Our Mary
An Intimate Appraisal, in Four Parts, of the World’s Most Widely Known Motion-picture Actress
By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by Photographs taken for “MacLean’s Magazine”

“What message,” I asked Mary Pickford, “have you for Canada?”
“What message?” she thoughtfully repeated. “There are so many messages, for Canada’s my mother, you see, and we’ve always kept in touch. But just now there’s one thing I think of very, very often. The world is always proud of courage. Women, even more than men, love a good fighter. And Canada has surely proved itself a nation of fighters. I’m more than proud of them. I love them, dear. The boys who heard the call and went overseas singing ‘Tipperary’ and ‘The Maple Leaf Forever.’ They don’t sing so much now, they tell me, but they fight and suffer and die as bravely as ever.” She stopped and looked up quickly. “Don’t think I’m saying this without feeling and knowing it’s true. I’ve thought more about this war, perhaps, than you imagine. There were boys I knew in the Princess Pats, boys that are now dead and buried over in France, splendid boys, glorious boys. And of the twenty-nine cousins I have in Canada I know of eleven who are now serving at the front. I get letters from them. I get letters from other boys over there, wonderful letters, letters which by themselves would keep me from forgetting I was a Canadian, if I ever could forget it.”

I STOPPED short, that first day I went to talk with Mary Pickford, as I saw an automobile filled with four big policemen round a corner and deliberately run down a white-faced fugitive with two custard pies under his arm.

For a moment, I repeat, I stopped short. And then I remembered. I realized that the policemen were padded and fat, that their night-sticks were made of rubber, that the flivver in which they rode was somehow diminutive for men of their weight, and that the victim of their assault wore a comedy moustache and a coat that was three sizes too small for him.

I remembered, even before I beheld the camera-man so solemnly turning his crank, that I was in the wilds of Holly-
wood, Hollywood the home-jungle of the screen-vampire, the city of the silver-sheets and the melodramacrobatic heroines, the stamping ground of vengeful Sioux and bronc-riding sheriffs, the idyllic suburb where the ordinary peace-loving citizen is apt to return to his rose-wreathed bungalow and find it the background for indescrabbly bloody carnage between train-robbers and mounted police, the town of vaudeville tourists and retired octogenarians where the placid Old Veteran, with nothing to think about but the scenery and the tardiness of the rainy season, finds himself suddenly confronted by the roar of musketry and witnesses a regiment of yelling Rebels leap out of a lemon grove and do their little best to make a second Manassas by firing half-a-thousand blanks into the thick of a hundred equally active “Feds.”

But it doesn’t greatly disturb the Old Veteran. He is used to it. He has to be, if he elects to dwell in that fountain-head of the celluloid-drama, of which, according to recent official figures, exactly nineteen thousand five hundred miles are unrooled every night in the United States alone.

That drama has put its mark on Southern California, just as Southern California has put its mark on the drama. To say which gets the best of the bargain is not my present aim and purpose—but both seem to pay the price. So on those days when you are tired of the eternal Californian background, it might be well to remember that the Valencia and the five-reel feature has proved itself exceptionally rich in those actinic rays so valuable in motion-picture photography, to say nothing of providing for the camera man over three hundred working days in the year and at least a dozen sharply differentiated brands of “location” scenery in an extremely limited area of this earth’s surface.

So, as I wandered somewhat erratically about those drama-scarred outskirts of Los Angeles, in search for a star whose orbit was still slightly bewildering to me, I caught sight of things in the open street, and in borrowed and bosky dells, and high above close-boarded enclosures, which gave small promise of appeasing one’s perplexity of mind. I saw love’s young dream next door to arson and pillage, and a row of Elizabethan facades hobnobbing with what was plainly a replica of the Bastile, and three Venetian gondolas in a ditch made of canvas-covered planks. I caught sight of animal-cages and of pintoos and cowboys waiting to do their turn in one of the “Westerns.” I passed more than one Hope Alley where the “extra people” patiently roost and await their call—and saddening indeed was that army of extra people in its dimensions. I remarked eight-cylinder racing-cars as polished as the young and handsome movie-heroes who owned them, and a bronzo-buster in hair-pants, and a strawberry-tinted sedan belonging to a strawberry-blond vampire,
advertised as a Russian countess, I believe, but really emanating from the slums of Pittsburgh. I made note of actors in their cadaverous-looking movie make-up, and studios festooned with Cooper-Hewitts as thick as garlic-strings in a Neapolitan kitchen, and "trick" bridges and "break-away" habitations, and a "comedy" tank, and a domesticated riverbed that could be made to curl about any given scene as companionably as a kitten.

II.

But as I wandered further westward along Sunset Boulevard, and then turned north into Vine Street, I beheld a complete city block that was a crowded beehive of industry, only here, instead of spinning cotton and cobbling shoes, they spun dreams and revamped romance. Their capacity for this latter product, I might pause to add, is exactly one million positive feet, in film form, per week. For I had at last reached the home of that intricate and all but indecipherable amalgamation of producing concerns known as the Lasky Studios, which in some way embraces or is embraced by the Paramount-Aircraft corporation, and in turn includes the Mary Pickford Studios. But you must go to someone more initiated than I am to learn the fit and proper name for that city within a city, where, apparently, the units and interrelationships are as inextricably mixed up as worms in a bait tin, or even as the royal families of Europe.

Inside the jealously guarded temple of this somewhat polygamist goddess of art I was confronted by a community of workers, esoteric, and intent on their own ends, a community with its own carefully organized service department, including as it does its own police and patrol systems, its own fire, street-cleaning, water and electrical management, not to mention a cafeteria, a planning-mill, and a hospital. I saw glass stages and dark stages and scene docks and property rooms and paint frames and plaster shops and sailing ships and exterior sets and business offices and dressing rooms. Yet I could not tarry to digest my confusion of impressions, for I was late, and to keep a Queen waiting, I remembered, was the most unforgivable form of lèse majesté.

I also remembered, as I was passed on from functionary to functionary and from office to office along what seemed a grand tier of convict cells where everybody was ridiculously and incessantly busy, that it was not the established custom to leave queens too accessible to the outside world. And I was led hither and thither and then outdoors again, this time out on "the lot"—it is remarkable how the moving-picture business has caught up and retained the language and spirit of the circus—and skirting that second beehive of invention denominated the Scenario Department, was introduced into a small
and secluded bungalow very simply and sedately done in mauve and grey.

It wasn't impressive, that little dressing-room bungalow, except for its simplicity. The note that it sounded, in fact, was almost austerity. It was only later on that I discovered what that almost monastic adherence to essentials meant. It was, really, a deck cleared for action, a ring bared for bitter combat. It was not like the dressing-room of certain stage-stars I had known in my day. It was made up of two rooms which could be thrown into one, by means of sliding doors. There was no clutter of American Beauty boxes and no litter of slashingly autographed photographs and no untidy runway of newly opened letters. Your modern movie studio is much too sedulously organized for that sort of thing. The letters, I encountered later on, duly installed within the walls appointed for their harborage, for when you get five hundred letters every day of the week it is essential that System must be commanded as the handmaiden of popularity. There was a dressing-table, of course, and one solitary bowl of flowers, and the harmless necessary chairs, and an equally necessary telephone, and a very sensible-looking Japanese screen and a small table and tea-set that were there for service but not for show. And that was about all.

In the meantime, however, I was once more shaking hands with Mary Pickford and reminding her that our acquaintance was rather an old one, dating all the way back as it did to "The Warrens of Virginia." And Little Mary's question was a patently shocking one, for with that heart-lightening smile of hers which is more or less familiar to countless thousands of picture-lovers she said: "Do you remember my pantaloons?"

I was able to say that I had a very distinct memory of those pantaloons, for Little Mary in those days was still playing one of her "kid parts," arrayed in the archaic costume of the ante-bellum era. And she was an adorable kid, with an equally adorable big sister in the person of Charlotte Walker. In that same company I happened to have a brother-in-law, a gaunt and over-grown western boy of eighteen, with his first real part on Broadway. Belasco, with his genius for detail, had picked thisSmarty newcomer from among a group of extra people because of his obvious and undeniable gauntness. That astute manager promptly made him the leader of his group of beleaguered Confederate soldiers, soldiers in their last extremity, dressed in rags, dining on only a handful of parched corn, as you later saw them do in "The Birth of a Nation." Every trick of make-up was resorted to in the effort to accentuate an already lean and lankly boy's unshed misery of aspect. That starved Confederate soldier in his small part made a "hit," so distinct a hit that his proud and happy mother travelled all the way from Denver to New York City to witness his triumph in person. Belasco, on her arrival, very kindly gave her a box for a Saturday matinee. And when that anxious-eyed and affectionate parent saw her son in that devastating make-up, standing before her so starved and sick and ragged, she unthinkingly confounded romance with reality, as theatre-goers have the habit of doing, and fell to sobbing both tear-stainedly and audibly. It "broke up" the company, of course; and as we sat there reminding each other that historic afternoon, Mary Pickford bubbled with laughter, that light and golden laughter you catch only the thinnest shadows of in the fleeting picture-images of her face.

I REMEMBERED, as I saw Miss Pickford suddenly sober, answer a phone-call, and plunge deep into an explanation of why some certain scene should and must be done only in a certain way, how it was one of the little ironies that the celebrity about whom so much is written, and has been written, usually remains the most nebulous of personalities. It is a case of the afflicted stars, which appear to be always with us, really standing the most remote. Everything there is to say about Mary Pickford, I have been told, had already been said. Which naturally made me stop and ask: What has been said? For the personality of this young Canadian woman, quite as remarkable in her own particular way as was Maria Theresa or Aspasia or George Elliot or Mary Stuart or Ellen Key, remains more or less a mystery to those millions of men and women who clamor for a glimpse of her face and figure on the screen.

For this, there is more reason than one. All such stars, in the first place, seem destined to be caught up in that overwhelmingly complex mechanism of publicity prevailing in modern stage-life exploitation, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we find them turned out to the world as a thing and conventionalized as a newly minted coin. For business reasons, they are Boswellized from mere persons into personages. They are, as a rule, glad to have this pleasantly polished shroud of deception to creep into. Some of them, I know, become impostors to even themselves. But over and above this, it is plainly a perilous thing to be always in the public eye, for it seems that conspicuous the figure the more ineluctably must it stand as a sort of helpless wooden Hindenberg into which the casual passerby may drive his car with a gods-crossed devotee hammer her spike of hearsay. We are never happy until we have pretty well depersonalized all such figures, making them somewhat traditional and Olympian, the victims of that persistent tendency of the world to romanticize the professional exponent of romantic roles.

YET Mary Pickford is romantic, I venture to claim, in a way which neither she nor her press-agents are actively inclined to. And I am not, I may as well acknowledge, right out in meeting a Mary Pickford "fan," being too dolorously defi...
ternal in that tendency towards hero worship which Chesterton denounces as the heart of all good biography. Next I unqualified love of the movie, though
must not tarry here to go into either its deficiencies or its potentialities. But seven or eight long years ago when was a dramatic critic in New York, I encountered and had the common-sense to recognize that a sixteen year old girl playing in a drama of Lavedan's put by Belasco on. Taking the mantle of her father, I then ventured to prophecy in print that this girl, if she went on in that vay in which she had begun, would some day fill the shoes. Mademoiselle Adams herself that, of course, was a big prophecy. And I went wrong, as so many prophecies have been. I have kept on in the way which I thought she would, went back to her earlier field of the motion-picture. She was lost to the speaking stage. She became a star, it is true, a star of unapproached magnitude, in the silent drama; but I find it hard to frown Mary Pickford or thus confounding my prognostications. That affront, perhaps, will leave it easier for me to assert that Mary Pickford is not a miracle, even though there is much about her career that takes on the aspect of the miraculous. She is not always beautiful to the eye, though even in her most ruthlessly distorting make-up she is always the possessor of that mysterious something to which we apply the bread-and-butter word of charm. But from the standpoint of the psychologist she remains a phenomenon that is something more than arresting, something more than novel. For when an entire continent reaches out its arms, as it were, and par
tially whispers "Our Mary"; when they make her face better known than was the face of Caesar to the Empire of the Romans; when the ladies imitate her as they once imitated Marie Antoinette, until our own are so full of "Mary Pickford curls" that Father Time himself must squat closer at the milestones that stand between eight and twenty-eight in a woman's life; when this new-born million-
broated democracy of shadow-watchers ingravates herself and to her audience it is time for the object of that diffused admiration to be in all seriousness subjected to the cathode rays of analysis.

In the face of all this, nevertheless, in spite of all this, Mary Pickford is simple. She is simple, and yet she is inscrutable, or is it the simple people, after all, who can prove so amazingly complex. I have found it hard to link her up with any of her rivals who have come before me with an eye to these solemn stage ladies so detached from the sustaining fabric of family life that the most meticulous examination can never be exercised to prevent their personal centres of gravity from falling without their base. What more, Mary Pickford is a woman (and write the word "woman" deliberately, remembering the fact that the subject of this study has outgrown that perennial girlishness which she is so dolorously and so successfully in the manner of starring on the screen), a woman who knows life, and has thought deeply about its problems. One result of this thought is the development of an instinctive self-criticism. And out of this almost
ebriole self-criticism has flowered that are orchid known as taste, taste linked with authority. For the irreproachable
ness of her taste, even in her commercialized ebullitions of hoidenishness, is matched only on the American stage by Mrs. Fiske, a woman of whom Miss Pick-
ford spoke three different times during our talk, and of whom more shall be said later. The important part, accordingly, is not that "Our Mary" is to-day the best
known woman in the world, or that her personal earnings now aggregate well over a million dollars a year, or that her income tax is four times as much as even Caruso's. But she stands intensely inter
esting to the impersonal student of life because she is a woman of so cerebral a type that the activities of the mind are plainly and continuously preying on the vigor of the none too robust body, a woman who, like Cassius, "thinks too much," and also a woman, notwithstanding the vivifying influences of all colossal successes, who has encompassed that emotional subjugation of her fellow-beings which flowers in the phrase they have applied to her: "The Sweetheart of the World."

"Will you excuse me a minute, please, while I take my milk," requested Little Mary after I had been talking to her for a few minutes.

"Why milk?" I not unnatural
quired.

"We worked very hard over our pro-
duction of 'Stella Maris'-one time, twenty-three hours at a stretch. I wor-
ried a good deal over it all, and got ner-

ous indigestion. So my doctor has put me on a milk diet."

A fresh thermos-bottle of pasteurized milk was brought from the big
limousine somewhere in the oflilng, and as the girl who made over a million dollars a year partook of her regal sustenance out of a tumbler over which she went on talking as she sipped, I couldn't help thinking that life, after all, had its way of eventu-
ally evening things up.

She went on talking. I repeat, because the things of the mind were much more important to her than the renewal of the body. As we sat in that mauve and grey Japanese bungalow, in fact, with a California mocking-bird singing in a pepper-
tree just outside, we were interrupted by Marshall Nieland, her director, hurrying in to consult as to the details of a laboriously incubating "picture," and a wardrobe mistress—I don't know what they call them in the movies—who came in with a Red Cross dress which I later recognized in "Amorality of Clothes-Line Alley." I was impressed, next to the way in which Miss Pickford knew just what she wanted and how she wanted it, by the fact that the body of this dress was not white, but of a pinkish shade.

"That's to help the camera," explained Continued on page 98.
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Our Mary

Continued from page 25

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IV.

Yet it must not be deduced from all this that Mary Pickford is in any way lachrymose. There is too much buoyancy, too much quickness of vision, too much bird-like alertness, to permit of any such impression. Just as there is an enduring sense of light about the compact head, due both to its aureole of fair hair and to the milky whiteness of the brow, so about this remarkable woman's personality there is a corresponding and alleviating sense of humor, a sense of humor which comes like mounted and galloping reserves when the front lines of endurance are pressed too hard.

That they are pressed hard, at times, is no secret between Mary Pickford and the world. It is another of life's little ironies that the creation of earth's amusement involves the sternest of human struggles. Why it should be, it is not here my task to explain. But I have seen enough of life on the stage and in the studio to realize that earth's traffickiers in emotion, its creative artists, are involved in something as stern as warfare and as exacting as surgery. One cannot, accordingly, become the best-known screen-star in the world without having ample reasons for achieving, and what is more important, retaining that position. The monetary test is, of course, never the final test, but I couldn't help remembering that this slender-bodied girl through her own activities earned in one week what the Premier of my Dominions earned in fifty-two weeks, was paid in a single fortnight what the President of the United States receives for guiding the ship of state for one whole year. That at least, in our age of dollars and day-books and efficiency-experts, implies power of some kind or another. And the power is there or the reward would never have been reaped. It is there, to protect a long and intricate frontier of interests, for nothing is so transient as a screen success and nothing more vulnerable than a motion-picture actress's popularity. The real test, as Miss Pickford herself explains in her second talk with me, is in keeping up one's batting average, in allowing no relapses, in retaining the position once won—in other words, in being governed always by those grim wardens known as Growth, Advance, Progress. For if this seemingly guileless girl with the much-copied curls had been born in the days of the Medicis, I venture to assert, she would have been, not a sigh-provoker and a laugh-maker, but a map-changer and a throne-shaker. Into whatever field it might be projected (and mark this well, insipid village beauties who dream of soaring lazily into fame on the wings of the silver-sheet!) that mysterious and inalienable charm, combined with that essentially Pickfordian judicial clearheadedness and combative yet thought-controlled energy, would have first made itself felt and then made itself victorious. For Mary Pickford was born to rule. That imperial instinct cannot

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be smothered beneath Little Lord Fauntleroy masquerades and tomboy antics and Brete Harte comedies. Her success has not been an accident. It has been a campaign, and a conquest. The chariot that has carried her to her triumph has been the motion-picture, not so much that the motion-picture suited her as that she suited the motion-picture. But it was a chariot, remember, cluttering, resplendent, spectacular, involving none of the undulations of the cantilever-spring.

I HAVE called Mary Pickford the best-known woman in the world, and with equal truth I think I can call her the beloved. Those significant phrases, those affectionately appropriating epithets, “Our Mary” and “Little Mary,” have not clung to her without reason. My further analysis and explanation of this unprecedented subjugation must come in another and later article. Here, however, I would point out that from one end of this globe of ours to the other Mary Pickford is known. And associated with her name is that emotional affiliation which at first sight appears almost fanatical. It is the unquestioning adoration which in times more legendary was bestowed upon saints and in days more barbaric was lavished upon conquerors. Through this new instrument of emotional refreshment which has been made from the throwing of shadows across a cotton sheet, through this new-fangled combination of sunlight and shutters and nitrate of silver, the personality and the pictured person of Mary Pickford has crept about this earth of ours, so that to-day she is known to the coolie-workers of Kimberley as well as to the flat-dwellers of Harlem, to the jewels of Mexico and the pearl-fishers of Sambalpur. Her face, plastered on the hoardings of Madras, is not unknown to the Parsee of Gujarat; it is recognized by the Basuti Kaifir and the sampan-paddler of Hong-Kong and the miners of Alaska and the fellahen who still plow the plains of Sharon with the same crude share that Elisha once used—and in case this last sounds like mere talk let it be remembered that a motion-picture exchange has flourished for some time in the Egyptian city of Alexandria. Wherever pictures have penetrated, and in their short life they have travelled wide and far, Mary Pickford, for reasons which I shall not now enumerate, has unquestionably, has invariably, established her premiership. She has made herself the uncrowned queen of the world. And queens, even when they are self-made, are not unworthy of analysis.

A ND that brings us back to our queen in question, whose slightly puzzled face plainly implied she was awaiting and fortifying herself against the customary fusillade of questions. But it was twenty long years since I had first been sent to interview stars, since I had faced the old parade of temperamental idiosyncrasies and petty vails, since I had beheld the familiar old ponies sired of the Conventional Idea trotted out for inspection. And this, I knew, was going to be something altogether different.

“Then this isn’t to be an interview, after all?” inquired Little Mary, with a doubtful look creeping up into that lucid blue eye of hers. For a moment I imagine she strongly suspected I had come...
to tell her how I wanted above all things to be an actor, a great actor. They do it in the stars; they live by the hundreds. This is why the guardian forces have to build a high board fence about these same stars and make them so dishearteningly hard to find. It's to keep the "nuts" away.

"I'd like to make it another sort of interview," I protested, for as I've said before, it wasn't so that I wanted in.

I was wondering what Fordian method of hairdressing as I was in the cerebellum behind the coiffure. I wasn't so much impressed by the fact that a girl besides me had brand new coat of Hudson seal as I was in the fact that she turned it up at the tail when she sat down on the bungalow steps. That was a thing I glanced at the fugitive personality which statelier stars seem to prefer to keep shuttered from the casual eye.

"But you'll have to ask me those questions, after all, for we've got to get started, as our old friend Frank Tinney used to say," my hostess explained to me. She was talking, not in those studied brocaded tones of the real stage-star, with the trilled "e's" and the bunched "a's" and the hot-potato enunciation which so divorces the stage-voice from ordinary human speech, but in clear, crisp, honest English, any envied at America girl west of Worcester and north of the Mason and Dixon line. There was no trace of affectation about that speech, no up-staging, as the mummers phrase it. But in it, as in all her actions, I found directness, honesty, absence of vanity. And absence of mere personal vanity is what Miss Pickford's big point. Even on the screen, you may remember, she does not hesitate to uglify herself if by so doing she can help out a picture-effect—and to make Little Mary ugly, one of her best directors once told me, was "a blamed sight harder work than trying to make most stars attractive." And this, while I think it reminds me that before my last interview with Miss Pickford I asked the three persons most closely in touch with her what they regarded as her most conspicuous trait. Her director said, without hesitation: "Her memory." Her manager, in equal promptitude averred: "Her sense of humor." And Miss Pickford's own mother volunteered: "Her sincerity." So I leave it at that: you can pay your money and take your choice.

"Those things you mention seem basic, of course," Miss Pickford was explaining to me, "but they are realities, and if these are to be real interviews between us, you'll have to begin with realities. I prefer them. They're the foundation upon which the historical, as mine, and if you're going to build I'm afraid you'll have to begin building from them. It's easier, and it's more comfortable."

"All right," I said, a little humbled. "Let's begin that way. Let's get it over with, and out of the slate. What, Miss Pickford, do your hobbies happen to be?"

"That," was that young lady's prompt reply.

"This isn't customary," I reproved. And Little Mary laughed.

"I know it isn't, but it's the truth. It's all I have a chance for, all I have energy for, except from what I can crowd in for my Red Cross work. People, I know, say I can have the time. But I have to have the time to do what other people do."

"Then pictures are hard work? I asked.

"My pictures are," acknowledged the star on the doorstep.

"Why?"

"I'll explain that later on," announced Miss Pickford. "What was the next question?"

"I suppose, since we've got to go back to the bromides, it ought to be who you are, and when and where you were born, and what started things along the way they went.

"I was born in London. My family name was John Smith, I was christened Gladys Mary Smith. It was later in life I took the name of Pickford, which was a family name. I was..."

"I think I ought to write that down, to keep it as authentic as possible," I suggested to the daughter of John Smith as she slipped into the little slumber room. "I'd especially like to have it right, because I have been so often interviewed by people who never even saw me. They weren't even good mind-readers. I've been made responsible, in fact, for an amazing number of statements that were never really mine. But to get back to the realities: I was born in Canada, as you know, in the City of Toronto."

"Yes," I amended as I looked for a new envelope-back. "I had the house proudly printed on my letterhead, a little rough-cast cottage with a frame front, standing on a side-street very close to University Avenue and facing the rear of the Toronto General Hospital. And the centre that Miss Pickford, ignominious as it is to acknowledge, has since then sadly degenerated into what might be called a Ghetto of the poor.

"So it's Georgeville," acknowledged Mary, with her quick and companionable smile. "And I've a grandmother still living in Toronto, and she's over eighty-seven years old."

"May her granddaughter live as long," I ventured as I paused in my scribbling to remember the lordly home, hidden away in its lordly acres of palm and orange trees, which I had passed that afternoon north-west of where Western Avenue crosses Sunset Boulevard. These, after my manner, in the contrast between that manorial city estate and the little rough-cast cottage on the side-street. It had all been brought about by the capitalized charm and brains of one small girl—and that girl, remarkably dissimilar to her smaller sister-stars, was still honest and simple and direct enough to abjure the fabric of those pedigreed stars and ancestors so dear to the heart of the garden variety of actresses. "But will you please tell me the rest," I continued, coming back to earth.

"My father died in February, 1896, before I was quite four years old. He died leaving my mother with three children—Mary and Jack, the baby, who is just twenty-one years old now. He didn't leave much else, I'm afraid, besides us three children. Mother—and always, you must remember,
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often been prompted to call a second birth. I'm not saying the forces weren't there, like a loaded gun-carriage, waiting to explode. But nothing had happened to fire them, until that day in San Francisco, where I happened to be playing in one of Hal Reed's melodramas, the one called 'For a Human Life'."

"And what was this thing which happened on that particular day?" I asked as Miss Pickford rose to her feet. "I'll tell you that when I come back," explained the diminutive star of the by no means diminutive Lasky Corporation, "for that's Mr. Nieland saying the set is ready, and I make it a point never to keep people waiting!"

"How about me?" I somewhat indignantly demanded. But Little Mary was gone.

(To be continued)

(Arthur Stringer's next article in this series of intimate studies of the world's greatest screen stars will bear the title of "The Powers of Mary Pickford," and will appear in the October Number.)

Beluchistan League

Continued from page 21.

Bengal, who is as carrion, and have slain him, for he runs but slowly, and has great fear in his heart. But is not Carswell Sahib our Lord, whom to disobey is a great evil? And hath not Carswell Sahib delivered me, Shere Din, from death, when the coal fell upon me in the pit? And the Sahib was merciful, and bade me spare the man. 'For, lo!' saith the Sahib. 'Even he, the fat man from Bengal, is as God hath made him.' Which is true and pious, though the Sahib is but an Infidel."

But the crowning mystery was when Winstanley put on mask and pad, to assume the duties of catcher. "Behold!" said Shere Din, explaining his thought of the matter. "Carswell Sahib placed the head of Winstanley Sahib in a cage of iron, and arrayed him in a strange coat, and put on his hand a mighty glove, like the gloves the Sahibs use when they battle like young bucks in the Springtime, smiting each other on the head and body very swiftly and fiercely, only this glove was far more great and terrible. We thought that Winstanley Sahib had done some evil, or that Carswell Sahib hath made war to take away from Winstanley Sahib the over-lordship of the Mines. But this is not so. The cage for the head, and the coat for the belly are to protect the body of the Sahib from being smitten by the magic ball.

"And sometimes the ball is smitten, and the player doth run, and there are other strange cries, as spoken by the Sahibs. Sl-i-ide! You damn bone-edd, eli-ide! and also Oh misbegotten one! Wherefore didst thou not touch the little bag? and O, thou whelp of the devil, wherefore hast thou the fingers that are of butter when the weather is hot?"

"But they ever return to the misdeeds of the fat man from Bengal, cursing him greatly for his roteness, and the fat man brings forth the book tremblingly, showing it to the Sahibs, who are compassionate, for who may know the purpose of Allah in the things he hath made? There is the wolf and tiger and snake, and also the fat man from Bengal."

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