



How To Become A Movie Star

BY
**LOUELLA
OPARSONS**

Conceit Is as Dangerous as Jealousy, but in the Movies Actors May See Themselves as Others See Them—a Fact That Often Brings a Realization of Their Shortcomings and a Desire to Perfect Their Talents

*Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us.*

SO SANG Bobby Burns years before the motion picture had been conceived in the brain of man. Now it would seem the power to see ourselves externally at least has materialized. It is certain that those who pose in the "movies" can see themselves embalmed in celluloid with all their characteristics, facial expressions and carriage, with their individual action perpetuated by the cruel cinema.

It is the shock of one's life to have a visionary picture of oneself rudely shattered by the truthful camera. This register of the human figure and face presents it not as we would like but as it really is. A woman of my acquaintance who has a portly figure had for years coaxed herself into the belief that she still retained the graceful lines of her youth. She had the shock of her life when she saw herself just as others see her—200 pounds strong.

It's the queerest sensation in the world to view a motion picture in which one has appeared. To actually see ourselves cavorting around on the screen, conversing with the other actors and taking a part in the picture. Many actors will tell you it is a fascinating experience. That is what Geraldine Farrar said when she completed "Carmen," a film epic that will live in picture literature for many a day.

Camera Sometimes Disappoints.

Many studios make a test picture before they engage an actress. Others merely make the test piece of those who have already won fame and name. It's a known fact that some actresses who are a huge success before the footlights fall down miserably when compelled to meet the searching eye of the camera. Others who have had little stage success stand out like a cameo on the screen. It's an illusive something that makes the movie stars that can never be defined in actual words.

After you have avoided looking at the camera and obeyed implicitly your director's commands you hear him shout, "Out." He does this at the conclusion of every scene. When the final "out" is said there is a tremor in your voice and a nervousness in your soul, for your case is now resting with the jury. The jury is your director, who scans you in the film with a practiced eye and soon discovers whether or not you have made good.

After the negative is removed from the camera it is developed. While the camera man was grinding it out he kept count of the number of feet used in every scene. Then by reporting to the director an attempt was made to keep the length of the film



Clara Kimball Young, One of Filmland's Best-Known Stars, Began Her Training for Leading Roles in Childhood.

within the required number of feet. If it is a single reel, 1,000 feet are required; a two-reel, 2,000 feet, and so on, 1,000 feet for every reel. Few directors ever keep their footage down to the right length. They either have a shortage or else have utilized

too much film. The latter is generally the case, and cutting is the next thing on the program.

Piecing the negative together is the producer's final touch to the film before it is made seeable. He trims it, cuts all superfluous scenes and retakes any

badly photographed scene. Assembling the negative is a delicate job and one that requires expert attention. After the director has put the negative together he sends it to the finishing-room, where the pieces he has joined together with pins are spliced

"Just Grew" Into Movies

I JOINED the Vitagraph Company when the demand for players was great and the supply meager, but now, dear me, how overwhelmingly great the supply. Like the seventeen-year-old locust, the supply springs right out of the ground—here, there and everywhere.

I have had no difficulty with which to contend. Just "got in on the ground floor," as it were.

Many girls who wish to get into the movies are actuated by a personal vanity—with me it was simply business. You see, I was on the stage when 3 months old, and as I grew up acted all the children's parts—Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and in "Ten Nights in a Barroom," and then outgrew them and played older parts. I have been acting all the time except when I was taken off the stage and sent to St. Xavier's Academy. I suppose you know I was born in Chicago, although my mother's family are French-Canadians and my father a regular Johnny Bull. Am I neutral? Well, I guess NOT.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG.

with cement. The film is also cleaned and made ready to be put on the reel for the projection machine.

Then with his aids he takes it to the projection-room and has it unreeled on the screen. There he sees your work. He discovers whether you have registered and whether or not your picture personality is good. If you are a ravishing beauty, unless that beauty comes out with cameo clearness it is as useless to you as the fruit of the Dead Sea.

If you have demonstrated that your smile is rippling, your histrionic ability beyond reproach and your picture personality assured you have won. Beauty is not all that is essential, and a combination of talent and personality must register along with that pretty face and dimpled cheek.

If you have been put down as good or excellent the director will no doubt send for you again. If he fails to remember you do not be bashful but find out just how you stand in his estimation. Do not rush back to the studio a day or a week after you have completed your first picture, but after a reasonable time has elapsed find out the verdict and see how you are entered on the director's books.

How It Feels to See Yourself.

You will watch your picture flash on the screen with beating heart and heightened color; you will marvel and wonder if you are going to get across. Your own familiar figure, and yet half strange in its new background, will loom across your vision as a powerful image. You eagerly watch the expression on your face, the way your gown hangs and every little movement of your hands and feet.

It is an uncanny sensation to see yourself. You watch that figure as if it were a weird spirit, then gradually it becomes impersonal and you are ready to criticize or applaud just as you feel you deserve. It's an unusual situation to stand as self-critic, and probably the only time such a condition has existed for you or for anyone else.

But while that figure has assumed gigantic proportions to other people have been watching the story and other actors. Do not dwell on your own importance. Remember you are only an infinitesimal bit to the rest of the audience.

Conceit is as fatal as jealousy, and is the greatest curse that can befall a young actress. The moment she assumes the position of a self-worshiper of her face she takes a step downward. Conceit has wrecked many a career. See to it that it plays no part in your scheme of life. If you are viewing the picture in a playhouse keep your remarks to yourself. Your neighbor is interested in the picture and does not care to hear a description of how this scene or that one happened to be photographed.

Keep your self-respect, but eliminate conceit when you cast out of your heart its twin sister, jealousy.

[Copyright, 1915, by J. Kaeley.]

Jitney Jim Gives Myrtle Masterful Dissertation on Beauties of Silence

By GENE MORGAN.

DURING the rush period just before the second show, when our whole neighborhood was trying to buy a seat at once, there was just one peaceful, placid note in the foyer of the Flytime Movie Theater. Just one individual had poise and calm. Just one person sported a quiet demeanor.

And to show how things go in the world, it must be told that Jitney Jim was performing the still-life sketch. He stood around on tiptoe and didn't yell "Hello, ked," to anyone, and didn't act as if he were the barker for the entertainment. After the rush was over the lobby was left alone to stillness and Jitney Jim.

"What's the meaning of that button you're wearing, Mistah Map?"

"That button," said Jitney Jim, eyeing the same and trying to be unconscious of its beauty as he rubbed it with his sleeve.

"That button, my dear," he began, "you mean that button of 18-carat celluloid?"

Well, it shows I'm a club member. I've just joined the International Anti-Noise Society. No, it's not a secret order. But its aims are strictly on the quiet.

"I suppose because this button has the capital letters S-H on it you think it stands for Sons of Hibernians. Ah, but it do not! It stands for 'Sh'—just like that, 'Sh!' That's what teacher used to say when you whispered in school. But we don't say anything. When we get tired of harking to the chin melody of a plain or fancy bull tosser—we just shove forward the little button. Sh!

"Grand scheme, ain't it?"

"Lissen, my dear. The International Anti-Noise is made up of quiet, inoffensive ginks like myself who are dead tired of being lulled to sleep by flat-wheeled street cars and fish horns and peddler yodels and cut-out mufflers.

"Not only that, but we're ready with clubs and bricks for the jovies who are always talking about themselves. Yes, I

mean the guys who boost themselves in all the keys of a megaphone quartet on a sinking raft.

"It's for these vanity fans and pool-room humming birds that we wear the little button what says 'Sh!'"

"This little design is a great thing in its way, Myrtle. It's going to put the silent drama into real life. It saves us the trouble of asking the noisy nobodies to kindly can the cackle, chop the chatter, subside, fade away, press the soft pedal, dim the diphthongs, banish the bray—"

Here Jitney Jim took a long breath and continued:

"Yes, to ask them to vamoose the vivacity, hush, choke, gag, gasp out, chain the articulation, fan the phonetics, lassoo the jaw, get poisoned—"

"I guess he'd understand by that time," interrupted Myrtle.

"Say, I ain't even finished the overture," said Jitney Jim. "However, I don't want to keep you up all night. But unless

all signs fall this is going to be the stillest city outside of Stillwell, Kan., inside of a few weeks. Our Anti-Noise Society is going to do it. Just leave it to the shush-bund.

"We figured it all out at lodge meeting the other night. It was a great meeting. The chairman called it to order rapping a ball of cotton yarn on a rubber doormat. And at our meetings, when the chairman raps the gavel, utter silence wraps the room.

"It was decided at this meeting that a good many reforms would have to be brought about before our ear drums could be saved. We made up a list of things which would have to be made noiseless.

"I wrote down some of the best ideas, and I'll just read 'em off to you. For instance, through modern science and action of law we ought to be able to get:

- "Crowless roosters.
- "Whipless whippoowills.
- "Painless auto horns.

- "Voiceless sopranos.
- "Tapless typewriters.
- "Armless trap drummers.
- "Ringless alarm clocks.
- "Tuneless soup spoons.
- "Bawless baseball fans.
- "Wireless piano-players.
- "Boomless boom towns.
- "Barkless meat hounds.
- "Gunless crook drammers.
- "Laughless lawfyer.
- "Snoreless sleeping cars.
- "I'm very sorry, Myrtle, for your sake, but that's as far as I got with the list. But there's one addition that I wish to make before it's submitted to the House of Representatives.
- "And that's friendless ford stories."
- Myrtle agreed with him heartily. With this slight encouragement he started again:
- "Of course, you understand that what is one man's noise is another man's music. We can't make hard and fast rules. But the Anti-Noise Society is consistent. It

hasn't converted the jewel of consistency into a phony prop. The peace societies are fighting like wildcats to abolish war. But that's no reason why the Anti-Noisers should go after bedlam with a bed slat.

"Still, it's pretty hard to rubber-heel it down the pike and not get shouting mad on occasion. You can't snub a cornet player into silence. Not when he opens the window at 6 a. m. and contaminates the morning air with musical brass poisoning.

"No, you've got to raise a holler. You don't need to make a noise, understand, but you can burst into his den of torture in a quiet way. And then, without waking up the whole block, you can lam him over the scone with the infernal cornet right where it buttons down the back."

By this time Jitney Jim was speaking his mind. The manager of the Flytime Theater came over and asked him to give that noise a little air outside, and if he was trying to break up the show, or what?