



NEARLY every activity known to womankind is capable of either greatly enhancing or greatly detracting from the feminine aura of glamour.

Some women make the drinking of a cocktail a very charming rite. Others—No!

Smoking a cigarette can be a very intriguing affair—or it can be a series of nervous gestures which are far from soothing to the onlooker.

The application of make-up may afford a companion either a delightful sense of intimacy, or the disillusioning impression of having been given a too-hurried "behind the scenes" tour.

All of these subjects came up in a conversation I had with Rosalind Russell not so long ago—a conversation in which we both "talked shop" a great deal—and Miss Russell summed up in a few words a major remedy for the de-glamourising phases of any of these items of social habit.

"If people would only calm down and take their time, Mr. Factor," she said, "they wouldn't have to worry about such things at all."

Mastery Of Poise

ROSALIND was very correct in this observation. Nervous hurry in any activity is very fatal to feminine charm, particularly if the person witnessing this flurry knows that the occasion really requires no rush at all. Such rushing is conducive to an almost complete loss of poise, and with this gone, glamour is gone, too.

After Miss Russell had made her pertinent observation, I started considering her from that very viewpoint which she had mentioned. I had always subconsciously known that her mastery of poise was a complete one. I had never before, however, really analysed this, item by item, and I took this opportunity to do so.

Technique

I OBSERVED Rosalind's technique in handling her cigarette. I noted that it was altogether a gracefully languorous process. She did not jerkily flick its ashes or viciously bat-

ter out its ember when she had finished with it. Rosalind was taking her time.

At the luncheon table I observed and marvelled at her utter composure in eating and drinking. Too many women—some by necessity, I know—are too completely victims to the gnash-thor-through-a-sandwich technique of lunch counters.

Back in Miss Russell's dressing-room, I continued my observations. I suggested to the star that she apply some of her own make-up—"Just to keep in

practice," was my subterfuge—and I noted that her calmness extended even to this operation. There was no slap-dashing on of powder or any of the other make-up materials—it was all done with a very soothing deliberation.

No wonder, was my thought, that this lovely Rosalind Russell has such perfect poise; every move she makes contributes toward just that—poise.

My mind went back into "shop" channels. I started to wonder why all women couldn't acquire at least some of this pure glamour of personality which is so naturally consequent to the proper control of effort.

"Nerves"

SOME women, I realised, were irritatingly hurried in even their most trivial activities because they really had too much to accomplish in too short a time. And I knew that some others, who apparently move in a perpetual frenzy, are the real victims of "nerves," and that a nerve specialist offered the best recourse for them.

But, on the other hand, the fact does remain that there are many who dash frantically about everything they do, merely from habit, or possibly from a too literal acceptance of those old adages about the merits of bees being busy, and the devilish perils afforded by idle hands, and things of that sort.

For this latter group, bees or no bees, I would suggest a studied effort to acquire the pleasing habit of making their motions more deliberate ones.



Rosalind Russell, who agrees with Max Factor that a great deal of extra glamour may be obtained by people who "calm down and take their time."