

# MCCALL'S

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AUGUST

*The*  
GIRL  
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GOLDEN  
RAGS

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Begins  
in this Issue*

MIDSUMMER FICTION NUMBER

*The Australian-American Girl*  
Types of American Beauty Drawn by  
NEYSA McMEIN



In this, the first of a group of intimate articles written for McCall's by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Miss Pickford monopolizes the stage to tell why she is called the happiest person on earth by those who have had the rare good fortune to see her "at home" in Hollywood. In a forthcoming article Mr. Fairbanks will give his view of "the house that happiness built"

# The World I Live In

## By Mary Pickford

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg



Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks



Mary Pickford and her mother



"Our house apparently possesses a ghost. I am not fooling. Two or three times a week there is the same mysterious sound of padded feet"

"And sometimes I hear them say, 'Well she certainly looks better on the screen than she does off!'"



NE end of our pleasant living room in Beverly Hills is filled with books—sadly neglected books which stare at me reproachfully across the room, for I never seem to have time to read them. Sometime I am going to take a long vacation and read the things I should have read long ago. I have just picked up one of these books and if there is anything in omens, I should be immediately discouraged from writing this article. It is "Boswell's Life of Johnson" and the first thing my eye falls on is this:—"A woman preaching is like a dog standing on its hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to see it done at all."

I am afraid Dr. Johnson is right. The world does not seek wisdom or philosophy from women. It wants, I suppose, sympathy, comfort, charm, the soft gentle graces and

not the solid structure of life itself.

But I have quite another reason for being worried over this literary diversion. If it is done badly, people may rightly wonder why I do it at all—why I do not content myself with the pleasant reputation the screen has built for me, instead of floundering about in another medium the tricks of which I know little about. On the other hand, if I do manage to do fairly well, I am sure that there are not a few sceptics who will conclude that someone else must have written it for me. But if I try nothing pretentious or fine, and simply try to be myself, perhaps I can find a way out of this dilemma. If I have learned one thing from my professional career and from life in general

it is that whether we like it or not we may as well become reconciled to being ourselves. It is the one thing in which everyone can become a great expert.

I feel that I know something about this, because when I have tried to be someone else more imposing and dazzling I have been a failure, and when I have been contented to remain myself I have found at least one of the real cues to success. Counterfeits do not work much better on the stage or screen than they do in any other business of life. Audiences are not easily taken in. I do not even believe that "you can fool all the people some [Turn to page 49]"





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# WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

## Exile

[Continued from page 22]

"Will you come out here?"  
"No," she said. "It'll be such a little while we can stay with him."

He went back with her into the room, grown strangely stately in the coming of death, and took a place of watching.

It was the sound of stealthy footsteps in the garden some time later, which galvanized Chandler from reverie to action. Instinctively his hand went to his belt as he heard the creaking of the door; and he was on his feet, ready, as the door opened outward. He stepped back however, startled beyond challenge, as a girl swung into the room, facing Monica and himself with defiant courage. "I have come to see him," she said, pantingly. It was Rosita Quezon.

"What do you want of me?" Chandler said, but he was not in time. She brushed past Monica, crossing to where Stanley Hurd lay under the white sheet. With the passionate intention of despair she flung back the covering, gazing at the bright head which would never again be lifted in laughter. Then, in a storm of weeping, she cast herself on the floor beside the cot. "Oh, my beloved, my adored one, my lover," she sobbed in Spanish. "Come back to me who loves you! Never again shall I taunt you with others who love me. Never again shall I dance with another. Never again shall I sing for another. I love you, love you, love you. Come back to me!"

As if held back by the force of her terrible sorrow Chandler had let her grieve, but the sight of Monica, still and white as marble, roused him. He touched Rosita Quezon on the arm. "Come with me," he said to her. "His wife is here."

With the liteness of a panther the girl sprang up. "You!" she hissed at Chandler. "You dare to take me away from him? He loved me, I tell you."

"His wife—" Chandler began, but the girl blazed around to where Monica stood. "You are his wife in the law," she flung at her, "but I am his wife in love, and that is all God asks of His children. He loved me from the day he

came. I was singing down in the village, and he stopped and listened to me, and when I was done, he tossed me a rose. That night he came back, and there, by the fountain, he kissed me. Three years we had, three years of nothing but our love. What if he didn't marry me? My little finger was more to him than all of you. If he had not been longing for his own country, longing for the houses, and trees, and bushes of it, the little lights of it, for what he called home he would not have remembered you at all. But he was sick, and he was like a little child. He wanted home, and when he could not have that, he wanted you because you meant that to him. But love? You don't know what love is. Not any more than Chandler here knows. Do you think the cold light in your souls is love? Love is life. Oh, my beloved, come back to me! We shall forget them all, leave them all. Come back to me!"

"Let her stay," Monica said softly, to Chandler. She put her arm through his, and drew him outside. "Has she always loved him like that?"

"Yes," he told her.

"And he loved her?"

"In a way."

"I'm grateful to you for your lie for him," she said, "even though it was of no use." For a long time they were still, and the murmur of Rosita's prayers came to them. "You said," Monica spoke at last, "that we don't find love till we've faced truth."

"We don't," he told her.

"Tonight," she said, "when I thought you had killed love for me, I told you the truth. Some day you may remember."

"I shall never forget it," he said.

From the room within they could hear once more Rosita's prayer. "If he may not come back to me, oh God, let me die with him!" In infinite sadness Monica sighed. "I think," she said, "that he would want to stay in Mexico. He was never really in exile here."

"No man is alien," Chandler said, "in the place where he finds love."

## The World I Live In

[Continued from page 49]

as you like about bootlegging and baseball, but imagine turning to your hostess during dinner and inquiring after the welfare of her soul, except as a quaint bit of humor.

My own wish at present is so simple that I hesitate to express it.

I would like, as soon as my present picture is finished, to spend a few days in rummaging around in my attic, turning over old clothes and belongings that I haven't had time to look at for years. And in the early mornings I would like to scramble up the peaks of hills around us in Beverly and have a picnic breakfast at sunrise. Then I would like to go right back to work on another production. But I won't, because my husband wants to take a long European trip. His enthusiasm always makes me forget that traveling invariably makes me ill.

We have now finished dinner, stopped for a moment to listen to the radio and

strolled into the living room where we are watching a picture.

Our ghost is again resuming his solitary promenade and the whole house echoes with the tread of soft mysterious feet. I have an irresistible impulse to go upstairs and investigate. The living room is darkened and if I move quietly no one will notice my absence. The stairs are soft-carpeted and I go up them without a sound. There is no sound from outdoors either, as I look out the window at the head of the stairs and watch the moon throwing her witchery over the hills of Beverly, leaving great pools of shadow in the ravines and canyons. But now the silence is broken by the shrill cry of coyotes who come down from the mountains at night. I notice that my dog "Zorro" has followed me and gives a low whine just as all good dogs do in ghost stories.

In the next article I will tell you about the ghost I found.

## Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
3299...25	3685...40	3710...30	3758...25	3771...25	3780...35	3788...45
3500...30	3688...35	3713...45	3762...30	3772...45	3781...30	3789...45
3540...30	3691...40	3716...25	3763...20	3773...45	3782...45	3790...45
3574...25	3692...40	3718...30	3764...25	3774...15	3783...30	3791...40
3646...35	3694...40	3722...45	3765...40	3775...15	3784...45	3792...40
3648...40	3696...35	3723...45	3766...45	3776...25	3785...45	3793...45
3653...30	3697...25	3725...35	3767...40	3777...30	3786...30	3794...45
3668...30	3705...30	3756...45	3768...30	3778...25	3787...35	3795...45
3683...40	3709...45	3757...45	3770...45			

### EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

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1019...20	1267...30	1319...20	1338...25