

TORONTO'S OWN MARY MAKES PILGRIMAGE TO HER BIRTHPLACE

With Douglas Fairbanks and Her Mother, Cinema Celebrity Visits Scenes of Girlhood and Lays Wreath on Her Father's Grave — Pickfords Are "Just Folks" Without "Side"

MAIMED VETERANS AMUSED BY "DOUG"

Mary Chats With Wounded Soldier. "Frae Bonnie Dundee" and Asks When Heather's in Bloom—Recalls Pleasantest Memory of Toronto and Red Bike Her Mother Gave Her

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and "Mamma" Pickford spent a memorable day in Toronto yesterday. To use Mary's own expression, they sneaked in, and, had it not been for the saving curiosity of a hotel official, they might have sneaked out. There was no blare of bugles to welcome them, no din of brass band to herald the approach of their Movie Majesties as they stepped from the New York train yesterday morning like any other trio of tired travellers, and found their way to a solitary taxi and hence to the King Edward Hotel. If it had been any other place than Toronto and any other time than early Sunday morning, they would have been mobbed and cheered and maltreated with every known kind of enthusiasm—but native restraint never wavered, and even the Union Station redcaps, yawning over a magazine at the lower entrance, were too cautious to venture the slightest speculative comment as the little lady with the famous profile and the acrobatic husband hurried past.

Unnoticed in Rotunda.

Even in that cross-section of life, the hotel rotunda, the visitors continued on their way unrecognized. To do the bellboys justice, it should be recorded that they were distinctly at a disadvantage. Why in the world should they be expected to associate the names of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks with this weary-looking couple? If only Mary had let down her golden curls from her tight little cloche, and if only Doug had worn an open flannel shirt, or even shinned up one of the marble pillars, there would have been no difficulty. But, as nobody had thought of these important details, the tiny lady in her wrap of summer ermine over a simple navy blue suit, and the gentleman in beaver-collared overcoat and spats, passed unnoticed.

Hotel Register Gives Them Away.

It was the hotel register that gave the secret away. About 10 o'clock one of the managers strolled up and casually glanced over the names, and from the moment he lighted on "Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Beverly Hills, Cal., mother, maid and valet," until the 6 o'clock New York train pulled out from the station Mary and Doug were servants of the public and the press.

Again, to use the words of Mary herself—for she has an apt way of putting things—it was a "sentimental visit." They were in New York settling various matters of business, preparing for their extended trip abroad, and, though they could not stay longer than a day, Mary decided to grasp the first opportunity that presented to pay a much-anticipated visit to her native city.

Visit Father's Grave.

Until 1 o'clock they were permitted a certain degree of privacy, and were allowed to breathe the breath of ordinary mortals. They quietly visited Mrs. Pickford's sisters and their families living in the city, and then placed flowers on the grave of Mary's father in Mount Pleasant, and on the grave of her grandmother in St. Michael's Cemetery. This brief interlude between family and public duties was the real object of their visit.

Once more quoting Mary—though she attributes the expression to her husband—they live on coffee and handshakes. Certainly, yesterday they lived without a scrap of lunch, but probably the several hundred handshakes were stimulant enough.

Never Forgets She's Married.

What is she like? Well, unless the several dozen people, who followed her all afternoon, hearing every word, watching every smile and noting the slightest movement of eyes and hands, are mentally blind, physically inert and hopelessly doddering when it comes to recording accurate impressions, the answer is decidedly favorable. To say that she is sweet, pretty, charming would be to tell people what they already know, so the present description must contain some elements of news.

In the first place, Mary is a married woman, and she never forgets that fact. Though she is as snail and slim as a twelve-year-old, she has the poise of a polished society matron, and, further, she has a composure and a wit ready to meet any sort of situation, which immediately marks her as a woman who believes in the exercise of the brain. And she has a sympathy that is not confined to Pollyanna or Stella Maris roles. Yesterday, as she went from cot to cot on the roof at Christie Street Hospital, talking with the wounded soldiers and smiling the slow, generous smile they all know, the group of followers began

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to see her as she really was, without the artificialities which movie stardom had necessitated.

"How long have you been here?" she would ask as she took the men's hands. Then, with the answer of "Two years," or "Three years," her face would twitch perceptibly, and she would say wistfully, "I wish I had a pocketful of health for all of you splendid boys."

Frao Bonnie Dundee.

"Where do you come from?" she asked of one man with a cheerful red face and a burr that nothing could remove.

"Dundee, ma'am."

"Why, you're the very man I wanted to talk to! Can you tell me when the heather will be in bloom? I expect to be in Scotland in another month, you know." The simplicity and eagerness of the questioner were like the lever that opened the flood-gates, for the red face grew animated and the burr went vigorously into action. There is no doubt about it; Mary has a way with a man.

And so has Douglas. He was as much in demand as his charming wife, and he even consented to do a stunt for the tubercular spine patients on the hospital roof. Somebody suggested that he raise himself up on his hands on the stone parapet, but Mary told the writer privately, and as a domestic confidence, that she never approved of Douglas's stunts, especially the precipice-edge variety. So, instead, Douglas contented himself and his admiring audience by hanging on by his chin to an iron rod that stretched out conveniently and safely in the centre of the roof.

Why Douglas Climbs.

"People get old and sick and useless because they don't keep the 17-year-old outlook," he declared, punctuating each statement with emphatic short-arm jabs. "They have the idea that as soon as they get out of their 'teens they must be dignified, and that's what kills them. Instead of going up five steps at a time, they start going up one; instead of jumping fences, they look for the gate; instead of climbing trees, they ask for a ladder. Fences were made to be jumped and trees to be climbed, and if you can't keep that point of view, then you're in a sad way."

Outside of his philosophy of physical culture, which is well exemplified in himself, Douglas talked mostly of sports. "You people didn't do a thing to the hockey championship, did you?" he grinned, and went on to ask about Canadian swimmers and runners and the like.

World's Happiest Couple.

"Are you the happiest couple in the world?" asked a reporter, recalling a statement to the effect.

"Well, we haven't been all over the world yet, you know," Mary said, but her mother answered more directly. "They certainly are. They're always together; they have the same work, the same interests, and they like the same people," she said.

Retains Beautiful Tresses.

In spite of the fact that the hair-dressers' shears are in action all over the continent, Mary has not allowed them to do devastating damage to her own beautiful tresses. "I'm an old-fashioned wife," she said, in her rather low, boyish voice, "and I would have to consult my husband before I bob my hair. He isn't very fond of the new style, I'm afraid."

Is Mary Pickford still a Canadian? "I should say I am, especially after the wonderful way our Canadian boys served in the war. Nobody with any patriotism or pride in country could forget their courage and heroism. I love the United States, too, but I shall never forget Canada just because I live in the other country. Anyway, it's all one America, isn't it?"

Visit to Mary's Birthplace.

Yesterday morning on her way to visit relatives Mary and her mother stopped the taxi in front of Mary's birthplace, the little red brick two-story cottage at 211 University Avenue. "I never knew it was so small," said Mary, as she gazed at it—at least that was her husband's report of the incident, and it seemed probable enough, considering that she now lives in a house that cost a cool half-million or more.

Her pleasantest memory of childhood in Toronto concerns a certain red bicycle which her mother gave her one birthday. "I remember it so well—it was a beautiful little bicycle. I walked along Orde Street this morning to see if I could find the little path I used to follow, but there isn't any path now."

Pickfords Are "Just Folks."

The Pickfords are interesting and different from other people in one respect. Though they have acquired fame and wealth, they have not thought it either wise or necessary to be anything else than their own natural selves. Mary tells yet of her exultation at getting \$8 a week when she played child parts at the old Princess Theatre, and Mrs. Pickford says it was a wonderful relief when Mary first received \$100 a week, for they had "had such a struggle." Before that happy day she used to make all Mary's clothes.

"I hope I can come back next autumn, when we return from Europe, and then we can have a real visit," was Mary's final word, as she stood on the steps of the New York train, waving a hand that must have been paralyzed after being shaken by several hundred people, several hundred times, and after having put her signature on several hundred odd bits of paper.