm and helping me. My masculine ego was disturbed by this. How different it was, being a girl. My life was about to be completely changed. I was supposed to be a helpless female, and every male was supposed to be helpful and polite, and make a fuss over me. I had always been a big, strong independent man, and now to be a dependent and weak young girl, went sorely against the grain. How would I ever get used to it? Being a girl was going to be a terrible ordeal for Charlie Cross.

I enjoyed being out again, and enjoyed the drive to the Morris home, which was a magnificent estate outside the town. The car turned into the driveway and circled round to the front of the house, which is a veritable palace--a fitting home for a multi-millionaire. And this was to be my home, and I should have to live there as the eldest daughter, and live the life of a young heiress, with all that it meant. I should have to plunge into the social life of the best society of our fair city. My feelings were at low ebb at the thought. Charlie Cross had always shunned society, which he had considered frivolous, and now he was doomed to a life of it. No man ever felt more down-hearted as the car pulled up in front of the house, and I got out, helped by the dignified English butler, who had hurried out as he saw our car arriving. This was my first experience with a real English butler, but I was pleased to note that he greeted me with great friendliness, and, in his dignified way, told me how glad he was to see me back home in good health. Two footmen were in the hall, and they too greeted me warmly, as did the housekeeper, my mother's secretary and several maids who had gathered to welcome me home. I now realized that Mary was a lovely character, beloved by the servants. That is the best test of a young woman of fortune--if she is popular and well liked by the servants, it speaks volumes for her. This knowledge of Mary made me all the more fond of her. I realized that I was more and more falling deeply in love with her. Not only was she beautiful in body, but also beautiful in character. More and more was she my idea of the perfect girl.

I had little time to observe the house, but in the brief time I was downstairs, on the way across the great hall, I could see what an elegant, luxurious house it was. I got an impression of the magnificence of it all, with quick glances here and there, as I was led across the hall, carefully supported on the arm of my mother and Agnes, and slowly climbed the broad stairs, and so to Mary's lovely rooms. No girl could desire anything more attractive, more luxurious, than the boudoir into which I was conducted. It was Mary's suite of rooms. Instead of wall paper, the walls were lined with figured pale blue satin, which, I soon learned, was Mary's favorite color--and about to become mine. The room was large, and beautifully furnished, the motif being light blue. I was tired, being weak, and so Marie, following the doctors orders, proceeded to undress me and put me to bed. But first she let down my hair, and brushed it a hundred times. I had already become so

feminine that I loved having my hair brushed. It had been so from the start of my change into a girl. I felt ashamed of being so effeminate, and yet I loved it, and in the two weeks that I had been a girl, I had become very proud of Mary's hair. I knew that it was unnatural for a man to have long, girlish hair and to like having it, but I adored Mary beautiful, luxurious bronze tinted hair, and it was my joy and pride to possess it, particularly in bed at night, when I loved the feel of it about my face and shoulders. Marie started to braid my hair, but I objected. For some reason, I liked it flowing loose about me. It was so soft, so silky, so fragrant, so caressing. It was Mary's hair, and I was deeply in love with Mary. That was the way I explained it to myself, for surely I, a man, was not infatuated with my own hair. But I loved and admired Mary's wonderful mass of luxuriant tresses. And it was only an accident, a strange quirk of fate, that I happened to be in possession of that hair, as well as of Mary's most beautiful and desirable young body. Was ever before a man in such a plight?

Two parlour maids came in my boudoir and made down the bed for me. They greeted me effusively, and I knew they liked Mary and was glad to have her back home. Undressed, and in my lovely silken nightgown, to which I was now quite accustomed, Marie tucked me into bed, and one of the maids brought me food on a tray. It was a dainty meal, and to me, as Charlie Cross, it would not have been enough for my masculine ~~max~~ appetite, but I found that now, as a delicate young girl, I had small appetite, and was satisfied with much less food than formerly. I had always enjoyed eating and, as an athlete in constant training, had had a huge appetite, and consumed great quantities of food with relish. But now it was to be different, and I was to miss the pleasure of eating. That was to be one of the many penalties of being a girl.

After Marie had turned out the lights, and left, I lay there in bed, thinking, thinking about my strange situation. What a scurvy trick fate had played me, transforming me into a girl. Why had fate picked on me for this transformation? A man whom hated anything feminine in connection with himself. Why could this not have happened to the many men I had heard of who were fond of female impersonation, who revelled in it, who even wished that they had been born girls instead of men, who would love to be a beautiful girl like Mary Morris, (who was now myself) who would love to spend the rest of their lives as girls and women, as now appeared to be my destiny, unless in some way I could get back into my own male body, the hope of which I refused to give up. How they would adore wearing the lovely clothes I would have to wear. Before undressing, I had made a quick survey of my rooms. I had glimpsed Mary's clothes presses filled to overflowing with entrancing dresses, hats, shoes, robes and everything that would delight the heart of a girl--or of a man who was fond of feminine attire. Such a man would have been in the seventh heaven with the prospect of wearing these lovely feminine articles of feminine wardrobe. And he would have been entranced at finding himself to be a glorious, glamorous, beautiful girl, with a perfect feminine body, ~~body~~ and lovely copper colored hair reaching to his waist. He would have gloried in his feminine beauty, his entrancing face and complexion, and would have been filled with delight to live the life of a girl, admired and adored by every man who came in contact with him, and his beauty envied by every other girl, excepting the few who were as beautiful as he. What joy he would take in his feminine loveliness. But, alas, I was not such a man, and, being so masculine, I bitterly resented being a girl. I wanted to be a man again, with all my heart and soul. I hated being a girl. I loathed it. And yet, I was aware of the fact that, in spite of myself, that I was gradually becoming feminized. I liked my hair and already had become accustomed to my feminine clothes. or, at least, my nightdresses which I had worn since I had suffered a change of sex. I liked their luxuriousness, the soft feeling of those ~~xxx~~ silken garments. I had been in a totally feminine atmosphere, had succumbed somewhat to the enjoyment of Mary's superb beauty, and of myself possessing that beauty, all my own, though really not mine, but Mary's. Never before, I thought, had a man been turned into a girl the way I had.

It was a unique and wonderful experience, and I suppose I should have been thrilled by it, as it was something that had never happened to a man before. I suppose I should have gloried in being such a lovely young maiden, so perfect in face and form. But I was too masculine for that, and as I grew stronger, my male sex feeling grew stronger, and my resentment at being a girl increased. My admiration of Mary, my budding love of her also increased. I wanted to look at her, to examine her face and form closely, and it suddenly occurred to me that nothing would be simpler. I had her there to do with as I pleased, to gaze at her as long as I liked with nobody to say me nay. Thrilled with this thought, I got out of bed, turned on the lights, and locked my bedroom door. And then I went up to the three-way long cheval glass mirror, which reflected at every angle, and slipped off my nightdress. The lovely Mary stood revealed before me in all her beauty, reflected in the glass. As I gazed at her perfect naked girlish form, I was filled with delight, and a feeling of voluptuousness and sex desire filled my being. Never had anybody seen such feminine perfection. I gazed at Mary's creamy white shoulders and rounded arms. Then at her small snowy maidenly breasts. I pressed their softness with Mary's little white hands, and a thrill ran through me at the touch. Never had I realized how sensitive and sexual a girl's breasts were. I observed Mary's slender tapering waist. The only blemish to be seen was the scar from my operation. The rest of Mary's body was flawless. I inspected her gently curving hips and rounded buttocks, nicely filled out; her sloping thighs, her pretty knees and calves, her trim ankle and tiny, high-arched feet. I viewed her from every angle, turning slowly before the mirror. I loved the view in profile, with the little breasts slightly protruding in front, and the cute buttocks behind. And then I turned for a view of Mary's back. It was smooth and white. How wonderful it would look in a low-cut evening dress! But Mary's great mane of coppery hair covered my back, so I leaned forward and swept it over my shoulder, to give me an unobstructed view of her rear. I was enchanted with it, and noted that my waist looked even smaller from the back, than it did from in front. It was decidedly tapering. Perhaps I would not have to wear a corset. I tried to cheer myself with this thought, though I knew instinctively, having seen my mother and sister and the other girl friends tightly corsetted, that I never could escape wearing one of those hated garments. But I was too enthralled at the time to worry about such matters as my future clothes. Having feasted my eyes on Mary's superb nude body, I approached the mirror closely, and began a long inspection of her pretty face. Her complexion was milk-white and as smooth as velvet, but pale from my long confinement indoors. Soon, I thought, when I got out, the roses would come back to her cheeks and she would be more lovely, if that were possible. Her features were small and regular, and her ~~eyes~~ eyes seemed enormous to me, and their beauty was enhanced by the unbelievably long eye-lashes which swept my cheeks when I closed my eyes. I now gazed deeply into those glorious eyes, and I saw in them a look of love, of passion, of desire. I was thrilled to the core. Instinctively my lips met hers, and pressed them closely against the mirror. But it was a cold and unsatisfactory kiss. But at least I could kiss Mary's ~~xxx~~ warm dimpled little hands. I did so, and experienced a thrill at the thought that I was in sole possession of this glorious young girl's body, and could do with it as I liked--except to kiss the real warm lips. For the first time in my girlhood, I was happy and, at least for the time being, contented with my lot. Again and again I carressed Mary's body with my small hands, rubbing it, stroking it, loving it. I put my arms as far as they would go around Mary's waist, and hugged her. I was infatuated and in the seventh heaven of bliss. I don't know how long I stood in front of the mirrors admiring and loving Mary. But after a while I gave my attention to Mary's unbelievably long and thick hair. I played with it. I threw it over until it covered my face, and inhaled the perfume of it. I divided it into two parts, threw them over either shoulder until they hung down ~~and~~ front and covered my nakedness. I now noticed that the hair reached well down my hips, and was long enough for me to play the

part of Lady Godiva perfectly. It completely covered my sexual organs, which still seemed so strange to me, and to which I could not for the time being get accustomed. Yes, my hair was a complete screen, though, when in front in that manner, it of course left my rear bare. But why care for that? There was nobody to see. I next tossed my mane back so that it hung free down over my shoulders and back. How lovely the soft, glowing silky mass felt as it caressed my flesh. I now leaned over backwards so that my hair floated free and actually touched the floor. (Mary's body, I found, was very supple, and she could bend very easily, forwards and back). Next I experienced with doing up my hair. Seizing a handful of hairpins from the dresser, I put them in my mouth, as I had seen women do, and then coiled up my hair into a knot, as I had watched Marie do, and inserted the pins, one by one. Of course, as a man, I knew absolutely ~~nothing~~ about dressing a woman's hair, and had never done it, but Mary's brain~~y~~ was in my head, and it guided her hands, as it did all of her physical actions, making me perfectly feminine in every gesture in an automatic manner, and so I found myself doing my hair as well as Marie could do it, and I inserted the many hairpins with that little twist that makes them stay, which every woman knows, but no man would think of. I studied the effect of my coiffure, and was delighted with my handiwork. I now let my hair down, and brushed it for some time, first over one shoulder, then over the other, and it gave me much pleasure. I delighted to watch my little hands doing this feminine task with such grace and ease. Next I did it up in several different styles--first in two buns, at the base of the neck, then in three. I did it in a long braid, which I pinned around my head in coronet style. And, unbraiding it, and brushing it out, I did it in a mound high on my head. But finally I grew tired, as I still was somewhat weak, and so I prepared my hair, looseflowing, for bed, donned my dainty nightdress, and crawled into bed, having first turned out the lights. I lay there for some time completely happy in my possession of Mary's body, but at last fell into a dreamless sleep, my last thought being that perhaps after all it was nice to be a beautiful young girl, in the privacy of her boudoir, where there were plenty of mirrors.

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MY FIRST FULL DAY AT HOME.

I will describe in detail my first full day at home ^{of} in my life as a girl, as it made a deep impression on my memory, everything being so strange and new to me, and it being filled with experiences that were new to me, and as would be new to any man who was suddenly turned into a young girl.

I awoke when Marie came into the room and raised the window shades. As always in those first days, before I was fully awake, I felt myself to be Charlie Cross again, and then I became aware of my long hair and girlish body and was filled with disgust when I recalled that I was a girl. And I was filled with apprehension as to what was before me. But I had gotten along pretty well yesterday, and perhaps it would not be too bad today. Marie went into my bathroom and I could hear her drawing a bath. Did a girl with a maid, bathe herself, of not? I was soon to find out, for Marie announced that the bath was ready, so I got out of bed and slipped on my little mules and Marie helped me into one of the loveliest boudoir dresses that I had ever seen. It was pale blue, low necked and short sleeved and trimmed at neck and sleeve ends with rich lace. A belt of the same material encircled my waist, as Marie tied it in a bow. I now went into the huge bathroom, my very own, tiled in Mary's favorite light blue. The room was as large as an ordinary bedroom. There were full length mirrors and a dresser as completely furnished with feminine toilet accessories as the one in my bedroom--brushes, combs, hairpins, nets, and make-up. I now hoped Marie would leave me to take my bath alone, but that was not to be. I was a rich and pampered young lady, to be waited on hand and foot by a housefull of servants, chief of whom, to me, was my own personal maid. I would have to act as Mary would have done and let Marie do her duty in her accustomed manner. How ridiculous for a man to have his own lady's maid, I thought. But then,

I was different from every other man in the world, in that I was not a man except in spirit, in ego, in personality. Otherwise I was a girl, though it was almost impossible for me to realize it, except when I looked in the mirror I was still strong sexually as a male, and so the idea of having a pretty

French girl for my own maid was very pleasing. And it was perfectly proper, for I could do no girl harm. Marie first pinned up my hair, so that it would not get wet, and put a rubber cap over it. Then she slipped off my robe and nightdress, and I stood naked before this pretty woman. She took me by the arm and helped me into the tub, the water of which was pleasantly scented with bath salts. And then she bathed me. As her hands came in contact with my body, as she rubbed me in all parts, I thrilled at the touch of her hands, as any normal male would have done. It was voluptuous, but I did my best to act like a girl, and not show my emotion. I think I succeeded, for Marie did not notice anything out of the way, though I could hardly contain myself when her hands came in contact with the most private part of my body, and also when she touched my breasts, so sensitive to the touch of one of the opposite sex. That bath was a keen pleasure, and I reflected with pleasure that I would have many more of them, and that I should have the pretty Marie taking care of me intimately every day. I wondered whether I would get used to her so that I would not get a thrill out of her ~~touch~~ touch. I hoped not, though I was afraid that the life I was living, and would have to live perhaps for some time, would tend to make me feminine, and I would lose some of my masculinity.

Already, in the short time I had been a girl, I could notice signs of my becoming softened and effeminate, as the result of my feminine environment and my feminine life. I believe that no man in the world, no matter how hard-boiled and masculine, could have helped becoming feminized if placed in my position, and forced to dress as a girl and "be" a girl, in a totally feminine atmosphere. No doubt they would resent it, as I did, but they would be helpless, and have to go through with it. I was afraid that I, as time went on, and I continued to be a girl, would become more and more feminized and perhaps even become a real girl, in ego as well as in body. I would resist it with all my might, but if I had to remain a girl and woman the rest of my life, perhaps it would be better if I were to become completely female, and thus become contented and happy. But I would not admit that that was possible. I would not give up the idea that somehow I would get back into my own male body. But I hoped it would be soon, before I got too soft and girlish.

And that made me think of Mary, in my body. She was a girl, and I worried lest she make a feminine and effeminate man out of Charlie Cross, making him look ridiculous to his friends. I must see Mary at the earliest possible moment, and have a talk with her. I must get her to promise to do her best to be a manly, masculine, natural Charlie Cross, and so not disgrace me, and I, in turn, would promise her to be a girlish, feminine Mary Morris, trying in every way to act as the real Mary would. Besides, there were hundreds of things for us to talk over and plan. We could give each other many pointers as to how we should act, as to our friends and relatives. Yes, we must get together as soon as possible and try to help each other to be as natural as possible in our transposed sexes. Mary had the best of it, I thought. It would not be so hard to play the man. She would find men's clothes simple and comfortable, and she would not have a lot of hair to bother with. And her life would be simple as Charlie Cross. There would be little social life, but I hoped she would carry on my career in tennis. But my position was far more difficult, for I was a pretty, ~~young~~, rich and popular young society girl, and soon would have to get into the whirl of fashionable society. There would be many parties I would have to attend and play the role of a girl, about which I knew so little. Then there was the matter of clothes. I hated the idea of having to wear pretty feminine frocks and frilly things, and corsets and high heels. I would never be comfortable, I thought. Worst of all would be going to dances as a girl, and dancing with other men. How silly I would feel, clasped in their arms. And I supposed they would flirt with me and even make love to me. It would be most embarrassing and unpleasant for me. I surely must see Mary, and ask her how I should act toward the boys.

After thoroughly bathing me, Marie helped me out of the tub, and dried my body, then dusted it with a fragrant powder. I was to stay upstairs for that day to rest and gain strength, and, besides I had been told by my mother that I could not yet dress, because all of my dresses were made with small waists, and I could not yet wear a tight corset, because of my recent operation. I had first to get the doctor's permission before I could dress fully and leave my quarters and go down and take my place in the family circle, and in society. I was glad of this, for I dreaded going out into the world in feminine dress, and playing the part of a girl. There would be many difficulties and embarrassments for me, I knew, and I would be sure to make many mistakes in my ignorance of how to conduct myself in my unwelcome role. So I was to spend the day in negligee. Marie dressed me in chemise and the girdle I had worn from the hospital when I came home. It was clasped snugly about my waist, but not laced in. I rather liked the feeling of it, as it was a support. It also looked very nice on Mary's body, and gave her waist a nipped-in effect, which I admired in the mirror. Marie next drew on my sheer silk stockings onto Mary's pretty legs. As she knelt to do this, her head was almost in my lap, and her pretty black hair came in contact with my body, causing me to tingle pleasantly, and it was all I could do to keep myself from stroking her hair. In fact, I longed to take her in my arms, and hug and kiss her. But that would never do, so I restrained myself. She put my little high-heeled mules on my feet, and then put my dainty negligee back on me. Then she let down my hair and combed and brushed it. I decided to wear it flowing, since I was not going out.

Marie now rang the bell, and one of the maids came up with my breakfast tray, a dainty meal of grapefruit, toast, soft boiled eggs and coffee. I was rather hungry, and enjoyed eating the simple repast, though I felt rather strange sitting there in my feminine attire, and could not help a feeling of embarrassment when the maid came in and saw me in that girlish costume, with my hair down my back. I was facing a mirror, and knew that I looked pretty and attractive, but the male in me was having a hard time getting accustomed to being a girl.

After I had finished my repast, I read the morning paper which the maid had brought with my tray. Instead of turning to the fashion page, as a real girl would have done, I opened at the sports page to read the tennis news, in which I had been so keenly interested. There was to be a tournament in a few weeks. I wondered if Mary would enter it, as Charlie Cross. I wondered if she could play a good game, and have the fighting spirit to win, which I had always had. And then I saw an item saying that the well-known tennis star, Charlie Cross, had returned to his home from the hospital, after an appendectomy, and hoped to be able to get back on the courts in a short time. Next I turned to the society columns, realizing that I should read all I could about the social circles into which I should soon be launched, and learn as much as possible. I must memorize the names, and thus refresh my "memory". I knew that I would have to use my loss of memory as an excuse for many breaks that I would make, as a girl. But I must ask questions, read the papers and recover my "memory" as quickly as possible, so as to do credit to Mary in her place, and not appear too queer and different from the girl she had been. And then I found an item about Mary--which meant myself now--to the effect that I, too, had returned to my home from the hospital after an operation, referring to me as "the pretty society sub-deb". Strange to say, being called "pretty" in the paper gave me a glow of pleasure. Again I glanced in the mirror. Undoubtedly it was true. I smiled, showing all my pretty white teeth--and the charming Mary smiled back at me, in the glass. This was fun, having Mary there to smile at me whenever I wished, and I was sure she never would give me a cross look, but always be charming and lovely to me. How nice to have her always with me. It surprised me to find that I was finding delight in my beauty, though it really was Mary's --and yet my own. What a mixed-up mess it was, to be a man, and at the same time a beautiful young maiden. I was much confused in my mind. Should I consider myself a man

or a girl. Who would believe that I was a man, except Mary? Nobody possibly could. But I wished to consider myself a man, though, oddly enough, I was getting a thrill out of possessing a lovely feminine body. It must be, I decided, because it was Mary's body, and I was in love with her. Yes, that was it. I must try to remain a man, in spirit. I must not give in and become a girl. And yet, as I have said before, my life as a girl, even in the short time I had been one, had already changed me and made me feel softer and a little girlish. What would happen to me if this life went on for months, and I got thoroughly used to being a girl? Would I lose my masculine ego, and not want to change back to a man, even if it were possible? Well, I was helpless to do anything about, and there was no use worrying about my future. There were trying times ahead for me, but I would do the best I could to be a proper young lady and perhaps after a time I actually would get to like being one, after I got used to the life, which would be all so new and strange to me. There were sure to be many nice things about it--a life of luxury, pretty clothes, many friends and admirers, a fond mother, sister, father and brother--and the joy of being an exceptionally pretty girl. Yes, it would be nice if I became a real girl, but now I felt myself to be a male and sailing under false colors, and I resented it bitterly. Perhaps I would become a girl. At least, I would try to be one so long as I occupied a girl's body. I would be far happier and contented that way. But my heart sank when I thought of how little I knew about being a girl, and how much I had to learn. But I had plenty of brains, and I must use them. In my secret heart, I didn't want to be a girl, and yet fate had made me one. My mind was in confusion. I wanted to be a man, and yet, at the same time, I wanted to be a girl so long as I occupied the body of one, to make it easier for me, because, after all, I really was a girl to all intents and purposes. Nobody could be aware of that masculine ego and personality hidden within my feminine body--nobody but Mary.

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After I had finished reading the paper, I sat down near Mary's sewing table, and, unconsciously picked up an unfinished silk jacket on which Mary had been working when taken with her attack, and, taking the needles, I began to knit automatically. I had never knitted before, but Mary's brain in me directed my little hands and I found myself knitting rapidly. I was fascinated as I watched my white little hands so skillfully and gracefully ply the needles. They were such lovely, such adorable little girlish hands, smooth and dimpled. I stopped my work to kiss them. which gave me a thrill, as did everything concerned with Mary did--for was not she the girl I loved? And the more I saw of Mary--the more I WAS Mary, the more deeply I loved her. She was so perfect, my ideal of a pretty girl, in every way desirable. Whenever I saw her in the mirror, she roused in me feeling of passion and desire. I must avoid looking into mirrors too much to avoid too much male sex feeling in me, which made me restless and stirred me up too much.

There was a knock at the door, and in came my pretty sister Agnes, looking very charming in a tweed ensemble. She came over and gave me a sweet kiss, which I of course returned in full measure. She asked how I felt and whether my memory was returning. I told her not very much as yet, so the dear girl set out to help me all she could.

"Let's go all around your room and look over your things. That ought to help your memory", she said.

I eagerly agreed. To tell the truth, I was anxious to see Mary's things, particularly her dresses, which I was soon to wear. Thus far I had not gone near them, having a strangely modest feeling that I should not handle Mary's things, as they really were not mine--and yet, of course, they really were. I should have to wear them. Mary, in her present situation as a man,

certainly could not wear them. The very thought of it made me smile-- Charlie Cross in girl's clothes!

Agnes now put her arm around my waist, encircling my hair as well, while I put mine around her slender waist--how stiff her corset felt-- and we walked side by side, in sweet sisterly fashion, into my adjoining dressing room, where all of Mary's clothes were kept. I was astonished to see the great array of pretty dresses in long rows, on hangars. There seemed to me to be enough there to stock a shop. And now Agnes and I began to look them over, and she would ask, as she displayed this gown and that, if I did not remember it. I had worn it at the Austin's dance. Or another I had worn at a dinner party. I pretended that I did remember, as that would please Agnes. There were dozens of lovely evening gowns, of varied shades and materials. I found myself interested in them, and even pictured myself in some of them--another sign of my feminization. I looked at them closely, and found that I liked some better than others. As a man, they would have had no interest for me, and all would have looked equally nice. There were, of course, a great many afternoon gowns, street clothes, sports clothes, riding habits, separate skirts, coats, cloaks, evening wraps, furs, and, in short, everything that the daughter of a rich and generous father would naturally have in her wardrobe. Then we looked at Mary's hats, neatly arranged on the shelves, of all sorts and shapes and materials. I found myself secretly wishing to try some of them on in front of the glass, and then felt ashamed that I, a man, should wish to do that. But I suppose it was because I wished to see how Mary, my beloved, would look in them. That would account for my feminine desire to put them on, as well as some of the dresses. I was somewhat startled to see among my hats a man's derby, also a man silk hat. What were they doing here in a girl's wardrobe? I asked Agnes.

"Why, silly, you wear them with your riding habit", she said, with a look of surprise. I should have known that, and felt ashamed of my ignorance, as I could hardly account for it through loss of "memory."

Next we inspected my shoes and slippers, in long rows on shelves. Some of them were very dainty evening slippers, in satin of various colors which I was sure were to match my various gowns. And what high heels they had! Surely, some of those evening slippers must have 4 inch heels. And how tiny they looked. How could I ever wear them? I could not get used to having such tiny feet. Surely they would be difficult to walk in, let alone to dance in. Well, before long I should be wearing them, and should have to try. If other girls could wear them--if Mary could, why then I could, too, though the idea of walking on such stilts was unpleasant to me. Meanwhile, Agnes was pulling out the drawers to show me my other things. Apparently Mary had bought articles by the dozen for there were great piles of sheer silk stockings, gloves and lovely sets of lingerie in different colors, to match my evening gowns, and others of delicate shades of pink, orchid, etc, as well as plain whites for day-time wear. There were many drawers filled with all kinds of feminine articles, but one drawer particularly arrested my attention. It was a drawer filled with Mary's corsets. There were many of them, some white and some in colors, again to go with my evening dresses. I picked one up, rather gingerly and examined it. It was strong, well boned and had a noticeably small waist. With a sinking feeling I realized that soon my waist would be encased in one of these tight, compressing garments. What a silly fashion, women having small waists, I thought. But it was the style, in those days, and men were great admirers of a small feminine waist. I had been, myself, as had been all my friends. We would always remark and admire a particularly trim small waist on a passing girl or woman, and the smaller it was the more we noticed and admired it. The girls and women, of course, were well aware of this, and so spared no pains to reduce their waists to the smallest possible size, that they could stand. There was much rivalry among the feminine sex, as I learned later, to my discomfort, to have tiny waists and so they suffered extreme discomfort in their

tightly laced stays.

"What size do I wear?" I asked Agnes. Again there was that look of surprise that I didn't remember even that.

"Why, you wear size 18 of course, daytimes. In the evening you wear seventeen as rule, though you have a few gowns with a 16-inch waist."

So that was it. In the evening I should have to wear a tighter corset and higher heels. How foolish that seemed to me, for it would be in the evening, so dressed, that I should have to dance, and why wear my most uncomfortable clothes for that form of exercise? But I was to learn that there was nothing logical about the way women dressed. We were supposed to look our loveliest when in evening dress, (and I think we do), and we were sort of on parade and in the company of men, as a rule, and so we wore on those occasions, our tightest corsets and highest heels and closest fitting gowns. I noticed that I have used the word "we" above. But I am looking back now. I am now 40 years old, and have been a girl since the age of 18 though not a complete girl at first, as the reader well knows. At that time, of course, with my masculine ego still strong, and with little experience, I knew nothing about such things, but today no woman knows more about them than I, a man transformed into a woman, with nothing of the ~~man~~ man left in me except my memory of my 21 years of life as a man, a memory which I have never lost.

"Let's go into Mother's room," said Agnes. "She was out late last night but must be up by this time."

I felt strangely timid about leaving the sanctuary of my boudoir, and going out into the hall and into another room dressed as I was in flowing negligee, and with my cloud of hair floating down my back. I felt bashful and out of place, but I followed Agnes--I had no excuse not to do so, and besides, I must get used to this thing, sooner or later. To make matters more embarrassing for me, in the hall we passed one of the footmen and two of the maids. How ridiculous I felt to be seen in that feminine guise--as any man would have felt in my place. But I felt better, and realized that I looked very nice--as Mary always did, no matter how dressed--for the servants smiled at me and I was aware of a look of admiration in the eyes of the footman, which made me blush with shame to think that I, a man, no doubt had sex appeal to another man. And yet I was not a man, but a girl. But I could not get used to it, for I felt myself to be a man in feminine disguise. The only time that I could realize how I looked--that I was a girl, was when I could look into a mirror and see myself.

I followed Agnes to our mother's room, and entered. At the sight I saw, I instinctively felt embarrassed, as though I were intruding, for our mother was clad only in her undies, and it seemed to me no place for a man to be, and I felt like beating a retreat, as having no business there. But I restrained the impulse, and reminded myself that I was a girl, and had a perfect right in my mother's room. I must get used to the fact that I was a girl, but it was very difficult, for I kept thinking of myself as a man. That would never do, and the sooner I felt myself to be a girl, the better it would be for me, and my peace of mind. My mother greeted me with a smile, and kissed me warmly, and asked how I was feeling. "Much better," I told her. Agnes and I now sat down on a sofa, arms around each other's waist, and watched my mother's toilet in the hands of her maid--the first time in my life I had ever seen such a thing. My mother was dressed only in chemise, panties, stockings and slippers. I admired her lovely white bare arms, shoulders and back. She had a fine figure, but rather mature and full, for after all she had borne three children. And still she was slender, in a matronly way. And now she hooked on her corsets, and I watched in fascinated interest, as her maid laced her in. I had already noticed and admired my mother's small waist, and now I was all eyes to see, for the first time in my life, a woman being laced in her corsets. And I was all the more interested in the operation, knowing full well, that very soon, I too, should have to undergo that ordeal. As my mother drew in her waist, and expelled her

breath, the maid quickly drew in the laces, again and again, until the corset met at the back, and my mother had her usual hour-glass figure. I glanced at her face, thinking to see a look of distress at the severe lacing. But my mother was smiling and unaware of the tightness of her corsets. And then I remembered that she was thus constantly laced in every waking moment of her life, day after day. She was accustomed to it, and never gave it a thought, though I knew she could never have a comfortable minute, or breathe freely. But one can get used to anything. I, too, would have to spend my days in corsets. Would I ever get used to it? perhaps so. But I loathed the idea of wearing tight corsets. They must be unhealthy, injurious, compressing the vital organs. I felt my spirits sinking to the lowest ebb at the thought that I was now a girl, and would have to conform to all the silly styles and fashions of women. How unfortunate, I thought, that I should be fated to be transformed into a girl at a time when fashion decreed the hour-glass figure.

(and how glad I am today that the small waist has gone out of style. But I may say here now, that I endured tight corsets for a number of years, and in spite of tight lacing, I never suffered any ill effects--nor did my mother or sister, or girl friends. Our bodies adjusted themselves to the corsets.)

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Agnes, my mother and I chatted pleasantly, and both of them were interested in finding out how my memory was returning. They told me about persons and events in an effort to refresh my memory. I listened attentively, memorizing the names mentioned, as well as past events. I watched with interest the completion of my mother's toilet, the doing of her hair, her make-up and the donning and hooking up of her dress. She looked very lovely.

Agnes now took me around to show me the rest of the rooms. We went into our brother's room, and I had a strange feeling of homesickness as I entered this thoroughly masculine apartment. How I wished I was a man again as I viewed all of the masculine things, and the male atmosphere. For over two weeks I had been a girl in completely feminine surroundings and this was the first masculine touch in all that time. I peeked into his clothes press, and saw the array of suits. I had a strong desire to put on some of those male clothes. How I hated being a girl, with all the feminine luxuriousness of clothes and the necessity of being pretty and thinking constantly of how I looked. And then I looked in the mirror. (I always looked in every mirror I passed, to remind myself of what sort of a looking person I was--that I was a girl). Of course, I realized, on seeing my reflection that I would look very silly in men's clothes. It came home to me, as it did again and again, whenever I looked in the mirror, that I was an exceedingly pretty girl. But when away from the mirrors, I would forget, and think of myself as a man. It was terribly confusing to feel myself to be a girl at times, and a man at other times. Far better to be one or the other. But which? I did not give up the hope that some day I would get back into my male body. But in the interim I would have to be a girl and I would be happier if I could be a real girl. Already I felt that I was becoming more and more girlish, and this was only the beginning. Would I become a full-fledged girl, I wondered.

I reluctantly left our brother's room, which had so filled me with regret at the loss of my manhood, and, after a look into our father's room and at the handsome guest rooms, Agnes led me to the back part of the house, where we entered the dressmaking quarters. Here I learned, to my surprise, that we employed constantly three expert dressmakers to make the dresses of my mother, Agnes and myself, to alter them when bought ready-made, and to do mending and repairing. One of the dressmakers was a designer and she carried out the ideas of the ladies of the house, or made suggestions as to our dresses, carefully studying the styles, as we all did. In those days dressmakers were a necessity because of the figures, with their tiny waists, no two being alike. The dresses had to be fitted closely to

our figures, without a wrinkle, and bringing out to full advantage, the smallness of our tightly laced in waists, the idea being: Why have a small waist unless it showed? So we had to undergo many fittings for our skin-tight gowns.

The women greeted me cordially and asked after my health. I learned that three or four dresses were under way when I was taken ill, and I was requested to come in for fittings as soon as I was able, so that they could be finished. I hated the idea of this feminine fitting, so distasteful to a man. But I realized that I would have to submit to it--and to a thousand and one things of a feminine nature that would be entirely contrary to my masculine nature. Again my spirits sank. Would I ever become feminine, so as not to mind all the things that I would have to experience as a girl? I must train myself to think of myself as a girl. That would be best. But, in spite of myself, the old male in me would assert itself, at this time, and I could not help thinking of myself as a man in a girl's body. That, of course, made me very uncomfortable, and unhappy. I was a girl, and yet a man--an impossible situation--and yet true.

Having inspected the second floor of our house with Agnes, we went back to my boudoir, and she left me to keep an engagement. There were a number of letters addressed to "Miss Mary Morris" and at first I hesitated to open them, and had to remind myself that I was Mary Morris now. So I read the notes. Some were from girl friends of Mary and some from boy friends, and again I realized how popular she was, for the letters exuded friendship and admiration. These should be answered, but I did not feel myself able to do it, not knowing how a girl would write, and not knowing the authors of the letters. So I rang for Marie, and asked her to have my mother's social secretary come in. This pleasant woman told me she would gladly reply to the notes, and sign my name. She could imitate my hand-writing and signature, and nobody would know the difference. Also she would know how to word the letters, and give them a feminine touch, which I felt myself unable to do. But one note I wrote myself. And that was to Mary. Nobody but myself could write that. For nobody else shared our secret, and knew that I was really Charlie Cross and she was Mary Morris, in transposed bodies. My impulse had been, at first, to call on Mary at the first opportunity, until it came to me that a girl could not call on a man. So Mary would have to call on me. Taking a sheet of Mary's handsome monogrammed stationary at her desk, I composed a note to her, asking her to call as soon as possible. I tried to write in feminine fashion. My hand-writing was that of Mary, a pretty feminine hand. I almost signed the note "Charlie Cross", but caught myself in time, and signed "Mary Morris", though feeling rather guilty, and like a forger. How strange it seemed to me to be writing to "Charlie Cross"--to myself. Having finished the note, which I worded as much as I could in girlish fashion, in case anybody besides Mary should happen to see it, I rang the bell and ordered one of the men servants to take it to Mary, at my former home. I had been thinking a great deal about Mary, wondering how she was getting along as a man, and so I was very eager to hear from her and learn when she would come to see me. There were a thousand and one things for us to talk about. We must compare notes and experiences, give each other information about our respective roles, and friends and acquaintances, and plan for our future. As I have already said, I was deeply in love with Mary and I was extremely anxious to learn whether she was in love with me. I hoped so with all my heart and soul. If we were in love, we could marry, and thus be constantly together and help each other in our difficult roles of transposed sex. I hoped Mary would love me. She would know much about me, and my body, as I knew about hers. I knew that I had a perfect male body, and was handsome and should appeal to any girl, just as Mary would appeal to any man--as she appealed to me. If our love was mutual, we must marry. That was the only way out. Then, perhaps we could find some way to get back into our proper bodies. I would not give up that hope.

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I had my luncheon in my room, and then took a nap. I must rest until I fully regained my strength.

Refreshed by my nap, I combed and brushed my hair, but left it flowing. I took up my embroidery, but soon the lovely blonde Alice came breezing into my room, my closest friend, and a girl in whom I took great delight, as any man would. She rushed over, threw her arms about me and our lips met. I was not sure how Mary should act, but I instinctively threw my arms about Alice's neck, and kissed her warmly, pressing her tightly to me. Apparently that was the proper way, for Alice did not seem surprised at the warmth of my hug and kiss. We were close and affectionate friends, and given to kissing. That was all right with me. It thrilled my male nature. I would kiss her at every opportunity. She was pretty and desirable. I could smell the perfume of her as our faces were touching in our kisses. No man could ask for a nicer intimate girl friend. I was content.

She chatted in an animated manner about various things that I was supposed to know about--but didn't, owing to my loss of "memory"--but I listened closely, memorizing names she mentioned, as well as events--I must recover my "memory" as soon as possible, so as not to appear to be "queer" to my friends--meaning Mary's friends. Loving Mary as I did, I wanted her to appear as natural as possible--as much like her old self as possible. I did not want her friends to think her strange. But I would let them all know of her loss of memory during her operation--that would be my best excuse if I did anything unusual, which Mary would not have done--it would be due to my loss of "memory". But I must do my utmost, use my brains to the best of my ability, to recover Mary's "memory" as soon as possible.

In a little while, half a dozen of Mary's close friends came to see me. They all were lovely girls, of Mary's set, fashionably dressed. I had a feeling of shame at having them see me dressed as a girl, in sheer negligée, with my mane of auburn hair down my back. I felt much out of place in this bevy of young girls. It was no place for a man. But I glanced across the room and saw my reflection in a mirror, and was reminded that I was a girl, too. That made me feel more comfortable, and I listened to their feminine chatter and tried to enter into the spirit of it. But it was too feminine for me, and I was bored, for the talk sounded frivolous, and I was surprised to learn how much these young girls talked about boys. They discussed different ones they knew, which were the best looking and their experiences with them at dances and other parties. Never before had I dreamed that girls were so interested in boys, and so observing of them. The girls that I had known had always seemed indifferent to boys, but here, in our intimacy, I learned differently. They were deeply interested in boys, especially the good looking ones. If the boys they discussed had heard what these girls said, they would have been very flattered. The girls also chattered about parties, shows, etc. As I knew little about such feminine chatter, I kept for the most part a discreet silence, listening and trying to remember all that was said, and noting the girls' mannerisms and talk as a guide for my future conduct. But in the midst of the chat about boys, I ventured to mention Charlie Cross, the well known tennis star, and asked if any of the girls knew him. Three of them had met him, they said, and others had seen him play tennis, and spoke very highly of him. They all thought him handsome, which, of course, gave me a glow of pleasure. I mentioned the fact that we both had been operated on in the hospital at the same time, and that I had met him, and hoped to play tennis with him soon. (I, as Mary Morris, was an excellent tennis player, for a girl, I had learned from my sister Agnes. I hoped soon to start playing again. I felt that with my knowledge of the game, as Charlie Cross, I should make an unusually good lady player, as Mary Morris.)

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Although I felt so strange at first as one of this bevy of pretty young girls, and out of place, yet my embarrassment soon grew less, and I found myself studying the girls, watching their movements, listening to their chatter, realizing that I soon would have to take my place in their social circle as a girl myself, and must learn all I could, and as rapidly as possible, to help smooth my difficult pathway of the future. I also studied the girls' clothes, their hair and the way it was dressed, their figures and their faces. All of them were prettily and fashionably dressed and had tiny waists. Opposite where I sat there was a pier glass in which I could see my reflection, and from time to time I would look into this mirror to keep reminding myself how I looked, and that I was indeed a girl. And I found myself looking carefully at the faces of the girls, and comparing them with my own in the mirror. The lovely blonde Alice, I thought, was as pretty as Mary--as myself--but I decided that Alice and I were by far the most beautiful girls in the group. I know this sounds as though I was vain of my looks, and perhaps I was getting so. But, anyway, it is a fact--and in this autobiography I am only telling the facts, the truth--that I thought Mary Morris was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She was lovely, exquisite, and I thrilled to look at her in the mirror. And to think that that lovely feminine vision was myself! It seemed impossible--and yet it was true. Yes, in truth, I Charlie Cross, was a glamour girl, and auburn haired beauty that would delight the eye of anybody--as it did mine.

After a while, a servant came with a note for me, and the girls took that as a signal to leave. They all kissed me good-bye and I found it very sweet and intriguing. That, at least, was one pleasure for me in being a girl. I could often kiss other pretty girls. They were of an affectionate nature and it was their custom to kiss each other. How different men were. How a man would shudder at being kissed by another male--except in rare instances. But girls could, and did, kiss, and through this I was getting much enjoyment, as any normal male would have done--and I still felt myself to be a normal male at times, though really a girl. It was in the presence of other girls that I felt myself to be masculine, as they appealed to me sexually.

The note proved to be from Mary, and I opened it with eager fingers. How strange it seemed to me to read a note in my own handwriting, I mean, that of Charlie Cross. For Mary had inherited my hand, as I had hers. Mary wrote me a sweet note, saying she would call on the second following evening, as by that time she would be sufficiently recovered to go out. I was eager to see her as soon as possible, and was disappointed that it could not be sooner. But two days later would be better for me, too, for by then I would be up and about the house, and stronger--I was rapidly gaining back my strength--or, rather, Mary's strength. I realized with a sigh that I would not have my former masculine strength, but girlish strength, which would seem puny to me until I got accustomed to it. But Mary had a strong, healthy body, as girls go, and I soon would be a normal girl in strength. I thought with joy that soon I should be able to play tennis, ride horseback, drive my car and take other exercise and enjoy various diversions. I was getting tired of the confinement, though I realized that as soon as I was able to dress and leave my rooms, my troublous feminine life would begin in earnest, with all its problems and embarrassments. And then would come parties and all sorts of social events which I felt would bore me and at which I was sure I would feel dreadfully out of place. I should have to dance in the arms of men and boys. How distasteful that would be! At least, until I got used to it.

And so I looked forward with eagerness to seeing Mary and she was now much in my thoughts. I was anxious to hear how she was getting along as a man, how she liked it, and some of her experiences to date. I could

give her advice and instruction as to how she should play her role and she could do the same for me in even greater measure, for my role as a young lady of wealth, fashion in high society would be far more ~~for~~ trying than her simple role as a man, as the reader will readily understand. A man was spared all the fuss about clothes, hair and a pretty complexion and appearance. His clothes are loose and comfortable and he cares little about how he looks, so long as he is clean and respectable looking and decently dressed. But how different a ~~man~~ woman! Her clothes consume hours of her thoughts and time and it is her constantly desire to look beautiful. A man would hate to look beautiful, or even pretty--but perhaps handsome, in a masculine manner. But here I was ~~man~~ a man and must take an interest in all these feminine things though so contrary to my natural tastes. Yes, my lot was far harder than that of Mary, and I envied her, and wished with all my heart that we could change places again. Would that ever happen? Alas! I didn't know. If I kept on being feminized at the present rapid rate, perhaps soon it would be too late for me to become a man again, for I would be too girlish and feminine. If this kept on, perhaps soon I would not ever want to be a man again, and would be content to live the rest of my life as a female. Thus far it had been better than I had expected, and there were many things about it that I liked. But of course my experience so far was limited, and I did not know how I would fare when I left my rooms and took my place in the social world.

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A VISIT FROM MY FATHER.

A knock at the door of my boudoir. I quickly thrust Mary's letter down my bosom--a typically girlish gesture, but which seemed to come natural to me, then I called in my sweet voice, which I loved to hear: "Come in."

My father and brother entered, and both kissed me, looked me over and asked how I was feeling, and whether my memory was returning--the usual question those days. Brother soon left, but Mary's tall and handsome father remained. He was very fond of his eldest daughter, I had seen that from the start, in the hospital, and I felt a strong affection for him. I was still seated in the chair which I had occupied when the girls were there, the one that faced the long mirror. And now my father picked "little me" up in his strong arms, and sat down in the chair, with me in his lap, his big arms encircling my slender, girlish form, and holding me closely. It was my first experience in masculine arms and it would be expected that Charlie Cross would resent being held thus by a man, even though his father. I am unable to explain it, but of a sudden, in that position, I felt myself to be indeed Mary Morris, his daughter, and felt completely feminine. Yes, for the time, at least, I was a girl. I found it to be a delightful sensation, being a girl in the arms of a man, and I snuggled and cuddled into his arms as any girl would have done. Instinctively, my rounded white arms reached up and encircled my father's neck, and I drew his head down to mine, and kissed him warmly. He returned my kiss. I was very happy and contented and felt so girlish, so protected in his arms. Yes, I was entranced. And then I turned my head a little--it was resting on his shoulder, and his arm was around my little waist--and glanced into the mirror that was opposite. It was a lovely picture--a beautiful young girl, in pretty negligee, with flowing hair, sitting on her father's lap. How pretty I looked! It filled me with bliss, and delight at being a girl. Never had I imagined that it would be like this. Yes, being a girl, with a man, was joy and bliss. I wondered if the feeling would last and I would continue to feel myself to be a girl permanently. How much better that would be, under the circumstances.

After a while, my Father left, and I was alone, but still thrilled by the experience..I had found it lovely to be held in a handsome man's arms, and to be kissed by a man--my Father, and yet, not my real father.

But he was far from old, and, as I have already said, very handsome, and such a man would appeal to any girl or woman. He had aroused in me a delightful voluptuous feeling, entirely new to me. What was it? After pondering the matter I decided that it could only be one thing, and that was a feminine sexual feeling. It was different from my male sexual feeling, more soft and tender and gentle. I loved the sensation, and hoped that it would last. My thoughts raced through my head in a whirl as I reclined there in my boudoir before my long mirror (for I never failed to place myself in front of a mirror when alone in my room, so that I could gaze at the lovely Mary Morris--myself now--and admire and adore the girl I loved). I arranged my mass of copper hair over both shoulders in a manner that enchanted me, and contemplated my image. What was happening to me? I wondered. I felt myself to be completely a girl and I imagined I could still feel my father's arms holding me tight and caressing my slender girlish body. I had changed while enjoying that delightful experience. I had become a real girl. And the feeling still lasted, as I sat there. Had Charlie Cross lost his manhood for good? It was not present now. I was feminine for the first time. I felt, with a feeling of satisfaction that I was the only person in the world who had had the experience of being a full-sexed man and then a full-sexed woman, which was my feeling at the moment. It was delightful, and much more pleasant than being a man, sexually. But would it last? That was the question. Had the ego of Charlie Cross left my girl's body for good?

I was soon to find out. The answer was "no". And I confess that I was disappointed, for during the brief time I had really been a girl, while in my father's arms, and for a while afterwards, I had found being a girl nicer than being a man. What caused the change in me was the entrance of my pretty maid, Marie. She had, as always, sexual appeal for me, and as she undressed me, and bathed me, the touch of her feminine hands on my bare body sent shivers of pleasure through me. I was a man again, in my ego. After this, my regular evening bath, again ~~my~~ I donned my undies and girdle. Marie knelt in front of me to draw on my mules, and her cute black head was almost in my lap. I could not resist reaching down and stroking her pretty hair, and felt a great desire to gather the lovely girl in my arms, and hug and kiss her. But I restrained myself, as I was doing continually when in intimate contact with her. But I did stroke her soft hair, touching it lightly. She felt my hand on it, and looked up with a smile. I was caught, and confused, and afraid that I had made a bad break, and done something that Mary would not have done. But I forced a smile, and said: "You have such pretty hair, Marie." Obviously she was greatly pleased with my praise, and said: "Thank you, mamselle, but I think your hair is far prettier than mine. I wish I had auburn hair like yours." "And I wish I had black hair, like yours," I lied. "Isn't it funny that we women are never satisfied with ourselves and wish we were something different?"

"How true, Miss Mary. You like my hair and I like yours. And that reminds me. I think I should wash your hair tomorrow morning. You need a shampoo after your illness."

"Very well, Marie," I said. "Tomorrow morning."

That would be a new experience for me, and I thought that I should enjoy it, with the pretty Marie working over me.

The doctor now made his daily call, and examined me. It was strange how ashamed and embarrassed I felt in exposing my girl's body to a man. It was ridiculous, for he could not possibly know that I was a man myself. But still the feeling was there, and I hated to have another man see my feminine body. I would far rather have women see it. It seemed more proper, for some reason unknown to me.

"Well, young lady," said the doctor, "you are doing famously. In fact, I can pronounce you fully recovered, and tomorrow you can dress and go downstairs. But remember to take it easy, for you will still be a little weak for a few days."

"When can I play tennis, and ride and swim, doctor?" I asked. "I am dying to get some fresh air and exercise."

"You can go out for fresh air tomorrow, but the exercise had better wait until next week. By then you should have got your full strength back."

He took his leave, and in a short time my dinner was brought in by one of the maids. I found that my appetite was improving, but it was still delicate, that of a girl. I now realized that I never would have my hearty male appetite again. I was so small, and my body needed less quantities of nourishment. Well, it was just another drawback in being a girl--and how many of them there were.

This day to me, in my weakened condition, had been quite strenuous, and I had had unusual emotional experiences, and excitement, so that I was very tired and glad to go to bed early. But before I dropped off to sleep, I reviewed the day in my mind. To me, the sweetest part of it had been when I was held closely in my father's arms, and had experienced to the full the sensation of being a girl. Being a girl was a lovely and delightful sensation, and not a bit like what I had thought it would be. A girl has such tender, affectionate feelings, which are lacking in a man. And now I knew how a girl felt when in the arms of a man. It was exquisite and had filled me with bliss. I found myself wishing that I could always be a girl, were it not for the social obligations that a glamour girl like Mary Morris--like myself--would have to fulfill. Yes, there were many objections for a man as a girl, chief of which, I decided would be the clothes I would have to wear--the corsets and all the rest of it. And I thought that the social whirl would be disagreeable to a man like myself--the dances that I would have to attend. There would be dozens of them, of course. I had a sinking feeling as I thought of myself dancing in the arms of another man. How could I, Charlie Cross, endure their admiration which I knew would be mine, their silly talk, their amorous looks, and perhaps their caresses. How could a man go through with it? It would be terribly boring, and distressing. But I realized that I would have to go through with it to the best of my ability. I must not let Mary down. I must act like her to the best of my ability. I found myself wishing that I was really Mary Morris, really a girl. It would be much easier for me, and nicer and better in every way. For I now knew that it was lovely to be a girl. Why did the male have to come back into me?

At last I fell asleep, filled with conflicting emotions--male and female.

* * * * *

Next day was one that also stands out vividly in my memory--my memory of my life as a girl.

Marie took care of me and my toilette as I have described, and I had the usual pleasant sensation in my bath and when she dressed me again in my negligée. After breakfast came the ceremony of washing my great head of hair. And I learned that it was quite a task, and took time, to shampoo the hair of a girl like myself, because of the length and thickness of my hair. (pardon me for calling it "my hair". Of course, it was Mary's, and not mine, but already I was thinking of myself as the real Mary, and of her hair, of her body, her clothes--in fact, of everything as my own--as mine. I was in my possession, so why not?)

I thoroughly enjoyed having my hair shampooed by the pretty Marie. It was a new experience. It was so luxurious, and--may I say--so feminine. I loved the touch of Marie hands. Every touch was, to me, a caress, she was so pretty, so attractive to the male still in me. Any male man who reads this will understand my emotions. How long would it last, I wondered. Would I ever get so used to Marie and her ministrations, so intimate, so soothing and delightful for a man, that I didn't get a feeling of pleasure from them? I didn't know, but I was sure of one thing, and that was that I would be far better off, more happy and contented, if I could regain that feminine sexual feeling that I had experienced the night before in my father's arms.

But at the time I was very far from that, and I could do nothing about it. When with Marie, the male in me predominated, and I did not feel in the least like a girl, though actually one. Mine was a strange situation. What was I, male or female? When with a ~~man~~ ^{woman}, as in my father's case, I was a female, but when with women, I felt myself to be a male. It was a most baffling situation and one that I am sure no man had ever had to face before. For I now knew that I was bi-sexual, neither man nor woman, but torn between the two. At times, I felt I was a man, and then I felt myself to be a girl. I liked being a girl best. But should I fight it, as Charlie Cross, and try to maintain my manhood, as I had first decided to do? I couldn't decide, at the moment, but my feeling was, in view of what had transpired yesterday, that it was nicer to be a female. Never had I had such a wonderful, such a delightful sensation, as during the brief time I had felt myself to be a girl. Yes, no doubt, it was nicer to be a girl. I would yield, and not fight it, as a man--as Charlie Cross. I marvelled at the change that had come over me in this short space of time. A few weeks ago, before my operation, I had been the malest of the males--a he-man, an athlete, big and strong, and only interested in athletic events. I was a well-known tennis player and athlete. My life was tied up in sports. They were my only interest. Girls, society meant nothing to me. I was a man among men--among big he-men, athletes and stars. I was looked up to as a coming tennis champion. I was big, virile, strong. No man, not even Jack Dempsey, was more masculine than I. But now, what had happened to me? Where was all my boasted masculinity? Was it gone with the wind? I didn't know. But I knew that I was slipping, and very rapidly. I was losing my masculine ego and personality very rapidly. Of course, it was the result of my occupancy of a feminine body, which contained Mary's feminine brain. It was getting me. Why fight it? I now knew for sure that it was nicer to be a girl than a man. I had been both, and I knew. No other man will ever know--ever have my experience. But, if he did, I am sure he would choose to be a female, as I eventually did. But more of that later. I was at the turning point, and the female predominated. What a crisis for a man, for Charlie Cross!

The pretty Marie soaped and scrubbed my hair, as I leaned over the wash bowl in my bathroom. How I loved the touch of her little hands. There was something voluptuous about it, this having my hair washed by my attractive maid. My hair was so heavy, that she used several towels to dry it, and still it was not dry. Outside my boudoir was a balcony, now flooded with brilliant sunshine. Marie placed a straight-backed chair put there for me, to dry my hair in the sun. It was good for hair to be dried in the sun. I took my place in the chair, feeling strangely diffident. What a place for a man to be in, I thought. Supposing somebody should see me. I knew that was silly, for of course I was not a man, but a pretty girl. But I could not get used to it. It didn't seem right for me to be dressed in girlish negligée, with flowing hair. Any man who reads this will understand my feeling. He would feel the same. He would have the same difficulty I was having in assuming a feminine role. He would feel ashamed, as I did, in being a girl, with hair down back, and in delicate flossy silks. But nobody was in sight, and I gloried in the sunshine. It made me feel good, as I drank in the delicious air. I had been too long indoors, I, an outdoors man, an athlete, used to strenuous exercise. I wondered if Mary felt the same way. I was sure she did. How often I thought about her, and worried. Was she playing the game? Was she being masculine? Was she acting like Charlie Cross, and not disgracing me by being effeminate? What a fool she could make of me if she acted like a girl! I squirmed at the thought. If she acted like a "sissy", my reputation would be ruined, and when I got back into my own body, how could I ever live it down? But I consoled myself with the thought that she was a sensible girl. I hoped that

she would play the game, and not let me down. I was playing the game and doing my best to BE Mary Morris. Surely she would do the same, and do her utmost to be a natural Charlie Cross. It was far easier for her to play the part of a man than it was for me to play the part of a girl. If she would only act in a masculine manner! It would not be difficult. She could easily conceal her feminine instincts, if she tried. How would she like shaving? How would she like having short hair? How would she like wearing coarse ~~man~~ clothes? Would she not become masculinized, as I was so quickly becoming feminized? I hoped so. I was almost sure of it. She would not let me down. I must not worry about it.

And so I sat out there in the sun in my staright-backed chair, with my hair flowing over the back of it, to dry. I noticed with pleasure how the sun brought out the golden glints of my wonderful hair. How I loved it, and gloried in it! Surely no girl had more beautiful hair! And then I saw a man approaching across the garden. My balcony was at the back of the house, where I thought I was assured of privacy. I didn't want anybody to see me in my negligee, with streaming hair, and especially a man.

As I saw the man coming my way, I felt like beating a retreat into my room. But I must not do that. It would be too silly. Mary would not do that--and I was Mary. And what would Marie think of me? She would not mind a man seeing her with her hair down, nor would Mary. She would not give it a thought.

But I summoned Marie, who was busy in my room, and whispered: "Who is that man coming this way?"

"Why, that is James, one of the gardeners. He has been here several years and you know him well." Alas, my last "memory".

"Tell me about him quickly," I said. "Is he married and has he any children?"

"Yes. He has two children, a boy and a girl."

Good, I thought. I will talk to him as Mary would have done, in a natural manner.

The man James had a pair of pruning shears in his hands, and he began working on the shrubbery just under my balcony. He didn't look up, and didn't see me.

I had a chance to observe him. He was a handsome young man, big and strong. I found myself admiring him. The female in me was immediately in the ascendancy. The feminine in me at once prevailed. I was a girl again. I was in the presence of a good looking man. It was so strange, and yet, so pleasant, the female sex instinct. I must attract his attention, talk to him.

"Good morning, James," I said, in my musical feminine voice that never fail to give me pleasure when I heard it.

He looked up, and I instinctly waved my hand at him, and smiled.

"Good morning, Miss Mary," said James. "I am so glad to see you looking so well. Are you feeling all right now?"

"Yes, James, I am all right now, and will be out tomorrow."

"That's fine," said he. "I'll show you your flower beds. They are coming along nicely!"

"How are the wife and children?" I asked/

"Fine," said he. "The wife was asking about you only this morning. I'll tell her you are fine and recovered."

"That's good," I said. "I must stop and see them soon."

"They'll love to see you. They worried about you, and the operation and all."

I now experienced a glow of pleasure. What a lovely girl Mary was! She was popular and beloved by everybody. She had a lovely character. Though rich, everybody loved her, even the servants and the workmen on the estate. That spoke volumes for her. My love for her grew. I must do my best to play her part. I must be kind and considerate of everybody, rich or poor. That was my ~~natural~~ nature, anyway, so it would be easy for me.

An overpowering desire to flirt with this handsome young male obsessed me. Where was Charlie Cross, now? Gone! I was a girl with complete

feminine instincts. I was a coquette. This handsome man appealed to me sexually. The male in me had fled. I was feminine. And I liked it.

James started in with his pruning work, but I watched him and was aware of the fact that he kept looking up at me. I could see admiration in his eyes--for what man would not admire such a pretty girl as I? I knew it, and it thrilled me. And he was so handsome, a big, strong virile man of the type that every woman instinctively likes. Any woman would admire him. And, I confess, that I did. I was now indeed a girl, a female, with a female's instinct for the male. It was a delicious feeling, such as I had never experienced before. My father had aroused it somewhat, in a mild form, but this was something different, a girl's sexual feeling for a man.

I knew that James was intrigued with my hair. It was beautiful and the sun brought out all the glory of its coppery color. I took it in my hands and fluffed it, pretending to dry it, to let the sun and air get at it. I was aware that he was watching me and my lovely hair. It was my first flirtation, and how I was enjoying it! This being a pretty girl was not bad at all. I reveled in it. It was going to be wonderful, being a lovely girl. There would be many men, and I knew now that I would appeal to them, sexually. Nobody of the male persuasion could fail to succumb to my feminine charms. It was delightful. I was filled with bliss. No man could possibly feel so voluptuous as I did, as a girl. The feminine sexual feeling that I now had was sublime. I would not be anything but a girl for anything in the world. Yes. The feminine sexual feeling was ~~was~~ far more delightful than that of ~~of~~ the male. I was happy to be a girl. It was marvellous, intoxicating. I hoped it would last, and that I would never again feel myself to be a man--a male.

From time to time, Marie would come out to my balcony, feel of my hair, and fluff it. At last it was thoroughly dry, and I had to go in.

Then the maids had meanwhile been busily at work making my bed, and straightening up my boudoir, putting fresh flowers in the vases, and Marie, I found, had laid out the clothes I was to wear. For now I was to be fully dressed for the first time since I had made the trip from the hospital to my new home. As I glanced at the bed, I saw laid out a pretty dress--and the dreaded corsets. Now, at last, I was to experience corsets, those stiff, confining garments to which all women of that day were slaves. I hated the idea of having my young body compressed in them. Surely it was unhealthy, injurious, I thought. But I was in for it. There was no way to avoid it. It was the style to have a small waist, and I, as Mary Morris, must yield to the dictates of fashion. How would it feel, I wondered. True, I had been wearing a girdle, a little laced in, but it had not been uncomfortable and I had rather liked the support of it. But a boned corset would be different. But I would have to submit--and try to like it, or at least get used to it. And so, with mixed feelings, I watched in the glass as Marie hooked my corset about me, stepped behind, and drew in the laces. I recalled how I had seen my mother being laced, and so I imitated her, and drew in my waist and expelled my breath, and watched my waist growing steadily smaller. But it was not so bad as I had anticipated. Mary--meaning myself--had a naturally small waist, and a three inch reduction of it, with my supple soft, yielding girlish body, was not bad at all. I was pleased to find that it was not very uncomfortable, though I did not like the feel of stiff corsets. No man would. But I was now a girl, not a man, and must think of myself as such. All girls wore corsets and I must resign myself to wearing them. For I was a girl, not a man. Mary, of course, had worn corsets for years, and so her lovely little body was accustomed to them. I must take them as a matter of course. My lacing finished, I looked in the mirror, and was pleased at the sight of Mary's tiny waist. As a man, I had always admired a small waist on a girl, and now I had one, and was a girl. I was content. I would not object to my corsets, for I found that I liked having a small, hour-glass waist. It was a bit uncomfortable, but chic and desirable. I would learn to like it. In truth, I already did. What a change from Charlie Cross! How he would have loathed wearing a tight corset. But I liked it. I was a girl!

And I was not ashamed of it. I was glad. I wanted to be a girl. I felt like one and I gloried in it. Mary's brain and body were triumphing over the masculine personality of Charlie Cross. But would it last, I wondered.

After lacing me in my corsets, Marie finished dressing me, bra, ~~slip~~, petticoats and slip, and then she tackled my hair. She applied to it a dressing of brilliantine, which brought out the copper tones that I loved so well, but still it was fluffy from its washing. She combed and brushed it, while I revelled in the pleasant sensation and felt her hands working at my head. Then she did it up. How strange (ti) felt, after having worn it so long down my back. She coiled it, while I watched in the glass, and inserted what seemed to me bushels of hairpins. I now recalled the saying of women, somewhat humorous: "I have just washed my hair, and can't do a thing with it." For in spite of the dressing, my hair was loose and fluffy and would not "stay put" and for the remainder of the day, my little hands were going up to my hair, fussing with it, and pushing back the hairpins that were continually coming out. I did it automatically. It was Mary's hair, and her hands, and she had made such motions thousands of times, so it came naturally to me. My hair was a nuisance, and yet I liked it. I wouldn't have parted with it for the world. It was such glorious hair, so thick, and long and silken. Few girls could grow such hair. It was a great asset. It was admired by everybody, as I was to find out. ~~Man~~ adored it and women were envious of it.

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It was only natural that I should be nervous and somewhat apprehensive about now leaving the seclusion of my rooms, and embark upon my career in the society of which I was now a member. The reader can readily see the position I was in, and how hard it would be for a man to play the part of a girl when he knew nothing about it. There was one comforting thing about it. I would not have to worry about my looks. I WAS Mary in that. Nor I need to worry about my movements. Guided by Mary's brains, they were completely feminine, natural and graceful. There was no danger of any awkward masculine movements on my part. But how about my actions? When to stand, when to sit down, and how to talk to people as a girl would talk. My mind was masculine, and I had masculine thoughts and instincts. I would feel out of place.

My mother was having seven of her friends in for luncheon, to be followed by two tables of bridge. I had to go to the luncheon, but would not be called on to play bridge.

I told Marie to leave word for Agnes to come to my rooms as soon as she came in. I wanted her support when I went down stairs and joined the ladies. It was not yet time to go down.

I now began looking through the drawers of Mary's desk, and discovered two albums full of snap-shots, so I took ~~it~~ out and looked through them. Mary appeared in all of the photos, sometimes alone and more often in groups, in which usually there were boys--her friends. I ^{must} was of course *learn* about Mary's boy friends, now to become mine, and I wanted to know as much as possible about them, so I studied the pictures and memorized the faces. Under some of them the names were written, and I took notice of them. One boy appeared much more frequently than the rest, and I knew he must be Bob Wilcox, for Mary had a framed photograph of him on her dresser, and Agnes had told me who he was. I must find out more about him, for evidently he was a close friend.

Soon I heard Agnes coming, and she breezed in and gave me a kiss.

"How do I look?" I asked her, standing in front of the glass and examining myself. I had on a pretty afternoon frock.

"You look lovely, darling," said my sweet little sister. "But you are a trifle pale. I would suggest a touch of rouge."

I applied a little, and also powdered my nose, and saw that it was better for my long confinement and illness had left me quite pale.

"Who are the ladies that are coming for luncheon?" I asked. "Do I know them?"

"Of course you do, darling. They are old friends of mother's and you know them very well. They often come for bridge. I will tell you their names, and see if you cannot remember them."

She gave me the names of the seven ladies, but I told her I was sorry, but my memory still was a blank. Agnes then went on to give a brief description of each, while I paid close attention, for I knew it would be nice if I pretended to remember them, and could call them by name, ~~for~~ from the description Agnes gave me, when I met them downstairs. I would try, and hoped that I would not be too much confused and embarrassed to do so.

I next asked Agnes about Bob Wilcox, and learned that he had been Mary's closest "boy friend." She could hardly believe that I didn't remember him.

"Bob has been a great admirer of you for a long time," said Agnes. "he has taken you to dances and other parties and often calls on you. He looks upon you as his sweetheart."

"But we are not engaged, or anything, are we?" I asked.

"No," said Agnes, "not exactly engaged, but everybody thinks he is in love with you, and that you like him best of all the other boys who are your admirers."

"Who are these other boys?" I asked. She told me, naming about half a dozen.

"Are they in love with me, too, and am I fond of them all?"

"How should I know?" asked Agnes, with a smile. "You ought to know more about that than I..No doubt when you see them all again, you'll remember them and whether or not you are fond of them. But I am certain that they all are very fond of you, Mary darling. How could they help being? You are so sweet and pretty and friendly with everybody--so popular."

"You are very sweet yourself, Agnes," I said, "to say such nice things." And I kissed her, a sisterly kiss. She was pleased.

In her I realized that I had a lovely sister, and one I was sure I could trust. And she could help me so much in the trying times that were at hand. I decided that I would make her my confidante. I wondered if Mary had done that. I decided to tell her something about my interest in Charlie Cross.

"Agnes," I said, "Charlie Cross is coming to call on me tomorrow evening. I think he is very good looking and nice, and we have a lot in common, having been operated ^{on} at exactly the same time. I am eager to see him."

"Why, darling, I thought you hardly knew him. Have you got a "crush" on him already?"

"I guess I have," I replied, blushing a little. "He is so nice, and a wonderful tennis player. I am going to ask him to play with me when we both are able to start tennis again."

"But you will be no match for him," said Agnes. "You are a very good player, for a girl, but you couldn't give him any sort of a game. He would sweep you off your feet with his speed, and you couldn't make a single point. He's altogether too good for you."

"Well, then, we'll play mixed doubles, and I'll be his partner."

"That would be all right. Why don't you ask him to come and play next week? Our court is in fine shape. You can ask Alice and some man to come, too. Or I'll play with one of the boys against you and Charlie!"

"That will be fine. I'll ask him. I can hardly wait to get playing again," I replied.

"And to see Charlie?" Agnes asked mischievously.

"Yes," I said, blushing again. "To see him and to play with him."

"Well, it's about time we went down to luncheon. The ladies must be here, and Mother will be wondering where we are."

I took a last look in the mirror, adjusted my hair, and pushed back some hairpins that were coming out--what a nuisance my hair was--and then, summoning up all my nerve, I started down with Agnes. How strange I felt in my tight clothing and high heels, with hair done up. I had worn ~~it~~ so long flowing, that ~~it~~ felt funny done up, and the back of my neck felt exposed. Agnes put her arm around my waist, and I put mine around hers, and carefully descended the stairs. I was afraid that I might trip or stumble going down the steps in my unaccustomed high heels, and I clung with one hand to the bannisters, for I was still a little weak. But I found that I had no trouble with the high heels, although they felt funny on my little feet. But Mary had worn such shoes for years, and so her feet were used to them and walked in them without awkwardness. I had already noticed that my feet had high arches to the insteps, which was just the thing for high heels.

"Will the ladies kiss me?" I asked Agnes, as we descended.

"Why, of course they will, silly. They haven't seen you since your operation and will be very glad to see you about again. Besides, don't forget that two of them are your aunts." Yes, she had told me that--Aunt Margaret and Aunt Carrie, my mother's sisters.

The bevy of ladies was chatting away as we entered the drawing room, and I noticed a strong smell of perfume and powder, the usual feminine odor emanating from a group of fashionably dresses society ladies. And Agnes and I also were perfumed. What a feminine atmosphere it was! And how out of place I felt. With much rustling of silk and satin the ladies got up and greeted me as I approached them, trying to act like a girl and appear natural and at ease, though confused and embarrassed.

First I kissed my mother, then the ladies, one by one. They were all very kind, asked me how I felt, and told me I looked fine. I told them I was feeling quite well again. Then I decided to lapse into silence as much as possible, to be seen and not heard, to listen to their conversation. I was glad to find that, as a young girl, I was not expected to talk much in the company of my elders, and so I felt that I was doing all right and that it was not as bad as I had expected, this, my first social experience since my "girlhood" began. The talk, of course, was typically feminine, some telling about their operations, and there was talk about clothes, styles and people they knew. Soon the butler announced luncheon, and I trooped in with the rest of the ladies. There were no men present, as my father and Bill had not come home for the meal. They usually ate downtown.

We had a lovely dining room, so rich and elegantly furnished, with heavy carved furniture. The table was beautifully set. It was very luxurious, almost too much to suit my taste. But I must get used to it. This was now my home.

How strange it seemed to me to be sitting there with all these women, a woman among women. I had never thought that Charlie Cross would come to this! I was very uncomfortable both in mind and body, for I was conscious of my unaccustomed tight corsets. They took away my appetite. I didn't eat very much. I knew that if I did, my corsets would feel all the more tight. I had already inspected all the ladies and noted that all of them were well corsetted, in the prevalent style, but they seemed to eat heartily of the delicious food that the butler and two footmen so noiselessly and efficiently served, course after course, and they did not appear to be aware of their tight lacing. But then, of course, they were used to it, adjusted to it. I would no doubt soon get that way, too. But now I was aware of my stiff, tight clothing, and sitting down seemed to me worse than standing up. But somehow I got through the meal, and at last we all went into the drawing room again, where the servants served coffee, and then the ladies started their bridge. Agnes and I were now free.

"Let's go for a walk," said Agnes. "I'll show you around the estate."

I jumped at the chance. I was eager to get out-of-doors again, to get some fresh air and exercise.

We went upstairs to our rooms, to get our handbags and parasols. Yes, I had to take a parasol to protect my precious complexion. I found that I must keep it in its creamy white state, and not let the sun touch it, lest I become tanned or burned. That was the custom in those days. No sun-tanning for the girls or women. No. We wanted to keep white skins, which would look well in evening dress. I found I also had to wear gloves to protect my lily-white little hands, and a scarf around my neck. What a nuisance it was, always to have to carry a bag when I went out. How I missed my masculine pockets. I hated having things in my hands, and now I knew that a handbag would always be a part of my equipment--a constant impediment. And now I had to carry a parasol as well. Another penalty to pay for being a girl. And how many penalties there were, especially for a man like myself--corsets, skirts, high heels, long hair, a complexion to be constantly guarded and cared for, hand bags, parasols and what-not. This was only my first day fully dressed and I had already learned a lot about the drawbacks of being a maiden. And there were plenty more, I was sure. Soon I would have to wear evening dresses and be all dolled up. I wondered how that would be. I wondered if it would be very objectionable. At the same time, I was anxious to see how Mary--how I--would look in a low-cut evening gown. Then she--I--would be at my prettiest and best. Well, I should find out tomorrow. I would dress for dinner--and for Charlie Cross. I must look my loveliest for him. I loved him--or perhaps I should say --Mary--and I hoped with all my soul that she would fall in love with me. Then we would marry. But suppose she didn't love me! I shuddered at the very thought. How could I go on if Mary didn't love me? I never could stand it if she didn't.

It was a relief to get away from that luncheon--how I hated a "hen party" like that! But I felt that I had acquitted myself very well, and that nobody could criticize the way in which I had played the part of Mary Morris. It had been easier than I had expected, and I was sure that nobody had noticed anything "queer" about me. I had been able to call the ladies by name and had taken such part in the conversation as seemed to be expected of me. Yes, I had done very well. It gave me a pleasant glow of satisfaction. The ice was broken, and I had more confidence in myself as a girl. But would I do as well when boys and men were present? That would be more difficult, I thought, for with them the sex element would enter into the picture. I should have to play the part of a female with the male. How disagreeable that would be! How could I ever endure the admiring, sexual looks and insinuations of other men? And yet--and yet--would it? I recalled how I had felt in my father's arms, completely like a girl. And then there was my flirtation with James, the gardener that morning. In that I had been completely feminine. And then it flashed upon my mind that probably I should see James again when I went out with Agnes around the grounds. Instinctively I went to the mirror and inspected myself critically. I rearranged and smoothed my hair, applied a touch of rouge to my cheeks and powdered my nose and chin. How feminine it was, how girlish I had already become! I thought that I, Charlie Cross, should feel ashamed at thus being so interested in my looks, and wanting to appear pretty. And ~~was why~~ was I doing it? Was it because I wanted to attract the men I knew we should see outside--especially James? Blushing at the thought and yet, strangely enough, not feeling ashamed of myself for my female sexual feeling, which, in fact was extremely pleasant, I gathered up my bag and parasol, and took one farewell look at myself in the glass. How pretty I looked, how sweetly girlish! And that adorable figure, with its tiny waist! I tingled with pleasure as I gazed at myself. Could that possibly be myself? I asked for the thousandth time. But it was. I smiled and the vision smiled back at me. I waved my little gloved hand at her, and she waved back in a most graceful and charming manner. I was filled with delight, and voluptuousness. It was a wonderful, a marvellous feeling to be a beautiful young maiden. I was supremely happy for the moment, and I could hardly tear myself away from the lovely picture I presented. But Agnes came in and interrupted in my self-admiration, and we went downstairs and out onto the grounds.

The minute my pretty sister Agnes joined me, the male in me came back. My feelings, my sex instincts, were instantly changed from female to male as soon I came in close contact with this desirable young girl. With her I was a man, a male, though a few moments before, in my room, in front of my mirror, I had been a girl, a female. It was terribly confusing, a man one minute, a girl the next. I had become a phenomenon, a person of two sexes, experiencing the sexual feelings of both, first one, then the other. I could contrast the two. And I found that I preferred to be a girl. I was one in body, but only partially in soul. Because I found being a girl, a female, infinitely more pleasant, I found myself wishing to rid myself of my male ego, and to become completely a girl. Under the circumstances, it would be far nicer for me that way, as the reader can readily understand. I was a girl--a lovely girl--in body, and in that body the soul of a man was entirely out of place. How could I function properly as a girl if I had a masculine soul? I must try to cast it out and gain a complete feminine soul. But could I do it? I wondered, for Agnes, Alice, Marie and the other attractive girls I had come in contact with, aroused the masculine ego in me, and I felt towards them like a man.

Agnes also had a parasol, and she looked so pretty! How I loved walking at her side, fully aware that I, too, was a very pretty girl, two lovely young maidens strolling along. I took my cue from her. She was my model, as well as my guide. The garden was shaded in places by huge

elms and maples. But in other places there was brilliant sunshine, and as we passed into it, Agnes raided her parasol, and I did likewise. We must protect our dainty white complexions, at all hazards. We walked across the lawn to the fine, large tiled swimming pool, with its spring-boards and slides, and I looked it over, and found myself longing for the time when I could take a swim. I pictured myself diving off the board, a slender girlish figure cleaving the clear water.

"Am I a good swimmer?" I asked Agnes.

"Of course you are, darling, and the best diver in our set."

That was cheering news to me, for I loved swimming and diving. I had been excellent at it, as Charlie Cross. Apparently, I was a good girl athlete--tennis, ~~xxxxx~~ swimming, riding. Perhaps life would be rather pleasant, except for the social part of it.

Next we went to inspect the kennels. There were a number of dogs of various breeds, which Agnes told me belonged to various members of the family. As I came close, one little pomeranian spotted me and set up a racket of barks and yelps, jumping up and down in great excitement.

"That is your dog, 'Clarice'. Don't you remember her? She is crazy about you," said Agnes.

"Of course I remember her now," I lied, and I stopped over the low fence to stroke the pretty little thing, who was in ecstasies and licked my hand. As I bent over, I was aware of the pressure of my tight stays, which cut into my body. Darn the things, I thought. What a nuisance, how uncomfortable. Will I ever get used to them? But I felt that I would, in time. In fact, I had forgotten entirely about them for some time, and this was my first day in them. Well, I liked having a small waist, and must not resent my corsets, even if they pinched me when I bent over. I would have to get used to them, as women did.

After looking over the dogs, we went to the stables to inspect the horses. I learned that each member of the family had a saddle horse, and we all were fond of riding. There were two grooms in charge, and they went along with us. Immediately the feminine in me arose, at the presence of these males. I immediately thought of my looks, and my hand went to my hair automatically. I instinctively wanted to look my best, to look attractive to them. For they were men--and I was a girl--a female, again. I had made another quick change of sex. And I was aware of their looks of admiration. Such looks of masculine admiration were, of course, entirely new to me, and I enjoyed the sensation. (How commonplace that came to be in a short while. Every unusually pretty girl gets used to it. But to me then it was a novelty, and I discovered that I was enjoying it.)

We stopped in front of one of the box stalls, and the head of a beautiful horse stuck its head out to me, and whinnied. It seemed to recognize me.

"This is your saddle mare, 'Firefly'," said Agnes.

I stroked the soft, velvety nose, which seemed to give the little mare much pleasure. How I would love to ride her! I pictured myself on her back, wearing the riding habit I had seen in my wardrobe. How that form-fitting dress would bring out my figure, and the smallness of my waist, I thought. And a bowler hat would look cute on my head, securely pinned on, with my reddish hair peeping out at the sides and back. And those cunning patent leather boots! Yes, I longed to ride Firefly. But I would have to ride side-saddle. I would have to learn that. I was sure I could. I could do what other girls could do. It now came to me that I was thinking of myself as a girl, and it seemed entirely natural, at the moment. If it would only last--be permanent, for it was so nice--much nicer than being a man. Of that I was now sure. Charlie Cross could never have pictured himself as a girl, in feminine riding costume riding a horse side-saddle--and enjoying the picture. But Mary Morris could. Surely now I was really Mary Morris. If I could only stay that way, and Charlie Cross's soul never come back into my girl's body!

Arm in arm, Agnes and I next went to look over the great green-houses of the estate. I was more and more impressed with the size of our place, and with the evidences of great wealth. I was indeed a rich girl! As we entered the door of the greenhouse, we were met by the gardener, James. This handsome young man brought out all the feminine in me, and I again felt a strong desire to flirt with him. But Agnes was there, and, besides, he was a married man, and it would not be proper for me to flirt with one of the servants. I must be somewhat dignified. So I contented myself with giving him one of Mary's dazzling smiles. He made me feel very feminine--and I liked it, strange to say. We walked along, admiring the great array of flowers and plants, raised solely to decorate the house.

Next Agnes took me to the garage. There were half a dozen cars there, and two vacant stalls, which, Agnes said, were the places of my father's and brother's cars, which they had out. Certainly a family of wealth, with eight fine cars.

"This is your car," said Agnes, showing me a powerful and rakish looking sports roadster, of bright canary color. I longed to take the wheel and give it a spin in the country.

She next showed me her car, like mine, but a rich maroon color. Besides them, there were two limousines and a sedan and a landaulet, all fine, expensive shiny new cars, of foreign make.

"How about a ride in my car?" asked Agnes, and she told one of the three chauffeurs who were in attendance, to drive her car to the front door, while we went in the prepare ourselves. I rang for Marie, and told her I was going motoring. She would know ~~what~~ what I should wear. I didn't. She handed me a small toque from my large collection of hats, which I pinned securely to my hair, and then put on a thick veil to protect my precious complexion. I didn't like a veil. It obstructed my vision. She then helped me into a light silken coat. I gathered up my bag--I came near forgetting it--and I joined Agnes at the front door, and we got into her car and drove off. How nice it seemed to be out again in the rushing fresh air. And at first I had a little feeling of embarrassing at going out to meet the public gaze as a girl. I was now alone with Agnes, and so felt like a man--like Charlie Cross--and I didn't like the idea of people seeing me as a girl. Supposing we should pass some of my friends! And then it came to me how foolish I was. I was not Charlie Cross, but Mary Morris. I had no need for embarrassment. Rather I should feel proud of myself because I was so pretty. To reassure myself, I took my little mirror out of my vanity case, and looked at myself. I was as pretty as a picture. Agnes and I must have looked charming, two lovely young girls side by side rolling along in our car. I soon realized this, for I became aware of the looks of admiration of every man we passed--and I became a girl again. I was conscious of my beauty and thrilled at this masculine attention I was creating. I felt very animated, and tried to keep a pretty look on my face (which was easy), chatting with Agnes and smiling constantly, to show my pearly teeth. Yes, again I was completely feminine, and I loved it. I had feminine sex appeal for men, and it gave me a glow of pleasure. I felt like flirting with every good-looking man I saw. But I restrained myself. I must act like a lady--like Mary would have acted if she had been there in my place. We passed several men in the street who knew us and bowed. Warned in time by Agnes, I returned the bow, and smiled. Then I asked Agnes who they were, and she gave me the names, which I memorized--also their looks. I would know them next time. We also passed some girl friends, who waved to us, and we returned the salute, I taking my cue from Agnes, as usual. I asked Agnes to drive through the street where the Cross family lived--my old, familiar home. I was anxious to see it again--and perhaps I would get a glimpse of some of my family--my mother--or possibly Charlie Cross--(or Mary, perhaps I should call her.) This thought of seeing my sweetheart thrilled me, but, alas, nobody was in sight as we slowly motored by. But never mind, I would see her tomorrow evening.

As we passed my former home, where I had lived so many years, a feeling of homesickness came over me. I longed to see my mother again, and my father and brother. I wished I was back there in my former state, a man, with my family, living as I had for 21 years. For the moment I bitterly resented being a girl. I longed to stop, go in the house and see my dear mother. I was tempted to do so but I had to remind myself how silly that would be. Though her own son, my mother would not recognize me in the form of Mary Morris. How could she, when her own son, Charlie Cross, was there in the house? At least, it seemed so. Little did she know the truth. Nobody knew it except Mary and myself. And nobody could ever possibly know it except us. Nobody could ever know, or be convinced, that I, Mary Morris, was in reality Charlie Cross, and that Mary was really a girl, in masculine guise.

And how I thought of Mary, as I had so often done, for, naturally the girl I loved was constantly in my thoughts. How hard it must be on the poor girl to be separated from her own mother, father and brother. A girl is so affectionate, so sentimental. She must miss them terribly. I was sure she would like my family. They were wonderful people. But to Mary it would not be the same as her own family, of course. How hard it was, I thought, for us both, suffering a change of sex, and being separated from our own families. But Mary must see her family when she called the next evening to see me. I would see to that. And then, later, I would get her to take me to call on my own family. They would not know me, of course, but at least I could see them, get acquainted and maybe later on become intimate with them.

Agnes and I finished our drive and returned home. As usual, there were several people in for tea--my mother was ~~ag~~ great entertained, and every afternoon held a "salon" which was frequented by a number of people who were her friends and acquaintances. If any prominent people came to our city, my mother was sure to entertain them--artists, authors, statesmen, social lights, and many of our local members of society had formed the habit of dropping into our house for afternoon tea. It was a daily ceremony. Agnes told me that mother wished ~~for~~ and myself to come for tea, and meet the visitors and help entertain the home town people who were guests. I longed to go to my room and stay there, to undress and relax. But I must ~~play~~ the game, and do as mother wished, so Marie rapidly changed me into another afternoon frock--a very pretty little light blue number which was most becoming--as I could see in the mirror--and I went down rather reluctantly, to join the tea party. As a recent invalid who had undergone an operation and who had been indisposed for some weeks, I was greeted cordially by those who had not as yet seen me since I left the hospital, and was, for the moment, more or less the center of attraction. Again several of the women, who I was supposed to know, kissed me. Some of them were old enough to be my mother, but most of them were attractive and so I enjoyed their kisses, as a man. I made my escape as soon as I politely could, went up to my room, rang for Marie, and had her undress me. I was tired. It had been a strenuous day for me in my weakened condition. It had been my first day in corsets. I had found them to be stiff and uncomfortable. They had bothered me when I stooped over or sat down or got up from a chair. Any man would have resented being laced in a tight corset. How Charlie Cross would have hated it. He never would have submitted to it. What man would? And not only being laced tightly in a corset, but being dressed as a girl, completely feminized, like myself, and forced to live as a girl, and to play the part of one. Every normal he-man would hate it, perhaps. And then I suddenly thought of men I had known who had taken feminine roles in the college plays. They had not hated it, otherwise they would have refused to allow themselves to be transformed into girls, and play the part of girls before a large audience. Yes, they must like it. Some of them I had seen in the plays make remarkably pretty, feminine girls. Those men who could do so were very popular, and a few of them became quite famous as feminine impersonators. What a wonderful female impersonator I would make, I thought.

But the trouble would be that nobody would know that I was an impersonator--except Mary, and myself. And, of course, I would be altogether too perfect in the role. It would not even be an impersonation, because, after all, I was a girl. I now recalled the most wonderful female impersonator the college had had in a decade, a young man who was the toast of the town, and who was still in college and would appear in the forthcoming college play. I had seen him last year in the play, as leading lady, and he was perfection--pretty, graceful, the last word in feminine allure. He was Stanley Stelter. The girls were crazy about him, because of his feminine beauty--though he looked masculine enough when in male attire--but dressed as a girl he was all that a pretty girl should be--in looks, at least. I decided that I must meet him. I, too, was a female impersonator, I felt, and so we would have much in common--though of course he would never know that I was a man. Yes, I must see him some day in feminine attire. I was sure that he loved to wear it, and nobody could blame him, because his disguise as a pretty girl was so perfect, and he was so much admired, particularly by the girls. They could appreciate how difficult it was for a man to disguise himself as a girl and do it so well that he really looked like a girl, and nobody would suspect that he was a man. How few men could do that! I wondered about Stanley. Was he really a girl in a man's body, frustrated, wishing to be a girl, with a girl's instincts and desires, and yet forced, through the accident of birth, to be a man? That would be too tragic. But was not my situation equally tragic--a man forced to live as a girl? We had much in common. I must meet Stanley Stelter. I could not betray my secret to him, but I could sympathize with him and we could become close friends. I would understand him. And then I recalled another man who had made a decided hit in feminine parts when I was in college a few years ago--Gordon Kling. Gordon--or, "Gardenia" as they used to call him, was the "leading lady" when I was in college, a few years ago. He had been as famous for his impersonations of a lady, as Stanley was now. Gordon did not make as pretty a lady as Stanley did--not quite--but he made an exceedingly good looking girl, and he was famous for the way he wore his gowns--and for his figure. His waist was so small--on the stage--that he made people gasp. Women wondered how he could stand it and men didn't believe it possible. His picture, in feminine costume, was published in the papers before each show in which he took part, and every picture emphasized the slimness of Gordon's waist--his slender feminine figure. His feet and hands were small, too. I hoped to meet him. And Stanley too. Yes, it would be lovely to meet Stanley and Gordon and compare notes, because, after all, we were three men who were unexcelled as impersonators of the feminine sex. I, of course, was the best, because I WAS a girl in body, but the other men could not fail to be wonderful as girls--few could equal them, and some girls would have to look to their laurels--for they made exceptionally pretty and attractive girls--Gordon a tall, slender brunette, and Stanley a delicious blonde. Every man would turn his head for a second look, when he saw the beautiful Stanley as a girl. And Gordon would not lack for admirers of the male sex, either. Gentlemen do not always prefer blondes. Gordon was now out of college, but I hoped that he would not refuse to do an impersonation for me, if I asked him. I was quite sure that he would welcome any excuse to don feminine attire. I was sure that Stanley and Gordon loved to dress as girls, because they excelled at it. We all like to do the thing in which we excel. It is human nature. We are all vain, and love to be admired. And Stanley had been admired so often. His photograph has been in great demand after each time he had appeared on the stage in a feminine role. And he photographed so beautifully! He looked like a Hollywood star. Gordon Kling was a different type of girl, and, as I have said, he had a most remarkable feminine figure, which made him famous. Stanley was the pretty little blonde type, which is so much admired, but Gordon was the more stately type of girl, tall, willowy, and with regular features which made up wonderfully well as a girl--an oval face, small nose and mouth, and big eyes--distinctly girlish looking, and yet a man among men,

All of these thoughts about female impersonation ran through my mind as Marie undressed me. What a relief to get that corset off! I knew that I had not been tightly laced, like most of the women I had come in contact with, but it was my first day in corsets. I had only been drawn in about three inches and yet it had been uncomfortable--the stiffness of it, the steady pressure. I had been conscious of my stays part of the time, and yet, I remembered that for a long period I had forgotten that I was laced in a corset. That was encouraging. I would soon get used to it. I did not like the compression, of my waist, and probably never would, but I was glad to wear corsets because it gave Mary--me--a small waist, which was the vogue. It was a drawback to being a girl, a female, but there was no help for it, no way out for me. I simply had to go through with it. I must make the best of it, even though it went strongly against my masculine instincts. Perhaps I would lose those masculine instincts eventually, and become completely feminine. It would be better, for my peace of mind, though I was reluctant to give up my masculine ego--soul.

As Marie took off my corset, I scratched my sides, where the steels had pressed my body, and, naked, I looked at the redness of my soft body where the stays had exerted pressure. Surely, I thought, this must be injurious to my girlish body. But in a little while, I looked in the glass again, and the marks and redness had entirely disappeared. After all, corsets must be harmless. All women wore them, apparently without ill effects. I could do likewise. It gave me comfort to think that at least they would not be harmful. But it was a relief to get them off, and have Marie dress me in my negligée and let down my hair in the way I loved it--flowing down my back in a glorious copper cascade. I ordered dinner served in my room, and, after eating the delicious meal that was served, I went to bed, and to sleep.

I have given in detail the events of my first day "in the open" as a girl, so the speak, but I will skip over the details of the next day, as they probably would not interest the reader, as nothing exciting happened. In the morning Marie dressed me in a tweed suit, and I went out alone and again walked around the grounds, greeting my dog and my horse and it came to me that both were females. There was no end to the feminine atmosphere in which I was engulfed. Even my dog and horse were females, and almost every person I came in contact with, was a woman. Would I never again get back into a masculine atmosphere, and the company of men, which I longed for? I wandered about, went back to the house for luncheon, with the family, and in the afternoon took a drive in the car with my mother. I was doing very nicely, and playing the girl without difficulty. I tried to act naturally, as Mary would have done, but had little to say. My mother, and others, seemed to understand that, because of my loss of "memory". That was a very convenient excuse, and explained any little slips that I made.

Again I had to appear at tea, in the drawing room, another "hen" party which I did not enjoy, but to which I was becoming accustomed. But naturally my mind was on Charlie Cross, or, Mary, the girl--or man--that I loved. Which was it? I was terribly confused, as the reader will readily understand, because of my confusion of sex. As a man, I loved Mary Morris, but as a girl, I loved Charlie Cross--but in either case I loved myself. For was I not Mary Morris? And was I not Charlie Cross? But I must not love myself! I must become one or the other, a girl or a man. I would try to be a girl--Mary Morris. Then, if Mary became Charlie Cross, I could love her--or him--in a natural manner. Yes. That was the solution. I must become a girl, and Mary must be a man. I was rapidly changing into a girl. Surely Mary must also change into a man, in the same manner. I hoped so with all my heart. Then we could marry. It seemed the only way out. But I was soon to see Mary--Charlie--that evening, after dinner. I was all agog, excited, impatient. Would she--he--love me? Return my love? There were a thousand things to talk over--(besides our love). We must compare notes, make plans for the future, give each other information about intimate things. Mary must have secrets. And she had "boy Friends". I must find out all about

them, and how to comport myself with them. I must learn the degree of intimacy with each of Mary's former boy friends, so that I could carry on in a natural manner, as Mary would do.

That evening stands out vividly in my memory. It was the first time I wore evening dress, and the first time a man called on me--Charlie Cross. Also the first time I attended a dinner party in my home, as a girl. Yes. For me it was a momentous occasion.

After tea, I went to my room, was undressed by Marie, and relaxed. Mary--Charlie--filled my thoughts. I wanted her--him--to fall in love with me, if she--he--did not love me already, as I already loved Mary. That was possible--probably. Mary had now occupied my body for some weeks and knew all about it--and about me. I had, on my part, occupied her body, and knew all about her, and was madly in love with her. Surely she must love me, as I loved her.

Of course, I wished to look my loveliest when I met Mary. I would spare no pains to be as beautiful as possible, so as to impress her, and make her love me. What to wear? That was the question. I had never worn an evening gown before, and knew nothing about them, though I had several times looked over the many gowns hanging in my dressing room, and imagined how I would look in the different ones. But I must not trust myself--my taste might be too masculine and at fault. So I summoned Agnes.

"What dress shall I wear, darling?" I asked. "Which is my favorite evening gown?"

"Well, you have many pretty frocks, but I think you would love to wear that green dress you wore at the Schuyler's dance just before your operation. You liked it and you looked stunning in it. It is form-fitting and brings out your lines."

"Thank you, darling," I said. "The green it is." And I told Marie to lay it out, together with the accessories that went with it.

After Marie had given me my bath, I started to dress. Marie had laid out the complete outfit and I looked it over. Besides my gown, there was a complete outfit of lingerie in green, to go with my green evening frock, a pair of very high-heeled green matching satin slippers, and a green corset of heavy embroidered satin, well boned. It was a complete green ensemble, and very pretty, one that would delight the heart of any girl. But did it delight my heart? Was I a girl? I didn't know. I was somewhat apprehensive. How would it feel to wear a low-cut evening gown, with shoulders and back exposed? It would be strange, for a man, and something new and different for me.

But I put myself in Marie's hands, as usual. What a jewel she was, and how helpful. How could I get along without her? She slipped my chemise on me, and my little green satin panties--lace trimmed, and so cute--then drew on my stockings, and slippers. How high the heels seemed--the highest I had ever worn, by far. And then came the corset. She clasped it about me, with laces let out. All day I had had an 18-inch waist, and I had been told by Agnes that my evening gowns were 17-inch waisted, as a rule. But now I was in for a surprise, for the dress that Agnes had selected for me to wear was one of the few of Mary's that had a 16-inch waist. Now indeed I was to know what tight-lacing meant. My 18-inch waist had not been so bad, though I had not liked it. It had seemed tight to me, not being accustomed to wearing a corset. But now I was to have a 16-inch waist! Had I known it sooner, I might have picked another dress, but now it was too late--and I did not want to back down--what would Marie and Agnes think of me if I did? Mary had worn the dress--and corset--at a dance. Surely I could stand it, if she could. A man could stand as much as a girl. And so I stood in front of the pier glass while Marie laced me in, and could see my waist grow smaller and smaller--19 inches, 18 inches, 17 inches and finally, 16 inches. It looked terribly small, a wasp waist, as though I was being cut in two at the

middle. I had the hour-glass figure that was so much admired and sought after by every girl and woman in those days. It of course felt very tight, and I was in a vise, and yet it was not so bad as I had expected. Mary's young body was so pliant and yielding, that she laced in very easily, and her soft flesh was easily compressed, and spread out above and below. Yes. I decided that I could stand it--easily. After all, I was not laced tighter than my mother, or other women of her age who had grown a bit stout, but still fought to retain their slender waist lines. If they could stand it, day after day, surely I could for an evening. And yet, I was different--a man, and naturally resented wearing a tight corset.. If the reader of this is a man he will readily understand my feelings, although today, of course, tight lacing is unknown. He will also understand my resentment at having to be thus dressed and beautified as a girl--for at the moment the male was strong in me, and my soul revolted at being a girl--and so severely tight laced and high heeled and that mass of hair and girlish face. How silly I felt, standing there before the mirror, a girl, a maiden, a woman, a female. My spirits were at the lowest ebb. I was disgusted with it all. Why did I, Charlie Cross, have to be a girl? It was preposterous, and I resented it bitterly. Meanwhile Marie was doing my hair. I looked in the glass. A sudden change came over me. I cannot explain it, but as I looked in the glass and saw Marie doing my lovely hair, with my piquant little face below, with its perfect girlish complexion, I suddenly became a girl, with that feminine feeling I had learned to like so much. Now I was deeply interested in my toilette and wanted to look as beautiful as possible--was it for my own satisfaction, or to charm Mary--Charlie? Both, I decided, but I must look my loveliest to Mary. She must find me desirable, adorable, charming irresistible. She must fall in love with me on sight, and desire to marry me.

I was very particular about my hair, and made Marie do it over twice before I was satisfied. Next came my make up, my first for evening wear. I decided to let Marie make me up. I had learned already how to make myself up for day time, but this was different, and I didn't trust myself. For I must be beautiful, and my make-up must be perfect, to enhance my beauty. With a pair of tweezers she plucked my eyebrows, and shaped them, then touched them deftly with a pencil. Next she applied mascara to my long eyelashes, and applied a bit of blue to my eye lids. Then came rouge on my cheeks, a little more than I had worn in the daytime, because of the fact that now there would be artificial light--I was learning fast the feminine artifices-- and for the first time, lipstick, to bring out the cupid bow shape of my little mouth, and make it look more red--and kissable. Of course I was well powdered, not only my face, but my neck, shoulders, back and arms, and then came the donning of my dress. It was a princess, and, in spite of my close corset, it was such a close fit at the bodice, that Marie had to struggle with the hooks at the back. I never could have hooked it up myself, I thought--and I should need help to unhook it. My jewelry was kept in a small combination safe flush with the wall of my bedroom, and hidden behind a picture. I had only had a glimpse of it before, but knew that I owned a fine collection of valuable jewels, the gift of my father at various times--birthdays and Christmas. I brought out the jewel casket, and looked over the gems. What to wear? There were so many nice pieces and sets. But I soon was entranced with my set of emeralds, which I knew would harmonize well with my green dress. And so I took out the set, and put the pieces on. They were glorious emeralds, and very valuable, I knew. First the necklace. How it gleamed on my white throat! Then the earrings. Never before had I worn earrings, and it gave me a strange, but pleasant sensation as I fastened them to my little shell-like ears. I moved my head, and liked the feeling of them dangling against the sides of my face. Next the bracelet and emerald ring. I also decided to wear another bracelet, a pearl one, on the other arm, and a ruby and diamond ring, which was extremely pretty.

I was now dressed, made up and be-jewelled, my toilette completed, and time for inspection before the glass. I was completely feminine in my

feelings as I contemplated the vision I beheld in the long mirror, and yet, perhaps a bit masculine, for I was suffused with a glow of pleasure; a feeling of voluptuousness, a sexual thrill, most delightful. It seemed to me incredible that that lovely, exquisite, beautiful, charming, desirable young maiden in the glass could possibly be me. Never had I looked so pretty. And my figure! My tiny waist was devastating, maddening, intoxicating. How could a girl have such a figure, and be so lovely--and be myself? How glad I was now that I had chosen that dress, with its wasp waist. I adored my hour-glass figure. It was divine. And my dress was so pretty, so becoming. The green went so well with my reddish hair, which was so prettily dressed, with all of Marie's skill. I went close to the mirror, so that the reflected light could strike my hair. It gave off lovely coppery tints, which filled me with bliss. I examined myself very critically from head to foot--hair, complexion, dress, figure and slippers, but could find nothing amiss. In fact, it all was perfection, and I thrilled through and through at the thought that I, even I, was that lovely, adorable young girl. I could not tear myself away from the glass. I smiled and the vision smiled back at me so sweetly that I felt like kissing her. I gave her a little friendly wave of the hand, and she waved back. I went up close and looked deeply into her eyes, and she looked back into mine, and I recognized in her look, a look of love, of feminine love. I was indeed in love with Mary and the feeling filled me with unspeakable bliss. And soon I would be with her. Would she love me as I loved her? Would she take me in her arms, hold me tight and give me a long soul-kiss? But it would not be Mary who kissed me, but Charlie Cross, a man. And in his arms I knew that I would be a girl, completely feminine, soft and yielding, and desirous of the male. In a flash my thoughts went into the future--and I pictured myself as Charlie's bride, a church wedding with many pretty bridesmaids. Then our honeymoon, and our first night together, our nuptial bed. I was in his arms, his lovely bride, and I was a woman, a female,--yielding, receiving, accepting, passive, utterly in love--with a woman's love for a man. And then my imagination jumped ahead. I was a wife. I was about to become a mother. I was filled with maternal feeling, a desire to have a baby. The male was totally gone out of me. And then I pictured myself having a baby, nursing it, loving it, mothering it. And then, later, more babies. I would adore them, and so would Charles. We would have a most happy wedded life. Charles would not look at another woman, nor I at another man.

Thus I dreamed--and what a lovely dream.

But now it was time to go down to dinner. There were guests. Another social ordeal for me.

I DINE-IN-EVENING-DRESS.

How strange I felt in that clinging evening gown, which fitted me so tightly, and how helpless, for my corset and my high heels made ~~xx~~ every move an effort. I walked back and forth, feeling very compressed and cramped, and yet somehow elated, for there was something about being tightly laced that gave me a feeling of well-being, of trimness, which I had not expected. But at the same time I hated to be so weak and helpless. Supposing while in this costume I were attacked and had to defend myself; or supposing I had to run from danger! It would be impossible! I was a prisoner of my clothing. But I could walk all right. I drew up a chair in front of the mirror and practised sitting down and getting up. Yes, I could do that all right, and quite gracefully. Could I dance? I would try. Humming a waltz tune, I circled about on the toes of my high heeled slippers, lifting the heels so that they didn't touch the floor and drag, and waltzed without trouble, around and around before the mirror. I presented a pretty picture as I did this, and was glad that I could do it so nicely. I was not so helpless as I had imagined. I was glad I could dance. I soon would have to, at parties.

I now again, with adoring eyes, studied in the mirror Mary Morris, the girl I loved. I could not see enough of her! I could not tear myself away! And again I primped, just like a girl, fussing with my coiffure, adding a touch of powder to my nose. I had read that a woman, on the average, spends three-quarters of a hour a day primping before her mirror, and now I found myself doing it. And I loved it because the girl in the mirror was Mary. I wished her to look very beautiful as well as perfectly groomed. I knew that Marie had turned me out so that I was faultless, and yet I could not forego the pleasure of primping, and admiring the lovely girl reflected in my mirror.. I was filled with ecstasy at the thought that I was indeed that lovely, divine looking young maiden. I was sure that no other man ever before had experienced that exquisite feeling of being one of the prettiest girls in the world. Why, I wondered, had this gift of feminine beauty been bestowed on me, a man--Charlie Cross? I was in the seventh heaven of bliss. How lovely to be a beautiful girl!

I was still before my mirror when Agnes entered,, and at first I had a little feeling of shame at being thus caught, but I quickly dismissed it, for I realized that it was the most natural thing in the world--for a girl. Agnes was looking very beautiful in a white lace dress, which was very becoming and appropriate for a young girl of sixteen. I noted that she had on her evening corsets, and, like myself, was more tightly laced than during the day. How quickly I was learning to notice such things--things of a feminine nature which a man would overlook.

I now suffered a revulsion of feeling, brought about by the presence of a pretty girl. I suddenly became masculine in my feelings and a ~~xxx~~ wave of disgust swept through me, and I found myself loathing being dressed as a girl. I wanted to be a man again. I became acutely conscious of my gripping corset, my tight dress, my high heels, my hair, and, in short, with everything I had on. I, a man, resented bitterly being a girl. How could I ever go on with it? But I must. I had no choice. So I summoned all my courage, and made an effort to dismiss the unpleasant masculine complex from my mind.

"You look lovely, darling," said the sweet Agnes. "That dress is so becoming. I was afraid you would not want to wear it,, because of its tightness. You have been so long without corsets that perhaps your waist has expanded a little. Do they feel dreadfully tight?"

"Yes, they do feel tight," I admitted, "but I don't mind."

"I know why you don't mind," said she with a smile "It's because of Charlie Cross, and you want to make an impression on him with your tiny waist, and that adorable green gown."

I felt myself blushing. Agnes had guessed the truth.

"Yes, I want to look nice to Charlie, but I also want to look well at dinner," I said. "By the way, who are the guests tonight. Do I know them?"

"Yes, darling, you know them all," she said. And she gave me their names and a brief description of each guest, to refresh my "memory" so that I would recognize them when I met them. There were to be six married couples, friends of my mother and father, and no young people excepting Agnes, Bill and myself.

"They will play bridge after dinner, so you will be able to slip away to your Charlie when he calls," said Agnes.

There was a knock at the door. My mother had sent a servant to tell us to come down to the drawing room, as the guests would soon be arriving.

How terribly constricted I felt as I went down the broad stairway with Agnes. I was afraid that the stilts I was walking on would trip me. I am sure that if I had been a man, I would have fallen, or slipped. But Mary's body had been used to such heels, and to such binding garments, and so I was pleased to find that I was walking down the stairs gracefully and in a thoroughly ladylike manner, handling the heels without the slightest difficulty. This gave me confidence. And even pleasure. Again I became a girl in feelings, much to my relief. How unpleasant it would have been if I had stayed masculine. Then it would have been a real ordeal, and I would have suffered as any man would have suffered at being forced to play the part of a girl among strangers, dressed as I was in my uncomfortable clothes. But the lovely feeling of being a girl came over me. I glanced in a mirror as we passed it, and felt a wave of delight suffuse my person as I glimpsed myself as a lovely young maiden. And then, as I entered the drawing room, I joined my father and Bill, and their masculine company added to my femininity. They both complimented me on my appearance. Soon my pretty mother entered, superb in a fitted black velvet gown and pearls. She looked lovely. I glanced quickly at her waist. My mind seemed to be much on corsets, owing to my laced state, so unaccustomed. Her waist was tiny, considerably smaller than I had seen it in the daytime, and I realized that she must be laced even tighter than I. I wondered how she could stand it. But it consoled me to know that I was not the exception. Later when the other women arrived, I noticed that they all were severely corsetted.

As the guests were arriving, my mother, father, Agnes and I formed a reception line, and as the butler announced the guests, they passed by us and we shook hands. It was all very formal, and gave me a further insight into the manner of living of the very rich.

Any man who reads this can easily imagine how strange I felt as I stood there with my mother and sister, playing the part of a girl, in my unaccustomed low-cut evening frock. It was strange to have my shoulders, breast, back and arms uncovered, and I almost felt naked and only half dressed in thus exposing my white flesh to public gaze. And it felt so strange to be so tightly corsetted, and high heeled, and to have a mass of long hair piled on my head. And my earrings and necklace and bracelets felt strange. And I was aware of the heady perfume I had on, and of the clinging skirts of my dress. It was also strange to look down and see the rounded tops of my little snowy breasts peeking up above my bodice, with the hollow valley between. How cute they looked, and how feminine! But I felt a little ashamed of having my breasts show at first, until I noticed that those of my mother and the other ladies, also showed. I realized that it must be to attract, to beguile the men, and increase our sex appeal to them. That was the reason we took so much trouble to make ourselves beautiful--why we wore elaborately coiffed hair, squeezing corsets, stilted heels, pretty dresses, jewelry, powder and rouge--all the arts to make ourselves attractive to the males. And here I was doing it myself, a man turned into a beautiful girl, and playing the role of one to the best of my ability. I was gladly making use of all the feminine arts and wiles to give me sex appeal. Why did I want to have sex appeal for men? I wondered. It was entirely unnatural for a man, especially a he-man like Charlie Cross.

While these thoughts were flitting through my mind, the guests arrived and were received. It was my first experience meeting men socially since I had become a girl. I had gotten along all right so far with the

women and girls, but how would it be with men? I knew instinctively that it would be different. Mary Morris was so extremely pretty that she was bound to have great sex appeal for every normal man she came in contact with. Now I, myself, had that feminine sex appeal, and it was to be tested for the first time socially with men. How should I act? How would they react to me? I felt somewhat embarrassed, and yet it would be a very interesting experience. As the men shook hands with me, I smiled sweetly and looked them in the eye, as I noticed my mother and Agnes were doing. I was at once aware of a strange glint, or look, in their eyes as they gazed into mine and I knew of course that it was the male looking at, admiring and being charmed by a female. Every pretty girl knows what it is and takes it for granted, but it was new to me, though it was not long before I, too, got used to it, and expected it as my natural right. But their gazes I found very pleasant, though all the men were old enough to be my father. But they were by no means old, ^{but} and well-dressed, attractive men. This contact with them at once turned my feelings into those of a girl. Men already affected me that way, as I have already related, and I knew that rapidly I was becoming more and more feminized, more of a real girl in every way. In short, I was becoming the real Mary Morris, and less and less was I Charlie Cross. Soon all of the guests had arrived, the men looking nice in their dress clothes, and the girls and women lovely in their fashionable and rich dresses and jewels. What a rustling of skirts there was as we moved about, and what an aroma of heady perfume exuded from us. I had applied perfume to myself liberally, at the suggestion of Marie. I had already become used to being heavily scented. Charlie Cross had hated strong perfume, but now he liked it. How strange, and what a complete change in those few weeks of my maidenhood. At the beginning I had never dreamed that I could possibly be transformed into a girl and endure it, and get accustomed to it all, but here I was actually liking it. And feeling like a girl and enjoying attracting men with my feminine sex appeal. Surely, I thought, no man before in the whole world, had ever gone through such a transformation, and had such strange experiences--man into girl, male into female, not only in looks, but in feelings and instincts--at least part of the time.

The butler announced dinner and we walked to the dining room, I on the arm of Mr. Ferguson, one of our guests. It seemed strange to be walking on his right side, and holding his right arm with my left hand. Heretofore Charlie Cross had always been on the right side, but now everything was changed, and nothing was natural. Mr. Ferguson treated me in the manner men have with young girls, as though I were almost a child, making playful, inane remarks and childish jokes. I didn't like it, and wished he would treat me like a man, and talk sense. But I had a lesson to learn. Being a pretty girl with a man was different. I must not expect them to talk sense. With my sex appeal, a man would not do that. He must try to impress himself on me as an attractive male, and try to make me like him. I carried on as best I could, smiling at his sallies, and flattering him as he knew he would like to be flattered. I could feel him tighten his arm so as to press my hand against his side. It was not unpleasant. On the contrary, I liked it. It gave me a nice glowing feeling, and I gave his arm a little squeeze in return. Now indeed I was a girl, and it made me feel very happy, for the moment.

At table I sat next to Mr. Ferguson and he was very attentive to me, as his dinner partner. I am afraid I flirted with him a little, but not openly, so that his wife would notice. What fun it was, at first, but I soon tired of the game, as the table conversation became general. The talk was about things I knew nothing of, and so I was not interested and my thoughts wandered. How tight my corset was, and worse sitting than standing. I could not eat much, in my compressed state, and so I helped myself very lightly as course after course was passed by the butler and two footmen, and I only nibbled at the delicious food, which I could not enjoy. How silly it was to wear such a tight corset. Why did women do it? I thought.

And yet--it was nice to have a tiny waist. Of the nine women at the table, counting Agnes and myself, of course, I had the smallest waist, and, of a sudden, I felt proud of it. I was wearing the corset of the girl I loved. She had worn it, and undoubtedly had been proud of her waist line. I now was she, so I, too, should be proud of it. And I was. The feeling did not make me any more comfortable, but it made me content.

When the game course came round, champagne was passed. Was I supposed to drink it? As the footman reached my place, with the cold bottle swathed in a snowy napkin; I glanced at my mother, who was watching, and I caught a nod of approval. So I allowed the man to fill my glass with the cold, sparkling beverage, the drink of the rich, and from time to time I took a sip. The wine exhilarated me and made me feel fine, and more content with my lot and present situation. And now my thoughts turned to Mary, whom I was to see so soon. The thought of meeting her excited me, and further reduced my appetite. I could hardly wait. Why did the meal drag so--why were there so many courses? There were so many things I wanted to say to Mary, so many questions I wanted to ask her, that the one evening would be all too short. But, aside from all the questions was the one important thing, which filled me with anxiety--would Mary love me, as I loved her?

During dessert the conversation turned to athletics, and the men had a good deal to say about them. And they brought up the subject of tennis. I was now all agog with interest, knowing more about it than any man present, and I longed to express my views, but knew that it was not expected of a young girl like myself. The men would pay no attention to my opinions. While in the midst of the discussion, my mother rose and remarked that it was time for the ladies to withdraw and leave the gentlemen to their cigars and port--the old established English custom which we followed. All of the ladies arose but I, forgetting momentarily that I was a lady, and wishing with all my heart to stay and listen to the conversation of the men. It was the first masculine company I had been in since becoming a girl, and it seemed so good to me after my weeks of strictly feminine environment. I longed to stay with the men, join in their conversation and enjoy the aroma of their cigars and the masculine atmosphere. But I caught myself in time, and recalled that I was one of the ladies, and must withdraw with them. We rustled into the drawing room, where we gossiped while the servants served us with coffee and liquors. It was of course feminine gossip, in which I was not the least interested, and I was bored, and wondered why Mary did not come. I was so keen to see her that I could hardly contain myself. After a bit, the butler came in and informed me that Mr. Cross was in the library. Excusing myself, I left the ladies, to go and meet the girl--or should I say man?--that I loved. I was now totally feminine in every fiber of my being, and I felt myself to be actually Mary Morris, a real girl. Gone from me completely was Charlie Cross. In spite of my eagerness to see Mary--Charlie--my feminine nature caused me to think of my appearance--how I looked--and so I went to a nearby dressing room to primp, to fuss with my hair, though it really was perfect--to powder my nose, to apply a dab of rouge and lipstick. How anxious I was to look my loveliest to the man I loved--and who, I hoped would love me. Satisfied with my looks, I approached the library door, where I found the butler waiting to open it for me. Bracing myself, I entered, and had one of the queerest sensations that is given to a person in a lifetime. For there I saw myself, Charlie Cross, coming toward me. It almost made me reel. Afterwards Mary told me that she had exactly the same sensation to see herself approaching. It was weird, each of us seeing ourselves coming forward. I was now seeing myself as others saw me. How handsome I--Mary--Charlie--looked. The sight of her--him--thrilled me. Mary came forward to meet me with outstretched arms and I hurried forward to her and found myself in her big, strong arms, held closely, and our lips met in a passionate kiss. Now I knew that Mary loved me, as I loved her, and I was filled with ecstasy and bliss. Now I knew in full measure what it was to be a girl in love and beloved by a man. It was divine. Mary held me

closely for a long time, and I was in the seventh heaven. All I knew was that I was in the arms of the man I loved and I lost all track of time, while he continued to kiss me and murmur words of endearment. Somehow my arms were around his neck, holding his head tight to me, and looking up into his eyes, while he looked deeply into mine. I experienced the rapture of a woman's love in myself, the glory of feminine sex feeling, and of desire.

"My darling, I love you so," murmured Charlie (as I must from now on call him). "You are so beautiful, the most beautiful girl in all the world. I am mad about you. Say that you love me."

"I love you with all my heart and soul," I whispered, still in his arms and held so tightly that I could scarcely breathe. But I did not mind. Forgotten were my tight corsets, and everything else except the man who loved me and who was kissing and caressing me with so much joy. "Since we are in love with each other, we must get married," I said. "I know that it is not the thing for a girl to propose to a man, but I am sure it is all right in this case. Will you marry me, Charlie, at once?" I asked.

"Of course I will marry you, sweetheart," said Charlie, giving me another kiss, "but I'm afraid we can't do it at once."

"Why not?" I asked. "We are in love, and will only be happy when we are together, as man and wife. Let's slip out now, and get wedded."

"I wish we could, my darling," said Charlie, "but a girl in your position must observe the conventions. First we must become formally engaged, and announce it to society, and then, after a suitable period, we can get married. Probably a year from now. Think how bad mother would feel if we eloped. Besides, I have always set my heart on a big church wedding, with plenty of pretty bridesmaids, and handsome ushers, flower girls, matron of honor and all the rest of a fashionable wedding."

"But, my dear, that's all very well," said I, "but remember that I, and not you, will be the bride and I have no wish for a fashionable wedding with pretty bridesmaids. I could never endure it. And to think of waiting a year, and I having to play the part of a girl, without you, for a whole year! It is going to be terrible for me. I hate being a girl, unless I am your wife."

"I understand, darling," said Charlie, "and I have worried a lot about you since our transformation in the hospital. I realized how terribly hard it was for a big brute of a man like you to be suddenly turned into a young girl. I was afraid that you would rebel and make a scene, and refuse to play the part, insisting that you were a man. I was afraid that you would refuse to wear dresses and make a terrible fuss. That would have been a disgrace to Mary Morris, and to her family. I was afraid that you would refuse to wear corsets, and insist on having all your clothes loose and shapeless. I was afraid you would cut off your hair, and do all sorts of foolish things that would make the family and friends think that you were out of your head. And so I was delighted when I saw you come in here tonight looking so lovely, perfectly groomed and wearing my 16-inch corset and pet green dress that goes with it. I confess that I expected to see you wearing one of my loosest house dresses, and was surprised, but pleased, to see how well you have submitted and consented to wearing my smallest corset. I didn't think that Charlie Cross would submit to such tight lacing on the first evening in evening dress. You certainly have become very feminine very quickly. How do you like being a girl? Do you find it very dreadful?"

"I thought it was dreadful, at first," I replied, "and I resented it bitterly. But in the hospital at first I was too weak to protest, and as I lay there thinking it over, I decided that, for your sake, Mary, I must play ~~xx~~ the game. For I must tell you that as soon as I saw your lovely face, in the mirror and became fully aware of your beautiful body, I fell in love with you. So of course, I could not do anything that the girl I loved would not approve of. So, for your sake, I decided to be Mary Morris to the best of my ability. I'll admit that at first I did think of cutting off my hair, but by the time I got strong enough to do it, I had got to like it, yes, even to

love it, because it is yours, the most beautiful hair in the world. I glory in the possession of it, and would not cut off a single inch of it for the world."

"I am so glad," said Mary, "for it really is wonderful hair, and you will find, as time goes on, that it is a great asset to you, adding much to your attractiveness, and admired by men and envied by women. I am glad to see that you have taken the best of care of it."

"But of course, I have Marie," I said. "I couldn't do without her."

"I have been wondering about you and your maid," said Mary, with a mischievous smile. "How funny it must have seemed to you at first, having a pretty maid to wait on you, and dress and undress you. And bathe you, too. It is a strange experience for a man. Weren't you embarrassed at the intimacy of it?"

"Yes, I was, at first, and still am not entirely used to her, but every day it gets better. I may as well confess to you now, since we each know the other's secret, and since we are to be married, in time, that I am rapidly becoming a girl in feelings and am sure that in time I shall become one completely. But at present the male crops out in me at times, especially when in the company of pretty girls. But when with men, I am a girl. And I look upon you as a man and am in love with you. Tell me about yourself. How do you like being a man? And do you feel yourself to be one?"

"At first I hated it," said Mary, "but when I got up and about and found how big and strong I was and how nice it was to wear loose men's clothes and have short hair and no fuss and bother about clothes, or looks, or society, I got to like very much being a man, and now I wouldn't change back to a girl for anything."

"But how about poor little me?" I asked. "Am I condemned to be a girl and woman for the rest of my life?"

"I'm afraid you are. There seems to be no way to change back, even if I were willing. But you'll find being a girl is not so bad, after you get used to it. In time I think you'll love it, for there are many fine things about it. And remember, about half of the people in the world are women, and they get along all right. And think how fortunate you are in being so pretty, and the daughter of a millionaire. You will be much sought after, and have everything that your heart may desire. You can have all the pretty clothes you desire. You will soon get fond of pretty things and like to wear lovely clothes. I believe you already do. You certainly have picked out one of my--I mean--your--prettiest dresses to wear to-night. And I can't get over your willingness to be laced into that 16-inch corset." With these words, Mary playfully encircled my waist with her big paws, and gave it a squeeze, to tease me. Her hands went completely around.

I drew away, pretending to be angry, and actually somewhat distressed at the added pressure of his hands on my tight waist. Mary laughed, and I couldn't help joining in. What a wonderful secret we two had, one which no one else could share. It would be utterly impossible for anybody but ourselves to know that we were transposed, and that I was Charlie and that she was Mary, both in the guise of the opposite sex. And probably permanently so.

"I am wearing this dress for your sake, Mary," I said. "Agnes told me it was my favorite, and I wanted to look my very best when I met you and try to make you love me at first sight. That's the reason I consented to being so tightly laced in, just to please you. And now you are laughing at me and my corset. I'm sorry I did it. It certainly is not comfortable, and you do not appreciate my suffering."

"Of course I do, darling," said Charlie, "I think it is wonderful of you. I love you for it." And he again took me in his strong arms and kissed me. How strong his arms felt about my slender, laced body. And how weak, and feminine, I felt. Now I was a girl, and knew to the utmost how a girl felt being loved by a man. It was delightful. I would not have it otherwise for anything. In his arms I was experiencing that delicious female sex sensation which is the acme of bliss. I felt weak, yielding, desirous, and, had he wished, Charlie could have had his way with me then.

Mary's--(I mean Charlie's) caresses made me very happy. After he had released me from his arms I asked him to tell me more about his experiences as a man, thus far. She said she had found it very strange at first to have to shave, and disliked having a beard. She was timid about shaving, but found that the razor was not a dangerous tool, and that, guided by Charlie's hands and brains, she had no trouble about shaving. She had inherited his skill.

I then told her that I, too, had inherited her skill, and could do my hair, sew, knit, crochet, do fancy work, and, in fact, had found myself to be perfectly feminine in all my movements and actions. To my surprise, high heels had not bothered me.

"I noticed that when you came in the room," said Mary, "and I was surprised to see that you were completely girlish in your walk. Somehow, I had expected that Charlie Cross would be clumsy and awkward in his feminine finery, and act like a man. I am astonished that a man such as you were makes such a perfect girl, and in such a short time. I thought that you would look like a man trying to imitate a girl. I thought that you would stumble in your high heels and look funny in your dresses."

"Well," I said, "I was afraid that you would act girlish and effeminate, but you are playing the part of a man to perfection. Isn't it wonderful that in our transposition of sexes, we have also inherited the brains, so that we have the subconscious actions of the adopted sex? They make you act like a man, and me like a girl. You can shave, I can do my hair. I think we are very lucky in that."

"That is true," said Mary. "It is an immeasurable help. But I wish you could have seen me the first time I shaved. I got lather all over my face, and in my mouth, and just when I was in the midst of it, your brother came into the bathroom, without a stitch of clothing on. I was terribly embarrassed, as any young girl would have been, and I, myself, had little on."

It was the first time I had seen a man completely nude (except, of course myself--yourself--in the mirror. I must admit that I studied you--myself in the glass)."

"Of course, darling," I said, "and don't think I didn't study you--I mean, my present body--in the mirror. I felt a little guilty about it, at first, thinking that perhaps you wouldn't like it. But, after all, it was my body, the only one that I possessed, and it was the body of the girl that I loved, the most beautiful body in the world--at least, to me." And, to me, the most beautiful girl in the world. I was madly in love with you--of course, by that I mean, with Mary Morris--at first sight. It was thrilling, intoxicating and delightful to be the possessor of your lovely young body. You don't resent it, do you, sweetheart?" I asked.

"Certainly not, darling," she answered. "It is only natural. And now I must confess that, as a girl, I fell in love with you and your magnificent male body, as soon as I gained strength from my operation. The stronger I got, the more I loved you. Believe me, I, too, stood in front of my glass and exulted in my physical beauty, just as you did in your feminine loveliness. I consider you the handsomest man I have ever seen, and it is nice to know that you consider me--the former me--as the most beautiful girl you have ever seen. No wonder we are in love with each other. It is a perfect match. It is strange, but true, that I never really appreciated my own beauty until I saw you coming into the room a little while ago. I was seeing myself as others saw me. It is so different from seeing oneself in the glass, because you get a different viewpoint. And now, Charlie Cross," she said, "how do you like being the most beautiful girl in the world?"

With these words, she again took me into her great arms, and hugged me and kissed me, holding me very tight. My arms were around her neck. I did it instinctively, as a girl would do. I WAS a girl, in every fiber of my being. And to hear Charlie call me the most beautiful girl in the world was the most delicious music to my ears. No man can understand, but any girl who reads this will get the full sense of my sensations. For now Charlie Cross was a girl--and never in his life had he experienced such a voluptuous sexual feeling. Better a man, than a girl. More lovely.

Mary Morris--continued.

But our lovemaking could not go on forever, and time was passing. So we called a halt, and I slipped out of Charlie's arms. We had so much to talk about.

"Where are my father and mother?" asked Mary. "I am dying to see them. Where can I see them?"

"They are in the drawing-room. They have some guests," I said. "But it will of course be all right for you to go in and see them. I will introduce you to them. How odd that will be--for me to introduce their own daughter to her father and mother, and they not know it. Now don't forget yourself, and go and kiss your mother. Remember that you are a stranger to them, even they are not to you. You are now a man, and must restrain your feelings, so they won't think there is anything unusual about you. For I want you to make the best possible impression. After all, we are now practically engaged, and you must do your best to make my parents like you, and think you a fit one to marry their eldest daughter, and be a worthy son-in-law. I hope it will not be long before we can announce our engagement. Then things will be easier for both of us, and we can be a lot together."

"All right, Mary; let's go in and see them. I will keep my wits about me and act the part of Charlie Cross just as well as you would have done. I will try to look my handsomest and act my prettiest, to make a good impression," said Charlie.

"That's fine," said I. "You come of an excellent family, your father is a well-known lawyer and well-to-do, and you are quite eligible as a suitor for my hand, even if I now belong to the city's highest social circles, and am the daughter of a banker worth several millions. Your father knows my father, and, in fact, has his account at his bank. You really know my parents better than I do, and so are aware of the fact that they both love me very much and want me to be happy and make a happy marriage, so I am sure they will make no difficulties. You are so handsome, and such a famous tennis player, that I am sure you will make a good impression."

"We can't become engaged too soon to suit me," said Charlie. "I will be with you almost every day, and we can be of great help to each other. You can help me with my masculine problems, and I you with your feminine ones."

"Yes," I said, "and I am the one that shall need the most help, for in my position as a girl, I shall have far more problems than you. Soon I shall be started on my social career, playing the part of a society butterfly and it is going to be terribly hard for me, I am sure."

"You won't mind it, as soon as you get accustomed to it," said Charlie. "In fact, it will be a very gay life, and I am sure you will like it--or, at least, most of it."

"Well, I hope so, but I am afraid it is going to take me a long time to get to like being a girl. There are so many drawbacks. The matter of clothes alone is enough to discourage me, the way I shall have to fuss about them, with constant fittings. Women waste so much time on their clothes, and on their toilettes. I must have been at least an hour getting ready for dinner tonight."

"Well, why not?" said Charlie. "You have all the time in the world and it is your job, to dress well and look beautiful, to be an ornament. I am sure you will get to be fond of pretty clothes, and not mind all the fuss and feathers. And how lucky you are to be a rich girl. There is no limit to the things you can buy."

"Yes, that will be fine. Already I like pretty dresses and other pretty things that I inherited from you. I have looked over the dresses several times, and I have become so feminine that I want to try them all on, and see how I look in them," I said.

"I am so glad that are becoming feminine, for it will make it so much easier for you. It would be terribly hard on you if you had ~~remained~~ remained wholly masculine, and had fought against everything feminine that you had to wear, and experience," said Mary. "Now, tell me honestly, don't you really enjoy being a pretty girl, and get a big kick out of it? Don't you enjoy wearing pretty dresses and being all dolled up and looking so nicely?"

"I may as well confess," I replied, "that every day I become more and more of a girl, and like it more and more. But you yourself have seen tonight how much I am a girl, for I, as a girl, am in love with you, a man. That would seem to make me a pretty complete girl, wouldn't it? But it is not yet entirely premanent, for when I come into contact with an unusually pretty girl, she awakens the masculine feelings in me, and then I feel like a man disguised as a girl. But I think that will not last, for the male in me is steadily growing weaker, and the female stronger, and if this keeps up, which I am sure it will, it won't be long before I am a full-fledged girl all the while, and will have nothing of Charlie Cross left in me except the memory of my first 21 years as he. But how about you, Mary? Are you all man yet, or is some of the female still in you?"

"No, I am happy to say that I am all male. Only girls appeal to me now sexually, but for me there is really only one girl, and that is you, Mary. I can't tell you how much I love you."

Again he took me in his arms, and hugged and kissed me. Again I was filled with bliss.

We then went into the drawing room, after I had smoothed my hair and gone over my make-up, which his kisses had somewhat disarranged. I presented Charlie to his former father and mother, and to the other guests, who were all playing bridge. We only stayed a few minutes, but I was sure Charlie had made a good impression. I then suggested that we go up to my rooms.

"Perhaps it is not entirely proper for a girl to take a man to her bedroom I said, with a smile, "but this is different. Marie is down in the servants' quarters, and won't come up until I ring for her, so the coast is clear, and nobody will see us. I want to ask you about some of your things."

We entered my rooms, and I locked the door. First I asked Mary to go over her clothes and other things with me, and tell me about them. Agnes had helped me to inspect them, but she didn't know much about them. Mary told me about the different dresses, where she had worn them. We also inspected her furs, wraps, lingerie, hats, shoes, coats, and in fact, all of her wardrobe, and she told me about everything, and gave me advice about what to wear when, etc. Then we went to her desk, which up to now, I had not molested. Mary took out her check book, and showed it to me. It showed a balance of nearly \$5000 in my checking account.

"Father is extremely liberal. He gives you a thousand dollars a month, just for "pin money" and you can do with it as you like. You can buy clothes or anything you wish, but you also can have things charged to him at all the stores, not only here, but most of the good ones in New York. You will find it very nice to be a rich young lady," said Mary."

"But I shall feel guilty about taking all this money. After all, it is

yours, and not mine, and I shall feel like a thief . I think I should give it to you," I said.

"Don't worry about that," said Mary. "Everything I once owned is now yours, for, remember, you are now really Mary Morris, and I am not. I shall have all the money I shall need, especially as soon as I get a job somewhere. And if I should happen to get hard up, I will call on you and you can give me a check. I could take it from the girl I love, under the peculiar circumstances of our relationship."

"I never thought about your getting a position," said I. "How would you like to work in father's bank? You could soon learn the business."

"That's an excellent idea. Father is so fond of his eldest daughter, that he can refuse her nothing, so, after we announce our engagement and your father and mother approve of it, you can ask him to give me a place in the bank, and I am sure he will do it. He will want to have his future son-in-law there with him," said Mary--I mean, Charlie.

Mary produced a key from a drawer of the desk, and opened the lower drawer with it.

"Here are all my diaries," she said, "covering several years. They contain many of my secrets, and nobody has ever read them except myself, and I never thought that anybody would. But now that you are Mary Morris, they, like all my other possessions, belong to you, and you can read them, and keep them--and perhaps you will want to continue them, and tell all about your life as Mary Morris, from now on. Reading them will be a great help to you, for it will tell you about my comings and goings, my friends, my parties and dances, and everything. Of course, like all girls, I have had my share of love affairs, and you will find them in these diaries. You will find the names of a number of boy friends mentioned, and girl friends as well. If you remember all these names, it will help you a lot as you go along. One name you will find mentioned pretty often is that of Alice. She is my closest pal. But I suppose you know her. Don't you think she is nice?"

"Yes, I think she is lovely, such a beautiful blonde. She has dropped in to see me several times. I am going to enjoy her friendship very much," I said. "The trouble is that she is so pretty that she brings out the masculine in me. And she says soon she is going to ask me to go to her house and spend the night with her. What an experience that will be for me."

"I suppose I ought to be jealous of Alice, and perhaps I shall be, a little," said Mary. "But you will have to carry on with Alice just as I did, and be close friends, and visit back and forth often, and sleep together, as was our old habit. Anyway, even if you do feel like a man when with her, you are harmless, and can sleep with her as often as you wish. But what a thrill it will give you," and she laughed, while I felt myself blushing, but at the same time thrilled with the thought of sleeping with Alice.

Laying aside the diaries, for the present, we next inspected Mary's jewelry, and she told me about it, who had given her the different sets and pieces. It was a lovely and valuable collection, and now all mine. It must have been worth thousands, for there were diamonds, pearls and rubies, as well as emeralds, such as I had on, and other pieces--rings, earrings, necklaces, bracelets and clips, and breast-pins, too.

"Every Christmas and on my birthdays Father has given me jewelry, and mother usually gives me some, too, so I already have a fine lot. It is all genuine, as you can see," said Mary.

"I feel guilty about taking all this valuable jewelry," I said. "I shall have all your money, too, and other things. You won't get much from me. My

worldly goods ^{are} and pretty meager, as you no doubt have already found out, and I have little money in the bank. I am getting all the best of the exchange."

"It doesn't matter, and I don't care," said the sweet Mary. "I shall have as much money as I need, and what would I do with jewelry and dresses and all the rest of my former things, now that I am a man? I want you to have them and enjoy them. A girl like you needs pretty things, but a man does not. You will find it nice to be a rich girl, and have everything with which to add to your feminine attractiveness. I am so glad that you take an interest in being well groomed. Your hair was never prettier and shows great care--as much as I gave it, if not more."

"Of course I take good care of it, because I am very fond of my hair, and very proud of it, too," said I.

"It is one of your greatest assets, and you will find that it always attracts lots of attention, and admiration," said Charlie-Mary. "Another thing I am pleased about is your interest in your figure. I was afraid that you would act mulish, as most men in your position would do, and refuse to wear a corset, because it is so feminine, and also so uncomfortable. And so I was pleased when you came into the drawing room and I saw you were wearing your smallest sized corset. That is wonderful, for a man, and I admire you greatly for having the common sense to play the part and wear the things that I did, just as I did, even though you don't like it. It shows that you have courage, and will power."

"Well," said I, "I have made up my mind to play the game to the limit, and since I have been turned into a girl, I am going to be one to the best of my ability, and be a credit to you--or should I say--to your memory? If I rebelled, and acted like a man playing a girl's part, it would make me ridiculous and it would be far harder for me, and it also would disgrace my new parents. I have your lovely feminine body, and I shall do my best always to be worthy of it. Of course I don't like tight corsets or high heels or the wearing of dresses and all of the rest of it--no normal man would like it--no normal man would like to be a girl--but it seems I am fated to be one and there is no help for it, so I must get used to it and try to learn to like it."

"I am sure you will learn to like it before long," said Charlie-Mary. "You will find it glorious to be a beautiful young girl, rich, with all the lovely clothes the heart could desire, and admired by everybody--yes, and loved, too, by a great many. You will find that many of the boys and men you meet will fall in love with you, you are so desirable in every way. No doubt that will embarrass you at first, but, like all beautiful women, you will get accustomed to it, and regard it as your due."

"Yes," said I, "I know I am going to be very much fussed at masculine attentions. And I sort of dread going to dances and having to dance with males instead of females. How strange it will seem for me, a man, to dance clasped in the arms of other men. And I suppose they will flirt with me. How will I know how to act? Should I flirt with them, and encourage them, or shall I act demure and discourage their advances?"

"I realize it will be a little hard for you at first, but you will have to use your common sense and judgment with the men. Act natural with them, be pleasant and polite and a little harmless flirtation with those you like will be all right, and give you some fun. If you continue to get more and more feminine, as you expect, it will all be natural for you, and you will enjoy masculine company--and admiration," said Charlie-Mary. "But don't go too far, or I shall be jealous."

"Well, I shall be jealous of you, if you pay too much attention to other girls," I said. "We are engaged, practically, and I shall demand much of your attention when we are together, so you won't have much time for other girls."

"I couldn't look at another girl besides you," said Charlie-Mary. "To me you are the most beautiful girl in the world, and, remember, I

love you madly."

With these words, he swept me into his arms, and, holding me in his tight embrace, he pressed passionate kisses on my lips. This filled me with passion, too and I returned his kisses in full measure and was filled with rapture, and my senses were in a whirl. I recognized my feelings as being feminine, those of a girl in her lover's arms--and I found it divine, ecstatic, soul-satisfying. If I could always feel like this when in Charlie's arms, it was going to be glorious to live the life of a girl--and become his wife. How I wished we could be married at once, and I could immediately become his bride. But, alas! that would be impossible and it might be a long year before I could know the joy of being Charlie's wife.

When at last he released me, I was dizzy, and breathless, not only from the ardor of our kisses, but also from the tightness with which he had held me, and from the tightness of my corsets. Ever since Charlie had come and been with me, I had been unconscious of my severely compressing stays, and my 16-inch waist, but now I became aware of it, and for a moment or two felt quite faint, and regretted having laced so tightly, even for Charlie, whom it pleased so much. But I soon recovered and forgot my discomfort as we continued our conversation, for I couldn't think of myself when with the man I loved and everything but him was forgotten. If I could only be with him always. Then I would be completely reconciled to being a girl.

"Tell me about your boy friends,--I mean, you former friends. I suppose now they will be my friends, and I should know about them, so as to be prepared when I am with them. How many of them were in love with you? Did you love any of them? Whom did you like best? You weren't engaged to any of them, were you?" I asked.

"You poor little girl," said Charlie-Mary, laughing, and causing me to laugh, too. "You needn't worry about that, for you won't have to follow up my old friendships, if you don't wish. You must be nice to them at first, but as soon as we announce our engagement, of course that should free you from male admirers and from love making."

He went on to tell me the names of his former boy friends, and his former relations with them and how intimate they had been. There were quite a few of them.

"I am afraid you will find that several of them are in love with you," he said with a smile, "owing to your 'fatal beauty', to say nothing of your fortune."

"But I don't want any boy except yourself to be in love with me. Except with you, remember I am a man, and how can I stand it to have boys making love to me? It will be terrible. No man would like it, and I shall simply loathe it."

"Well," he said, "it won't be very bad, and if you look on the funny side of it, you will enjoy it. Besides, it won't be very serious, and you can gradually discourage them--except Bob Wilcox. He loves me--I mean, you--deeply, and I must confess that I was a little bit in love with him when I was Mary Morris. We were not exactly engaged, but were fond of each other to an unusual degree. Gradually you will have to discourage him, but it will be a little distressing for you--and especially for him. You must be nice to him, but you must gradually break it up. I cannot endure the idea of your having another man in love with you. He is going to be terribly jealous of me, when he finds I am very attentive to you, as of course I shall be from now on, and it is going to be embarrassing for you, but it can't be helped."

"How friendly with him--how intimate were you?" I asked. "Did he kiss you?"

Charlie-Mary blushed a little as he answered: "Yes, he used to kiss me on meeting and parting--and perhaps he would sometimes steal a kiss in between. I suppose he will expect to carry on the same with you, at first, until you are able to discourage him, and he sees that my affair with you is making progress."

"Horrors!" I exclaimed. "Then I shall have to be kissed by another man!"

"Well, it won't be so bad," said Charlie-Mary, with a smile. "Bob is a very handsome boy, and very nice, and I am sure you will like him. Perhaps when you

are with Bob, you will feel yourself to be a girl--feel feminine--as you sometimes do now, and then you really will enjoy his kisses and caresses--and dancing with him and other boys and men. But remember, sweetheart, that I am now your only true love, and I shall be very jealous of Bob and any other man who is too attentive to you."

"Don't worry, darling," I replied. "For me you are the only man in the world, and I couldn't love anyone else. I love you so because from the very first moment I became Mary Morris, I fell in love with her, and so I love you because you have the soul of Mary in your masculine body, just as I have the soul of Charlie Cross in my feminine body. So I really shall always look upon you as Mary, and love you devotedly. What a wonderful secret we have together. Nobody can share it. I think it will always keep us closer together. I will be nice to Bob Wilcox at first and try to treat him just as you would have done. But you need not be jealous of him, as I never could love him." Now, Charlie, tell me more about myself. I understand I am a good tennis player. We must start playing next week. What else can I do--what are my other accomplishments?"

"You will find that you are a very talented young lady," said Charlie-Mary. "You play a good game of golf--for a girl--You swim and dive well, and you play the piano and sing, having a nice soprano voice. You speak French fluently, as you had a French governess when you--or rather, I--were a young girl. You are a splendid dancer. You are good in amateur theatricals, and in many other things."

"I wonder if I shall now be able to do all of these things. I have never studied music, nor sang, and I only know a little French. But I suppose all this will come to me automatically, just as sewing and doing my hair and other feminine things that were unknown to me, did. They are controlled subconsciously by your brain in my head. I must try playing the piano, and see if I can read and talk French. I'm so glad I'm a good golfer and tennis player, as I shall enjoy those games very much. How about your tennis? I hope you'll keep it up, and try for the championship," I said.

"Yes, I shall keep it up," said Charlie-Mary. "Have they told you about the family's Summer home at Newport? You all will go there for the Summer months, and of course you know that important tennis tournaments are played there. I want you to invite me down, and then I will play. You also should enter the ladies' tournament. With your knowledge of the game, and your experience and finesse, you should be able to win a good many matches."

"Yes, I have heard a little about Newport. That will be lovely, and I will see to it that my Mother invites you down. Then we can be together practically all the while, and bill and coo to our hearts content, and play plenty of tennis when the matches are on. The bathing also is fine, and there are plenty of courses for golf. We will have a wonderful Summer together," I said. "And maybe by the end of the Summer, we shall be able to announce our engagement to the world." "Now tell me more about my girl friend"

"You have a large number of them, and are very popular." She named a number of them, and told me about them, especially about Alice, my closest pal.

"You will find Alice to be a lovely girl, as nice as she is pretty. She is extremely fond of you, and has been intimate with Mary Morris for several years. I suppose I may as well tell you that she has a "crush" on you, as often happens in the case of young girls who are thrown closely together. There is a bit of the lesbian about it, if you know what I mean."

"You mean that she loves me in a sexual way?" I asked.

"Yes, but of course it is perfectly harmless, and she will outgrow it when she falls in love with some boy. But at present you will be her sweetheart, you lucky man. And soon you will be sleeping with her. Wont that thrill you to death? What a wonderful experience that will be for a man--and probably no man has ever had it before--to sleep with a young virgin, and be a virgin yourself--a man who is a girl. It will give you great pleasure, and yet no harm can be done. You cannot harm a girl, nor

can a girl harm you. Now it's men only that you have to be afraid of. So go ahead and enjoy Alice all you can, and sleep with her often. How I envy you the experience!" said Charlie-Mary.

"Tell me honestly," I said to Charlie-Mary, "are you really all male sexually,--is there none of the female left in you, so that you are not attracted by other men?" It would be terrible if you were, and you could easily disgrace yourself if other men had sexual attraction for you. Of course, I could understand it, as it would be natural for you, a former girl, but others wouldn't know how it was."

"No," said Charlie-Mary. "I am happy to say that I am completely male, as I told you before, so you need not worry about that. I have thought about it, and realized what you have just told me. But men do not attract me at all sexually, and I am like a normal man in that I am strongly attracted by pretty girls--and in love with you. I confess that I was very much embarrassed at home yesterday when I was stark naked, taking a bath, when your --I mean, my--brother dashed into the room, also without a stitch on. It was a shock to me, and I felt like grabbing some garment to cover myself, but I restrained myself, and soon my confusion left me, and I felt at ease."

"Yes, men are like that," I said. "They go around naked among themselves, in locker rooms, in swimming and in bed rooms, and think nothing of it. You will soon get used to it. I suppose girls are more modest in exposing themselves to other girls."

"Yes, they are, as a rule, "but it is foolish to have false modesty", Charlie said. "You don't mind having women see you completely undressed, do you."

"Well, I'm used to Marie, and I don't mind my mother or sister, but I don't know how it will be with Alice. I think I should be ashamed to have her see me in the nude," I said.

"Why, you silly girl," said Charlie. "Why should you mind having Alice or any other girl see you naked?"

"I don't know, but I suppose it's because I haven't been a girl long enough to get thoroughly used to it, and so am ashamed of my feminine body, and of having others see it, especially a girl like Alice, who, you tell me, is in love with me. If she and I should be nude together I am afraid she would arouse the male in me, and I would betray my passion," I said.

"And perhaps she would betray her passion for you," said Charlie. "But what of it. You will only be two girls together, so it will do not harm."

"You will never know how much I worried about you, Mary darling," said Charlie. "Knowing what a he-man you were before your transformation into a girl, I was afraid you would make a terrible scene when you found you were a girl. I realized how a man of your type would resent being a young maiden, hating everything effeminate and girlish in a man, and so feeling ashamed of having to wear feminine clothes and play the part of a girl continuously. I was afraid you would loathe having long hair, a girl's body and a girl's voice and her puny strength, compared with your former strength as a man."

"I did resent it bitterly at first, and probably I would have raised Cain if I had been up and about, but what could I do in my hospital bed, as weak as a baby after my operation? I was helpless, and by the time I gained some strength, I had had time to think the matter over very carefully and my common sense told me how futile it would be for me to make a scene and have everybody think that I had gone crazy. They wouldn't know that I was a man in a girl's body, and if I had acted like a foolish man, they wouldn't have understood. Besides, I thought of you and of your family, and how humiliated you all would be if I made a fuss. So, as I told you before, I decided to play the part to the best of my ability and try to be such a girl as you were and try not to be "strange". My "loss of memory" made me strange enough, without doing anything else to make matters worse."

"You are wonderful, Mary," said Charlie to me, "and I am sure no other man who had been like you would have acted so sensibly, and fitted into a girl's role as well as you have done. Already you are practically perfect in the part, and it won't be long before you will be playing it as well as I could have done myself. You don't know how relieved I was when I first saw you coming into the room tonight. Somehow I sort of expected to see you wearing one of my loose negligees and flat heels and looking a bit untidy and masculine in your walk and appearance. I thought you would resent wearing corsets and high heels and a pretty dress, and that you wouldn't bother to have your hair done in an attractive coiffure. And I thought you would scorn make-up, and jewelry, and perfume. So I was delighted when I beheld you gliding gracefully into the room on your high heels, your hair beautifully done and your whole self perfectly groomed, and, best of all, your tiny waist. At the first glance I recognized that you were wearing a 16-inch corset and one of your prettiest evening gowns that shows your figure and waist to the best advantage. I must confess that I was surprised to see that a former he-man like Charlie Cross was willing to be so tightly laced in, when it was not necessary. Of course I know what it means to your comfort. I seldom reduced my waist to 16 inches when I was a girl--only on special occasions, when I was going to some party where I wanted to have the smallest waist of all the girls. You will find there is a good deal of rivalry among the girls of your crowd as to size of waist, and I am so glad that you take to corsets so readily. Most he-men would not."

As Charlie said this, I could feel my face growing scarlet with shame. Yes, I had been a he-man, and Charlie knew that I was still one in soul, if not in body and so she had detected my effeminacy and girlish vanity in thus submitting to wearing my smallest corset and prettiest gown and highest heels, and jewelry and all the rest of it to make myself as girlishly pretty as possible. I had done exactly as a girl would have done, in preparing for this meeting. Perhaps a he-man would have acted differently, and refused to wear corsets and a tight gown. I didn't know. But I did know that being a girl was "getting me" and that there was little trace of my strong masculinity left in me and I welcomed all the wiles and lures a pretty girl takes advantage of to make herself glamorous to the man she loves. But I felt ashamed and blushed furiously. Charlie noticed this, and took me in his arms, stroked my hair and soothed and comforted me, again making me feel feminine and happy.

"Forgive me, sweetheart," said Charlie. "I didn't mean to embarrass you and make you blush. You must learn to forget that you ever were a he-man, and think of yourself only as the beautiful girl that you now are. I never realized how pretty I was--and you now are--until I saw you coming

toward me tonight. You looked divine. Perhaps I used to look like that, but I never knew it."

"And I never knew that Charlie Cross was so handsome and nice looking in every way as you now are," I replied.

"We are now seeing ourselves as others see us," said Charlie, "and isn't it delightful that we each find the other more attractive than expected? We certainly shall make a most attractive couple, for I think you are beautiful and you think I am handsome, and I guess we both are right, though it may sound rather vain for us to say it."

Charlie now thought it was time for him to leave, as we had been together quite a long time, and it was growing late. Before he started, I asked him to take a drive in my car with me the following afternoon, and he eagerly agreed. I went down with him to the front door, and we had a final breath-taking kiss on parting.

I was in the seventh heaven and walking on air as I went to the drawing room to say good night. How wonderful it was to be a girl in love with a handsome man, and to be loved by him in turn. Never in my life before had I been so happy and filled with bliss.

"I think Mr. Cross is very nice," said my mother, as I kissed her good-night."

"I am so glad you like him," I replied, "for I like him very much myself!"

"Nothing serious, is there, Mary?" interposed my father, with a sly look.

"One never knows", I said, with a smile. And I took my leave.

As I started up the long stairway trippingly in my extreme high heels, I suddenly realized that I was tired, and had not yet fully regained my strength. And I suddenly became acutely conscious of my severely compressing corset, which now seemed to be cutting me in two at the waist. I had some difficulty in getting up the stairs. I rang for Marie, and as I waited for her to come, I wondered whether I could endure my corsets another minute. What a relief as she unhooked my dress and then let out the corset laces, and I took the restricting garment off. How foolish I had been, I thought, to lace so tightly and make myself so uncomfortable. Why had I done it? Why had I submitted to such compression? The only answer could be my girlish vanity and desire to impress Charlie. And he had been surprised that a he-man such as I had been should doll himself up and lace so tightly, the way I had done. Again I felt myself blushing at my effeminacy. I was ashamed that Charlie had found me to be so girlish in such a short time. But I couldn't help it. I was bound to get more and more feminine as my life as a girl went on. I must take Charlie's advice, and really become a girl, and try to forget I ever was a he-man. But I could not always do it. At times my masculine soul in its feminine prison was bound to assert itself, and I could not stop it. But, since apparently, I was destined to pass the rest of my days as a female, the sooner I came to be one in mind, thoughts and feelings, as well as body, the better it would be for me.

These thoughts raced through my mind as the pretty Marie let down my hair and combed and brushed it and prepared me for bed. What could be more feminine than this--a lady's maid preparing me for bed? No wonder I had become so feminine and soft. I was sure that this environment would soften and feminize the most masculine man in the world, if he had to go through it as I was doing. And so I should not blush and feel ashamed. After all, I had no choice, and I was now a girl and had become thoroughly used to it all.

As Marie tucked me into bed and I relaxed, rid of those tight corsets, a feeling of contentment stole over me, as my soft, luxurious night-gown caressed my warm, soft, velvet-smooth young girlish body lying in the silken sheets, and my lovely perfumed hair formed a halo around my face and on the lacy pillow and stretched down to caress my shoulders on either side. As I reviewed in my mind my evening with Charlie and our love-making, I felt to the full the delight of being a lovely young girl with an ardent lover. Yes, it was much nicer to be a girl than a man. If I only could retain that feeling for all time! And so, I fell asleep, to dream of Charlie, my love.

When I awoke the next morning, I still felt tired, so after Marie had bathed and massaged me and performed all the different offices of my morning toilet, I slipped back into bed, wearing a pretty pale green lace trimmed negligee, and propped myself up on the pillows, with hair draped over my shoulders in the manner I loved, and I proceeded to read Mary's diaries. I absorbed their contents and learned a great deal about the former Mary, her friends and occupations and social doings. A number of boys' names were written down in connection with dances, parties and dinners she had attended, and toward the end I often came across the name of Bob Wilcox, who had been very attentive. I also read about shopping trips to New York, and a trip abroad and much shopping in Paris, and a description of the many gowns, hats, and other things Mary had bought. I wondered whether my mother would take me on similar shopping trips. I also read about other travels with my mother and about summers at our house in Newport. Then I read such entries as: "Had a permanent and manicure and eyebrows shaped." "Beauty treatment and facial", "visited corsetiere for fittings--ordered a new 16-inch corset--it's going to be very tight." Thus the entries went on and I gained a lot of useful knowledge that would be valuable to me in my career as Mary Morris. The morning passed quickly and pleasantly and towards noon I decided to get dressed and go down to luncheon. And then would come my motoring trip with Charlie. How eagerly I looked forward to seeing him! I could hardly wait.

Marie groomed me with much care, as usual, and I took quite a lot of time in deciding what dress and hat to wear, as naturally I wanted to look my prettiest to Charlie. How comfortable my 18-inch day corsets felt after those tight ones of last night. They actually felt loose, by contrast, and yet at first I had thought them tight. I asked Marie to make me up for the street, and she did it very cleverly and made me look prettier than ever. I must ask Charlie about make up, and whether he liked me to use cosmetics. I had been made up last night, and he had said nothing about it, and, from what Marie said, and from the things I found on Mary's dressing table when I became she, I knew that the former Mary had used make up. So I was sure that she--I mean Charlie--would approve. Also I knew she would approve my use of strong French perfumes. They made me more feminine.

After luncheon, which was a family affair, I had one of the chauffeurs bring my roadster around, and soon I was off to Charlie's house and picked him up. We motored into the country and then to the country club to which Charlie belonged--the place where I, as a man, had played tennis, but which Mary Morris of the past had never visited. A number of my old friends were there and of course the present Charlie didn't know them, but I tipped him off as to who they were, and he greeted them as though he knew them--and did it with such a natural air as to avert suspicion. He talked tennis with some of them, and they wanted to know when he would again appear on the courts, and were anxious to have him back in the game. Next we went to the club to which Mary Morris belonged, and here I was at a loss, for I was greeted by many people, both ladies, girls, men and boys, whom I had never seen before, and this time Charlie was my guide and helped me out by giving me their names, and telling me something about them, if there was an opportunity before I came in contact with them. It was our plan to thus meet as many people as possible, when together so that we could help each other to identify them, and thus make it smoother for us when we should come across them later. For the reader can understand how embarrassing it would be to be greeted by a person who knows you intimately, and yet who to me was a total stranger, and unknown to me by name. The same applied to Charlie, but mine was the more difficult case, as Mary Morris, being a society butterfly, knew hundreds of people, and particularly girls and women. Most of my former friends--now Charlie's--were men, as I had seen little of society, but had gone in for athletics, and so moved in a rather narrow circle. But I was going to see to it that the new Charlie should go into society with me, and meet everybody--as Charlie. Of course, that

would be easy for him, as he already knew so many. He would enjoy society and feel right at home in it, having had experience of it for a number of years, and being fond of it. Of course, it would be entirely different for him as a man, but he would enjoy the independence of a man, who could pick and choose the people he wished to associate with, dance with the girls he liked and play the active male part. How much harder it would be for me, a girl, to play the receptive, passive feminine part, which would be so contrary to my nature. How humiliated I would feel if I was neglected at parties and not asked to dance by the boys. But no doubt that would not happen to me--I was too pretty, too rich, to be neglected.

When we motored to Charlie house to drop him, I decided to go in and meet my parents, as naturally I was anxious to see them again. I knew it would be awkward for me, to pretend that I was meeting them for the first time, but I must break the ice, and come as often as I could to see them and thus get better acquainted. My mother greeted me sweetly, and I had to resist the impulse to kiss her, as I was very fond of her. But we merely shook hands and I consoled myself with the thought that as soon as we became better friends, I could kiss her. That was one advantage of being a girl--I could kiss other girls and women without being conspicuous, and it would seem to be a natural thing to do. Charlie and I had had a most pleasant afternoon together. He kissed me good-bye in the hall, and I left him reluctantly.

There was a group at the house for tea, and I had to do the honors, as the eldest daughter. I met more people who were friends of Mary, and made it a point to get acquainted with them and remember them. Tea over, I went to my room and dressed for dinner, putting on one of Mary's pretty evening gowns, after having had my bath, and donned my 17-inch evening corset, and 4-inch heeled slippers which matched my gown. How silly and uncomfortable I felt, a man so tightly corseted and high-heeled. Marie did my hair in an attractive evening coiffure, and when I gave myself a final inspection in the mirror, the lovely Mary Morris I saw reflected was most pleasing to me, and I was content. There were guests for dinner and I joined them in the drawing room, at first feeling rather foolish as I thought how much Charlie Cross was out of place there in the guise of a girl, all dolled up, laced, perfumed, gowned, rouged and utterly feminine. It was a most humiliating position for a man to find himself in, looking like a beautiful girl and forced to play the part of one. How I wished I was back at home in my plain, comfortable masculine clothes, flat heels, short hair--a plain young man, instead of a fashionably dressed young lady. But there was no help for it. I must see it through. I greeted the guests, pretending that I knew them, as they knew me. The ladies kissed me and the men shook hands with me very cordially, and I could not help being aware of their masculine looks of admiration, which made me feel still more foolish. Evidently I had great feminine sex appeal, as all pretty young ladies do, particularly with men older than they, who are married and whose wives perhaps have faded a bit. But soon my mood changed and I began to be amused, and then flattered. It was fun to be so admired and to be so pretty. Now I knew how girls felt with men and I became a girl in my feelings and enjoyed the masculine flirtations, which, I must confess, I encouraged, by making eyes, when the wives were not looking. Yes, it was fun, and the more so, I thought, because I was really a man, in soul, if not in body. But who knew that? Nobody but Charlie and myself. And nobody but us ever would know.

At dinner I sat next to a middle aged man and had fun flirting with him. What fools men are, I thought, "falling for" a pretty girl young enough to be their daughter. I was greatly amused, and chuckled to myself, especially when I noticed his stout wife watching him with looks of disapproval. I flirted all the more outrageously, somehow wishing to tease her. This was the way I could have fun as a girl. I must get some amusement out of it, and I decided that flirting with men would be a lot of fun, turning on them my feminine charm and trying to make them fall in love with me.

After dinner there was bridge. Mary had been a good player, and so had Charlie Cross, even better, so without combined skill, I found that I was an exceptionally good player, and won that night--and on most of the occasions that I played thereafter. At last came bedtime, and I will confess that I sighed with relief when Marie undressed me, removing my tight corset and high heels. I was somewhat used to them, but, man-like, at times resented them. They were a necessary evil, as I knew, and I loved their effect, particularly my tiny waist, but I was still man enough to hate the discomfort of a pinched-in waist and stilt-like heels, which prevented free walking like a man. I could only trip along daintily with short steps, hampered also by my tight skirts. How helpless, as compared with the clothes of a man. There was no freedom of motion. And yet I was able to walk gracefully, in a pretty, girlish manner. I marvelled at the way "we women" got along in our corsets, high heels and tight skirts, apparently at ease. A man so dressed would have been "sunk", but I, as Mary Morris, was completely graceful, even laced in to a 17-inch waist. I could sit down in a chair, and get up gracefully, in spite of my corsets and high heels. A man would have had to be pulled up, if so dressed, and probably would have toppled over. So I was surprised and pleased at the easy grace of my movements in my unaccustomed feminine garb--but garb ~~to~~ which I was becoming used to very fast.

Next morning the pretty blonde Alice, Mary's close ^{at} friend, called for me and we went on a shopping expedition. It was the first time that I had ventured forth in public since I had become a girl, and I felt very strange

as I tripped along the street beside the lovely Alice. Any man will realize how I felt at thus going out in public in the guise of a girl and coming in close contact with strangers, and being aware of their glances, walking along streets that I had traversed as a man, familiar streets. How strange I felt as a girl! Marie had taken pains with my toilet, as usual, my hair was beautifully coiffured, I was wearing a very fetching little day-time dress, and a cute hat, and my mirror had told me that I looked very nice as I surveyed myself before I left home. But somehow, I would forget how I looked, and have the feeling that I was still Charlie Cross dolled up as a girl, and I would feel ashamed, and afraid that I would meet somebody I knew, until I glanced into a window with a mirror, and saw that I was an unusually pretty young girl, and that gave me confidence. Would I ever get used to the idea that I was a girl? The blonde Alice and the red-headed Mary must have presented a picture of unusual feminine appeal, for everywhere men turned to look at us as we walked along the streets and I found myself feeling feminine and enjoying the attention my beauty created. After all, I was a girl, and a pretty one. I must remember that, and forget that I had once been a big he-man, who had hated anything that was the slightest bit effeminate. But it was hard, for the masculine would momentarily well up in me and I would blush with shame at the thought of how utterly effeminate I was, with everything that a big he-man would hate and despise--long hair, pretty girlish face, slender feminine body in tight corsets and dressed completely--and prettily--in female attire. And I was perfumed and made up--all of which a normal male would hate. But I loved the company of the lovely Alice and her chatter and good humor helped to make me forget what manner of girl I was. She was a born flirt and when we saw some good-looking boys or men approaching, she would give them the "eye", and whisper to me about them. I soon found myself doing the same, and "making eyes." It was fun, but we were careful not to carry it too far--just teasing. We went into some of the stores, and Alice did some shopping, but I did not buy anything, as I thought Mary had everything that I could possibly need. (Later I learned how rich I was, and got so that I bought many things, even though not needed--just the latest fads and foibles, in which I could indulge to my heart's content.)

Our shopping finished, we called a taxi and went to my home, and Alice stayed for luncheon.

"You are coming home with me to spend the night," said the lovely Alice, "just as you used to do before your operation. You remember, don't you?"

I said "yes", though of course I didn't know anything about it. But Charlie-Mary had given me some hints and prepared me for what was to come. It goes without saying that I, a man, was very eager to spend the night with Alice. What a wonderful experience it would be for a man--who was a girl!

After dinner at Alice's house we played bridge with her parrots for a time, and then, both pretending to be tired, we excused ourselves, and went up to Alice's pretty bedroom, with its double bed. Marie had packed a bag for me and sent it over. It contained all that was needed for a young girl spending the night at the home of a girl friend. Alice's family were wealthy, but not so rich as ourselves, and she did not have a personal maid, and I did not ask Marie to come to "do" for me. This was the arrangement when we two girls spent the night together. We should do for ourselves and help each other. I will admit that I was a little bit embarrassed as we two "girls" found ourselves alone together in Alice's boudoir. What man would not be? Embarrassed, but interested and eager for the experience--and so easy for me, because I had a girl's body--if not a girl's soul. I watched Alice and did as she did--taking off my dress, unlacing my corsets and stripping down to my lingerie.

"I'll do your hair first," said Alice. "Then you can do mine". Apparently it was their custom. I sat down before the three-way mirror, while Alice took out the many pins from my hair until it fell down my shoulders in a heavy, glowing red mass. Then she proceeded to comb and brush it while I looked on, in the glass. I had, from the very first moments as a girl, enjoyed the ministrations of Marie with my great head of silken hair, but to have the beautiful Alice handling my hair, combing and brushing it,

was most delightful, and gave me a real thrill, especially when Alice praised my hair, and told me it was the most beautiful she had ever seen. As Alice worked over me, I was aware of many touches of a caressing nature. She would reach down and kiss my ear or cheek and rub her soft hand over my back, shoulders and face, affectionately. It came to me, with a start, that she was in love with me--a lesbian love, such as young girls often have for other young girls--a "crush", which of course, doesn't last, once they grow up and get interested in boys. But Alice was evidently more fond of me than a girl ordinarily is in another girl--yes, she was in love with me, in the way that a boy is in love with a girl. This knowledge thrilled me, and I looked forward eagerly to the night we were to spend in bed together--what boy or man would not, especially since Alice was a lovely blonde that would entrance any man?

After Alice had finished with my hair, I did hers, as was the custom. How I enjoyed combing and brushing her lovely perfumed golden hair. It was not so long as my hair, but reached to her waist, and was thick, silky and wavy. I revelled in it and loved handling it, it was so beautiful. Then came the time to go to bed. I hung back while Alice removed her lingerie and for a few moments she stood unclad before me, and I was entranced by her lovely shapely white body. She stood naked in front of the mirror, examining herself, and asking me if I thought she was getting fat. She was very lovely and slender, and I assured her that she was far from being fat. Any man who reads this will understand how terribly thrilled I was, the first time I had ever seen a young girl in the nude--and she was beautiful, perfect, the dream of any man. I was filled with passion--desire--but I was only a girl, in body.

"Slip off your things and let me see how you look after your operation," said Alice. Strangely, I felt ashamed to strip and expose my feminine body in the nude to this girl. But I had no reason to refuse, so I dropped off my chemise and panties and stood bare before her, but with a sort of shrinking feeling--why, I do not know, except that a man perhaps should be ashamed to have a feminine body and show it to a girl.

"You look lovely," said Alice. "Let's see your scar." She came close and touched the scar from my operation, which was the only blemish on my otherwise perfect feminine body. I thrilled at the touch of her delicate little fingers.

"Let's go to bed," said Alice, and I agreed. I put on my night gown, one of my prettiest of the many I had in my wardrobe, a delicate robin's-egg blue trimmed with lace, a lovely creation. Alice also donned a lovely night dress which filled me with excitement and admiration, for she looked most desirable, with her golden hair down her back in delicious waves. "What a place for a man--and yet a girl! Which was me."

We got into bed together, after extinguishing the lights--and immediately I was in Alice's arms. Her arms were about me, and I put mine about her and our lips met in a long, breath-taking kiss. Her soft, warm body was held tight against mine, and our breasts pressed each other, soft, yielding. Her legs, her thighs were against mine, and we clung together, breathlessly. Such kisses I had never known, and I realized to the full that Alice was deeply in love with me--with Mary, a girl--a lesbian love. But my love was more than that, for, after all, my soul was that of a man, and I was loving, and being loved by, one of the most beautiful blonde girls I had ever seen. I was in ecstasy--and yet, frustrated. I could love her, and she could love me, and show it in every way possible, but I could not love her as a man--for my body was that of a girl. Any man will understand. But I made the best of it. After a long season of love-making--and I let Alice take the lead--we became tired, so I turned my back to Alice, and she put her arms around me, with her little hands on my breasts, and her warm body pressing against mine, and at last I fell asleep, but still conscious of her breasts close against my back and her warm body clinging to mine, her thighs against my buttocks. How I ever got to sleep I never knew. It must have been the sleep of exhaustion.

Some time during the night Alice woke me up by her movements, withdrawing her arms from about me. "Turn over", she whispered. I did so, and she kissed me somewhat sleepily, and then turned, so that her back was to me. I at once put my arms about her warm, soft, fragrant young body, holding her tight to me, as she had held me at first, my hands on her dainty maidenly breasts, my body pressed against hers. She sighed with contentment as she cuddled in my embrace and I could not help thinking that I was now in the position of a husband sleeping with his wife, and it filled me with bliss. But how different I was from a husband, from a man. After all, I was only a girl, though I had the feelings of a man. I could do this lovely girl no harm, I could only love her and caress her and fondle her, and to my heart's content. Her hair and mine, with its profusion, mingled on the pillows, the blonde and the red. I buried my face in Alice's silky golden tresses and inhaled the perfume of ~~ix~~ them. At last I again fell asleep and so slept until morning, when Alice turned in my arms and awoke me with a sweet kiss, and we indulged in some more love-making. We decided to have breakfast in bed, so we propped ourselves up on our pillows, side by side, and the maid came with our trays. Across the room, opposite us, was a long wide mirror, which reflected the images of the two lovely young maidens there in bed in their pretty night-gowns, low cut and sleeveless, with their hair flowing down over their shoulders in a most intriguing manner. I almost had to pinch myself to realize that one of those girls, she with the lovely auburn hair, was indeed myself, and that I was there in bed with another girl, the beautiful golden-haired Alice. I was sure that no man ever before in this world had been in the same situation as I. It was delightful and I was filled with bliss, with happiness.

That was the first of many nights that I slept with my closest girl friend, Alice, and all were equally delightful. We alternated, she coming to my house, and then I to hers, time and again. It had been their old-established custom, before Mary's operation, and there was no reason to discontinue it, as it gave us both joy, Alice being in love with me, and I, naturally, was infatuated with her.

After our first night together, I talked with Charlie-Mary about it. In fact, he brought it up, and, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, asked me how I had liked sleeping with a lovely blonde, and I blushed as I told him that I liked it very much. Of course, he knew all about it, and just how we had slept, for he had often done it when a "she" and was well aware of Alice's love for her--now me. She (I mean, he) knew all about the hair-brushing ceremony and the love-making as we two girls cuddled in each others arms, in that soft bed. It was all an old story to him.

"I suppose you have fallen in love with Alice," said Charlie. "But that's all right, and it is perfectly harmless for you to sleep with her as often as you like. I won't be jealous, for, after all, you are only a girl."

"Yes, I love her", I confessed, still blushing, "or perhaps I should say that I am infatuated with her, for I don't love her the way I love you, Charlie darling. You are the only one I really love, and you make me feel so completely feminine, and so happy. Alice makes me feel masculine, when I am with the little beauty. Isn't it an awful mix-up, for me to feel sometimes like a girl and at other like a man."

"Which do you like best?" asked Charlie, taking me into his arms and hugging and kissing me, while I rested my red head against his manly shoulder.

I
 "I like best being a girl, now that I have the body of one. I like having feminine feelings and instincts, they are so much nicer than those of a male. I wish I could always feel like a girl, and forget that I ever was a man. I think I shall get that way eventually. I am 100 times more feminine than when I found myself a girl, in the hospital. It's only now and then I get in a masculine mood and then my feelings rebel at being a girl. I often feel resentful at having to wear a tightly laced corset, and such high heels, which make me uncomfortable. And at times I hate so much fussing with my toilette and make up and hair and clothes. How lucky you are, Charlie. Do

you fully appreciate the privilege--and comfort of being a man? Think of your toilet in the morning compared with mine--a quick shower, a few seconds to comb and brush your hair. Then you fling on your loose, comfortable clothes, tie your tie, and you are ready for the day. But I forgot the shave. How do you like shaving?"

"I hated it at first, but now I do not mind it, and it is so much quicker and easier than having to fuss with a head of long hair, especially that hair of yours, which, as I so well remember, takes at least half an hour twice a day, while in that time I can shave and dress and be on my way. And I have no corsets to lace and all those frilly underthings to put on and adjust so carefully, and the dress to be hooked up, and complexion care and make-up. I really feel sorry for you, Mary darling, for it is pretty tough for a man to be turned into a girl, and all that it means. But you'll get used to it, in time. And you'll always have me to love you and protect you. I am sure that when we are married, if not before, you will become completely feminine, and have a happy life as a wife and mother."

"Me a mother," I exclaimed. "I never thought of that. "But when I become your wife I suppose that naturally will follow?"

"How do you like the idea of having babies, sweetheart?" asked Charlie.

"It surely will be some experience for a man."

"I think I shall love being a mother, and the father of your children," I said, blushing and hiding my face against his coat, as I was still clapped in his arms. He noticed my confusion and modesty and laughed.

"You are acting exactly like ~~a~~ the innocent young maiden that you are. Don't tell me you are not feminine. No girl was ever more so. And I am so glad for you--and for myself. We will have a normal, happy marriage," said he, turning my face toward his, and kissing me on the mouth.

"I am a girl when with you, Charlie," I said, as soon as I could catch my breath. "I wish we could marry today, and I could always be with you. Then I would be a girl all the time, and not off and on, as now. And I would get out of all the social functions that are bearing down on me, and which I am sure I shall detest. I suppose you know that there is to be a large dance next week. I will see to it that you get an invitation. Will you take me, darling?" I asked.

"Of course, sweetness," he smiled. "It will be wonderful to dance with you in my arms."

We chatted for a long time, and at last Charlie took his departure.

In my next chapter, I will tell about my first dance--as a girl.

* * * * *

(Signed) Mary Morris Cross.

Continued, Autobiography of Mary Morris.

My first dance, in my career as a girl, was in the offing, and my mother told me I must have a new dress for it. With all the lovely evening gowns hanging in my wardrobe, a new one seemed unnecessary to me, but it seems that the former Mary had worn all of them at least once, and so, in my position as a rich girl and social leader, I must have a new outfit. I secretly consulted Charlie about it, as he knew more than I did about woman's clothes (though I was learning rapidly) and then I consulted with my mother, pretending that what Charlie had suggested was my own idea. Anyway, we decided upon a dress of black velvet, as I had found that black was very becoming to me, with my red hair, and also it emphasized my slenderness, and small waist, of which I was quite proud. My mother proposed that I have a 16-inch waist with this new dress, and I did not object, though I might have done so if I had realized what a long evening was ahead of me and how I should have to dance for hours so tightly laced in. I looked forward to the dance with mixed feelings. I hated the idea of going as a girl and playing a girl's part, and having to dance with ~~man~~. But it would be a joy to go with Charlie and dance in his arms. I would love that. If I could only have every dance with him! But of course, that would be impossible, and I should have to dance with many other men, and I hated the idea.

Alice had made a date to play tennis with me on our court--my first game since my operation. We were to play in the morning, so when I got up I dressed for tennis. I had noticed Mary's things in the closet. When Marie dressed me, she laced me in my corsets as usual. Somehow, I had had the idea that I could play uncorseted, but, alas, that was not to be. I had to learn that there was a fiction among girls and women that our small, corseted waists were natural, and we must never appear in public without them. If I were seen with a waist larger than my accustomed 18 inches, it would be a disgrace, and a give-away--for none of us ever admitted that we had laced-in waists, though of ~~xxx~~ course, we all did. And so I was glad in my tight corset for the game, and was disgusted, for how could I run about and cover the court and play a good game thus constricted? But at least, I could leave off my usual high heels, and wear flat tennis shoes. And the rest of my costume was a handicap, for I wore a long-sleeved blouse and gloves and a broad-brimmed hat closely pinned to my hair ~~xxx~~ with numerous long hatpins. For my precious complexion must be guarded at all costs. I must not get freckled, or tanned, and so no part of me was exposed to the rays of the sun. My head felt heavy with its heavy mass of hair tightly wound around it, topped with that awkward, floppy hat. How could a girl do anything athletic dressed in that ridiculous manner? I thought of my loose, comfortable costume when I had played as Charlie Cross--not a single tight garment and no hampering skirts or a hat or gloves. But now I was a girl, and must do as girls did..There was help for it.

Soon the lovely Alice breezed in. She was dressed much the same as I, with a well-corseted waist, hat and gloves. We were equal in that at least. I thought and she would have no advantage over me in the game.

We reached the court, and started. At first I felt terribly handicapped by my costume, and especially by my corsets, which prevented any quick, free action. I could not get about like I used to, but as the game went on, I found that I could do fairly well in a girlish way. I soon found that Alice was no match for me, for of course I retained my old masculine knowledge of the game, and while I had not the speed nor strength of my former man's game, yet I had much of the old skill and finesse, and so could out-guess Alice by placements and trick shots, cuts, and change of pace. But I didn't want to appear too good, nor to beat her too badly, so I let all the games get close and even let her win some of them. It was fun, and I enjoyed the exercise. Before we had finished, my sister, another girl and a couple of boys came to play and they watched the finish of our match, and complimented me on my game. If they only knew, I thought.

The time now passed rapidly, and I was fast getting accustomed to my life as a girl, and minding it less and less as time went on. Charlie and I saw each other daily, and Alice was dropping in every day, and one night she came and slept with me, and we repeated the first experience, and I got the same thrill out of sleeping with this lovely blonde Venus, who loved me. I had several fittings of my new ball gown, in our house, as it was made by our own house dressmakers. At last the evening of the dance rolled round, and I was in my boudoir being dressed by Marie. As she drew my waist in to 16 inches, I suddenly had a revulsion of feeling against being a girl--as occasionally happened those day. It was bad enough, I thought, being forced to be a girl, but why should I have to be laced in to a wasp-waisted figure, and be all dolled up and beautified, and go to a dance that way. I looked down at my feet, clad in a close-fitting pair of slippers with the highest heels I owned. How silly women were, to wear their tightest corsets and highest heels to a dance, where they would have to be on their feet for hours and dance many times in their most uncomfortable costumes. That was the time to dress comfortably and loosely, so as to enjoy the exercise. But it was not to be. At dances we were supposed to look our loveliest, and in the silly fashion of the day, that meant our smallest waists, highest heels and tight dresses.

Marie did not need to do my hair. That day I had gone through the agony--for me--of a "permanent". My mother had made the appointment for me. To me my hair seemed to be all right. Marie took great care of it. But my mother insisted that I go to the beauty parlor and have it waved and dressed, and also a facial and other beauty treatment. Any man who reads this will understand how I, a man, loathed going to a beauty parlor, and spending hours in an effort to make me more pretty. How foolish I felt as I sat for what seemed to me to be ages, with my hair in that electric contraption, unable to move. And then came the dressing of it. Then facial treatment, and a manicure. I had thought my eyebrows were all right, but it seems they had to be "shaped" and so the operator pulled out some of the hairs, to make my brows a delicate, narrow arch. I squirmed under the whole process and felt very rebellious--and ashamed to think that I, a man, Charlie Cross, should have to undergo the humiliation of treatment in a beauty parlor, a place so utterly feminine. But at last an end came, and the operator daintily made up my face, and then handed me a hand mirror so that I could observe her handiwork from every angle. I must confess that I was gratified with what I saw. My hair did look even more lovely than ever, and after my facial, with the clever make up, I knew that I looked remarkably pretty, and I was suffused with a glow of pleasure as I stared at myself in the glass. For it must be remembered that I was deeply in love with Mary Morris, and when I beheld her loveliness, it entranced me--even though I myself was the possessor of that same loveliness, that beauty. But I looked at myself with the eyes of a man looking at a girl, and I couldn't help it if I had the body of that girl. It was Mary's, and yet mine. And so my hair was wonderfully well groomed as I dressed for the ball, and Marie had only to pat and smooth it a little, and replace a few pins. My pretty new black velvet was now donned and hooked up the back, and I put on my jewelry--pearls--and then surveyed myself in the long mirror. I really did look lovely and my waist looked very tiny in my close-fitting dress, which was cut daringly low and revealed the exquisite whiteness and velvety smoothness of the skin of my bust, neck, back, shoulders and arms. I realized that I looked beautiful, and knew that Charlie would be pleased with me. He had been invited to dinner, and the butler came and announced that he had arrived and was in the drawing room. With a final dusting of powder and the free application of fragrant French perfume, I tripped and rustled down the stairs and joined Charlie. As I had expected, he was delighted with my appearance, and amused at the smallness of my waist. "What a brave little man you are," he whispered to me, teasingly. "I see you are wearing your 16-inch corset again--to your first dance. You'll be

sorry before the night's over. But you look very nice, and I like you to have a tiny waist. But I know, from past experience, just what it means."

I could feel myself blushing, and felt ashamed, as I always did when he called me a "little man", and thought how feminine I was acting. No man would willingly lace so tightly.

"Mother wanted me to wear this corset," I said. "I don't like it, and I think it's mean of you to tease me about it, and to remind me that I am a "man". I want to forget it."

"Excuse me, sweetheart", said Charlie. "It's just our own secret little joke, and you must not mind it if I occasionally twit you about being a man."

"All right, darling," I replied. "You are the only one I ever allow to call me a man, and I will not be angry with you."

"But, my dear girl, how could anybody else ever dream of calling you a man? You are the most feminine girl in the world."

We ceased our whisperings and joined the other guests and members of the family and soon the butler announced dinner. I was taken in by Charlie and of course sat next him. I couldn't eat much, due to my tight lacing. Charlie was sympathetic and occasionally reached my hand under the table and squeezed it to show that he understood. But I don't think he really felt very sorry for me. He had been through it. It was part of a girl's necessary life. Every woman at that table was corseted as tightly as I, and apparently gave it no thought. So why should I? I was now a girl and must do as other girls do. And so, though uncomfortable, I became reconciled and decided to make the best of it and have the best time possible.

Charlie took me to the dance in one of our cars, chauffeur driven. I wore a lovely white satin evening wrap, with ermine collar. The affair was held in the ballroom of the city's leading hotel. I felt rather sheepish as I went into the ladies' room to shed my wraps, and join the other girls in primping before the mirror. What a strong smell of rich perfume and heavily scented face powder. How very feminine.

Charlie was waiting for me and we entered the ballroom together, I on his arm. I confess I was nervous at the ordeal before me. I was quickly surrounded by men asking for dances, and my card was quickly filled. But first I had put down Charlie for several dances, including the supper dance. I was flattered at finding myself so popular and so much in demand among the men, and began to feel better. I must act as Mary would have done and play her part, pleasant and smiling. I asked Charlie to watch and see that I did it correctly, and to give me a hint if I made any slips, and he promised to do so. But so far I was doing fine.

I seemed to float around the room in Charlie's strong arms, ^{and} was filled with bliss as I danced with him. My feet hardly seemed to touch the floor. But I had the second dance with a young man who was a stranger to me, though he knew Mary Morris well. Now I wished that I was a man again, and could play the part of a man, dancing with the girls I chose, instead of being a helpless girl, having to wait to be asked and then to dance with the men who asked, even if I didn't care for them. But that was one of the many penalties of being a girl. At least, I did not suffer the humiliation of being a wallflower. Suppose I was a homely girl and the men didn't ask me to dance, and I had to sit around and smile and pretend to be having a good time, as so many girls had to do, from time to time. But the rich and beautiful Mary Morris would never have that experience. I decided that I never could have stood it, and would have sunk through the floor with shame if I had had to sit alone on the sidelines.

This strange man was a good dancer, and he held me tightly and wafted me smoothly around the floor. I felt funny, thus clasped in another man's arms, playing the part of a girl, but soon got into the rhythm and found myself enjoying it. The man assumed that protective, masculine air which all men assume with pretty girls. I decided that it would be fun to follow his advances, and flirt with him a little, so I met his eye from time to time, and acted as I felt a girl would act, under the circumstances. And then, suddenly, my mood changed, as it so often did in those early days of my

girlhood, and I felt myself to be a girl and became wholly feminine. That was a relief to me, for as long as I was playing the part of a girl, it was so much nicer to feel that I was really one. The mood lasted throughout the entire evening, and so I had a lovely time, dancing continually with many different men, and enjoying being treated by them as a girl. Once or twice I found my partner to be a poor dancer, who stepped on my toes, hurting my tightly clad feet, and damaging my dainty slippers, so in those cases I would suggest that we "sit out" the dance.

Charlie and I had supper together, surrounded by a jolly crowd at the tables. Again I couldn't eat much. My stays took away my appetite, and I suddenly became acutely conscious of them. Strange to say, I had been having such a good time that I had forgotten all about my tightly-laced waist, and my high heels, but now that I was relaxed, I became aware that they were painful. So after supper, and one dance, Charlie took me home. What an exquisite relief when Marie took off my corset and shoes.

"It is almost worth while being laced so tightly," I said to Marie, jokingly, "because it feels so good to take the corsets off."

That was the first of many dances and other affairs that I attended, but I will not weary the reader by telling about them. I had ~~gotten~~ gotten into the swing of the life of Mary Morris and it got to seem quite natural for me to be a girl. There were many social functions, and I played tennis and golf, and daily saw Charlie and Alice. Other boys called on me, and I was a very popular young lady. But Charlie was my only love, and I did not encourage the others, and they soon learned how matters stood between Charlie and myself.

And then came my first trip to New York with my Mother, on a combined pleasure and shopping trip. We had to get our summer outfit of clothes and accessories for the season at Newport, where we had a large villa, and where the Morris family always put in the summer months, moving in the best and most exclusive Newport society.

My mother and I had a drawing room together on the sleeper to New York and by this time it seemed quite natural for me to be rooming with a woman. My experience rooming with the lovely Alice had helped, and by now I was almost completely feminine in my habits and actions. In New York we went to the Ritz-Carleton Hotel, where I roomed with my mother, there being twin beds. We had a suite of rooms, with a nice parlor. I would have preferred to have my own bedroom, but had no excuse for it, and my mother would no doubt have been offended if I had suggested it, as she and Mary always roomed together when travelling. But I rather liked rooming with her, as she was a lovely woman, and loved me--and I loved her, like a daughter.

I now learned that the multi-millionaire Morris family was known everywhere, even in New York City, for our arrival was mentioned in the society columns of all the papers, and the Herald-Tribune sent a photographer to our suite to take our pictures, which were published in the paper next day. The likeness of me was excellent, and I looked very pretty in it--fortunately I photograph very well--and so I felt a glow of pleasure in seeing my face in a New York newspaper, and myself described as a "lovely debutante daughter of the well-known M----- millionaire banker, John Morris." My mother's picture, was good too. As a result of this publicity, we were deluged with advertising matter, and got so many telephone calls from people who wanted to sell us something; or meet us for some reason, or have us give to charities, that we had our room telephone disconnected, and had my mother's maid answer the phone in our parlor, and not bother us unless the call was important. I found that Mary had a number of friends in New York, both boys and girls, and mother had many friends, too, so that we soon were embarked in a gay social whirl. Boys were constantly making dates with me, and taking me out--to dances, the theatre, luncheons, and dinners. Mornings mother and I were busy with out shopping, of which I got very weary at times, when my male ego would assert itself, as it still did occasionally.

Gordon

Among the boys and men that I met in New York, Frank showed me the most attention. He seemed to know everybody in New York, and was a splendid companion. One day he asked me to go to the theater with him, that evening. I was to choose the play.

The great impersonator of feminine characters, Julian Eltinge, was the star in a play, taking the part of leading lady. I had read the advertisements in the papers, and noticed the billboards, containing his picture, in feminine guise, and advertising that "The prettiest girl on the stage is a man." Being, in a way, a female impersonator myself, I was greatly interested in Eltinge, and eager to see him in his play. I wanted to see a real man play the part of a girl throughout a three-act play. It was said by everybody who had seen him that he made a lovely lady. He certainly looked like one in his pictures. I, a man in the beginning, knew so well what it meant to play a female part, but of course, I had a female body, and so it would not be fair to compare my impersonation with that of Julian. I knew how very difficult it was for a real man to play the part of a girl successfully, and to disguise his masculine body so as to make it resemble that of a woman. He would have to develop feminine curves and a feminine waist line. So I told Frank that I would like to have him take me to see Julian.

"That's fine," said Frank. "I want to see him myself. I saw him a number of times in vaudeville, before he became a star in his own show, and he is marvellous. I know him quite well. I have met him a number of times. I will get seats for tonight."

"Try to get them down in front," I said. "I want to get as close as possible."

I donned a pretty evening frock, and Frank came to the hotel and took me out to dinner. Then we went to the theater. Frank had secured seats in the front row, in the center. From there I would be able to study Eltinge closely and see any possible defects in his impersonation. As a girl, I would be able to detect any of his faults, either in looks or actions.

The play was a three-act musical comedy, with a large chorus of pretty girls, chorus men, leading man, comedian--the usual thing. After the opening chorus Julian made his entrance. At least, three very pretty girls came on the stage from the center, and I looked eagerly to see which was the star--the man. It didn't seem possible that one of these beauties could be a man. All were beautifully dressed, and all had lively figures, with the fashionable hour-glass waists. There was little to choose between them. Which could be the man? And then I recognized Eltinge, from his pictures. He was the "girl" in the middle. A burst of applause broke forth as the audience recognized him. He was marvellous as he came to the center of the stage with his beautiful smile, and sang a song in a sweet, soft but rather husky feminine voice. The play went on, but I have forgotten what the plot was, except that there was a love theme through it, with Julian, of course as the girl loved by the hero, the leading man. He played it to perfection, even the love scenes. He sang a number of songs and did several graceful dances. He changed dresses frequently and it was truly remarkable how this man, in the midst of all the pretty girls of the cast, held his own and was as pretty as any of them. He wore beautiful gowns, both daytime and evening, in the course of the play, and was the best dressed "woman" on the stage, as was of course proper for the "leading lady", but I thought he looked best in the evening gown he wore in the last act. It was of black velvet, in princess style and set off marvellously the lines of his figure and emphasized the slenderness of his tapering waist. How did he manage it? I wondered. Undoubtedly he was severely corsetted, but it did not interfere with his grace in walking, or dancing. He was quite at home in his tight feminine outfit. But that was natural. He had been doing impersonations for years. Every day excepting Sundays, he was dressed in female apparel for several hours. Of course he was used to it.

"Did you ever see such a figure, such a small waist on a man before?" I said to Frank after the first act.

"No", said Frank, "but Julian has trained for it. It is supposed to be a secret, but he wears corsets all the time, to keep his waist in control. He told me that one time when we were alone together. He said he hated being always tightly laced, but he had found it to be absolutely necessary. He is famed for his feminine figure, it is part of his bread and butter, and he is such an artist that he will not spare himself to make himself as feminine looking as possible. He takes as much care of his complexion as a girl. And he has a lovely one. Did you notice how smooth and white his skin is? His body is hairless, thanks to the use of the electric needle, so he never has to shave, and it is easy for him to make up. But you seem to be very much interested in him. Would you like to meet him?"

"I would love to," I said.

"All right," said Frank, "we will go to his dressing room to see him after this act. He will be changing, but that won't make any difference."

"Won't he mind a girl seeing him?" I asked.

"Not at all. Remember, he's an actor, and used to that sort of thing", said Frank.

"Do you think it would be all right for me to ask him to come to the Waldorf and have luncheon with me tomorrow?" I asked.

"Certainly, by all means. I will put in a good word for you, and I am sure he will accept, if he has no other engagements. He likes the company of pretty girls, especially society girls. He has social ambitions and likes to meet nice people who are not connected with the stage."

The second act passed off smoothly, and I thought Julian looked prettier than ever in an afternoon costume, with a big picture hat. How could that be a man? Everything about him was so perfectly feminine! At the fall of the curtain we went back-stage, and to the star's dressing room. At Frank's knock on the door, a pleasant voice bid us to enter. Julian's maid (yes, he employed a maid, as well as a valet) was removing his dress. He shook hands with Frank in a very friendly manner, and then I was introduced.

"I am delighted to meet you, Miss Morris, especially since you are a friend of Frank's. You don't mind if I go on with my change, do you? I haven't much time. In the next act, you know, I wear a tight evening gown, and I have to make a complete change, even to corsets, shoes, wig and an alteration of my make-up."

I was offered a seat and had a fine opportunity to examine this remarkable man. He stripped to his lingerie, and I noticed his fine smooth skin, his flawless back, shoulders and chest. His arms were white and rounded like a girl's and as smooth as velvet, and he had small wrists and hands. The maid removed his corset, and even without it, he had a feminine figure. His legs were shapely, his feet and ankles small. I was fascinated to see him hook on his long, heavily boned evening corset and be laced in by his maid and valet. He didn't seem to mind it, but went ahead with his make-up, then adjusted his new wig, a golden blonde piece, which made him look very pretty. The wig was a masterpiece. He said all his wigs were dressed every day by experts, and never a hair was out of place. His lacing finished--his waist looked tiny--his black velvet gown, with train, was slipped on carefully over his head, by the maid, he donned his jewelry, and was ready for the stage. But there was still a little time before the curtain call, and he chatted with us. I now took occasion to ask him to have luncheon with me tomorrow, and he said he would be delighted. I told him I was very interested in his act, and thought he was marvellous, and I should like to have him tell me about his career. He was obviously pleased at my praise.

"I don't suppose you could come to lunch dressed as a girl, could you?" I asked. "You make such a pretty one that nobody would suspect you."

"That's true," he said. "I have dressed and lived as a girl for weeks at a time, as training for my part, and have never been taken for a man. But it is such a nuisance to make up and get ready, that I hope you'll

excuse me if I come in my own male clothing. I prefer to be a man when in the company of a pretty girl. And you are very pretty, you know."

I thanked him with one of my ~~sweetest~~ smiles. Now it was time for us to go back to our seats for the last act. He bade us good bye and turned to his mirror, and the last glimpse we had of him was as he stood there primping, like any girl, with his back toward us, displaying his marvellous figure with its perfect feminine curves. The rear view of his waist made it look even more tiny than from the front. But that's always the case. I had learned that when I first became a girl, and donned my first pair of corsets.

The last act was the best of all, and Julian did his part ~~to~~ perfection as always. During one of his songs he looked down at us and gave a smile of recognition, which, somehow, made me feel very proud, to think that I knew this famous actor. How lovely he looked in his evening gown, with his perfect back, shoulders and arms--and those feminine curves! It was indeed difficult to believe that that vision of feminine loveliness could possibly be a man. But what sort of a man? I wondered. Well, I would try to find out tomorrow. Could a man who could transform himself into such a perfect lady, and act the part of one, be an ordinary, normal man? Did he really like girls? Or was he too much like one himself to like them? Perhaps he liked men best. Well, we would see! Anyway, it would be very interesting to know him better. And I wanted to see how he would look as a man. Would he look pretty? Would he wear make-up? I hoped not, for that would make me feel conspicuous in the Waldorf restaurant. People would surely stare at a man who looked like a pretty girl in face. I almost wished that he was coming dressed as a girl, as I thought that perhaps he would look more natural that way. But, never mind, it would be quite exciting, and I looked forward to the morrow with eagerness.

Next morning mother and I put in at the dressmakers, and I was terribly bored with all the fittings and fuss and feathers. And I was getting very much fed up with the constant feminine atmosphere. I was so much with women and so little with men. It was having its effect on me, and I was gradually succumbing to the feminine influence, and becoming less and less a man, and more and more a girl. It was a matter of environment, and I am confident that any man situated as I was would have had the same experience. It was impossible to dress and live as a girl, almost always in contact with women, without becoming feminine.

Julian came for luncheon promptly at 1 o'clock, and we went into the restaurant, and I had the head waiter, who knew me well, give us a table in a retired corner, where we could have privacy. To my relief, Julian wore no make-up, and didn't look very feminine, but more like an unusually handsome man, with very regular features. As he took his place at the table, and sipped his cocktail, I noticed how small and white his hands were--smooth and feminine.

I told him I couldn't get over how marvellously he made up as a woman on the stage, and that the whole audience thought the same thing.

"Tell me," I said. "How do you attain such a marvellous figure, and such a small waist. It made everybody gasp."

"That's the result of long training," he said. "Long and severe. I have worn corsets for years, ever since I took up this work. This has trained my figure into feminine curves, and enlarged my hips and chest, and made my waist permanently small. It was always small, for a man, anyway, as were my hands and feet, which made it easy for me to assume feminine roles. I am wearing a corset now. I am never without one."

"Don't you hate them?" I asked, recalling to myself how I had at first disliked being corsetted."

"Yes, I have always hated them, as any man would, but I long ago got used to being corsetted, the same as any woman, and now I suppose I don't mind it much more than a woman does. But it is always stiff and uncomfortable, as you yourself know."

"How did you start this business of female impersonation?" I asked, as we proceeded with our meal. I was determined to ask him lots of questions and to find out as much about him as possible, as much as he would be willing to tell me. He made me very curious, this man that was so much like a woman.

He told me that he had belonged to a men's club in Boston that annually gave amateur plays, really quite elaborate shows, which made a hit every year, and were largely attended.

"I was always cast for girls' parts, and as I happened to make up well and had a good build for it, I soon was assigned to the parts of leading lady. I made quite a reputation for myself, and learned to act feminine roles quite well. In fact, I scored a decided hit, and my picture, in costume, was printed in the papers, and I received very favorable press write-ups. I was in three different shows, and as we were carefully coached and trained by professionals, I got to be quite a good "actress."

"You must have made a pretty girl," I said, "judging from the way you look now, when in feminine costume. Yesterday you told me that I am pretty. Now I can say the same thing to you. I think you are quite beautiful when on the stage. You don't mind my calling you pretty, do you, I mean, as a girl? I know that some men would not like it, but you are different."

"Of course I don't mind. You are not the first one that has told me that. It is my business to be pretty--on the stage--and I make every effort to make myself as pretty as possible, as a girl."

"Well," he continued, "I really became quite famous in Boston as a delineator of feminine roles--I would rather be called that than a 'female impersonator'. The press notices were very flattering, and so were my friends and acquaintances who saw me on the stage. Naturally I got quite a kick out of it, though I was often chaffed and kidded about being such a 'pretty girl', especially by the men in the bank where I then worked as a clerk. But I didn't mind. I soon got used to it, even when they called me 'Julia' instead of Julian."

"My success as a girl on the stage made me many new friends, among them a lady who was a well-known actress. She was a great admirer of my impersonations, and we became close friends. She insisted that I was so good at feminine roles that I should go on the professional stage, into vaudeville. She was sure that I could make a success of it, and draw a large salary, much larger than as a humble bank clerk. The idea appealed

to me very much. I got a great kick out of transforming myself into an attractive girl, and the flattery and praise I received turned my head a little. Every man loves to do the things at which he excels, and so I got to love doing feminine impersonations, and wished to continue it as my regular work. I wished to appear on the stage as a pretty girl, and receive the applause and admiration of the audiences. It had been great as an amateur, but the shows only came once a year, and I didn't get enough of it. I decided that it would be wonderful if I could appear every day on the vaudeville stage as a girl, and do impersonations.

My actress friend offered to take me in hand, and train me, and then to help me get a booking. I decided to accept her offer. Now began a very strenuous training period for me, to make me good enough to become a professional. Every evening after dinner she dressed me in feminine attire, not forgetting corsets and high heels, and she put me through a strict course of training. Of course, in my amateur work, I had learned a lot about how to comport myself as a girl, but I found I had a lot to learn, and my friend did not spare me. I was taught all the little niceties of feminine deportment such as how to walk, stand, sit, handle a fan, use my hands gracefully, and girlishly. And then she taught me how to dance and sing. In the shows I had been in I had done dances--skirt dances--and I had sung, of course, in my roles as "leading lady," but now I was taught to perfect my technique. My friend was very particular, and would correct me whenever I made the slightest slip, and made any breaks that were the least bit masculine. I learned rapidly, being of course very eager to perfect myself. Fortunately, I had a natural tenor voice, and this I cultivated in a high range, so that it was a good imitation of a woman's voice. I made rapid progress. From the start, my friend had insisted that I go in for figure training, and wear a corset regularly. I objected to this at first, but soon saw that she was right, and so I donned corsets regularly, but taking care that they didn't show when I wore my regular men's clothes. Every evening, during my training, I spent two or three hours in feminine attire, and so got thoroughly used to it. I gradually reduced the size of my waist. I was young then--I'm not very old now--but starting in so early with my figure training; when my body was supple, I easily got a small waist and the corset enlarged my hips and my bust, developing in me feminine curves, which I have retained to the present time, as perhaps you have noticed. I may as well tell you that from that time to this, I have always lived in corsets, like a woman."

"Now I understand your wonderful figure," I said. "You have explained how you come by it and your small waist. Tell me, do you wear your corset nights to sleep in?"

"Yes, I wear a night corset, which is not so tight as my day-time stays," said Julian. "I never allow my waist to expand. If I did, it would be hard to get it back again."

"Well, to go on with my story," said Julian. "I soon got so proficient that I satisfied my exacting actress friend, with my singing and dancing, and acting. She insisted that I should wear a feminine garb as much of the time as possible, and I never missed a night. Then, one evening, instead of rehearsing, she said I should go out with her for a walk. I had never appeared in public, in the streets, dressed as a girl, but I knew I looked the part, and could do it all right. So I donned make-up, a street dress and a wig, and we went for a walk, I, of course, being fully dressed as a girl, including high heels, to which I was now accustomed. At first we went out in the evening, walking the streets. It was funny to me to be out thus as a girl and at times to encounter men who wanted to make eyes and flirt with my actress friend and me--for she was very good looking. One evening we "picked up" a couple of young men, and let them take us to a restaurant for a drink. My 'boy friend' never suspected that his 'pretty' girl friend was only a man. It was great fun, and good practise for me, as I learned more and more how to play a girl's role. How funny it was to me to have my 'boy friend' reach under the table to take my hand and squeeze it, and to press his knee against mine. My hand was small and soft. I returned the pressure. I made eyes, and flirted with him. I saw that my friend also was flirting with her 'boy friend'. We danced to the music of the

Orchestra, and I really felt like a girl as I danced held closely in his arms. The reason that I had enacted the part of a girl on the amateur stage, in the club plays, so successfully, was that I was always able to sink my personality into the part, and feel that I was a girl. And now I could do the same when dancing with this young man. With him I was a girl. But after a few dances my friend and I went home, refusing the escort of our boy friends, though they were eager to go with us and continue the liason. We refused to give them our addresses. I was pleased to know that I was so successful as a girl, and had sex appeal to a man. I was glad to know that not only could I pass as a girl, but that I was attractive to the male sex. And apparently no women had suspected my disguise. I had encountered several of them in the ladies' dressing room, at close quarters, and I could see that they took me for a lady, paying me scant attention, for which I was glad. I shuddered to think of how they would treat me if they had discovered that I was a man dressed as a

girl and invading their sanctuary. For it was a very intimate place, and no place for a man. But I played the lady, powdering my nose and fussing with my hair like the rest of them. It was a real test of my disguise, for women are very discerning and far more difficult to fool than men, who do not notice little things. But I knew that women would notice any little discrepancy, any little thing that was not entirely feminine in looks or actions in my impersonation. But apparently I made a perfect girl, and--if I may say so without being accused of being vain--a pretty one. Why pretend to be modest about it? I had received wonderful press notices when in the shows. My picture had been printed many times, under it the caption; 'This pretty girl is a man', or 'Isn't she beautiful--only it's a he'; 'Guess again, it's a man!'; 'Julian Eltinge's feminine beauty makes the girls jealous'; 'Eltinge scores another hit in his feminine role in Club Play.' Etc. Etc. So I am not vain when I say that I made a pretty girl. Everybody told me so, as did my mirror then, and of course, now that I am on the stage and have become well known as a female impersonator, there is no question that I make a--shall I say--beautiful girl?"

"Yes," I said, "I think you really are beautiful, as a girl."

"Thank you, Miss Morris," he said. "Of course you know that we actors are not modest. If we were, we would not succeed in the business. We have to boost ourselves and advertise ourselves and get all the publicity we can. It is my stock in trade to be a pretty girl, and I know I am one, when in costume." "Well, to go on with my story, after my actress friend and I had gone out together for a few evenings, and I had made good as a girl, she suggested that I should go out in broad daylight. This would be quite trying and a real test, for I could not wear heavy evening make-up, or have the benefit of artificial light, which is so kind to women. But I had confidence, so on a Saturday afternoon, when the bank was closed, I decided to make the experiment. Evenings I had been a rather ravishing blonde, and gotten away with it, but now, in daylight, I wanted to avoid attracting attention, so I made up very soberly and donned a light brown wig and a quiet dark blue ensemble. Knowing that I was breaking the law in appearing in public in the clothes of the opposite sex, and so wishing to look completely feminine, so as not to be suspected, I had my friend lace me in so that I had a waist so small that it could not possibly belong to a man. Nobody who saw my figure, and that waist, would dream that I was a man, for I had an 18-inch waist measurement, the ideal of the women of that time. Of course, it was terribly tight, and I was not used to such extreme lacing, but it gave me confidence, and gave me a wonderfully fashionable figure, and so I didn't mind passing a few hours so compressed. I know that few men would have consented to it, but I was used to wearing a tight corset, and it was my life work to dress as a girl, and to earn my living that way, so that I endured the extra tight corset cheerfully. I was glad of an extra small waist on the street--it could not be a man! But after I was made up, and had donned my big picture hat, with its broad brim which helped to conceal my face, and gave me comfort in that my face would not be too freely exposed to public gaze, I looked in the glass

and the girl-I saw there was feminine-looking, and entirely satisfactory. I really didn't need that small-waist to pass as a girl, but it was too late to change, even if I wished to do so. And I didn't, because my tiny waist intrigued me. Dressed as a girl, I sunk my personality into the part, as I had done on the stage, and always when dressed in feminine attire, and felt myself to be a girl. I was a real actor, or actress, living the part of the character I was portraying. And so I was a girl and liked being one. And so I didn't mind my tight corset, or the tight high heels I was wearing, nor the tight, hot wig, nor any of the rest of my costume, uncomfortable as it might be. For I was a girl, at least for the time being, and that was the way that girls dressed!

"I am sure that you looked very pretty," I said. "I wish that I could have gone out with you, and seen the impression you made on the men in the street. What fun you must have had. Did you flirt with them? I'll bet every man looked at you and tried to 'make you.'"

"Well, it was lots of fun, and my friend and I did attract masculine attention-(as I have said, she was very pretty). We walked downtown, through the busy streets, and did some feminine shopping, my friend buying a corset and some lingerie, while I looked on and gave her advice. The shop girls, of course, did not suspect me of being a man. Nobody did. I looked in every glass we passed, to reassure myself. This daylight stuff was new to me. I knew that I looked all right in artificial light, but this was different, and every defect, if any, would stand out. But the mirrors showed me nothing wrong. But I was in close contact with women, as a woman. Perhaps there was something of the masculine about me that would crop out, and they would discover. I was nervous, and asked my lady friend: 'How do I look? Am I all right?' 'You look very pretty,' she was kind enough to say 'Don't worry. You are every inch a girl.' Now full of confidence, I joined in the shopping, and when my friend went to a millinery shop to get some hats, I tried on some myself, and bought one. If the girl found that I was wearing a wig, she didn't show it. It was an excellent fit, and probably she didn't know it was artificial hair. I enjoyed trying on hats in front of the mirror, and studying the effect. You, as a girl, will understand that, though a man would not--but I was not a man, for the time being. I suppose I should be ashamed to tell you that I felt like a girl, as it makes me a "sissy", but I am sure that almost any man who went through the training that I did, taking the part of a girl again and again, and wearing girl's clothes every day for hours at a time, acting as a girl, talking like a girl, and associating with a girl who treated me as a girl, and trained me to be one in voice and action, would become as I did--a sissy. But I was not ashamed of being a "sissy". In fact, I wanted to be one, and as effeminate and girlish as possible, because I planned to make my living as a female impersonator. I wanted to look as much like a pretty girl as possible. Little cared I if people looked at me askance and perhaps took me for a boy dressed as a girl. I had developed a girl's pink and white complexion, and wore my hair rather long, with a "permanent" wave. My eyebrows were plucked, of necessity, and I wore my fingernails long and pointed. My corsets gave me a feminine walk, as I could not take long, manly strides. Of course I didn't wear high heels, in public, except when in feminine guise, but I was so used to them, that they, too, accustomed me to taking short steps when walking. I knew that I was "different" and attracting attention, but my friends excused it because they knew or my feminine impersonations on the stage, for several years, and thought that I was keeping in training --and for strangers--I didn't care what they thought of me--I was hard boiled, as all impersonators have to be. Let them laugh at me, and make remarks. Let them say that I looked like a girl. Of course I did. I wanted to. That was my bread and butter. It was my fondest wish to look like a pretty girl, even in public--the prettier the better. For to be a pretty girl on the stage, I surely had to be, even without make-up, somewhat pretty as a man in the street.

"But I am getting ahead of my story,"

We finished our shopping and it was tea-time, so Grace (the name of my actress friend) suggested that we go to the tea room of one of the hotels for tea. I do not know whether she had arranged it or not, by phone, but the two "boy" friends we had met before were there, and they joined us and danced with us, and bought us tea--and cocktails. But I was not much of a drinker then, and am not now, but have always been very careful about my drink. I realized that if I should drink too much, when dressed as a girl, I might give myself away--and that would be fatal. When playing the part of a girl, I must keep my wits about me. Anyway, we had a good time with our "gentlemen friends," and it gave me added confidence to find that I was doing so well in afternoon costume and light make-up. I still had "sex appeal" for the very good looking man who paid me such marked attention.

After this test, Grace decided that I was perfect in my feminine impersonation, and my training was complete. It was time to do something about my professional career.

We were in her apartment. She called long distance, and asked for a man whose name I recognized as a vaudeville agent, and a friend of Grace's.

"This is Grace L--," she said, after the connection was made. After some conversation, which showed me that she knew the agent very well--for she was well known, and had many theatrical connections--I heard her say:

"I want an appointment with you to meet a girl who is very clever and who I am sure will make a decided hit in vaudeville."

I stared at Grace in amazement. I knew she was referring to me, and she was calling me a girl.

After she had hung up she told me her plan. She would take me to New York as a girl. I would meet the producer friend, as a girl. I would fool him, for he would be sure to take me for a real girl, and then, when he discovered I was a man, he would be impressed, and see how good I would be on the stage as a delineator of feminine roles.

Well, that would be some undertaking, but I had confidence that I could pull it off, and Grace encouraged me, so I went ahead with our plans. It meant that I would have to spend about a week as a girl, continuously, something that I had never done before. I had enough dresses and hats, and lingerie, but I was short of feminine toilet articles and night dresses and negligees, those intimate things I should heed if I went to a hotel as a girl. For there would be the prying eyes of chambermaids, and others. So, dressed as a girl, I went shopping with Grace and got the needed things, including a ladies' fitted suitcase, and pretty night dresses and everything that a woman would need when staying at a good New York hotel.

I went to Grace's apartment to dress and pack, as I had sent all my feminine things there. All of my masculine things were packed in a suitcase and locked. Now my belongings were completely feminine. Not a single male article did I wear, or pack. I was to be completely dressed as a girl until I came back--a girl for a week, at least.

Grace helped me to dress, as usual, and, as always, I took great pains with my toilette. I must be a flawless woman, above suspicion. At the suggestion of Grace, I had had all my dresses taken in to an 18-inch waist. It was very tight, and required severe lacing, but I submitted to the discomfort because my tiny waist made me so feminine looking, and gave me a decidedly attractive figure, with the desired fashionable wasp waist. Of course, I do not claim that I liked it, but I knew it was best to take Grace's advice. She was acting as my manager and trying to launch me on my stage career. I would do whatever she told me, for without her influence, I knew I could get nowhere. But I was used to tight corsets, as few men are, and decided that I would not mind too much a week with an 18-inch waist. Why should men mind being laced in? I thought. Grace was laced as tightly as I, and so were most women who made any pretence to style. There was just one thing for me to do, and I talked it over with Grace. I must sink my personality into the part, and BE a girl for the week--act and live the part.

I felt as if I was starting on a great adventure as I dressed in a most attractive travelling dress and becoming little hat and surveyed myself in the glass, ready to leave for the train. I was wearing a dark blue ensemble, and a brown wig, making me inconspicuous. Usually I had been a striking blonde, very trying, but a make-up I had gotten away with in Boston, day and night. But now I didn't want to attract attention. I wanted to appear as a quiet refined young lady travelling with her lady friend. Grace, as I have said, was very pretty--a well-known actress--and I can truthfully say that I was pretty enough to hold my own with her. So it was amusing to me to see how we both attracted male attention. Grace was, of course, used to it, but to me it was something new, and so rather intriguing. I was inclined to flirt with the men who "made eyes" at me, but Grace restrained me, and so on the train we kept to ourselves.

We had, of course, talked over our plans, and so when we arrived at the Waldorf Grace registered under her own name, while I registered as "Miss Julia Eltinge", leaving off the final "n". Grace and I were assigned a room together, with twin beds. We had decided that that was the best way. I would need her help with my impersonation. She could help me with my dressing and make-up, as she had always done in Boston. I needed her feminine touch. I needed her to lace me and hook me up, and to advise me as to my costumes. She could help me with my hair, as I had not yet acquired the skill I now have at hair dressing. She could, in short help me in a thousand ways. It was an ideal arrangement. Grace did not hesitate to room with me, because from the moment I had donned my complete feminine outfit in Boston, I had assumed the character of a girl, and had only feminine feelings and instincts, absorbed in the role. I felt myself to be a girl, and so it seemed entirely natural for me to room with "another girl." And so we roomed together for the week we were in New York just as two girls would have done, and I was completely feminine and was able to forget that I ever had been a man. That's what clothes, and feminine environment can do to a man. And shall I confess that I enjoyed the experience? There was something about being a girl that appealed to me, and--I say it truthfully--I was such a pretty girl, that it was quite thrilling. I hope you don't think I am bragging, Miss Morris. You have seen me on the stage, and in those early days I think that ~~xxx~~ better looking than I am now--I mean, as a girl."

"Then you must have been beautiful, for you are very pretty today--I mean," said I, with a smile, "as a girl".

"Thank you," said Julian, also smiling, and showing his perfect teeth. I noticed his lips, red without make-up, and shaped like a cupid's bow--lips that any girl would envy. And his narrow arched brows, and big eyes, with long lashes, and his girlish complexion, and perfect oval face.

"You can imagine," Julian continued, "what extreme pains Grace and I took to dress me and prepare me for the interview with Mr. Schine, the agent. We spent an hour over my make-up and hair. My nails, which I had allowed to grow long and pointed, were highly polished and tinted. I wore a new street dress which was form-fitting and brought out to the best advantage my hour-glass figure. When Grace laced me, she gave the strings an extra tug. It was a 17-inch corset which I had been wearing with an inch to spare, in case it should stretch, and now I was aware that Grace was drawing me in until my stays met at the back, closely. I felt as though I was being cut in two, but so much was at stake that I didn't object."

"The smaller your waist, the better," said Grace. "Everybody thinks that a man cannot have a small waist, and feminine curves. Mr. Schine has an eye for a trim feminine figure. He will never suspect you with that waist--but of course he couldn't suspect you anyway, for really, darling, you are a decidedly pretty girl. So forget your corset. You can let it out as soon as we return, which will be in two or three hours."

It took courage and endurance to ^{stand} endure such a tight corset, but I made up my mind to go through with it, and only hoped that I would not

faint. How embarrassing, I thought, it would be if I should swoon in Mr. Schine's presence (women in those days often swooned from too tight lacing) and they should have to unhook my dress and let out my laces. But I decided that that should not happen. It might ruin my career.

Grace helped me into my dress. The waist was too large now, so Grace got thread and needle and very cleverly took it in, so that it fitted like a glove. In order to look my best, and impress Mr. Schine, we had decided that I should wear a blonde wig, and make up as a golden haired blonde, which I had always been heretofore.

"What will the hotel clerk think if he sees me now a blonde, when I was a brown-haired maiden when I registered?" I asked Grace.

"He probably won't notice you as we pass through the lobby. And if he does, what difference does it make? Ladies are always changing the color of their hair, overnight, and we are known here as actresses. At least, they know me, and you are about to become an actress--or actor."

We took a taxi to Mr. Schine's office. It was on the 10th floor of a big building. The waiting room was filled with men and girls, who evidently were waiting to see Mr. Schine--show people, without a doubt. As we entered I felt all eyes upon me, and they were critical eyes. Actors know all the secrets of make-up and impersonation. I was nervous. Would they penetrate my disguise? But, no. Just a glance at me, and they lost interest. I was just another "actress" looking for a booking.

But Grace had influence, and the pretty, supercilious blonde young woman at the desk announced us to Mr. Schine, and soon we were admitted to his office.

Grace introduced me as a young lady who could sing and dance, and wished to go into vaudeville. I tried to look my prettiest, with a smile that showed all my nice teeth, as I felt Mr. Schine's eyes looking me over very critically. I was naturally a bit nervous, but didn't show it. I was aware that his eyes lingered upon my figure, and my narrow waist. Now I was happy that I had allowed Grace to lace me so tightly, for the feminine instinct that I had developed told me that Mr. Schine was admiring my slender figure and wasp waist. Grace had been right.

"Your young friend is very pretty, and has a marvellous figure," said Mr. Schine to Grace, "but what can she do on the stage?"

"Sing and dance," said Grace.

"But there are thousands of pretty girls who can sing and dance and who are trying to get on the stage. The woods are full of them," said he. "She is pretty enough, but must have more than that--she must have real talent, and be above the average."

"You admit that she is an unusually pretty girl?" asked Grace.

"Yes," said he, "so far as looks are concerned, she will pass."

"Then suppose I tell you that 'she' is a man," said Grace. "Take off your wig, Julian."

I did so, and, dropping my voice to a low masculine pitch, said:

"Yes, Mr. Schine, I really am nothing but a man, in disguise."

He was astonished, as so many men have been with me since that day, and it was hard to convince him that I really was a man, for with my make-up and my wavy brown hair, I still looked like a bobbed-hair girl, even without my wig. But both Grace and I assured him that I was an impersonator.

"Wonderful," he exclaimed. "In vaudeville you will be a wow. Never before has a female impersonator fooled me, and I have seen many of them, and the best. But you fooled me completely, and sure can fool any audience. And that's what they want, to be fooled. Put on your wig and I will call in my partner and piano player. We will hear one of your songs. Don't tell them you are a man. They will never suspect it. Sing your song, and then see what they say, and after that take off your wig and reveal yourself."

The two men were summoned and they came in and were introduced to me as "Miss Eltinge". The partner knew Grace. The men greeted me in a friendly manner and I could not help being aware of their admiring looks.

We went into one of the audition rooms, where there was a piano, and I sang one of my old songs in my cultivated soprano voice.

"Not bad," said the partner, "but nothing remarkable. Lots of girls can do as well. You have beauty and personality, but I am not sure you can get by on the stage."

At a sign from Mr. Schine, I took off my wig.

"Meet Mr. Julian Eltinge, impersonator," said Mr. Schine.

Both men were dumfounded to find that I was a man. They admitted that I had fooled them completely and said I was the best they had ever seen.

"A sure fire hit," said the piano player. "But say, buddy, where do you get that waist? It's smaller than most girls'."

"It's killing me," said I, in a mannish manner and low voice. "I've got to beat it pretty quick and get out of these things."

"No wonder," they said, laughing at my apparent discomfort, and probably, too, at my being so effeminate--and pretty. "I never saw a man before cinched in like that." But it will look wonderful on the stage. We have to give it to you. You make a stunning girl, but how you can make your waist so small--that gets us."

I now put my wig on and assumed a feminine manner, and, in my high ladylike voice said, jokingly: "I don't think you men should talk to a girl about such matters. Of course, I have a small waist. But it is entirely natural, and I don't wear corsets."

This caused a laugh, and the piano player, a hard boiled bird, said: "All right, Pansy Sweetheart, you win. You may be a man, but to me you are a girl."

I hated being called "Pansy," naturally--any man would--but I knew that if I was to become a professional female impersonator, I would have to become very ~~handy~~ boiled and ignore the things that would be said about me--the slurs and indecent hints and all that sort of thing. I was a man, with a man's pride and feelings, but I should have to bury all that. After all, I was effeminate, and very fond of dressing as a girl, and much happier when a girl than a boy--in clothes, at least. I suppose I liked it best because I made such a pretty girl, while, as a man, I was altogether too "pretty" and girlish looking. It could not be otherwise, else how could I make up as a girl who has more than once been called "beautiful"? Obviously, I could not impersonate a pretty girl unless I had a pretty face, and a girlish figure. I HAD to be effeminate. It was my stock in trade, and the prettier and more girlish I looked, the better I would be on the stage in my chosen career as a delineator of girls and women. And so I would not resent being called "Pansy" or any other girl's name, or a "sissy." I must make up my mind to treat such things as a compliment, as showing how successful I was in my feminine impersonations, and how much I looked like a girl, even in male attire.

Mr. Schine promised us that he would book me for a vaudeville tour of 40 weeks, across the country and ending at the Palace in New York, which is tops with every vaudeville performer. An appearance at the Palace, and your success was assured. I would end the season there. I was thrilled with the idea, and so was Grace. Once in New York, and my pictures in the papers, I would be acclaimed, and undoubtedly it would lead to engagements in Europe. And I knew that clever feminine impersonation abroad was extremely popular, and would command a high salary--and there would be much adventure for me, particularly with the Latin races. Grace had told me how a pretty feminine impersonator was almost adored in those countries, and, if a "gold digger", could make big money in addition to his stage salary. Then and there I decided to be a "gold digger," and Grace agreed with me.

"You must get all you can out of it," said she. "Wherever you go, you will find a certain type, both men and women, who will seek you out, because you are a man who makes an unusually attractive woman. You will have to be careful, and circumspect. But make them pay if they want your company, even

if they only take you out to supper after the show. You should be paid for giving them your company--otherwise, turn them down."

But that was looking a long way ahead, as we chatted in the taxi going back to our hotel. I was not yet even started on my feminine career on the stage. But I was delighted that I was to have an engagement, and at a good salary. I would make a tour across the continent, playing only at the larger cities of the circuit. I wondered how it would feel to be billed as a female impersonator, with my pictures in the lobbys of the theaters, and no doubt my picture also in the newspapers. I must have some very good ones taken. What would people think of me, a man in feminine guise on the stage, transformed into a pretty girl? Would they admire me and applaud? Yes, I was sure they would applaud my cleverness, as an impersonator, but what would they think of me off the stage, as a man? That was the problem. As Grace had told me again and again, I should have to be hard-boiled, and beyond noticing any insult that might be offered because I was effeminate."

As we chatted and rolled along in what seemed to me a snail's pace, I tried to keep my mind off my murderous corsets, which seemed to be cutting my waist in two. Grace knew how I was suffering and did her best to distract my attention from those terribly compressing stays. I had forgotten them completely at first, and especially when in Mr. Schine's office, but the longer I wore them, the tighter they seemed, and now it seemed as though I could not stand them another minute. But I had to. There was no escape.

I told Grace about it.

"I know just how you feel, dear," she said, "and it is terribly hard on a man. But it is the usual thing for women. I have spent many hours laced as tightly as you are, and so have millions of women. Think of yourself as a woman, and make up your mind that you will sacrifice every comfort and even suffer pain for the sake of being in style and having a fashionable figure. You are to play a feminine part for many weeks and must make the best of it. You must ignore being uncomfortable and not mind it, no matter how tightly you are laced. I was so proud of you at Mr. Schine's. You looked so pretty and your waist was so tiny. How astonished those men were at your figure. Think of a man having a 17-inch waist! You are one in a million and should be very happy that you can attain such a wasp waist."

Thus the sweet Grace consoled me and cheered me up in the taxi, and, to distract my attention, she put her arm around my little waist, drew me to her, kissed me, and then I rested my blonde head on her shoulder, while she stroked my hair and face. This was the first sign of affection she had shown me, openly, since we had been together, with me as a girl. But I reacted to it as a girl, and felt like one girl with another. Had I been dressed as a man--how different my feelings would have been. But, dressed as a girl, I was a girl and could room with another girl as though I really was one. At long last, held up by traffic at cross streets, we finally reached our hotel and hurried to the elevator and up to our suite, where the kind Grace quickly unhooked my dress, and let out my corset. What a relief! It was heavenly. Never again, I said. But how little I foresaw the future, and my long career as a man in feminine attire. How many hundreds of times have I been as tightly laced in as on that day, and how it makes me smile to think what a fuss I made then. But then I had not learned feminine patience and fortitude, which now I know so well.