PERSONALITY PREFERRED!

How to Grow Up Gracefully

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Harper & Brothers Publishers
New York and London
to

J. W. W.
Any Girl Can Kiss, But...

To neck or not to neck—that is the question. Any girl can neck. It's easy. It's the line of least resistance. But a girl's clever who can knock a boy for a row of tenpins when she's sitting on the other side of the room. It takes brain power, charm and personality to keep a boy interested without letting him get too close.

How to do it? Know how to talk! What about? The sky's the limit! Everything under the sun is fit subject-matter. Places, people, current happenings, philosophy, politics, trends, ideas, movies, dance orchestras, food, dogs. Absolutely no end.

Avoid a constant diet of necking with all the boys as you would chicken pox. When you neck with all the boys they find it out. And they don't think it's funny, either. They think it's cheap. And be discreet—for boys talk. Don't think that girls do all the gossiping!

Boys like their girls to rank high. No boy likes
to hear his girl’s name bandied about freely and lightly. He doesn’t want his girl talked about.

Boys don’t like second-hand models, either. If you will neck with a boy on your first date, it’s a sure-fire thing you necked with your date of last night, and you’ll neck with tomorrow night’s date, too.

If you’re in love with some boy, and if you go with him steadily, it’s a slightly different matter. I think it’s perfectly natural and normal to want to show your affection when you do like some one tremendously well. A kiss or two or six in the moonlight is a different thing from a necking party in the back seat of a strange somebody’s car. You must draw your own line. You know where that line is, too.

If you want to hold your man’s interest—hold him off. Be cordial and friendly and interested, but remember you hold the reins in your hands. Your date may stop his car where you can get a most glorious moonlight view—but it’s up to you whether you see the moon or the moon sees you in the latest movie clinch. It’s up to you to steer the course and to know when to put on the brakes.
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When you're alone with a boy you have the best chance in the world to make a friend for life. You have an opportunity to make a lasting impression on him. You can talk over what you think and like, and he can see you as you are. But when you spend all your time necking, you can't see or hear anything. It's just so much hot air!

WHAT BOYS ASK OF YOU

We want the boys to like us. No normal girl likes to sit at home week in and week out, unnoticed and unwanted. We all want to feel in the swing of things. We want to be included. We want to be asked places. We want to feel that people like to have us around, and like us when we are around.

The boys tell me what kind of girl they like to take places. They have rather decided views on girls. They have high standards and rigid requirements that a girl must meet before she can "make the team."

The girl they go in for in a great big way is full
of pep, good-humoured, a good dancer, a good sport, good-looking, and she knows how to talk. They like a girl who is ready for what comes, who can take practically anything in her stride without letting it trip her. A girl who knows her way around.

If there's one thing on earth they don't like, it's to be made conspicuous and embarrassed in public. So the girl they pick must know how to dress well and appropriately. No fragile get-ups on a picnic. No backless evening dresses at informal parties. It will ruin the evening if their girl is rigged up wrong.

A girl that's self-conscious makes a boy nervous. She is so miserable that it's contagious. And most boys are shy enough to have their own problems. They want to be proud of the way their girl looks and behaves. It's a compliment to their own good taste if their girl is a knockout.

Their girl must make a good impression. Not too silly for Mother and Dad. Good sort for the other boys. A peach for the girls.

Do you really blame the boys for looking the girls over at a dance? For watching how they make
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out before asking them to dance? They're not too big-hearted! They want to have a good time, too—and it's a cinch you can't if you're doing heavy duty with a heavy-footed woman.

They say that if you want to be the hit of the evening, dance like a million dollars. It won't matter a scrap whether you're tongue-tied or not. If you're a good dancer, they'll run up plenty of mileage on your dancing slippers. You'll get around all right!

They think a line is all right on the dance floor—but that it's no go for long-distance friendships. They admit that a snappy greeting makes a dent in the consciousness.

Lines come in all colours. They vary in style, subject-matter, technic and effectiveness. But they're all supposed to lure the wary male. And use him, discard him or file him away for future reference. Being bright little fellows, they can recognize most of them. So if you're going to string a line, pick a good one. It should pique them into further chase. Pick a line that looks like you. If you're athletic, don't go in for cooing and drooly flattery. Come out from under your disguise—else
how's a boy to know whether to risk asking for a
date? Don't count on a line anchoring any lad to
you. If you keep fluttering and wise-cracking and
buzzing around a fellow's ears, how in the world
is he going to get a chance to see what you are?
There's too much frither and froth in the way.

After the first attack be natural. You're only
pretending when you're stringing some boy. Be
yourself. He'll come back the second time if he
likes the real you. Knock him cold with some
snappy remark, then follow through with the real
stuff. And the sale is made!

They like a girl who can play with them. Swim,
play tennis, ride a horse, go fishing. A good sport.
They can even admire a girl who gives them a
good licking at their own game.

They like honesty and fair play in a girl—not
only in her sports, either. A confidence is a confi-
dence. Everything that happens to you shouldn't
be published. Nasty cracks about people don't go.
Nor too much criticism, either. Don't try to get
away with a bluff, pretence, show or downright
fib. Their little sharp eyes see right through it.
Don't break dates if you want them to come back. Stand a boy up and you'll never see him again.

Don't rave about Don and Ted and Lewis when you're out with Harry. Give him a break. Even though he may not be THE MAN, he'd like to think he might be.

And get down off your high horse, you bookworms! There's a time and place for all things. They'd like you plenty if you'd leave your poetry and theorems in your desk drawer when there's a party on.

Boys like a girl that other girls like. She's super if she can get along with girls as well as boys and play no favorites. If all the girls like her you can depend on it that there's nothing catty, petty, selfish or mean in her.

They don't like a girl who can't get away from her best girl friend. When they can't get within twenty feet of her without the girl friend tagging along. You may be missing some good breaks—so travel alone occasionally.

A boy likes a girl who requires courteous treat-
There's a lot of sweetness in boys—and they like to feel gallant and to take care of a girl. It makes them feel big and important. So give them every chance. If you really want to be a help to a boy, be a little helpless.

The colour of a girl's hair doesn't matter. Nor whether she's stocky or exotic-looking. Boys like a girl who's good fun to play with—a girl who knows what's going on.

**Social Alphabet**

You can't talk to the Chinese without knowing their language any more than you can get along with your crowd without doing the things they do. There are social tricks which you must have up your sleeve if you're going to play.

Everybody learns how to swim. And practically everybody can ride a bicycle. Things that everybody just naturally does. Well, go one farther.

The crowd plays bridge. Your own game is not so good. If you want to miss out on a lot of fun
when the crowd drops in, or you go out, just let your game stay not so good! You’ll find yourself the eternal dummy!

And wall-flowers at dances are just because they don’t bother to learn to dance well and early. Everybody dances these days. And don’t just move around the floor to music—but be a good dancer.

You may be the star forward on the basketball team, but you’ll find it a little awkward to get two teams together to play when you have a sudden yen on a sunny Saturday afternoon. Team sports are excellent fun, but don’t limit yourself to them. Play tennis, or golf, or swim, or ride horseback—towsona sports that you can play with a date or another girl.

Parlor tricks may come to your rescue sometime—at your own or some one else’s party. Telling fortunes with cards or tea leaves or reading palms, or analysing handwriting. Take up one as a side issue. Learn enough about it to be tantalizingly clever, and you’ll find yourself the life of the party.

There are some things your crowd may do that
you won’t want to do. I call them Minor Vices. Perhaps all the girls in your crowd do smoke. That’s no reason why you should. If your family doesn’t mind, if it’s done in your crowd, if you’ve tried it and like it—why, go ahead. You may err by smoking. But you’ll never make a mistake by not smoking.

If you do smoke, watch what you do with your ashes. They say that they are good to keep moths out of the rugs. But save such domestic impulses for the rugs in your own house, if any. And remember that smoke does get in people’s eyes!

If drinking is an old story to you—I mean, if you’ve been brought up with it in your house—you can probably be counted on to know what to do with a drink. Experiment only under the watchful eye of a wise tutor. Again, let me say, you may make a mistake by taking a drink. But you’ll never be wrong if you refuse one.

And don’t let anybody ever call you a bum sport for having no minor vices! Stick up for your own rights. To do or not to do is YOUR question. And it’s yours to answer!
Going Steady

Going steady cramps your style. It's like being colourblind. Everything you look at—pink, blue or green—looks red. You buy your clothes, you fix your hair, you talk, you behave, for Ted. He's your morning, noon and night. You wouldn't think of going to a party with anyone but Ted. You couldn't ask anyone but Ted. It's just a nice, smooth, warm little rut you've let yourself slide into. And you need a jolt.

Of course, it's necessary and inevitable to like one of the boys better than the others. That happens as naturally as the Fourth of July coming after April Fool's. You probably like chocolate caramels, too. But how would caramels rate if you ate them three times a day and just before you went to bed, seven days in a week? They bear up pretty well if you vary the diet with a piece of peanut brittle, a peppermint stick, or steak and French-fried potatoes. Get the point? **Eat bread at every meal. Hey!**
Ted will seem even nicer after a date with Joe or Dick. Not that you don’t have a high time when you’re with either of those boys. It’s just that you’re even nearer heaven when Ted is around. And if Ted has occasional dates with other girls he has the chance to find out that you’re sweeter than the others.

And it’s worth money in the bank to have lots of boys on the knowing list and the date calendar. More people to meet, more places to go, more things to do. Doesn’t that appeal? With Ted always there when you need him?

So draw up your contracts with a clause that specifies No Monopoly, Part-time Service, All-time Trust and Loyalty, and a Big Thrill. Inscribe your names and let it be your policy. O.K.,

You

I heard a story when I was in school that I think I’ll always remember. It was about an old man who made exquisite vases. He was famous all over
the world for the beauty and perfection of his work. There were no flaws, no cracks, no blemishes in his vases. Other men weren’t quite so painstaking with theirs—if a tiny crack appeared they mended it up with wax. It apparently didn’t show, but people who knew about vases would pass right by these mended ones and pay great prices for the vases made by the old man.

His vases were sine cira—without wax. And there’s where we get our word sincere.

Nothing shows so plainly in our faces, our eyes, our voices, our handwriting even, as sincerity. Anyone can see when we’re putting up a bluff. When we’re trying to be what we’re really not. When we’re trying to make an impression.

To me, being sincere means being perfectly true. It means no filling up the holes and cracks in our dispositions with empty smiles, pretty words, gushy compliments, half-hearted enthusiasm. It means being the real genuine article.

When we offer sincere friendship—one of the most precious things in this world—to a girl or a boy, we offer friendship unmarred by jealousy,
false pride, meanness about little things, cattiness, selfishness. We play square.

You all know girls who put on a new front when a boy appears on the scene. That's not being sincere. You know girls who pose because they're afraid to give their real selves away. You know girls who rave about your new dress when you know they really don't like it, or like you, either. You know girls who always seem to have an axe to grind.

Be whole-hearted about things. Mean what you are, what you say and what you do, way down to the very tippy tip of your shoes. That's being sincere.

People don't like people who sail under false colours. People who try to be what they're not. And that's the real reason in a nutshell why the "show-off" doesn't go over! The show-off is never the most popular girl in the crowd. And she's the one who is making the greatest effort to be popular.

Strange as it may seem, the loudest, noisiest, boldest show-off is usually deep down underneath a shy, retiring, quiet girl. As sweet a girl as you
and I would ever want to know. She figures that the best way to be noticed—and she craves attention—is to wear gaudy and giddy clothes, and to adopt a Southern drawl or a Boston accent when her only claim to use either is that she once rode through on a train. She's the girl who snaps her fingers at authority and sasses the policeman. She's the one who spills ice-cream soda on her frock and says nonchalantly, "Why fret—I'll get a new one tomorrow." She's the girl who listens to your story and then gets under your skin with her "I've a better story than yours." She's the girl who pulls down an A in a history exam and then says quite humbly: "Why, I never was so surprised in all my life. I didn't dream I'd pass, even. I haven't cracked a book all term." You know for a fact she's been studying like a beaver!

This show-off is just plain lying. She's trying to make you believe things about herself that aren't true. And she hopes and prays you're going to be dumb enough to be taken in by them.

As a matter of fact, you should feel sorry for such a girl. If she only realized that she'd go over so much bigger if she'd only be her real self—if
she'd throw those nasty little mannerisms and high-hat attitudes completely overboard. She's trying to make an impression. And you can see right through it all. The obvious effort of trying just kills her impression.

Don't allow yourself to stick out of the crowd like a sore thumb, as the show-off does. Of course, she's sore! She's wondering why she doesn't go across. Her technic is all wrong! She's trying to be half a dozen people.

Play your own game! No one can be quite like you. That's your act! And play it for all you're worth! You'll make an impression. And since it's sincerely and genuinely you, people will like it.

Conclusion

The girl who knows how to behave anywhere and any time is clever. This is a cleverness you can't buy by the pound. It's not something you can read in a book and memorize. It's not something laid down in cut-and-dried rules.
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Knowing how to behave anywhere and with anybody means being completely poised, completely self-possessed, self-confident, sure. No social blunders, no embarrassing moments, no blushes. You know what to do, how to do it, and when. You're completely at ease.

Now the best way to give yourself a chance to be at ease is to know the social code. That code must be as automatic with you as putting out your right hand to shake hands. How do you get that way? By living that code every day in the week! It's not like a swanky taffeta evening jacket that you can take down from the closet and don for an evening.

You must work that code over and over. Break it in like a pair of new shoes. It improves with use. Use it on your friends and their friends. And on your family. At home you've the best chance to make it work. Let your patient family be your laboratory. They'll bear up under the strain!

THE END