

Brush Up on Etiquette for Big Date

By SHEILA JOHN DALEY
Copyright, 1944, The Chicago Tribune

TRIM IT — a bright light evening that you will mark all in red on your calendar for weeks before and mark down in black and white in your diary to remember long afterward. It's the night of the junior prom or any other big school dance, an important evening, a night that just has to be fun. And to make things go smoothly, just to be sure you're on the ball and enjoying the evening at the same time, here's a quick list of the most important do's and don't's for dances. Give it the once-over and check your etiquette rating.



If you're sending your gal a message (and any girl will save you for it), put a little pre-thought into your choice. If you don't want to come out blushing and ask the girl if she's going to be the "fragile or dramatic" type for the big evening, perhaps one of your friends will give you a hint about what color of evening dress your current honey child will be wearing.

Flowers never really wither in time, but sweet peas might be sweeter with white net, while a bunch of dark purple pansies might be just right with shades of blue or green. Use originality in your choice. Remember there are other flowers besides gardenias! Try a carnation in season, a cluster of violets, or two long-stemmed red roses. Girls never like big or heavy corsages, and you want to wear more than three average sized flowers at the same time. Choose your flowers with a thought to simplicity and effectiveness and either bring the flowers with you or have the florist deliver it ahead of time.

Among teenagers it is never necessary to introduce a friend as "Miss Henry Child" or "Mr. Jackson"—just say "Bobby" or "Joe," assuming that the two introduced will be real friends before long. A girl is always introduced to a girl: "Bobby, may I present Joe Johnson" and if a girl or fellow is to be introduced to a small group or to more than two friends at one time, say simply, "Bobby, say I present—" and then present your friends by name as they come.

The R may seem limited, there is only one accepted way to acknowledge an introduction—just plain "How do you do?" Never "Pleased to meet you" or "Pleased to make your acquaintance."

If the sentiment is sincere you might add, "I am so glad to meet you," for Bobby has spoken of you so often, or some such comment, to the original acknowledgment of "How do you do?" Make introductions short and simple; conversation will come in due time.

Follows always shake hands when introduced, and when a boy is introduced to a girl she usually just smiles. However, if she wishes to shake hands it is her place to offer her hand first. In saying good-by to a new acquaintance with whom you have spent some time you may say: "Goodby, I am very glad to have met you." To which your new friend may answer simply, "Thank you," or "I've enjoyed meeting you." If you really have enjoyed it, whatever you may wish to say, but do say something.

A fellow may ask a girl to dance by saying, "May I have this dance?" or "Would you care to dance?" and she can take care of responses with "Certainly" or "Yes, I'd like to very much." When the dance is over the boy always thanks the girl, and especially if the dance has been a long one, the girl may answer, "It was

wonderful." "Thank you, too," or whatever seems appropriate.

If a girl wishes to refuse to dance she should do so politely by saying, "No, thank you" or "I would rather sit this one out," but once a dance has been refused to one fellow, she should under no conditions accept that same dance with another. Also, a girl who is already dancing should never refuse to change partners when a boy asks in. And for those girls about sitting in, the partner who was first dancing with a girl must not cut back on the boy who took her from him, (he can cut in on a third fellow. Also (to avoid trouble!), he must not continue to cut in on the same fellow when the latter dances with other girls.

Good manners are just a part of having a good time. It makes an evening smoother to know when and what you are expected to do. Be brash up on the rules; you're sure to be right that way.

ONE THING
"God desires of me but one thing, that my soul should be entirely subject to His Divine Majesty."—St. Ignace

Children's Corner

VALENTINE PARTY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
By "Tuber Is"

Billy was a smart boy in school. Only seven years old, he was already in the Third Grade.

At school Billy made new friends quickly. All the boys and girls liked him. That was at first. After a time things began to change. The other children saw that Billy wanted to run everything. They didn't mind that so much because they all knew he was a good leader. The thing Billy's friends didn't like was the way he led. Billy just did not tell the truth.

All the boys and girls remembered Billy's birthday party. He told his friends to come over to his house on his birthday. They did, but Billy wasn't at home. His mother said he was at the movies.

The next day Billy felt ashamed when he saw the looks on the faces of his friends. He right away he promised to invite them to his Valentine party. When the party came, Billy kept his word. On Valentine's Day he told all his

playmates that the party would begin at 4:00 o'clock. After school he hurried right home to see that everything was ready for his friends. Then he waited.

The big clock in the hall rang four times. Billy was all alone in the dining room. But one of his friends came. Billy wondered why they were so slow. He waited until 4:15 and then 4:30, and nobody came. Billy walked over to the window.

Some of Billy's friends saw him in the window, but they did not pay any attention to him. They just kept on playing their games. When Billy began to realize why his friends had not come, he felt like a bad boy. He had told his playmates so many lies that they did not believe him when he told them the truth.

Two big tears rolled down Billy's cheeks as he thought of all the work his mother had done. It was all his fault. Right away he ran to the kitchen and told his mother everything. He told her how ashamed of himself he was. He said he was awfully sorry to have caused her so much work. And all for nothing.

A HARD LESSON
Billy's mother understood. "Billy," she said, "I won't tell on you. If you have learned a lesson, if you have learned to tell the truth, my time and my work were not wasted. Promise me that you will always tell the truth."

Of course, Billy promised, and he kept his promise too. At Christmas his mother gave him a surprise party. And do you know what? All of his friends came. The table was filled with his guests and everybody had a good time. It had been so long since Billy had had a party that he and his friends were all the more glad to be together. They never want to tell the truth. They are all the more glad to tell the truth.

Well, nobody trusts a liar. Everybody trusts a boy or girl who does not tell the truth. But boys who love the truth, and girls who love the truth, we know we can believe whatever they tell us. Boys and girls, always tell the truth. Then, some day you will grow up to be honest. An honest boy or girl grows into an honest man or woman whom everybody likes.

Movie Guide

NEW FILMS REVIEWED
The Great Magooch Robbery, A-1
They Shall Have Faith, A-1
The Sign of the Cross, A-1
The Sign of the Cross, A-1
The Sign of the Cross, A-1

AT THE THEATERS
R-K-O PALACE
The Keys of St. Elizabeth, A-1
Let's Go Steady, (not classified)
TEMPLE
Franklin's Crush, B
My Gal Loves Music, A-2
CENTURY
The House of Frankenstein, B
The Money's Mine, A-2
RICHMONT
Experiment Perilous, A-2
Atlantic City, A-2
CAPITOL
Hollywood Canteen, A-2

Boy's Love for Infant Jesus Turns Fiction into Fact

MONTREAL (NC) — This is a story of love for the Infant Jesus — a love so convincing that it prompted a "hoax" Palmstalking inquiry caused and the guilty party was apprehended. But there was a big announcement because

a boy saw the Christ Child in a way far removed from the ordinary of crime — especially when that love is centered in the heart and soul of a 16-year-old boy.

It happened in the Church of St. Saviour on Friday, The Square of the Infant Jesus in the City in front of the altar was missing. Police were called and eventually traced the image to a 16-year-old boy. He explained that he had visited the crib often and had come to love the image of the Infant Jesus so much that he decided to take it home. But what a miracle! This touching true story has a fictional counterpart. Some ten years ago Morley Callaghan, Canadian novelist, wrote a Christmas story for Harper's Bazaar. It involved the disappearance of the image of the Infant Jesus from a crib in a

church and told how the police were called and traced the theft to a little boy who had come to love the image.

The only difference between Mr. Callaghan's fictional story and the true story is that the boy in the former story took the statue home as he might ride it about on his new Christmas sled, while the true story the boy took the image home to the warmth of his own Christmas crib.

St. Agatha
—virtue and morality, were born in Billy of noble parents and converted from infidelity to God. In the midst of danger and temptations she served Christ in purity of body and soul, and died for the love of chastity when the Governor, Calistano, found that he could not prevail upon her to sin either through threats of torture or offer of safety.

The next time you pass a War Bond booth, don't stop in and loan your government as much as you can possibly afford.

SUNK IS RIGHT

O, TOM NOW WE'RE SUNK

AND I WOULD HAVE HIGH HEELS ON, TOM YOU'LL HAVE TO WALK BACK TO THE HIGHWAY AND GET 'EM!

THIS WOULD HAPPEN THE FIRST TIME! AND IT OUT...

I'LL BET THAT'S A SMART CUT, ANYHOW I'LL TRY IT FOR A WEEK AND SEE.

WHEN THE TRUCK FINALLY CAME TO A STOP TOM TRIED TO TURN IT AROUND, BUT...

WHAT A SMART GUY I TURNED OUT TO BE, NOW I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM OR WHERE THAT ROAD IS EITHER.

WHERE CAN THAT BOY BE, IT'S AFTER FOUR AND HE LEFT HERE NOT LATER THAN ELEVEN, SURELY HE'S MET SOMEONE OR SOMETHING BY THIS TIME.

AND TOM, STILL LOST, HAD BET SOMETHING... A MOUNTAIN LION.

WOW! WAS THAT A CLOSE CALL, NOW, LION, BERT IT!

ALL RIGHT, WITH OUT, JUST TRY COMING UP HERE AND YOU'LL GET ONE DINNER AND THAT MOUNTAIN TICKET!