

Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

How to Combat "Genius" Complex **Dorothy Dix** **Give the Little Woman A Break**

When Wives Suddenly Become Imbued With the Idea They Are Writers, Singers or Painters, Send Them Out Into the World for a Trial

A poor, harassed husband says: "I am in the worst jam of my life and am turning to you in the desperate hope that you may be able to help me solve my problem. My trouble is this:

"My wife has recently discovered that she is a genius and that heaven intended her to be a great writer. Even though she has never had a single story accepted by any editor, she spends all of her time at the typewriter pounding out another opus. Her household duties are neglected. I could stand that, but the trouble is she has invented a faultless hero who figures in all of her stories and she is trying to make me over to understudy him. She is always comparing me with this romantic being—to my disadvantage—and I simply can't stand it any longer.

"We have had a lot of happy years together and I would like, more than anything, for us to go on as before if only she would give up writing and expect me to live up to her dream man. I make plenty of money so that she is no reason for her to give up writing. She has no talent, or else she would get something in print. Is there anything I can do about it?"

"I am sure you will find a talent in love with the ideal she has created, the like of which never was on land or sea. But it is certainly not on you to be expected to pin-a-hit for this nonexistent he-creature who possesses every charm and virtue.

A lot of women's imaginations. Because their husbands are not the tall, slim, dark, passionate-eyed, romantic fairy princes that they have conjured up, they fail to appreciate the good, honest, practical men to whom they are married. They work their fingers to the bone to give them ease and luxury in which to dream. Generally these husbands are a combination of Clark Gable and Robert Taylor by signing and complaining that they miss the "fairy prince" while they are ALL SOULS they are married to groveling earthlings who are ALL BUSINESS.

And they set it go at that. They don't try to make over their husbands to fit their fancies, but your wife is trying to make you realize her ideal, and I don't blame you for balking. No, many sensible business men would want to be transformed into a storybook hero—who are mainly asses, if you ask me.

The man who has a wife who thinks that she is a genius has a tough nut to crack. It has always seemed to me that there was only one way to do it. And that was to let her go and try it out. If she is a Katherine Cornell, or a Greta Garbo, or a Margaret Sanger, grand, great husbands would be willing to put out the divine fire with a little water, or to stop a star in his flight. If she makes a great success and proves, that her husband about acting or painting or writing or singing was a real one, let her husband rejoice with her and be glad that she is doing the thing she was born to do.

But if, on the other hand, a wife's belief in her talents and that she has it in her to write a sixth best seller, or to perform in the Metropolitan Opera House to its feet with her voice, is a false alarm, then give her a chance to try what she can do. And when she has tasted the bitterness of defeat and taken the measure of her ability, she will settle down to domesticity and be happy instead of going through life believing herself a suppressed genius.

So if a wife were a man who had a wife who believed herself a genius, I would give her a couple of hundred dollars and a ticket to New York and I'd say: "Go to it and try yourself out, but no more money home. You have got to buck the game on your own. I am tired of hearing you moaning about bright ambitions. You must put up or shut up. The talent scouts are always around looking for people who can deliver the goods. If you are such a wow as you think you are, you can sell what you write or get a job. So go to it."

And, believe me, such a remedy would cure all of the near-genuses, and when they get good and hungry and someone they would come home and resume being glib amateurs instead of trying to be professionals.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a young woman of 24 who is very unpopular with men, although I am good-looking, dress well and am fairly intelligent. But I suspect that my trouble is that I have a dull personality. I am by no means man-crazy, but I do hate to look forward to a life of loneliness and spinsterhood. Is there anything I can do about it?

WET BLANKET

Answer:—If you are young and good-looking and dress well and are intelligent, why don't you use a few jobs of your brain in peeping yourself up so that you won't have a dull personality? Why don't you learn some of the arts and ways by which girls make themselves attractive to men? You see plenty of examples of how it is done all about you.

You are right in thinking that a dull personality is a terrible handicap to a woman. Men, and especially American men, expect women to amuse and entertain them. They expect women to be gay and bubbly over everything that happens. They expect women to be able to handle anything that is thrown at them. They expect women to make the conversation take a girl out in an absorbed way when they care to talk. When they show appreciation and acting as if the movie or the dance or whatever it was, was the treat of their lives.

That is the essence of the technique the popular girls use. Copy-wallflowers. Get into the midst of the liveliest group you see, among the smile that won't come off. Look as if you are enjoying yourself whether you are or not. Wear a dress that is so striking it will hit every eye in the place.

Give parties yourself and make the food a specialty. Men will always go where there are good things to eat. Don't wait to talk until you have a profound thought. Jabber. Men take girls out in order to improve their minds. Never criticize your host's taste when he takes you out.

Make him think that you are the most appreciative girl he ever met. Ride in a jalopy as if it were a Rolls-Royce. Eat hamburgers as if they were lobster newburg. Laugh at the comedies he thinks funny. Be a good sport and easy to get along with and he will ask you another time.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a widower, very lonely and would like to get acquainted with some nice women. I am 34 years old, a perfect dancer and a good mixer. How does one find friends in this town?

EVERETT

Answer:—No trouble in a man getting acquainted with nice women. Take part in the activities of your church, join the Y. M. C. A. Chum up with some man with whom you work and he will take you home to meet his sisters, or his wife's girl friends.

DOROTHY DIX

THE COOK'S CORNER

WINTER FRUIT SALAD

2 grapefruit, cut in membrane-free sections
4 oranges, sliced
1-2 bunch watercress
1-2 head lettuce

Peel the grapefruit and oranges, dividing the grapefruit in sections and slicing the oranges. Line a salad bowl with the crisp inside leaves of the lettuce, edge with watercress and add the sections of the oranges and grapefruit. Avocado cut in thin wedges makes a nice addition if you have it—or thin wedges of red apples may be added.

A Morning Smile

SOUTHWEST CORNER

The captain of a sailing vessel was questioning a rookie sailor regarding his knowledge of ships and the sea. After repeatedly receiving wrong answers, in desperation, he asked: "Where's the mizzenmast?"

"I don't know," replied the aspiring seaman. "How long has it been mizzen?"

added. Dress with a French dressing made with 2 tablespoons olive oil, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, a little powdered sugar, a dash of salt and paprika and a grating of lemon rind.

Science says ITS PURE

"A recent scientific analysis shows that BEMA Extra Fancy Table Molasses is a concentrated cane juice of high purity, containing a sugar content of 69.10%. That is why it is of such value in supplying necessary body heat and energy. It's a pure, nourishing, palatable food for all members of the family.

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"THE ORIGINAL PRODUCT—NOT A BLEND"

The Housewife And Her Activities

BE BRAVE

Be brave 'Tis yours to ever hold and have Some gift which God the Father gave.

Talents which should be a blessing. And a help to those confessing. That the cares of life oppressing Have dismayed them. You can Lives like these if you'll be brave.

INDECISION

If you feel that indecision runs in your blood, that you have inherited the fatal balancing, wavering tendency, just make up your mind that you must break it, or it will break you.—O.S.M.

FAITH

Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do it.—J. G. Holland.

ONWARD

The face of death is toward the Sun of Life. His shadow darkens earth: his truer name is Onward.—Tennyson.

PITY

Oh, brother man, fold to thy heart Thy brother, where pity dwells, the peace of God the Father.—Whittier.

DOUBLE BEDS UNREFERRED

Five hundred wives, representing all parts of the United States, gave the double bed a three-to-one preference over twin beds today in answering a questionnaire.

One wife explained: "It's difficult to continue a quarrel in a double bed. Six per cent said it was a godsend to persons who have chronic cold feet. More than half said they found proximity of a sleeping partner restful and reassuring. Five per cent said the only time they had to discuss family problems was at bed time, which twin beds made difficult.

The majority of those who favored twin beds said they did so because of "incompatibility of sleeping habits"—differences in preference as to position of cover, and restless and snoring husbands.

The survey was conducted by Norman Dine, director of a "sleep study" which specializes in designing beds.

CHRISTABEL
By PEARL BELLAIRS

"There's no need to fetch the doctor," she said, when Mrs. Hays prepared to go and do so. "I feel perfectly well, mother. But the sun was shining and I suddenly felt chilly as I was walking back—and that was the last thing I knew!"

Mrs. Hays, however, insisted on sending the maid over to the hall to ring the Kearne Hall village doctor; meanwhile Christabel lay on the couch in the drawing-room. She stayed there until the doctor came, when he advised her to keep very quiet for two days, to go to bed in a darkened room, and lie on the couch in the drawing-room. She had been looking forward to the morning, when Hewitson was coming, so well and had to rest.

"We'll have to put him off, mother," she said.

So the maid was sent down to the post office with a telegram for Hewitson, saying that Mrs. Hays regretted that Christabel was not well, and had to rest.

Next morning summer had burst into torrents of rain, and the wind swept around the cottage, and the rain clouds scurried over the trees in the park. On her couch in the sitting-room, feeling rather dull, and with an aching head, Christabel felt as though the end of the summer had come though she would not quite admit to herself how much of her disappointment was due to the fact that she would not be seeing Hewitson.

Christabel had just past two a car drove up to the gate; the bell rang, and Hewitson was announced. Christabel's heart leaped. If she had had sense she would have hurried to the door to greet the man whose name she had heard in the telephone.

"How good of you to come!" she said, as she stretched out her hand to him from her couch. "And on such a horrible day!"

"Of course, I came! Your mother's telegram said you were not so well," Christabel said, every reason why I should come.

He shook hands with Mrs. Hays also, and seated himself beside Christabel, remarking how she looked what had happened to her.

"Yes," he said when she told him. "You must certainly rest."

"I must certainly rest," Christabel said. "But my head aches a little, and I have a—how shall I describe it?—a cold, which is how she felt."

"You're not to talk," he said. "I shall only stay for half-an-hour. Mrs. Hays, you must see to it that she keeps absolutely quiet."

He stayed for three-quarters of an hour, talking mainly to Mrs. Hays, carrying on the sort of conversation that kept Christabel amused but did not need any response from her; but all the time, his attention was on her, his eyes came back to her, and his gaze held hers. Christabel listening to his words, and watching the changing expression of his face, felt radiant happiness.

"Finally he rose to go.

"I shall be back at the clinic at the end of the week," said Christabel.

"What good looking do you do at her." "What do you think, Mrs. Hays? Isn't she talking nonsense? I can't understand these idle, pampered people, who wear their eyes and trouble to take care of themselves!"

THE KISS

"Well, our time here will be up," began Mrs. Hays, tentatively. "And if it isn't too late, I'll take you to Cavanagh's cottage for another week."

"I shall come down on Friday and see how she is!" said Hewitson in an amiably decisive tone which put an end to any argument from either of them.

He prepared to go; and then an afterthought seemed to strike him. "By the way—that book of mine, 'Some Theories of the Unconquered'—I wonder if you have finished with it, Miss Collett?"

"I meant to return it to you, Mother, it's on the little table in the morning-room."

Mrs. Hays left the room and they were alone. Hewitson stood by the couch for a moment, listening to Mrs. Hays's departing tread, then turned to Christabel.

"Goodbye!" he said.

And before she knew what was coming, he was smiling and kissing her full on the lips. Startled, she started back, and was held under his hand, and he was kissing her hands on his shoulders to push him away, but her fingers could only cling insistently.

"Instantly Mrs. Hays's returning footsteps sounded in the hall; Hewitson straightened quickly, turned his head stiffly, to gaze down into the fire.

"Ebe advanced towards her, but Christabel never moved, only stared at her with those terrible eyes.

"I REMEMBER!"

"Christabel!" Mrs. Hays's voice broke in her throat.

Christabel's lips moved, tremblingly, to say two words: "I remember!"

For an instant her eyes still searched her mother's face, read in it the confirmation of the fact that her memories were real enough, and then she turned her head stiffly, to gaze down into the fire.

"Now Christabel, you mustn't upset yourself, you'll make yourself ill!" Mrs. Hays's wavering voice shattered the awful silence. "I expect it's terrible for you, I was afraid it would come back to you sooner or later! But the doctor said you must keep quiet—and so did Mr. Hewitson."

(To be Continued)

Household Scrapbook
(By ROBERTA LEE)

To Soften Paint Brushes

When brushes have been allowed to dry without cleaning, and are stiff with paint, a solution of

It's More Delicious than Ever
The NEW MAXWELL HOUSE



SAYS Frank Morgan
STAR OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

IN HOLLYWOOD WE SURELY DO GO FOR THIS NEW MAXWELL HOUSE... SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE SAYS IT'S THE RICHEST, SMOOTHEST COFFEE THEY EVER TASTED

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THEY TELL ME THERE'S AN IMPROVED BLEND OF MAXWELL HOUSE MR. POTTS... SURELY THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

BUT INDEED IT IS, MADAM... THE EXTRA RICHNESS AND SMOOTHNESS OF THIS NEW BLEND ARE REMARKABLE... AND IT'S ROASTED BY A NEW METHOD THAT CAPTURES ALL THE EXTRA FLAVOUR AND GOODNESS



ISN'T IT DELICIOUS?... AND MAXWELL HOUSE COMES PACKED IN THE ONE WAY THAT ENSURES REAL ROAST-FRESHNESS... IN A SUPER-VACUUM TIN

White Linen Shades

White linen shades can be cleaned by using equal parts of flour and borax. The shade should be laid out flat and the dry mixture rubbed on with a clean cloth.

Fresh Eggs

Eggs will keep fresh for a much longer time than ordinarily if butter or glycerine is rubbed thoroughly over them.

Let Etiquette Smooth Your Social Path

Meet Situations Gracefully

Charming Faith, off to dance with the young Mannerly heir! Her parents are so proud of her poise, her well-bred air—and she's proud of her parents too.

When Faith presented young Mannerly, her mother as hostess rose to meet him, though of course in someone's else's home she wouldn't rise on meeting a man.

Faith's father cordially rises and shakes hands—as is correct for men when introduced.

At the dance, Faith shows she's learned the little rules that please an escort. "I enjoyed it too," she says when Jimmy thanks her for a dance. She lets her partner gallantly take the blame if they make a misstep, doesn't insist on apologizing herself.

If she's standing with a date and one of the stags asks her to dance, she smilingly says "May I" to her date if the stag forgets to ask him. No wonder Faith's popular, keeps her beaux!

Easy to shine in any situation when you know what's done by people who know. Our 32-page booklet gives etiquette pointers for the whole family. Rules for theatres, house parties, dances, travel. How to be a gracious hostess or guest.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Etiquette: The Correct Thing To Do to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

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How Can I???
(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I relieve an irritating cough?
A. Prepare a mixture of the juice of two lemons, one teaspoon of water, and one tablespoon of granulated sugar. Take a teaspoon of this mixture every half hour.

Q. How can I make a sandwich that is "different"?
A. Why not try a chocolate sandwich? Mash one large banana to a cream, work in two tablespoons of cocoa, add mayonnaise, and place between buttered bread.

Q. How can I make labels stick to tin cans?
A. Gummed labels placed on tin cans will adhere readily and securely if they are first moistened with glycerine.

Q. Is it permissible for a guest to use his own fork or spoon to help himself from some dish?
A. No. If the dish does not contain a fork or spoon, it is an indication that whatever is on it is to be taken with the fingers. It is rather grotesque to see a guest trying to spear a stalk of celery with a fork, or dish out potato chips with a spoon.

Q. Should a girl of sixteen offer her seat in a streetcar or bus to a man of fifty who is standing?
A. It is not necessary, unless the man seems feeble or ill, or is carrying a baby.

Q. Should one ask permission of the one referred to, when furnishing a reference?
A. Yes; one should always ask for permission of the individual whose name is given as reference.

Modern Etiquette
(By ROBERTA LEE)

TIMELY TIPS
— FOR THE —
HOME SEWER

A youthful crepe print silk dress to bring into spring... to town, to the office, to have cocktails... a dress that's equal to any smart occasion. Wear it now, wear your winter coat... later, wear your spring coat or without a coat. It's irresistible... "nips-in" at your waist and swirls out below the fullness is held in by the belt. Even a novice can sew it in no time. Only two major parts to the pattern. And all this excitement for a very modest price. The formal length with its demure square neckline and long sleeves is reminiscent to the gay nineties in swishy taffeta or satin.

Style No. 3149 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 38-inch material with 3-8 yard of 18-inch contrasting.

Send fifteen cents (15) in stamps or coin (not preferred) was coin carefully, address to Charlottetown: 3149

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CUDDLY BUNNY



CROCHETED BUNNY
Design No. 3603

We have found from experience that there is something about a bunny that has an irresistible charm for little folk, so if you have a very young person in your family, why not make him one for Easter? This cuddlesome little fellow is crocheted from soft wool in the color of your choice. You will find him attractive that you will almost want to keep him yourself when he is finished.

The pattern includes full instructions for crocheting, material requirements, and directions for finishing.

Send 20 cents, coin preferred. Miss Aimes receives at least 200 votes for each design before it is accepted for this column. Send us your votes. We print all the popular designs.

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To Charlottetown Guardian
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I suggest the following as a popular design

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Dear Diary

"Tonight the One Man in my life paid me the most extravagant compliments about my radiant, fine-textured skin. Little does he know I owe it to Transpec. That marvellous new Beauty Pack I began using just two short weeks ago! Yes, ladies, Transpec Liquid Translucent Beauty Pack is scientifically compounded to purge the pores, reduce enlarged pores, and refine the skin generally. A 15-minute Transpec facial a few times weekly rejuvenates and vitalizes your skin to new radiant loveliness."

And as a special inducement to try Transpec, your druggist is offering for a short time only the regular 40c size for 25c. The \$1.25 size brings the cost of a beautifying Transpec facial down to only 50c a treatment, or less! Get Transpec today!

When brushes have been allowed to dry without cleaning, and are stiff with paint, a solution of

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