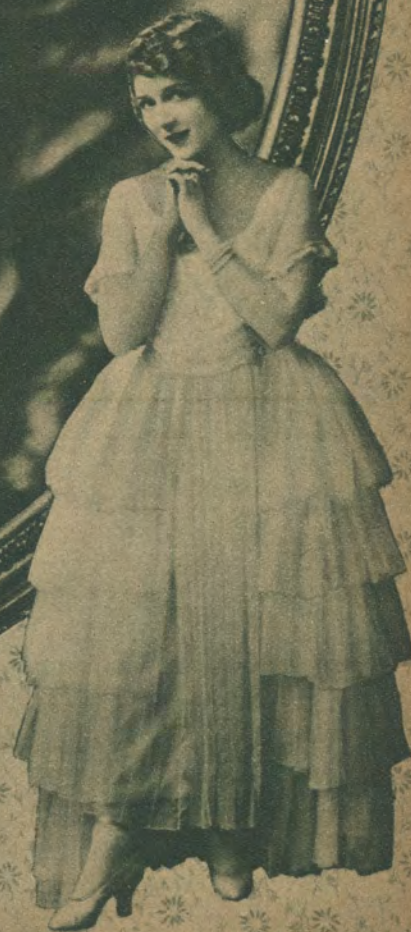


Mary  
PICKFORD



**H**ER latest picture, entitled "Sparrows," is to be released in the fall. She is now making a tour of the world with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks. They will be away for a year.





# Mary . . . .



It was at the Ritz we saw her. It was when she had come across the continent because of her lawsuit, refusing to settle, altho the cost of her idle studios was great. She has ideals of justice . . . .

She stood in the doorway of the living-room.

There was something very youthful about her. She seemed the school-girl, except for a definite dignity in her deportment. We liked her delicate jasmine fragrance.

A small blue hat with myriads of tiny grey flowers banded the heavy gold of her head. She wore a dull blue frock with linen collar and cuffs. There were no jewels, not even the strand of pearls she so often wears. Simply a platinum wedding ring.

"Come in," she said and her voice was low in pitch, finely timbred.

There was a promise of Spring in the pale gold of the sunshine which touched the brilliant peacocks in the cretonnes. A low fire burned in the grate and its odor of burning wood intermingled

"Dearest, in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,'" said Douglas Fairbanks, "is Mary as I know her—Mary with unvarying understanding, compassionate, vibrantly the woman." At the left, Mary Pickford in the poetry-wrought rôle of Dearest, and below, a new portrait

**M**ARY . . . . It is a name which has come down thru the years, idealizing womanhood always.

Mary Pickford, bearing it, does that too.

Once, in speaking of the dual rôle Mary played in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Douglas Fairbanks said he preferred her as Dearest.

"Dearest," he told us, "is Mary as I know her—Mary with unvarying understanding, compassionate, vibrantly the woman."

When we went interviewing Mary Pickford, we kept remembering that.



Photograph by Campbell Studios



By  
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

with the perfume of the tall damask roses overflowing their vases.

"Before we came," we said, "we asked half a dozen people what question they would ask you if one question was allotted them. Five said they would ask if you were happy?"

There was an understanding smile and Mary's deep eyes softened.

"Tell them," she said, "that I am contented. Very contented."

"And therefore happy?"

"It is only by comparison that we are happy, I think," she told us, "there could be no sublime state of happiness . . . happiness unalloyed."

Despite the youth of her, she has the rare knowledge of the woman, the woman who, living thru the years, has earned her philosophy day after day.

She went on surely:

"Big presents which have cost a lot of money cannot make me happy any more. But



Photograph © by  
Evans, L. A.

Photograph by  
Melbourne Spurr



"It is only by comparison that we are happy, I think," said Mary. "There could be no sublime state of happiness—happiness unalloyed. But there is always something—there is the bright gold of the first crocus and there is the scarlet of the autumn leaves." Above, with her mother, and at the left, another camera study

there are always fleeting hours. This morning I walked down Fifth Avenue. I was really happy. There was still a chill in the air. And there was the sun and the shops and all of the people. It reminded me

somehow, I can't think why, of my childhood in Toronto."

"Are you," we persisted, "anxious for one day to follow the other?"

"Oh yes," she said. "I look forward to waking up and having my breakfast . . . served from the breakfast set Lottie gave me. And I play on the lawn with the dogs when there is time."

She talks easily and slowly. You harbor no doubt that consideration prompts all she says.

"When Douglas and I saw the catacombs and the ruins at Pompeii last year," she continued, "I learned to live each day as it came to me. We saw all the hopeless bones lying about . . . the skulls moldering into dust. I know, after having seen

(Continued on page 94)





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Mary . . . .

(Continued from page 23)

that, how fleeting and futile life must always be.

"But there is always something—there is the bright gold of the first crocus and there is the scarlet of the autumn leaves."

"You think, then," we said, "that happiness lies in little things?"

And while we said it we remembered the wise man who said we were prone to call great things little—and little things great.

Mary Pickford nodded her head.

"I am much happier now than when I was poor. I hated being poor. Everyone does. We are, all of us, children, and we love to ride in a beautiful automobile. Trouble teaches us things, and is necessary in our lives. It is part of the great pattern. It was the responsibility I felt when my father died and I was only a little girl, but, nevertheless, oldest of the family, which helped me above everything else."

We heard Mrs. Pickford's voice in another room, as she entered the Fairbanks' suite.

"Goodness, what a smoke that fire makes," she was saying to someone. "I could smell it in a rose Mary sent to me."

Then the door closed.

There had been talk of Mary's playing sophisticated rôles. We asked her about it.

She shook her head.

And the sunshine caught the gold of her hair and made it an aureole above her lovely pale face.

"There are plenty of other actresses to play those rôles," she said. "I would rather give childhood—it is always lovely—like the springtime. Perhaps in the very last picture I make I'll do something different. Perhaps! If I find a story which I feel will help girls who have made a mistake because they were weak—or because they knew a great emotion! If I find such a story, it is likely that I will use it as my last picture."

"It might teach ten girls in the whole world that one mistake doesn't mean there is nothing left for them but repetition. That, in itself, would make it infinitely worth while."

"When you return to California, what then?"

"First of all, there is Jack. I am going to get him started on his first picture. Then I'm going to do 'Tess of the Storm Country' over again."

At this time, Douglas Fairbanks returned with the great dog he had taken for a walk. The dog barked loudly and rushed at Mary. She laughed at him, and stroked his poised head with her hand. In the action we saw the essence of ministry. Her hands are pale and delicately sensitive.

Lawyers came in with the legal papers Mary wished to look over.

We made our adieus—

When life bears in upon us, we will remember Mary Pickford as we saw her on that spring day—the woman in whom there is much of the girl, and the girl in whom there is so very much of the woman—seeking her happiness in the gold of the first crocus and the scarlet of the autumn leaf.

What infinite wisdom!

We will remember her stopping in the rush of her brimming days to send her mother a rose—

We will remember her with the sun making an aureole of the gold of her hair—

Mary—

## YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks"; therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

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