

On the other hand my last picture to be released, 'The Sign on the Door,' has made heaps of money, but really offered little to my taste in the way of screen fare. Of course it was a good story—but I don't like melodrama. My ideal of story and plot combined with acting chances would be a dramatic play with plenty of good, wholesome comedy."

Doesn't that savor of a box-office viewpoint? Norma admitted that it did.

"Lots of people sneer at the idea of suiting the box office," she said. "Foolishness! Don't you realize that the box office is the public? I'm making pictures to please the public, and please the public completely. The critics are not even considered, composing as they do, the slightest sort of minority."

The directorial megaphone was waved toward her, and she returned to the Klieg-lit garden, to weep some more. The studio forces claim that during the filming of the tragic graveyard scene in "The Passion Flower" so potent was her acting that the hardened camera man broke down and wept sympathetically. Whether this is true or not may be open to conjecture, but Norma's virtuosity at playing on the tremolo stops coupled with the fact that he may have been a very sentimental Bell Howell expert makes the story plausible in the extreme.

The Talmadge outlook on the cinema world is a complete one, encompassing as it does, all of its branches. For instance, I asked her what she thought of German films.

"Let them bring them over if they're all as good as 'Gypsy Blood' and 'The Golem.' Pola Negri is marvelous, absolutely. She brings a freshness and a buoyancy

to the screen that no one else I can think of possesses. She ranks with my favorites, Mary Pickford, Nazimova the incomparable, and Elsie Ferguson.

"Why shouldn't we have German films? Competition never hurt any one!"

Then the little girl in her naively added, "Anyway, they aren't sending many over here!"

Norma thinks that talking pictures have as little chance of becoming fixtures in popular favor as have colored pictures or titleless films. And her greatest ambition is to play *Du Barry*. Her conception, she assured me, is altogether different from any one else's. And some day, she promises, she will do it. From now on, you know, she will make only two pictures a year. This decrease in output will demand higher standards than ever. What greater pains could be taken than are being taken now, I cannot conceive: at least fifteen minutes were consumed in getting the electric moonlight to strike the exact angle of the Talmadge shoulder deemed best by the meticulous director, Mr. Franklin. And three different veils were photographed in the tragic scene she was doing while I was there.

When next she returned to me, I had a problem all ready for her.

"You have been a star for some eight years. You have done the same sort of thing dozens of times in eight years. You have staved off the advances of the leering villain, registered terror, exhibited anger—everything in the category. And you are a tremendous favorite. Your every expression is watched by millions.

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A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

Lila Lee and Theodore Roberts provide many thrills when they take her sight-seeing in Hollywood—and her second meeting with Betty Compson brings the greatest surprise of her career.

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By Ethel Sands

WHEN I look back over all my "Adventures in Movieland" I feel like a sort of Jack-of-all-the-interesting-professions. I've selected gorgeous costumes with Elsie Ferguson, played extra in pictures, and even fluttered around like a social butterfly with Constance Binney and some of the other awfully attractive stars. And now I've had a brand-new thrilling movie adventure that I am going to pass along to you. Theodore Roberts and Lila Lee took

me sight-seeing through Hollywood, showed me all the stars' homes, and told me a lot about the place, and now I'm going to play ballyhoo for you and try to show you Hollywood just as I saw it.

Perhaps first I'd better tell you something about ordinary sight-seeing buses and the men on them who point out the interesting sights and tell you about them. They are called "ballyhoos." I think it is a crazy word, but it isn't half as crazy as some of those men. They are always telling you foolish things

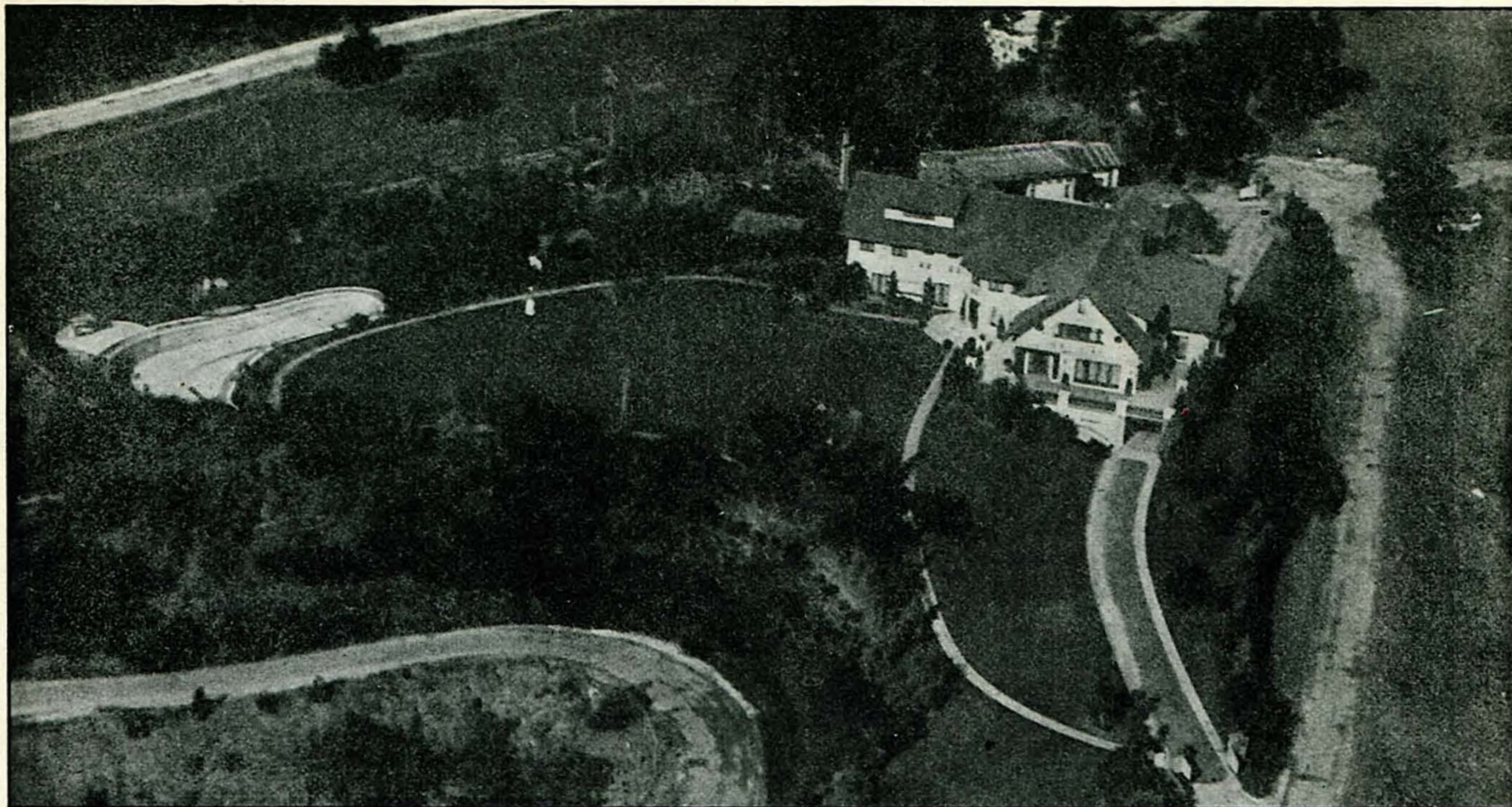
Theodore Roberts is much nicer and more jolly than any part I have ever seen him in in pictures, and he made a wonderful guide.

like: "Here is where the billionaires live; the district is so rich that even the birds have bills, and the people have to go away for a change,"

when what you really want to know is, where does Wally Reid live and where does Charlie Chaplin take his girl friends out to dinner?

The first day I was in Los An-





After following a winding road to the most secluded section of Beverly Hills, one comes to "Pickfair."

geles I saw a lot of sight-seeing autos parked along a curb. I sort of wanted to go in one and see the city, and yet I was sure I wouldn't be satisfied with seeing it that way. So you can just imagine that I felt as though my dreams had come true when I heard that two prominent movie people were going to take me on a sight-seeing tour and see that I saw and heard about the things I was really interested in. And best of all, fans—Theodore Roberts was every bit as funny as one of those real ballyhoo men, and I had Lila Lee right there, too, to tell me real facts when I wanted them.

Now, we can't climb right into our car to start the trip because, you see, somebody gave Lila Lee a little puppy, and he is so helpless and cute that we cannot resist stopping to play with him. But come on, let's take him with us, and let's go over to the Roberts house first, as it is so near to the Studio Club, where I am stopping.

We have to go slowly up the long hill at the top of which you can see the Roberts house. It is red brick and has balconies on the second floor at either end. From the front lawn you can see out over all Hollywood, but perhaps you will like the back even better, because there we find the kennels of his wire-haired terriers. Two or three of the dogs come bouncing gayly toward us and make us so welcome that we're almost tempted to stay there and play with them. Lila Lee introduces her puppy to them and then she and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, who are all great dog lovers, launch into a long argument about what she ought to feed her dog.

But come; we're going to find out with our own eyes if movie stars really live in such palaces as we've read about.

We start out through the foothills of Hollywood, where several stars live. They seem to be fond of having everything foreign. There aren't any just plain houses like there are back home. Sometimes the streets,

lined with palm, pepper, and eucalyptus trees—the strange types of houses all colors of the rainbow—seem so unfamiliar we almost forget we're in the U. S. The architecture of nearly all the buildings and houses is Moorish, Spanish, or mission, with the Colonial type thrown in, and the rest are bungalows. The houses mostly all have green roofs, and they're built of white plaster, or sometimes brown or yellow or even pink! With the numberless bright-red geraniums and the California sun, it creates such a dazzling appearance that at first we're half blinded.

We drive through the section where Wallace Reid lives in his brown, Moorish-style house. Right alongside and across the way live William Desmond and William S. Hart in simple but attractive white residences. In another direction, perched on top of a hill, are three little brown bungalows. In one Blanche Sweet lives; in the next one, Tully Marshall—and, if I remember rightly, the third belongs to Kathlyn Williams. Sessue Hayakawa's home looks like a white château or like the castle in "The Connecticut Yankee." Wide stone steps lead up the terrace to the house with its arched doorway and heavy oaken door.

Going out toward Griffith Park we come to two brown mansions built so close together I believe they are joined. This is where the great C. B. and William De Mille live. Don't you wonder if Mr. C. B. has his home furnished like the sets in his pictures—with baths and fountains built in the floor, et cetera? Anyway, his house looks gorgeous enough from the outside to imagine it might be.

Now we wind up another little hill—every movie star seems to live on top of a hill.

"Charlie Chaplin's house is around here somewhere," Lila Lee tells us, so we go scouting around, hunting for it. Well, maybe I'm not thrilled to see it! It is the most fascinating little place, at the summit of a hill all by itself, with little turrets and towers—it looks just

ALL ABOARD!

Come and see the sights of Hollywood—the houses, the playgrounds, the pets of America's motion-picture favorites. You need travel only over this printed page, for here Ethel Sands shows you Hollywood as no other guide could. She shows you the wonder suburb as you would see it if you were lucky enough to have guides who are themselves among the film elect.

And then—come with her and Betty Compson and see Hollywood from above the clouds. This article takes you to the heart of Hollywood.



One of the oddest sights of all was the ostrich farm in Pasadena where Shannon Day showed me around.

right for the king of the movies to live in. To me it seems for all the world like a little "castle in Spain."

Passing Warren Kerrigan's home, we are fortunate enough to spy the gentleman himself walking through his gardens. He looks handsome as ever. Wonder when he'll make some more pictures.

Now we head for Beverly Hills, which is considered one of the most exclusive residential districts, and the place where the Pickford-Fairbankses live. Charlie Ray lives there, too, in a white residence, and Pauline Frederick has a very beautiful estate set back from the road.

After following a winding road to the most secluded section of Beverly Hills, we come to the entrance of "Pickfair." The house is barely visible from the highway, so we drive up the private driveway. A group of gardeners are seated on the lawn, but they don't pay much attention to us. I guess they are used to sight-seeing visitors. Anyway, we drive right up to the house and pass the door, and then turn around and drive slowly out. The swimming pool is on the other side of the house, at the foot of the sloping lawn—hidden from all outsiders' eyes. It is so thrilling to think that Mary has been all over the place and in and out those doors.

"Isn't it wonderful!" Mrs. Roberts chimes in. "Just think it's only fifteen minutes' ride from Hollywood and the studios, and yet it's so secluded and by itself. I used to know Douglas Fairbanks when he was seventeen years old, and he was just the same as he is now—so lively and full of pep, just like he appears in pictures."

Lila Lee's home is more toward Los Angeles and away

from Hollywood, so we won't get to see that. She is a most attractive brunette with wonderful dark eyes and fair skin and red lips—but I suppose you've guessed that from her pictures. She calls Mr. Roberts "Daddy"—so does his wife, so I guess it must be his nickname. Some one suggests that, being so identified with cigars, some one ought to name some brand of cigar after him.

"Well, that would be all right, as long as they'd pick out some cigar I'd be able to smoke myself. I'd never let them use my name for any other kind."

Mrs. Roberts gets as much fun out of his humorous sayings as anybody else does. She is a very pretty woman with dark hair and eyes and quite young looking, besides being a most charming and gracious lady. Everybody likes Mrs. Roberts.

Theodore Roberts has to go to some sort of meeting when our tour is over, as he has been elected chairman.

"Do you know," he tells us, "actors and players never had so much influence and interest in political and community affairs as they have now, since the moving pictures have come to the fore? For one thing, it's because the players can now own their own homes and property, and pay high taxes, naturally they are more interested in community affairs and the like."

Will Rogers' home is the last place we inspect. Like all the others, the house is built on a high piece of ground. It didn't have the seclusion of the Fairbanks domicile, because it is in a more populated section of Beverly Hills, but it is a wonderful place to live in, at that. High hedges hide part of the grounds, but the house is plainly visible. I think it is almost the largest

and most pretentious of any home we have sight-seen.

We drive right in, as we did at "Pickfair," and up the winding driveway. From there we see a great deal more than we could from the outside. There is quite a large circular runway, or whatever you call it, with hurdles, where Will Rogers and his children practice their riding and roping stunts. Near that is the big swimming pool and slides, a bar for gymnastics, a sand pile, and swings, everything to make children's hearts happy. It is much the most wonderful home of all—because for all its gorgeousness it seems a real homy place.

And so we wind up the sight-seeing tour. It seems as if all the nicest places belong to some movie star. However, there's one beautiful show place that was pointed out to us that was a surprise. It is a handsome Japanese mansion with wonderful gardens laid out around it, and they say all the rooms are furnished in Japanese style. "I'll bet that's Sessue Hayakawa's place," was the first thing I thought when I saw it. But it belongs to two old bachelors, I was told, so my enthusiasm died right out—who cares how picturesque a place there is in Hollywood if it doesn't belong to some movie star?

Now, I hope that as a ballyhoo I haven't proved disappointing. I can't tell you how much any of the players' homes cost or anything like that because—well, Lila Lee isn't the sort of girl who talks about how much everything costs. But I do hope you were impressed by all the magnificence.

I was so sort of breathless over the experiences of my sight-seeing tour that I was glad, next day, that my adventure was going to consist of just having tea with some one I had already met—Betty Compson.

I love meeting a movie star the second time. The first time a fan can't help being more or less excited and nervous—you're so self-conscious and awed that you just go around dazed until it's all over. Then you come out of the spell and get all enthusiastic and think of all the things you might have said and done.

"Oh, if I could only meet them once more!" you go around wishing—harder, even, than you wished to meet them the first time. At least, that's the way I've always felt about it.

The second time you're more at ease, as you know what to expect. If not so thrilling as the first meeting, it is usually more enjoyable. However, when I met Betty Compson for the second time it was both.

She called for me at the Metro Studio, as I was there selecting a dress to wear as extra in an Alice Lake picture the next day. How would you have felt if you had had some lovely movie star herself call for you at another star's studio? Well, I felt the same way you would have.

We were bound for the Ambassador Hotel and tea, as this was the invitation she had given me on the day of my arrival in Hollywood. She looked even prettier than she did that day—if such a thing is possible—in



After we landed Betty Compson showed me where we had been flying 'way up in the clouds.

her fur-trimmed coat and a lovely little hat with a bunch of soft blue feathers right in the front of it, dripping over the brim and shading her eyes. They just matched in color, too.

"Now, is there any particular place you would like to go to before we have tea? Is there anything you'd like to do; I was thinking we might drive to one of the beaches if you haven't been there yet?" she asked me the first thing.

Of course, I agreed to that—anyway, I wasn't sure just *what* one might ask a movie star to do for one's benefit. Besides, I didn't care where we went in particular, as long as Betty Compson was along. So the chauffeur headed the car for Santa Monica Beach, and I was tickled, as I knew it was a long drive, and I was going to have all that time to look at her and talk to her.

"Well, are you having a wonderful time out here? How many players have you met? Are you enjoying it all?" she wanted to know before I could tell her how much I enjoyed having the opportunity to be with her again. And then she began to tell me of the stars I ought to meet. Betty Compson is as enthusiastic about some of the players as any fan could be.

"Oh, you'll be so thrilled when you meet Rudolph Valentino—Agnes Ayres is so pretty—have you seen Gloria Swanson yet? Lois Wilson is a lovely girl, and Dorothy

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Dalton I like ever so well, she is so natural and unaffected." That's the way she went on, praising all the different stars. "Of course, there are a few I don't like," she said frankly. "One girl, for instance, that played in a picture with me before I starred had a contract to be featured after she finished that picture, and it made her so upstage the rest of us in that company were hardly good enough for her. Now, I don't care for players who become like that," but she broke off with:

"Oh, have you seen Bebe Daniels yet? She is the cutest thing, and so pretty! Her hair is so black and glossy, and she has such big brown eyes, and her skin is so white!"

But I couldn't pay much attention to how pretty the stars were that she was telling me about—because all the time I was thinking of how very pretty Betty Compson was. All her features are perfect, but I vote for her eyes as being her best. They come nearer to reminding one of stars than any pair of eyes I've ever seen. She has a way of looking right at you with her eyes wide open they remind you of blue gentians, fringed by lashes that curl back and group together, and give a starry effect. She has a nice voice, too, very sweet and gentle.

Betty Compson seems to be pretty well acquainted with every one in the film capital, and from what I've heard she seems to be a favorite with every one. Yet she told me she rarely gets time to attend or give parties, like some of the other film players do.

"You see, I work pretty nearly all day, and at night I'm so tired I'm only too glad to go straight to bed. So I rarely get the chance to go anywhere or give parties or anything like that; I'm always so busy."

Of course, I couldn't be with Betty Compson very long without telling her how wonderful I thought she was in "The Miracle Man." She said she didn't like her work particularly in that film, though she realized it was a wonderful picture, and she thinks she didn't look a bit pretty in it. Can you imagine? Fans, if you want to be sure of one star that isn't the least bit conceited, or hasn't any sort of a swelled head, you can just depend on Betty Compson. She is altogether unassuming and sweet and kind. You wouldn't be afraid to ask her anything.

"If there's anything you want to know about me, just ask me," she offered.

"Don't be afraid to ask me anything."

"Well, is Betty Compson your real name?" I ventured, with a fan's curiosity over such knowledge. Those things seem so important.

"No; it's Lucine—Lucine Compson. When I was in comedies they changed it because they thought 'Betty' was more suitable for comedy purposes."

Then I asked her if she liked to play vampires and rather wicked ladies.

"Well, I don't mind playing them, but I don't like to appear bad all the time. In one of my recent pictures the director made me smoke cigarettes all through the play; I didn't like that. I want to play different sorts of rôles," she told me. "I don't want the public to always connect me in their minds with wicked characters."

We were spinning along the drive by the beach, by now, at Santa Monica. It is a very beautiful drive with palatial residences on one side, and on the other a park and gardens overlooking the sand beach and ocean below. We rode to the end and then turned around, and our course was direct to the Ambassador, which is in the fashionable Wilshire district, near Hollywood.

One of the many winning ways of Betty Compson is that she seems really to take an interest in you—in what you do and say. I don't know whether she really is interested or not, but you get that impression, anyhow—and it is very flattering to you. I know it was to me, when she kept praising me so for venturing all the way out to Hollywood by myself, and wanted to know whether I had written home yet, and had I assured my mother that I was all right, et cetera? You certainly appreciate any interest or concern any one might show for you when you are so far away from home and intimate friends, and it seemed nice and thoughtful to have a movie actress do that.

Betty Compson believes that girls should break away for a little while from home ties so as to establish their own individuality and personality.

"That is, if she ever wants to be somebody or get any place in the world," she said. "Of course, I don't mean running away from home or anything like that—I mean just going away on a trip for a while, so as to gain different ideas and confidence in one's self and independence. I did it, because at home I had no individuality at all; I could just think only the way my mother thought; I had to go to her for everything, to decide for me and depended absolutely on her. Though I love my mother and she means everything in the world to me, I believe every one should learn to think for themselves. So when I was sixteen years old my cousin and I went on the stage. I was frightened at first, but afterward I shall never forget how important and self-confident I felt."

On our way to the Ambassador we had to pass Rogers' Aviation Field, which was once owned by Sidney Chaplin. The whirring sound of an aeroplane attracted our attention.

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Another day out at one of the beaches, Mona Kingsley of Goldwyn Pictures, taught me to play beach craps.



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"That's something I'm especially fond of doing," said Betty. "I like flying. I come here ever so often and take flights. I happen to know the man who owns the field, and he lets me go up whenever I want to."

I couldn't help being surprised. She seemed the last one in the world you'd expect to appreciate such a daring form of sport. Even some of the actors who are dare-devils when it comes to all other sports won't take any chances in the air. And here this little, gentle type of girl indulged in it often. "Yes, indeed, I love it," she said, when she saw my look of surprise.

"Oh, it must be great!" I enthused. "Doesn't it thrill you awfully when you get away up high?"

"No; you'd be surprised, but it doesn't thrill you half as much as you expect. You don't realize the daring of it when you're up there. Haven't you ever been up?" she asked me.

"No, I haven't," I told her, "but I've always been anxious to find out what it's like."

"Would you like to go up, really?"

"I would!"

"Now?" We kept asking each other back and forth, not quite sure whether the other meant what she was saying.

"Oh, yes!" I said.

"Are you game? All right, then, we will," she said.

I was so thrilled I couldn't believe she really meant it, but she stopped the car and we got out. We found Emory Rogers, the owner of the field and a well-known dare-devil of the air. He said surely we might go up, and told one of the assistants to get the best plane ready. We were led over to a little bungalow that served as the business offices. Pictures of several well-known movie stars adorned the walls—players who had taken flights in the Rogers planes.

There was some flying apparel in one of the little rooms, and we were told to dress ourselves in it. Betty put on the whole outfit, but I just wore the leather jacket and helmet. We tried on all the different hats, trying to pick out some we liked. We didn't like any of them much.

"They're not very flattering," Betty mentioned, when we took a look into one of the mirrors to see whether we had them on straight. But I thought Betty looked really cute in hers, with her reddish hair peeping out from under the earlaps.

Miss Compson lost one of her life-insurance policies on account of her taste for flying—they considered her too big a risk. But now she has al-

most decided to take up flying seriously and learn to drive a plane herself.

Miss Compson and I sat in the front seat, which is quite deep, and the seat is so low you feel as if you were sitting in one of those low racing cars with your feet straight in front of you. When there are two in a seat and they strap you in tight, you feel quite cozy. I figured if I became frightened I would just duck my head and wouldn't look over the edge.

Then the engine started making such a loud noise we couldn't hear ourselves talk, and the propeller whirled around, throwing such a terrific wind on us that I thought it would blow my head right off. I shut my eyes on account of the wind, but when I began to feel the plane glide forward and Betty said, "Well, here we go," I opened them quick so I wouldn't miss anything.

We were just gliding close to the ground like an ice boat, and then suddenly the earth seemed to sink right away from under us and go down, down, down—so I looked up quick, and there were the clouds coming right down to meet us. Then the nose of the plane pointed upward, and we seemed to be climbing up, headed for the moon, or sun rather. It was a glorious sensation—I felt like a skyrocket.

Finally the plane straightened out again—and then the noise of the engine suddenly stopped! I think my heart must have stopped with it. I shut my eyes quick again, for I thought sure the plane was going to duck right down and make a dive right back to where we came from. I could see the headlines on the front page of the home-town paper—"Plainfield Girl Falls From Sky With Movie Star!" And I thought of all the fans that would envy me such an illustrious death, when the pilot's voice broke in on my reverie: "See, the plane can sail by itself up here."

"How do you like it?" asked Betty.

"Oh, it's grand!" I said, now that I was sure that nothing had gone wrong. "How far up are we?"

"About eighteen hundred feet," said the pilot, and the engine started in with its deafening noise again, and we continued to climb higher. I guess it went up to about two thousand feet, and then we dipped and seemed to roller-coast all around the sky—we went up and down, up and down, and then straightened out for a change.

I took that opportunity to survey our surroundings. There didn't seem to be anything much in our

surroundings, but there seemed quite a bit of something beneath us. It looked like a big brown map all laid out in tiny little squares, with a big splash of blue on one side that I knew to be the Pacific Ocean. Tiny little white-and-green things were sprinkled all over. I knew I lived in one of them. The long, white, winding ribbons were roads, because I could see the little black dots crawling along them. It didn't seem like the place we had just come from at all. In fact, you don't feel as if you were the one that was up so high—so you don't get scared at all. You just feel as if the earth went and shrunk right away from you into a little miniature map and left you suspended.

We began to sink lower and lower. That sensation isn't half as nice as going up—it feels like going down in a fast elevator. The earth appeared as if one was looking through a magnifying glass at it. It grew larger and larger until we could distinguish everything going on in the field below us. We saw several people running to one spot, and then our pilot pointed out a plane that had just fallen. The pilot, who was a Japanese and just learning, had made a mistake in landing properly, and had smashed the plane badly, but luckily escaped serious injury. We taxied along the field as we landed, and we could feel the bumps awfully when we hit the uneven places of the ground, because aeroplanes don't seem to be equipped with springs.

Here I was down to earth again, and when I stepped out of that plane I felt more thrilled and elated than I ever did before. This had been more of a real *adventure* than any—not one that had been all arranged and looked forward to—therefore, it had all the more thrill to it because it was unexpected. Betty Compson and I felt as if we had been playing truant, for hadn't the press agents and every one else thought we had gone to have tea at the Ambassador, and, instead, we had been flying around over it?

Well, I had always wanted to go up in an aeroplane, and now, suddenly, out of a clear sky, the opportunity had presented itself and was accepted. However, I had never dreamed of going up in the sky with a star! But I might have expected it, for, after all, that's where you find the real, bright, particular stars, isn't it? Betty Compson is a reel star, all right, and you couldn't hope to find one any brighter, I'm sure.

TO BE CONTINUED.