MY WHOLE LIFE

by Mary Pickford

The frank and intimate autobiography of the girl who became an actress at 5, famous at 16, rich, divorced and powerful at 21

To the best of my knowledge only two persons have answered from earliest infancy to the name “Mary Pickford.” One was a great-aunt of mine who was killed by a tram in London at the age of seven. The other was a little Eskimo boy who was evidently given the name in a confusion resulting from the male role I played in Little Lord Fauntleroy. The story was told me by a friend who had traveled extensively in the Far North. One day as he was passing an Eskimo hut a boy of three, giggling merrily and naked as the day he was born, dashed through an open doorway into the lane outside. An anxious mother followed in hot pursuit. My friend watched in amusement till he heard the Eskimo mother scream out a name. In utter disbelief he listened again, and once more the name rang out in the crisp morning air: “Mary Pickford!”

As it happens, that little rebellious son of the North had more right to the name than I, for I did not take the name “Mary Pickford” until I was  (Continued on next page)
My name was Gladys Smith.

thirteen years old, and then only at the insistence of David Belasco, who cordially disapproved of my real name. I suppose I have no cause to regret Mr. Belasco's judgment. My real name was Gladys Smith.

I asked Mother one day how I happened to be called "Gladys" instead of plain "Anne" or "Jane" or "Mary" Smith.

"Your Aunt Lizzie," said Mother, "was reading a popular novel just before you were born, and the heroine was a Scotch girl named Lady Gladys."

I borrowed the name by which I have long been known to the public from my Irish grandfather, John Pickford Hennessey, who came of a comparatively rich family from Tralee, County Kerry, in the south of Ireland. My grandmother, Catharine Faelley, who was ten years older than my grandfather, was also born in Tralee, but she was a miller's daughter and very poor. Had the two of them remained in Ireland they would never have met; they moved in entirely different social worlds. They met in Quebec, Canada, fell instantly in love and were married.

When my great-grandmother Hennessey received the news of their marriage she disowned her son and vowed never to speak to him again. This vow she kept till the day she died. It was she who bequeathed the name of "Pickford" to my grandfather. My grandfather Hennessey was a man of gentle and tender feelings, and he'd had an excellent education, but he loved his bottle, which made my grandmother an even more rabid teetotaler than she might have been.

It was Grandmother Hennessey who was the warrior in the family, and my mother inherited her positive nature, and I suppose I did too.
Mary "never went out on dates"
but she married three glamorous men

She was a devoted Catholic, who lived her faith in her heart and practiced it in good deeds. Mother told me in later years how Grandma would go into brothels to persuade the girls to go back to their mothers. Nor was that all. She would actually go without the things she needed to provide those unfortunate with whatever they needed for their journey home.

"Does your mother know about this thing?" she would ask them.

"No, and that's why I can never go home."

And Grandma would say, "Well, the past is the past. Close the book. Make up your mind to talk to no one about it. Go home to your mother and begin life all over again."

She would even take them to church with her and have the priest talk to them. If there were children and the mothers were Catholic she would have the little ones baptized.

My father's mother, Grandmother Smith, was English. She arrived in Canada when she was six years of age. For the next eighty years she attended the same Methodist church with the strictest regularity, stopping at the age of eighty-six to spend the remaining five years of her life meditating at home.

Between those two stalwart grandmothers, one Protestant and one Catholic, I came very near to not being baptized. My first baptism occurred only because a kind priest named Father Murphy knocked on our door one day when I was severely ill.

"Sorry, Father, but you cannot come in," said Mother. "We're quarantined, Black diphtheria."

"Who is it?"

(Continued on next page)

Mary and second husband, Douglas Fairbanks, spent their honeymoon abroad. At the train to say goodbye are Mary's brother, Jack Pickford, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

Third husband, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, was Mary's leading man many years before their marriage. Here they celebrate Christmas with their two adopted children, Roxanne and Ronald, and bulldog, Butch

The Eisenhowers launched
Mary's 1953 Savings Bond Tour

After signing up President and Mrs. Eisenhower at start of U.S. bond drive last spring Mary traveled more than 10,000 miles persuading millions of Americans to buy bonds
MARY PICKFORD continued

The little girl with curls who captivated silent-movie audiences bobbed her hair in 1929, talked and won an Academy Award

"Yep, this is my child!" Mary says to Lloyd Hughes in *Tess of the Storm Country* (1914). The baby actually belongs to hero's sister, whom Tess is protecting.

“My little girl Gladys.”
“Im not afraid of the contagion myself,” said Father Murphy, “but if I came in I don’t think it would be fair to others I might come into contact with later. How old is your daughter?”
“Just four, Father.”
“Of course she’s baptized, Mrs. Smith?”
“No, Father,” said Mother, embarrassed. “You see, my husband is Protestant and...”

“Four, in danger of death, and not baptized! I’m coming in!” To the very outspoken delight of Grandma Hennessey, I was baptized “Gladys Marie Smith.” Mother had been greatly worried about my not being baptized, but the decision had been Father Murphy’s, and she never told my father.

After Father died Mother did something that was typical of her fair-mindedness. She had all three of us baptized in the Episcopal faith, as a tribute to the memory of my father.

I was always old beyond my years. I often used to think, even as a child, that I was born old. One night when I was only three years old my mother’s sister Lizzie found me on the street corner in my nightgown, dangling my feet over the edge of the curb.

"Precious," she said to me, “what in the world are you doing out here at this hour of the night?”

Mary Pickford (age 24), as 11-year-old Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, tweaks the nose of her enemy, Minnie Smelly. Picture was smash hit in 1917

During filming of *Suds* (1920) Mary and Douglas Fairbanks were secretly married. She wore adhesive tape over her wedding ring to conceal it from the cast.

Mary in orphans scene from *Daddy Longlegs* (1919). This picture about an orphan girl who falls in love with her guardian was first that Mary supervised herself.

At the age of 23 Mary scored one of her biggest successes as Little Lord Fauntleroy. "Lean on me, Grandfather," she is saying here to English actor Claude Gillingwater.
“I’m frinking, Auntie,” I said.

“Do your mama and papa know you’re here?”

“Oh, no!”

She put an arm around me and said, “You’ve got to go right back to bed now.”

I shook my head. “No, Auntie, I’ve got to stay here and frink.”

At the moment Auntie broke in on my reverie I had been saying to myself, “If I think hard enough and long enough I’ll remember where I came from.”

I must have been very young indeed when I began to “frink” about God. I also thought a lot about the devil. I was then attending my English grandmother’s Methodist church. One bright Sunday morning, in my freshly starched undies and squeaky boots, my sister Chuckie’s hand firmly in mine, I marched on the Sunday school and flung a challenge at the Sunday-school teacher.

“Which is stronger?” I demanded to know, “God or the devil?”

Her face frozen with shock, my teacher replied, “Why, God, of course. He is all-powerful.”

“Well,” I said, “why doesn’t He kill the devil so I wouldn’t be a bad little girl any more and have to go to the hot place?”

It took me many more years to realize that the devil is only the creation of mortals, and that our God is (Continued on page 111)

**Coquette**, first film in which Mary talked or wore short hair, won her an Academy Award.

Here Johnny Mack Brown is telling her they have been seen coming out of his cabin at 4:00 A.M.

**Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks** in *The Taming of the Shrew* (1929).

“His Petruchio,” Mary says, “was as good as my Katherine was bad”

**As little Mother Molly in Sparrows** (1926) Mary tries to save a brood of homeless children from an archcriminal named Mr. Grimes. Above the Saviour appears to her in a dream.

**Mary and Buddy Rogers** (her present husband) romantically share a bottle of milk and a packing-case hideaway in late silent picture *My Best Girl* (1927).

**Leslie Howard and Mary** in her own production of *Secrets* (1933), a film she wishes she had “consigned to the flames”
My whole life

Continued from page 33

too pure to behold evil or to have created it—that all the heaven and hell there is we make for ourselves, and that they are not locations but states of mind. I wish that had been explained to me as a baby.

Although I had the acting idea in my head as long as I remember, I know positively that I would not have been in the theater if Father had lived. For one thing, we would probably all have remained in Toronto.

He was a sensitive man, my father, with lovely, delicate hands that must have been destined for better things, and the most gorgeous curly golden-brown hair. Perhaps if he had come to the United States, with its greater opportunities, he might have amounted to something. While I was still suffering from my siege of black diptheria it seems there was a terrible depression in Canada. As I look back now, there was nothing but depressions—for the Smith clan at any rate. Seventy-five cents then probably bought more than you can buy with five dollars today.

To make some extra money Father worked all night in the flies of the theater, pulling up scenery until he got big blisters on those graceful hands of his. Mother told me this later; I don’t remember it myself. But I do remember the first money he gave me. He was standing beside me, telling me to open my fevered little hands, and into them he put the seventy-five cents he had earned that night. Of course I gave it to Mother, but with a sense of great pride.

Father wasn’t more than twenty-nine or thirty when he had a fatal accident. He worked as purser on the steamer line that runs from Toronto to Lewiston. One day, in a gray and carefree mood, he bounded down the stairs to the deck below, never noticing a pulley dangling overhead. It struck him a fearful blow, causing a blood clot on the brain.

I can close my eyes and still hear that scream of Mother’s at the moment my father passed on. And I can see myself climbing out of bed and going down the hall and looking in the door. I was the first one to arrive on the scene, and I shall never forget the sickening sense of horror that swept through me. There was Mother, shrieking hysterically and beating her head against the wall. She had long, thick, silken hair that fell down past her waist. The hair was all over her face and hanging down her back. Her face evidently had been cut as she balled the wall in her wild grief, for her dress below was covered with blood. Through the dangling hair I could see the wild look on Mother’s face.

In all her sobbing and moaning and bawling she never noticed that I was standing in the doorway. I had not the slightest suspicion of what had happened. I gasped at my father lying in her bed, and I thought he was sleeping. Finally Aunt Lizzie, awakened by the pounding and screaming, dashed up the stairs from the floor below, glanced into the bedroom and was startled to find me standing there petrified. Snatching me up hurriedly, she took me back into her bedroom and rocked me to sleep in her arms. Somebody else must have gone to Mother’s rescue.

The next thing I knew it was early morning. As Aunt Lizzie carried me down to breakfast she turned my head away from Father’s bedroom. And at that moment somehow I knew what had happened. I refused to eat my breakfast, jumped down from my chair and, crying hysterically for “my papa,” wedged myself between the serving table and the wall.

Most dreadful of all was the day they lifted me up to kiss my father goodbye. What a barbarous practice to inflict on children! Yet as I looked I remember telling myself that I must photograph his features on my mind. Father had been such a handsome man, and Mother had simply adored him.

I had been so jealous of my father. I didn’t care so much about my mother then. She was always so busy to play with me. There were three babies under the age of four—myself, my younger sister Lottie and the baby, Jack—and there was the endless sewing and cooking and washing. My jealousy of my father began, I guess, when “Chuckie” was born. I’ve been told how Father came home that day and asked Mother where the new baby was.

“Oh,” said Mother wearily. “She’s at the foot of the bed somewhere.”

My father, studying Mother’s face, cried out in dismay. “What’s the matter with the baby? She’s not crippled, is she?”

Mother replied: “Oh, no. It’s just another girl. That’s all.”

Father picked up the bundle from the foot of the bed and strode over to the window with it, his eyes smiling down at it.

There are fabrics
give you
A READY-MADE
COLOR SCHEME

∗

Read about them
in our April issue

“My girl, she’s a beautiful baby! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Lottie.” Then he turned his gaze back to my sister and said, “Never mind, darling, you’ll always be your father’s own little baby.”

I remember later how he used to get off the streetcar in the evening and Chuckie would run mad to him and he would swing her up in his arms. I would walk up to him sedately, or even stand still and wait for him to approach me.

That was about the only time I ever felt neglected in our family, however. I was a delicate little thing, given to frequent illnesses, so everybody spoiled and pampered me, especially my Aunt Lizzie and my grandmother.

During many of my illnesses we had Dr. G. B. Smith, who was head of the Children’s Hospital of Toronto. Mother later estimated that this man, who was known as “Little G.B.” had saved my life four times.

I remember I wasn’t yet seven when I became terribly anemic after one of my attacks. Mother had to spend all day away from us, and I wasn’t getting the proper nourishment. Grandma told Mother that I was so weak I would fall down on the floor and go to (Continued at bottom of page 112)
millions
of American
women have
quit working
on washday...
why don’t you?

Washday work is over for the smart gals who own automatic washers and dryers. Why not you? Why not now? Careful, though! When you’re shopping for effortless washdays, don’t settle for less than Hamilton! Hamilton Automatic Washers as low as $269.95. Hamilton Automatic Dryers from $199.95.

Hamilton
AUTOMATIC WASHERS AND AUTOMATIC DRYERS
the folks who made automatic washdays possible

“...and cart?”
“...yes.”
“Chicken every day?”
They assured me I could, and ice cream too.

Mother said nothing throughout the interview. When we got back on the street I was skipping for joy.

“Think how Lottie and Jack will love that pony and cart!” I said gleefully to Mother as we waited for the trolley. “And you and Grandma can have half of my chicken, and we’ll all be rich and happy.”

“No, darling,” said Mother. “We won’t be there. You see, you’ll be Dr. Smith’s little girl and Lottie and Jack will stay with Mother.”

Mother was kneeling down in the grass in front of me to hook me straight in the eyes. The sidewalk was lined with shady trees, beautiful big chestnut trees, and she went on explaining how I wouldn’t be her little girl any more but Dr. Smith’s. I felt a terror clutching at my heart.

“Mommy,” I said, “don’t you want me any more?”

With that she started to cry. “I’ll always want you, darling, but I can’t give you the pony and cart, and I can’t give you chicken and ice cream every day...”

I stopped her. “I don’t want to be, Dr. Smith’s little girl. And I don’t want chicken. And I don’t like ponies. And I want to go home with you, Mamma!”

Mother took out a handkerchief and wiped away my tears and hers, and with a very determined set of her shoulders she said, “That’s the end of that. And I’m certainly going to tell your Aunt Lizzie a thing or two. There will be no more of this nonsense.

If you only knew how much my mother loved me. You see, I looked like my daddy as a baby. In later years she told me that when the pain of losing my father was too great for her she would put me on the table and study my face, my features were so much like his. What agony of mind my poor mother must have passed through that day. Yet, much as she loved me, she never showed any favoritism.

A determination was born in me the day of our visit to Dr. Smith that nothing could crush. I must take my father’s place in some mysterious way and prevent anything from breaking up my family.

Other than my brother and sister, I never had any young companions of my age. Also as Mother and I grew closer Lottie and Jack—or “Johnny,” as we sometimes called him—often banded together against us. All this matured me very early, I suppose, but it cheated me of any real childhood.

I have treasured a remark Jack made to me one morning in my dressing room. We were making Little Lord Fauntleroy, and Jack was reciting the picture with Al Green. I was brushing my curls before going on the set, and I noticed that he was studying me intently in the mirror.

“You poor kid. You’ve never lived, have you?” he said.

“Sure I have,” I said, “I’m doing exactly what I always wanted to do.”

“Well, I don’t know. You see, if Charlie and I were bumped off to-morrow the world would owe us nothing. We’ve had a million laughs. But, Mary, you’ve never learned to laugh. You’ve had everything, but you’ve never really lived. And you don’t know what it is to play.”

It was no more than five years old when I became Mother’s deputy, a kind of little mother. When Johnny and I were left up at night Mother would warn them, “If you don’t stop I’ll tell Gladys.”

(Continued from page 111)
Superb Sheraton dresser, part of a large open-stock group in beautiful Old Amber.

Write for our fascinating illustrated brochure, with descriptions and dimensions of the finest furniture for every room. Please enclose 25c.

Address Heritage Henredon, Dept. M-3, Morganton, N. C.

(Continued from page 112)

Bringing up Johnny and Chuckie was a very serious business to me. The thought of the two of them playing in the street with dirty hands and faces would horrify me. I can't recall the number of times I chased them back into the house to tidy them up. One day Chuckie came to me panting with excitement.

"Glads, I know all about it! A girl in the street told me!"

"Told you what, Chuckie?" I asked.

"I know where we came from!"

And to my unspeakable horror she promptly told me the fact.

Like many mothers in those days, my mother was a mid-Victorian prude, and never dreamed of giving me any information on the subject of sex. Compared to her, Peter Pan was an incorrigible repeater. I believe this family prudery traced back beyond Mother, however, and even beyond Grandma Hennessy to my Great-Grandmother Failey, whose fanatical modesty of speech and dress Mother said was proverbial.

"Mrs. Failey," someone in the family would ask, "if the house were burning and you had no time to dress, would you run out in your nightshirt?"

"Faith, I would not!" was the scandalized reply.

"And if you were certain to be burnt alive and the only way of escape was to run out in your nightshirt?"

"Oh, my shame, that I would not! It is easy to see why, with my generations of propriety behind me, the mothers of America could trust me never to do or say anything indecent on the screen.

It wasn't long after Father's death that Mother began to rent our master bedroom.

One day when this room was vacant a handsome and well-dressed gentleman applied for it. Up to then it had been occupied only by ladies. But this man was married. The pros and cons of the situation were warmly debated by Mother, Aunt Lizzie and Grandma. They finally agreed it would be quite respectable and that, in any case, the man's wife was a very charming woman. And that little decision was one of the great turning points in my life.

The gentleman was the stage manager of a local stock company in Toronto. About two weeks after the couple was installed in our master bedroom the gentleman asked Mother if he could have a moment with her.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she began, "you may have read in the papers that I'm producing a play with the Cummings Company called The Silver King."

"I believe I have."

"Well, would you consider letting your two little girls appear in a schoolroom scene of that play next week?"

Mother was highly inclined. "I'm sorry, sir," she said. "But I will never allow my innocent babies to associate with actresses who smoke cigarettes."

"I respect your misgivings, Mrs. Smith," the gentleman said. "But you will do me a favor before you make a final decision?"

"It's completely out of the question. The thought of those infants making a spectacle of themselves on a public stage."

"This is all I ask of you, Mrs. Smith. Come backstage with us tonight. If you find anything that is against your principles, anything that could not occur in your own home, I agree to drop the matter."

Mother made the daring trip backstage that night, and was evidently impressed by the language and general behavior of the people in the company. Lottie and I made our debut in the theater in The Silver King.

Meet Mr. Blue Lake —

The Aristocrat of the Green Bean Family

he's greener straighter rounder firmer and does taste good!

Blue Lakes grow only on the Pacific Coast... come in cans, because that is the only way healthfully capture and hold their particular succulence and flavor.

You've never tasted anything like them, because nothing else like them exists!

Blue lakes, a distinct variety of green beans, are packed under many brand names.

Be sure the can label says "Blue Lake variety" canned Blue Lake VARIETY GREEN BEANS

JOLLY TIME

Best You Ever Ate corn

B E A N

LEARN AT HOME
easy as a Week Night Dinner.

Easiest, quickest method of learning anything to the limit by yourself. Thousands of graduates.

FREE Home Study Course. 10 lessons. 100 tests. 6 months free to the student. No obligations.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 204, 125 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. Please send free sample and 10 sample lesson sheets.

MODEL — 100 FREE

City... 100 FREE
In the first act I played the part of a villainous little girl who was mean to Sissy Denver, daughter of the Silver King. In the last act I played Sissy's brother, Ned Denver—a part without lines. I was supposed to sit very quiet when my father, the Silver King, came back for a secret talk with his wife. I had been carefully instructed in what I was to do. I was to play with a set of wooden blocks and a toy horse and make myself as inconspicuous as possible while my "parents" went on talking.

I managed to get the first laugh of my career that night. Instead of idling quietly with my blocks I built them into a giant pyramid and ran the toy horse into them. The "Denvers" were startled by my sudden improvisation. The audience must have laughed as much at the expression on their faces as at me.

When the final curtain fell the stage manager came up to me and said, "You were a very smart little girl to think of that piece of business."

"Thank you, sir," I said.

"You got yourself the biggest laugh of the evening."

"Thank you, sir," I repeated, beginning to feel that I was a very great actress indeed.

"Yes, you were very clever tonight," he went on. And then, pitching his voice to a graver tone, "But don't ever steal a scene from a fellow actor again."

"Oh, I would never do that, sir!"

"Do you realize you spoiled the speeches of the Silver King and his wife?"

"No, sir."

"That the audience didn't hear what they had to say? That so long as you stay in the theater you must never draw attention away from the main action?"

"Yes, sir," I said, feeling very defeated.

"But I'm going to do something, Gladys," said the stage manager. "I'm going to let you keep that little piece of business in." And he told me the spot where I could get my laugh without interfering with the other players.

That was my first lecture in the good manners and ethics of the theater. I was only five, but the lesson sank in, and I don't think I ever forgot it. To this day I don't like a scene-stealer, even when it is myself.

Shortly after the Cummings company moved on I got a role in a variety show—a small, silent part in a one-act play, The Littlest Girl, in which I lay wrapped up in an overcoat pretending to be sound asleep for twenty minutes.

It was during this performance that I first heard of a young girl named Elsie Janis—a star on the variety bill. Mother whispered to me in awe that they were paying this girl the unbelievable salary of $75 a week. My own salary was $15. Mother and I were simply dazzled by Elsie's magnificent impersonations of Edna May and Anna Held.

Not wanting to pass up so rare an opportunity, Mother took my hand and went in to consult Elsie's mother as to how one went about preparing for so brilliant a career as her daughter's. "Take her to see the finest plays and artists," said Mrs. Janis. "But she must never imitate anyone, other than to be a mimic. Of anything else, first and above all let her be herself."

That advice served me well in the years that followed. Elsie and I later became and remained good friends, and so did our mothers.

Mother, needless to say, had become quite stage-minded by now, and when she read that a new group—the Valentine Stock Company—was going to put on The Silver King she finished her day's work and put me into my Sunday best.

"We're going down to see whether they'll take you for the same parts again, darling."

I had thoughts of my own at that moment, but I said nothing.

While we were being interviewed by Miss Annie Blanke, head of the company, much to Mother's mortification I suddenly spoke up and said:

"I want to play Sissy Denver."

To my astonishment—and Mother's—Miss Blanke said, "I don't see any reason why you shouldn't."

"I'll give you a very good reason why she shouldn't, Miss Blanke," interrupted Mother. "She can't read, and it's a long part."

Recognizing a friend and kindred soul, I went over to Miss Blanke and put my hand in hers and looked up into her face.

"Please, lady, let me try," she said. This melted my mother. "Well," she said, "there can't be any harm in trying. We'll begin working on it tonight, but I know she can't remember such a long role."

I had made up my mind that I could and would, and I just had to prove it to Mother. The moment we left the theater and were outside under the lamppost waiting for the streetcar we set to work. Mother would read the lines and cues aloud to me from the script, and I would repeat them after her. We were still doing that when the streetcar arrived, and we con-

(Continued on page 118)
tuned all the way home. Before I went to bed that night I knew the entire first act by heart.

The other reason why I was so determined to play the role of Sissy Denver was that I had been taken to some matinees of the Valentine Stock Company. I was so little I would sit on my mother’s or Aunt Lizze’s or my cousin’s lap, and that was the price of an extra seat. The Silver King was to be played by a very attractive man named Jack Webster, and the truth of the matter is that I had fallen madly in love with him. I remember how terribly upset I was to watch him make love to his leading ladies. The pain was so great I would have to close my eyes tight. That was the back of my mind when I asked for the part of the Silver King’s daughter, Sissy Denver. Webster was to be the father, and, as my father, would be expected to kiss me!

I can still remember how my heart throbbed when the Silver King, disguised from his little daughter, said, “Sissy, would you give me a kiss?” Covered with confusion, I would reply, “That I will, sir.”

To my great embarrassment the company would crow into the wing to hear those lines sheepishly read. No, I had not succeeded in hiding my love for Jack Webster.

After I started acting I had very little chance for formal schooling. My only real schooling took place one winter when I was six, at the Louisa Street School in Toronto, which my father and his brothers and sisters had attended.

In those days Mother often had to leave so early for work that Lottie and I had to wash and dress ourselves. We were always rushing off like mad for school, and we were very often late. I’ll never forget the terror of hearing that school bell ring for the children while Lottie and I were still half a block away from our goal. Miss Adams, the principal, had repeatedly convinced us how she abhorred tardy pupils.

The day when Lottie and I were late for the third time in succession Miss Adams scolded us viciously and then hurled these terrifying words at us:

“The next time you are late the devil will send a big black wagon for both of you, and you will never see your mother again.”

Lottie and I didn’t wait to hear another word. We didn’t even put on our hats and coats and leggings. With one impulse we dashed out into the subzero weather. Falling and sliding and weeping till the tears froze on our faces, we made for home.

Mother, who happened to be home early that day, was unpacking some purchases in the kitchen when we came crashing in, speechless with terror, leaving the outside door wide open. We finally managed to tell Mother what Miss Adams had said.

Mother was furious. Assuring us it was all nonsense, she put warm clothes on Lottie and me and took us back to the schoolroom. When she confronted Miss Adams she calmly asked whether she had made that monstrous threat about the devil coming to take us off in a big black wagon.

“Most certainly I did, Mrs. Smith,” retorted the principal. “And that was very mild to what they deserved.”

“And what, in your estimation, Miss Adams, did they deserve?” asked Mother.

“A good sound thrashing!”

To which Mother very gravely replied that if a hand was laid on Lottie or me she would not be answerable for what she might do to Miss Adams, that she was going to the Board of Education to lodge a complaint against her.

“It’s plain to see, Miss Adams,” Mother concluded, “that you’ve never had any children of your own, or you wouldn’t be frightening two helpless babies into a state of hysterics.”

For weeks after that I would jump out of bed at night screaming. When, along with the nightmares, my appetite began to fail the doctor suggested that Lottie and I be taken out of school at once.

Actually I was so frequently sick and nervous during those years that I was physically unfit to attend school. When the Smith clan embarked on its endless odyssey of the road all hope of further schooling was abandoned. Mother, who had been carefully taught by the nuns, purchased the textbooks and began to instruct me herself. Much of my early facility in reading was acquired from a study of the advertising signs on the trains, and I used tons of hotel stationery in perfecting my handwriting.

Sissy Denver started a series of roles in which I starred with the Valentine Company. After Eva in Uncle Tom’s Cabin I did Little Willie in East Lynne, the name part in Bottle’s Baby and finally Meekie Payne in The Little Red Schoolhouse.

This last production changed the course of my life, for it was the play that was to take us from Toronto to “The States,” where, we had always been assured, the streets were paved with gold. Before he left Toronto for New York Hal Reid had engaged
Everybody's curious about the Bendix Duomatic... except the women who own it.

They know what they've got in the world's only washer-dryer. Read what they say about it...

"Having the clothes come out all washed and dried is just wonderful!"
Mrs. Elmer Norgaard, Davenport, Iowa

"It's a washer, it's a dryer, it's everything. That's what delights me."
Mrs. O. A. Sharpless, Altoona, Ia.

Without any adjustments, with nothing more than a touch of the dial, you can use the Bendix Duomatic as a washer alone...as a dryer alone...or as a wonderful combination. You can even stop it to add or remove clothes. (A handy trick when you find junior's socks under the bed.)

WASHER-DRYER ALL-IN-ONE

BEN DIX

DUOmatic

"I love the way our Duo-omatic dries, too. It never steams up my kitchen or overheats the house."
Mrs. Rolf Christopher, Bowmont, Texas

As a dryer alone, the Duomatic is a miracle machine. New Bendix principle less you eliminate heat and moisture...leaving room cool and comfortable. And your clothes are fluffed and tumbled in air that's balmy as a June breeze—come out looking (and feeling!) beautiful.

Why don't you see the one and only washer-dryer all-in-one at your Bendix Dealer's now! See why women who already have the Bendix Duomatic are so enthusiastic about the way it works—the clean, sweet, dry clothes it turns out—all the toll and trouble it saves. Or use the coupon, at right, to send for your free copy of the Duomatic Story, a fascinating booklet that will answer all your questions about the Bendix Duomatic.

"The best surprise is the way it washes. I've never had clothes come out so clean."
Mrs. John Seif, Chicago, Illinois

That's because the Duomatic washes a new way—by bi-lift, deep surge Tumble Action that opens every fold to jets of hot, sudsy water. Bendix Magic Heater keeps wash water hot and hard-working. That's another reason Mrs. Seif's clothes sparkle.

For the complete story about Bendix DUOmatic, send for our free copy of the 16-page Duomatic Club. Address: Bendix Home Appliances, Dept. B-34, 1329 Arlington, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

It seems The Little Red Schoolhouse had gone on the road in September, and in my role of Mabel Payne was a very beautiful little girl named Lillian Gish. Lillian was traveling in the care of a very close friend of Mrs. Gish. When this woman fell ill and was obliged to return to New York for an operation Lillian had to resign from The Little Red Schoolhouse. That was in Buffalo. Someone in the cast must have remembered the Smiths, for they then wired Mother: WE WANT GLADYS—ONLY GLADYS. To which Mother promptly replied: IF YOU WANT GLADYS YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE LOTTIE, JACK, AND THEIR BROTHER!

Mother would never have allowed me to travel alone. They must have been in desperate need of a little girl for the role, because they gave in and hired the four of us at the aggregate sum of $20 a week. Mother understudied Lillian Gish and Jack, and Lottie understudied Johnnny Watson—part of her she had originated in Toronto—while Jack and Lottie appeared in the schoolhouse scene. The play had been renamed For a Human Life.

On that trip a week Mother saved enough money to buy a Tailor Trunk, the prize possession of all professional people at that time. The day was cast, and Mother was resolved to follow through on a thoroughly professional basis. While we were playing our one-night stands in For a Human Life we went to New York.

Now began an intensive and discouraging hunt for jobs on Broadway that laid the pattern for recurrent pavement-pounding for the next few years. No one can have any idea of what this means who has not personally looked for work on the stage. The motley crew of the fly-by-night theatrical companies of those days; the merciless summer heat of New York; the rudeness of the receptionists; the sight of the starving actors with their celluloid collars and bare faces. The picture of Mother, Lottie, Johnnny, and me trudging around to these offices will stay with me to my dying day. And later came the terrifying uncertainty of the nightly attendance. All my life I have dreamed two recurring dreams, both nightmare with dread. One of them involves an empty theater. To this day I have that dream before any sort of journey or project I may be embarking on. I seem to garden the area ahead by the endless rows of empty seats. The other nightmare that haunts me even when I am in no lack of preparation. Again I am on the stage. This time I have forgotten my lines and don't know what to do or say. I stand there speechless in the growing horror of my humiliation.

I never really lost my nervousness in the theater, before the camera—or in any public appearance, for that matter. I have always been bounded by lack of confidence in myself. And I should like to say, emphatically and without exception, that I never liked any one of my pictures in its entirety. Once in Pasadena at the preview of one of my pictures, and to the amazement of the entire company, including myself, I suddenly heard my voice announcing, "I wish to apologize for this picture and for my performance. I think they are both inexcusably bad."

It seems that as the lights went on the audience clamped for a speech. I jumped to my feet and, like an automaton, made that impulsive little speech, I was never so filled with

MOTHER finally signed us all up with Sullivan, Harris and Woods for a famous play of the time, The Fatal Wedding.

The director was a cruel, pompous and loudmouthed person, who delighted in crucifying those under his supervision. I remember how often he snapped at me, "You'll have to do better than that or we'll have to replace you," he said during our first rehearsal.

I can still see the expression on his face at another rehearsal soon after. As the Irish maid, Bridget, Mother was supposed to be carrying a bowl of flowers in one scene. "And what (Continued on page 129)
(Continued from page 119) would you have us suppose you are carrying there, Mrs. Smith,” he sneered, “a piece of limburger cheese?”

The first performance of The Fatal Wedding was a one-night stand in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. Mother had the opening lines. Just a few moments before she was to speak I grabbed Lottie and Johnny, and the three of us fell on our knees in a dark corner of the wings and prayed. “Please, God,” we said, “don’t let Mother forget her lines. We have no money, and we need work so badly. Please don’t punish Mother for telling fibs.”

Mother had lied in her interview with the producers, and we were now afraid that God might let someone in the company know that, whatever Mother may have said to the contrary, she really had never acted before in her life. Mother herself hated a liar worse than a thief. She used to say, “You can lock from a thief, but never from a liar.” While we prayed to God we kept one ear cocked to the stage. We took turns sending one another to overhear Mother and then hurried back with a panting report and falling down on our knees again.

I was the play’s star—a fact the publicity man sedulously brought home to both the public and me. Garish handbills of magenta and bright orange reading “The Fatal Wedding With Baby Gladys Smith In a Wonder” were thrown around the streets and deposited in every doorway. I got hold of one of these cards and stuck what it said very seriously indeed. I began to think of myself as a very important person—indispensable, in fact.

One evening Mother and I entered the star dressing room of a theater on our route. The room was in a frightful state of disorder.

“I’ve never seen such dirt in my life,” Mother said.

For the first time, I trust, the last time in my life I dared to display temperance. I put my hands on my hips and said:

“The idea of expecting me, the star, to dress in a filthy place like this. I simply won’t go on tonight.”

Mother had pinned a towel around her and was already cleaning up the dressing table. She fastened an eagle eye on me in the mirror. I had never seen such an incredulous look on her face. She straightened up slowly and turned to face me.

“I want that speech repeated,” Mother announced gravely.

With considerably less gusto I repeated it. “I’m grateful for one thing,” said Mother, “That no one in the company heard you. You’re not the star of the company! You’re nothing but a naughty, spoiled, swell-headed little snob.”

I hung my head in shame and said nothing.

“That I should have lived to hear such a revolting speech from the mouth of my own daughter,” Mother went on. “I’ve suspected this for some time. In fact, I’ve seen it in your performance lately. You’re quite right about one thing. You are not going on tonight. You are not going on until you can learn humility and behave yourself like any normal nice little child.”

It was the greatest punishment Mother had ever administered to me. It cut me more than a thousand whips.

“Now, Gladys,” Mother went on, “you can go get me a pill and a mop and a broom and help me clean up this dressing room.”

From that moment to this I have been in such terror of having it said that I had a swelled head that I’m afraid I have often gone to the other extreme.

Twenty weeks of one-night stands of The Fatal Wedding, averaging eight performances a week, including matinees, never sleeping twice in the same bed. For the longest time I couldn’t bear the color crimson.

---

**TRY THIS**

**three-way tool for floor care**

You can dust, clean, wax while standing up. Dusting mitt, steel-wool or lamb’s-wool pads fit securely on the handle.

N.Y. State Standard

**by Jenni DiSilvestro**

Before re waxing remove dirt and remaining wax from floors with the steel-wool pad and a floor-cleaning solution

Spread paste wax on washable lamb’s-wool pad, then apply. Keep some spares for buffing and for self-polishing waxes.
heavy red upholstery of the day coaches always smelled of coal dust. Mother would stretch us out on the seats with the iron tests and lie across herself. The train would slowly fill up as it stopped at all the little villages on the milk route. I would awaken three or four hours later with my feet on top of the radiator and my shoes fairly bursting with the heat. I learned to sleep sitting up, even standing up. In our fondest dreams we never knew the luxury of a Pullman berth. Anything was improvised for a pillow, from a suitcase to a fat roll of newspapers. Our breakfast generally consisted of style ham sandwiches, saved from the day before, and a glass of ice water.

The patience and endurance of my mother during those years is a source of unending wonder to me. I remember awakening at night and seeing her sewing—mending and making us clothes, for which she never found time during the day. Few who saw the beautiful dresses we wore suspected they were made from remnants Mother had picked up at the bargain counters of cities and villages along the route of our traveling stock company.

In illness and in health Mother was an unflagging source of comfort and confidence to us all. There were one hundred and one remedies in the home medicine book that she carried around in her head, a legacy of generations that had gone before her.

I remember she used goose grease and meal and red onions to reduce the pimplies on my body, I used to watch her in awe as she applied this weird confection to the soles of my feet, the palms of my hands, under my arms, and anywhere that pimplies were.

"Mrs. Smith," said the doctor one day, after observing a change for the better, "you're doing something other than what I prescribed. I can't understand why the child's throat isn't worse.

Somewhat gruffly, Mother explained what she had done.

"Well, I don't know," the doctor muttered, "but I see no harm in keeping it up.

Later, when we were traveling with Chauncey Olcott's company, Lottie contracted typhoid fever. When we got to Washington she was put in the hospital. Mother remained there with her until she was better. The nurses and sisters gave up trying to persuade my sister to eat something. It was only Mother who could make Lottie eat, and the doctor later said she owed her life to Mother's nursing.

I shall never forget the first time Lottie and I were separated from Mother. We were engaged for The Child Wife, and this required our parting from both Johnnny and Mother. I am still full of the loneliness of being without Mother in so many different cities and on so many train trips.

Before consenting to our going off without her, Mother had arranged with the stage manager to have a married couple in the company see to it that Lottie and I got to and from the theater safely. The couple were childish. We soon found out they tended children. They avoided us as much as they possibly could.

By the time we reached Baltimore Lottie and I had decided not to consult the couple about anything. This was proved quickly by some quick thinking. It was around three in the morning when we arrived, and we had no lodging to go to. When the entire company braved the street to go up to the center of town Lottie and I climbed into two seats at the rear. As the

NEW IMPROVED FIBERGLASS IN LOVELY IVORY-WHITE COLOR

There is long-lasting loveliness in Godell's draperies. You get newer, finer, sheerer miracle Fiberglass. Our weave makes for longer wear and more beautiful appearance. Each pair hangs softly and gracefully, 3 Styles . . . 30 sizes to fit any window. Order now for immediate delivery.

RAFFLED 6" baby headed, dainty edged, permonently stitched ruffles. All sizes wide enough to take cross (as shown) or hang straight, beautifully stitched.

TAILORED Distinction any room. Double stitched 1½" side hems. Ampli bottom hems, beautifully stitched.

72" wide to pair
Length Usually NOW
66" 36" $4.99 $4.59
68" 38" 5.99 5.59
70" 40" 6.99 6.49
72" 42" 7.99 7.39
74" 44" 8.99 8.39
76" 46" 9.99 9.39
78" 48" 9.99 9.39
80" 50" 9.99 9.39
82" 52" 9.99 9.39
84" 54" 9.99 9.39
86" 56" 9.99 9.39
88" 58" 9.99 9.39
90" 60" 9.99 9.39
92" 62" 9.99 9.39
94" 64" 9.99 9.39
96" 66" 9.99 9.39
98" 68" 9.99 9.39
100" 70" 9.99 9.39
102" 72" 9.99 9.39
104" 74" 9.99 9.39
106" 76" 9.99 9.39
108" 78" 9.99 9.39

TIERS Add that elegant "decorator" look to a room. Use singly or tier on tier illustration shows two pairs. Length Usually NOW
72" wide pair
Length Usually NOW
30" 4.99 5.79
40" 7.99 6.99
50" 7.99 6.99
60" 7.99 6.99
70" 7.99 6.99
80" 7.99 6.99
90" 7.99 6.99
100" 7.99 6.99

NEW FIBERGLAS DRAPEs In 7 COLORS

Lovely textured fabric. Ideal for modern or traditional rooms. Each beautiful pair washable and sun-resistant. Generous 4" pleats. White, 86" wide pinch pleat to cover windows up to 46". For wider windows use 3 or 4 pair and connect with our Empire Hooks to Draw As One. (Hooks Furnished on Request.)

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITHIN 30 DAYS IF NOT 100% SATISFIED

GODDELL'S (Dept. 316) 31 West 27th St., New York 1, N. Y. (For 1st floor) and 106 each additional pair.

Please send Free Sample Items listed:

DRAPES CURTAINs TIERs

Item Quantity Size Color Price Check

Name.

City.

121
"I didn't even use the window—they'd cleaned it with Windex Spray!"

Word travels fast about Windex Spray. For it cleans windows, mirrors, all kinds of glass surfaces in half the time it takes other glass cleaners. And glass shines bright; stays bright longer! For there's no waxy dust to clean afterward—no waxy film to attract dust later.

Windex Spray is a thrifty buy, too. Specially economical in the big 20-oz. size. Get it today, at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Also sold in Canada.

So fast, easy, thrifty, it outsells all other glass cleaners combined!

"April Fool or no April Fool—
this is the day of the week I put Drano in all the drains!".

There's no fooling about it—dangerous sewer germs do lurk in every drain. And germs breed in muck that liquid disinfectants can't budge. Drano's churning, boiling action dissolves the muck—and keeps drains germ-free and free-running. Make one day a week—Drano day. Put Drano in every drain for about a penny a drain. Also makes septic tanks work even better. Get Drano today at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Also available in Canada.

There's nothing like DRANO... to keep drains free-running and sanitary.

(Continued from page 121) trolley moved on I looked out the window and watched the signs along the way. When I spotted what looked like a suitable hotel I nudged Lottie and told the conductor to stop. We slipped off the streetcar unnoticed by the other members of the company. The "four Cohans" were playing opposite the hotel, and perhaps that is why I chose it.

The hotel was a sort of saloon on street level, with room accommodations on the floors above. Imagine the chances Lottie and I were taking! I feel sure God was watching over us. The bar was closed when we rang the bell, but the lights were still on. After a few moments of silence a man encased in a huge white apron came to the door and in mixed Anglo-German asked what we wanted.

"We are professional people, sir," I said, "and we would like to engage a room.”

"Vair is the Mutter?" he asked.

"We are traveling alone, sir.

"Ganz allein?" he said. "Gott in Himmel! Two ladies yet?"

From the dark interior beyond him he called out his equally substantial wife, who immediately took charge of us. While her husband went off to prepare a supper of warm milk and bread for us, she put hot-water bags in our beds.

It was Christmas Eve, and what followed was a week in paradise for Lot-
tie and me, darkened only by the thought of Mother and Jack being so far away. This German couple gave us all the love and protection we needed for our one week in Baltimore. They saw to it that every day we got to the theater and back safely. No one in the company ever inquired what was hap-
pening to us. I suppose they assumed we were being looked after by that childless couple.

Many years later Lottie and I told Mother the true story of that engagement, and, of course, we all wept over the memory of it and what might have happened to us if it hadn’t been for that kindly saloonkeeper and his wife.

The season following our adventures with The Child Wife Mother was determined that we should all be together again. The four of us hustled down to lower Broadway to apply for work at the office of August Depue, manager of none other than Chauncey Olcott, one of the bigwigs of the theater then. Olcott was Irish, and practically everyone in his company was Irish too. As we entered Mr. Depue's office the three of us, Jack, Lottie and I, scrunched down in our clothes to appear as small as possible the idea being that if they wanted us taller we could always straighten up. To our great disappointment we learned that they wanted two big boys and one little girl, for the roles of Lord Bertie, Lord Algeron and Lady Phyllis, in Edmund Burke, which was to be a sumptuous production, complete with brocades and satins. Mother, however, was so convincing in her claim that we could do the three roles that, to our great jubilation, we were engaged. Of course, her soft brogue did no harm either.

Lottie played two parts in Edmund Burke, doubling as a little Irish peasant boy and Lord Algeron. Jack played Lady Phyllis. And I played Lord Bertie.

A year later I found myself in another male role, in In Concert's Stripes. It was the part of a little Irish boy, Patsy Poore. The manager, I recall, told Mother I would have to cut off my long blond curls for the part. Mother flatly refused, and was gathering me up to leave when the manager suggested that I could keep my curls if I would wear a wig. Mother agreed to that. I had nothing to say about it, since to the very last day that she lived her word was law.

"Leaving me in the care of a woman in the company, Mother went back to Canada with the other two children and I went on tour as quite a top heavy Patsy Poore. I wore a bright red wig, and with all that hair coiled under it my head was the size of a very large pot.

It was about this time that I mad up my mind, as firmly and decisively

TRY THIS

... these grinders need no clamps

When you pull down the lever on this grinder a suction boss firmly grips the table or the work-counter surface

This one hugs the table edge. Rubber pads on the base protect your work-counter top from getting scratched

Rubber feet keep this grinder in place on any smooth surface. Salad, food-chopper heads are interchangeable
as I could, that I would land on Broadway or give up the theater for good. I was twelve. As I had it figured out, I would spend the two summer weeks looking for work on Broadway. I was determined the work was to be tops only.

A kind Irish family named Whelan—our neighbors on our last family reunion in New York—had asked me to spend a week or two with them when I finished touring. While my beloved family was still in Canada I went to live with the Wheelans—Minnie, her sister Kate and two nephews. Then I began the familiar vigil of waiting and searching. Flight after flight of stairs, mile upon mile of hot, sticky pavement—and all this time, night after night, in the Wheelans’ railroad flat, immaculately clean and orderly. I slept on a Morris chair with the back let down and an overstuffed chair at my feet to provide as comfortable a makeshift bed as possible. There aren’t many families that would take in a growing girl—with remuneration, let alone without—but the Wheelans were a truly Christian family.

One day I read in the paper that Blanche Bates was playing in Belasco’s The Girl of the Golden West in a theater in Brooklyn. I immediately decided on a bold course of action. David Belasco was one of the two producers I had set as my goal to meet.

That evening I took the subway to Brooklyn and went up to the doorman at the theater and told him what I wanted.

“I’ll call Miss Bates’s colored maid, Miss,” he said, “and see what can be done.”

It was intermission time between the second and third acts. When the maid came out I explained to me that I wanted Miss Bates to give me a letter to Mr. Belasco asking him to see me. Many years later I learned from Blanche Bates herself that it was only because of the maid’s plea on my behalf that she consented to give me the letter. “No,” she had said at first, “I won’t see anyone. I’m just too tired.” The maid persisted. “I’ve never asked you to do me a favor in all the years I have worked for you,” she said, “but I ask you now. Please, Miss Bates, send that little girl with the curls to see Mr. Belasco. I know you’ll feel the way I do if you saw her.” Miss Bates relented. “All right, but don’t bother me any more about it.” She gave the maid a note addressed to Mr. Belasco stating that she would regard it as a favor if he would give me a few moments of his time.

Early the following morning I arrived importantly in Mr. Belasco’s waiting room, only to be stopped by the office boy. I gave him the letter and said I had to see Mr. Belasco right away, but he wouldn’t budge. As my voice grew loud and incontinent a door opened and William Dean, who was then Mr. Belasco’s manager, put out his head and said, “What’s all this rumpus about? Let the little girl come in.”

The moment I entered Mr. Dean’s office I cried out, “My life depends on seeing Mr. Belasco!”

This must have amused and impressed him, as no doubt did Miss Bates’s letter, because after a few more weeks of nervous waiting I received a note to be in the lobby of the theater after the performance on a certain night.

The play was Rose of the Rancho, with Frances Starr in the leading role. Minnie Whelan accompanied me on that fateful night. When the theater door opened we walked into the lobby and waited. Finally Mr. Belasco appeared. I watched him approach, overawed by the priestly attire, long curly white hair, heavy brows and the sharpest, loveliest eyes I had ever seen on man or woman. When he was standing before us I couldn’t lift my eyes to him.

“What’s your name?” he asked.

“At home in Toronto I’m Gladys Smith, but on the road I’m Gladys Melbourne Smith,” I answered. This struck him as very funny, though he tried to conceal it.

“We’ll have to find another name for you. What are some of the other names in your family?”

“Key, Bolton, De Beaumont, Kirby, Pickford—”

“Pickford it is. Is Gladys your only name? Haven’t you another?”

“Gladys Marie—”

“Well, my little friend, from now on your name will be Mary Pickford. And will you come back, please, with your aunt, tomorrow night and see our play?” After a pause he added, “Be prepared to give me a sample of your acting.”

I was speechless with excitement. (Continued on page 124)
ENRICHES YOUR HAIR WITH BEAUTY!
Twice as much lanolin gives your hair twice the twinkle! Leaves it amazingly manageable. So soft, so clean ... radiant to behold!

Helene Curtis lanolin shampoo

(Continued from page 123)
Mr. Belasco had turned to go when he faced me again. “By the way, what made you say your life depended on seeing me?”

“Well, you see, Mr. Belasco, I’m thirteen years old, and I think I’ve come to the crossroads of my life. I’ve got to make good between now and the time I’m twenty, and I have only seven years to do it in. Besides, I’m the father of my family and I’ve got to earn all the money I can.”

“See,” he said dubiously. “But why all the hurry?”

“Mr. Belasco,” I said, looking straight up into his face now, “I made up my mind that if I couldn’t appear in a Broadway play this fall I would give up the theater forever. I could see that stilted glint of amusement in his eyes. “What made you pick on me?”

“I’ll, Mother always said I should aim high or not at all.”

“Hum. And who else had you chosen?”

“Mr. Charles Frohman.”

“Have you seen him yet?”

“No, sir,” I said. “I wanted to see you first.”

Mr. Belasco left us, and as we started out of the theater I asked “Aunt” Minnie, as I called her, if she would mind, late though it was, walking the twenty blocks back to the apartment. I was in too excited a state to ride a streetcar.

ON the specified night Aunt Minnie and I witnessed the performance of Rose of the Rancho. Then we waited in the box assigned to us until the audience left the theater and the set had been cleared away. Mr. Belasco came to the box and, grasping my hand, led me onto the stage.

“Would you like any props?”

“I would like a chair, sir, to represent a policeman.”

I apologized to Mr. Belasco for the poor dialogue, saying it was the only scene I knew, but that since I hadn’t had time to study anything else I hoped he would realize that the lines were from a very melodramatic play.

Mr. Belasco merely nodded from a seat in the front row of the orchestra and signaled me to begin. Aunt Minnie, the only other spectator, was concealed behind the velvet curtains of the stage box.

In the scene Patsy Poore pleads with the policeman not to arrest him, because his poor old blind mother is totally dependent upon him. With nothing to aid me but a kitchen chair and the cold, cruel light of the pilot lamp I proceeded to give a “sample” of my acting.

When I reached the last line of my monologue I closed my mouth and stood there, ice-cold and trembling. Mr. Belasco climbed up on the stage and took my two hands in his.

“You want to be an actress, little girl?”

“No, sir,” I replied, without hesitation. “I have been an actress. I want to be a good actress now.”

There was again that hint of suppressed merriment in his face. “Would you like to meet a good actress?”

“Oh, yes, sir?”

“Well, then, come with me!”

Mr. Belasco walked me backstage and knocked on a door.

“Frances,” he said when it opened, “there’s a young lady who wants to be a good actress, like you.”

Precisely Miss Ivory said, “That will not be difficult, my little dear. Under the Maestro’s guiding hand I know that you will go far.”

I looked around the star’s dressing room, and something inside of me whispered, “One day this dressing room will be yours.”
On leaving Mr. Belasco that night my first thought was of Mother. I hadn't said one word to her of my latest decision. The letter I sent her shortly after that contained only two lines, inscribed in big square black letters right across the top of the page: CLADYS SMITH NOW MARY PICKFORD ENGAGED BY DAVID BELASCO TO APPEAR ON BROADWAY THIS FALL.

Mr. Belasco had given me the role of Betty in *The WARREN'S VIRGINIA*, by William de Mille. I needed a Southern accent for the part, so I decided to imitate the drawl of a Southern actress in the cast. My triumph came one day when Mrs. de Mille, mother of William and Cecil B., a Southerner herself, asked me what part of the South I came from!

I soon had my first taste of David Belasco in action at rehearsal. Things were being moved along smoothly enough, with only an occasional wispish comment about a detail of diction or acting, till one night while doing in a stage box, waiting for the second act, I was brought sharply to attention by a loud and commanding voice. The set was a stately dining room of one of the old Virginia mansions, authentic in every detail, from the rugs and antiques down to the crystal and silver molasses container. Mr. Belasco couldn't hear cheap imitations. Suddenly his voice boomed out: "Hold everything!"

I sat bolt upright. Mr. Belasco climbed up on the stage and elaborately stalked the molasses jar. Everyone froze. Mr. Belasco adjusted his glasses and leafed through the manuscript in his hand. Then he reached for a spoon and tasted the contents of the molasses jar. In evident disgust he flung down the spoon and roared for the property man. "Taste that!" commanded Mr. Belasco. The property man dipped a spoon into the thick fluid and brought it to his lips.

"What is it?" bellowed Mr. Belasco. "Maple syrup, sir?"

"What does the script call for?"

"Molasses, sir."

"And you dare waste my time and the time of the ladies and gentlemen of my company with maple syrup?"

With that he dashed the jar into a thousand pieces on the floor and began to jump up and down in the sticky mess, driving it deeper into the beautiful Oriental rug. When his fury was spent he ordered the property man to clean up the stage, and gave one last shout: "Never, never presume to take such liberties with me again!"

(Continued at bottom of page 126)

**Where To Buy the Play Clothes Shown on Pages 46 and 47**

- **ALABAMA**
  - Montgomery, Bus Marche

- **CALIFORNIA**
  - San Bernardino, Gabrielle Bros.
  - San Diego, The Marton Co.

- **CONNECTICUT**
  - Bridgeport, The D. M. Read Co.
  - Waterbury, The Adams Co.

- **FLORIDA**
  - Panama City, Elgin Kilpatrick's, Inc.
  - St. Petersburg, Rain's, Inc.
  - Tampa, Sea Swan
  - Tallahassee, The Vogue

- **GEORGIA**
  - Savannah, Lady Jane, Inc.
  - Valdosta, C. C. Yancey & Co.

- **ILLINOIS**
  - Chicago, Charles A. Stevens
  - Decatur, Linn & Sprague
  - Des Plaines, W. M. Brown
  - Elgin, Ackerman's
  - Springfield, Heit Co.

- **INDIANA**
  - Columbus, Anderson's
  - Evansville, Simon & Bros., Inc.
  - Indianapolis, S. L. Ayres & Co.
  - South Bend, Geo. T. White Co.

- **IOWA**
  - Cedar Rapids, The Killian Co.
  - Davenport, M. L. Parker Co.
  - Des Moines, Younger's
  - Sioux City, Younger-Davison

- **KANSAS**
  - Wichita, Geo. Innes Co.

- **KENTUCKY**
  - Lexington, Mayor Bros.
  - Louisville, Street Dry Goods Co.
  - Paducah, Jess

- **LOUISIANA**
  - New Orleans, Lann Geddeux
  - Shreveport, The Fashion

- **MAINE**
  - Augusta, Cherwney's
  - Lewiston, Ward's
  - Portland, J. E. Friner

- **MASSACHUSETTS**
  - Cape Cod, H. C. Neuman Co.
  - Pittsfield, England Bros.
  - Springfield, Albert Steiger Co.
  - Waltham, Greev, Gordon
  - Worcester, Filmore

- **MICHIGAN**
  - Ann Arbor, Jacobson Stores, Inc.
  - Battle Creek, Jachson Simon, Inc.
  - Birmingham, Jacobson Stores, Inc.
  - Flint, W. M. Brown
  - Grand Rapids, Paul Stackhouse & Sons
  - Great Lakes, Jacobson Stores, Inc.
  - Jackson, Jacobson Stores, Inc.
  - Kalamazoo, Mohr's
  - Lansing, T. N. Ashworth Co.
  - Saginaw, Jacobson Stores, Inc.

- **MINNESOTA**
  - Minneapolis, Dayton Company

- **MISSOURI**
  - Kansas City, Esser-Bird-Thayer

- **NEBRASKA**
  - Lincoln, Ben Simon Co.
  - Omaha, Thou, Kilpatrick & Co.

- **NEW HAMPSHIRE**
  - Manchester, Parisian's

- **NEW JERSEY**
  - Beach Haven, The Island Store
  - Peapack, Peapack Bros.
  - Ridgewood, Starlin's
  - Trenton, S. P. Daniel

- **NEW YORK**
  - Binghamton, McLeans
  - Elba, Gordon Co.
  - Niagara Falls, Jack Freeman
  - Rochester,基建, Dukett & Co.
  - Rochester, B. L. Dukett & Co.
  - Salt Lake City, Ammon's
  - St. Louis, A. M. Williams Co.

- **PENNSYLVANIA**
  - Altoona, Ben Johnson, Inc.
  - Erie, W. H. Co.
  - Pittsburgh, Knepper's
  - Reading, Jones Co.

- **TENNESSEE**
  - Memphis, John Greer Co.

- **TEXAS**
  - Anglia, Blackburn Bros.
  - Dallas, A. Harris Co.
  - Dykes, Dan's, Inc.
  - Houston, Ben Wallins, Inc.

- **UTAH**
  - Provo, Castleton's

- **VERMONT**
  - Burlington, The Old Bee Hive
  - Rutland, Townes Shop

- **VIRGINIA**
  - Hampton, Lambeth & Son
  - Lynchburg, Viney Shop
  - Richmond, Oakum & Co.

- **WASHINGTON**
  - Seattle, Byrce Market
  - Spokane, The Great Northern
  - Yakima, Geo. Newberry

- **WEST VIRGINIA**
  - Huntington, Anderson-Newcomb
  - Parkersburg, Bix Bros.

- **WISCONSIN**
  - Milwaukee, T. H. Chapman Co.

---

**Max Factor discovers a way to put “stay-on lustre” into a lipstick**

Now at last the secret's out! After years of research, Max Factor has developed an amazing new non-smear type lipstick with "stay-on lustre" that won't blot away, won't fade away, won't wear away. You smooth on this lanolin-rich, creamy, non-drying lipstick. Hours later... after dinner, after coffee, after that last kiss... its satiny "stay-on lustre" will still be on your lips! In 9 glowing fashion shades. Only $1.10 plus tax.

**Max Factor's Color-fast lipstick**

You can't blot away the lustre.

---

**White Stag play clothes for both men and women at these stores.**

- **CALIFORNIA**
  - Oakland, Hastings
  - San Francisco, Hastings

- **COLORADO**
  - Denver, Daniels & Fisher

- **CONNECTICUT**
  - Hartford, G. Fox & Co.

- **DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**
  - Washington, Woodward & Lothrop

- **DELAWARE**
  - Dover, Fisk & Kent

- **MICHIGAN**
  - St. Joseph, Townsend & Wall Co.

- **NEW YORK**
  - Buffalo, Fleet & Kent
  - Kingston, The Wonderly Co., Inc.
  - Utica, Wells Sport Shop
  - Watertown, Jones Sport Shop

- **RHODE ISLAND**
  - Providence, Claddings
Give him the warmth of your love—and the comfort of your wise care

This new tissue is even softer for his finer, thinner skin

He feels so comfy, snugled in the gentle softness of his baby blanket. He will like the comfort of the new ScotTissue, too. It is even kinder to his tender skin with greater body to prevent tearing or shredding.

1000 SHEETS—OVER ½ MORE THAN THE 650 SHEETS YOU GET FROM MOST OTHER TISSUES

The new ScotTissue comes to you at no increase in price. And in the big 1000-sheet roll it goes further, lasts longer. It's your best choice not only for baby but for the whole family. Another great Scott value.

Softy than ever—2 rolls of ScotTissue equal 3 rolls of most other tissues

(Continued from page 125)

Mr. Belasco suddenly made a beeline for the box where I was sitting in frozen immobility. I tried to make myself as small as possible, but to no avail. Mr. Belasco looked at me with twinkling eyes and asked:

"Betty, tell me, what did you think of my performance?"

All I could reply was, "I d-d-don't think I understand, ss-sir."

"This is a great secret between you and me," he said in mock confidence. "I find it absolutely necessary to break something at least once before opening night in order to keep the cast and crew on their toes."

On a Monday night in November, 1907, The Warrens of Virginia opened in New York City. I was on Broadway in a Belasco production. And what a magnificent sight there was from the stage in those days! The women wore gorgeous evening gowns, and the men were always in formal attire, their white shirts and waistcoats gleaming in the dimness. I shall never forget the wave of perfume that wafted across the footlights to us. A long and successful engagement followed, and in the spring of 1908 we were on the road again. It was in Chicago, while touring with The Warrens of Virginia that I had my first taste of the "flickers." The makeshift movie house was a long, narrow store on State Street outfitted with train and streetcar seats. The camera was mounted on an engine that sped through tunnels and around tracks. The illusion of actually being on a train was so vivid that I became violently car-sick.

There was then implanted in me a deep contempt, and horror, of the "flickers." I vowed never to go back. Not Lottie and Jack, however. They became hopeless addicts.

In the spring, when The Warrens of Virginia ended its run, we were all reunited in New York. I had saved about $200, and Mother and Lottie also had some money from touring with Chauncey Olcott. We kept up going for a good many weeks, but finally when we were hard-pressed again Mother sprang a proposal.

"Would you be very much against applying for work at the Biograph Studios, Gladidee?" she said one day.

"Not that, Mama!"

"Well, now, it's not what I would want for you either, dear. I thought if you could make enough money we could keep the family together. I'm sure it would make up for the lowering of our standard."

I wanted to argue with her, but I knew better. The following morning I alighted from the trolley car at the Biograph Studios on East Fourteenth Street.

As I crossed the marble-floored foyer of the old mansion occupied by the Biograph and Bioscope Company a man came through the swinging door opposite me and began to look me over in a manner that was much too jaunty and familiar for my taste.

"Are you an actress?" he demanded.

"I most certainly am," I retorted.

"What, if any, experience have you had, may I ask?"

"Only ten years in the theater, sir, and two of them with David Belasco," I said icily.

"You're too handsome and too fat, but I may give you a chance. My name is Griffith. What's yours?"

The name D. W. Griffith meant nothing to me at all. I thought him a pompous creature, and wanted more than ever to escape. Instead I was led into the ladies' dressing room and told that I was to be given a test.

The test was for Pippa Passes. Mr. Griffith himself put on my make-up. The results, I might say, seemed more appropriate for Pancho Villa. A makeshift costume was rounded up. I was led on the stage. To add to my worries, I was handed a guitar and told to act as if I were singing and strumming. In the middle of this fantastic scene a handsome young man with a melodious Irish voice suddenly stepped forth and said:

"Who's the dame?"

That was going too far. I forgot all about the guitar, the scene, my grotesque make-up and Mr. Griffith, and turned the full force of my indignation on this bore.

"How dare you, sir, insult me? I'll have you understand I'm a perfectly respectable young girl, and don't you dare call me a bad name!"

With that Mr. Griffith let out a roar "Miss—Miss—Miss—What the devil is your name? But, no matter. Never do you hear—never stop in the middle of a scene. Do you know how much film costs per foot? Start from the beginning!

"The lady's name was "dame" some sort of a naughty lady. What it implied to me was shockingly indecent. I had just heard a girl publicly refer to as a "dame."

That handsome young Irishman, however, had meant no offense. What ever his faults, obscene language the presence of a lady was not one of them. I should know. His name was Owen Moore, and he later became first husband.

(To be continued)
This is the second installment of Mary Pickford’s autobiography. In the first installment Miss Pickford told of her early life in Canada, where she was born and christened Gladys Smith. At the age of five, shortly after her father’s death, she went on the stage. Later, with her mother, her younger brother Jack and sister Lottie, she toured the East Coast. Mary had her first Broadway role in a David Belasco production when she was thirteen. At the age of fifteen she reluctantly applied for work at the Biograph Studios, where D. W. Griffith was directing some of the first movies ever produced in this country. ——The Editors

Do you know anything about lovemaking?” D. W. Griffith asked me the day after I began acting for the “pickers” at the Biograph Studios in New York City.

After several inaudible gulps I assumed him I did. At that moment a carpenter passed by us carrying a papier-mâché pillar.

“Put that pillar down,” said Mr. Griffith. “We want to use it as an actor.” And facing me again:

“All right, Pickford. Make love to that pillar.”

I was fifteen years old, but I had never gone on a date. I had not even sat at a soda fountain with a man or a boy. Hoping to escape, I said, “Please, Mr. Griffith, how could I make love to a cold pillar?”

I had no sooner said that than Owen Moore stepped out of the men’s dressing room.

“Come here, Moore!” Griffith shouted to him. Moore walked over to us, a puzzled smile on his handsome Irish face.

“Stand there!” Mr. Griffith directed him. “Miss Pickford doesn’t like to make love to a lifeless pillar. See if she can do any better with you.”

Panic-stricken, I was ready to walk out on the whole business, when I remembered the $10 Mr. Griffith had promised me for a day’s work. I pulled myself together and tried to recall how I had seen people make love in the theater. I decided that the way to do it was to look lovingly into the man’s eyes. I made up my mind right then and there that there would be no kissing. I had been taught to regard kissing as vulgar in the extreme and completely unnecessary in the theater, where one could pretend without actually kissing. And on the screen I always found it repugnant to see people’s lips meet.

Whatever the merits of my pathetic attempt at lovemaking that day, it must have satisfied Mr. Griffith. I was given the leading female role opposite Moore in The Violin-Maker of Cremona.

I shall never forget that moment when Owen Moore put his arms around me. My heart was pounding so fast from shame and embarrassment that I thought I would die. If I had known that less than two years later I would be Mrs. Owen Moore I probably would have died.

Making a picture in those days generally took one day indoors and one day outdoors. The Violin-Maker of Cremona was apparently successful, and Mr. Griffith seemed very happy over his latest acquisition. In fact, he announced to the heads of the Biograph company that he intended to put me under contract at a guaranteed weekly salary of $25 for the first three days and $5 for the remaining three. The Biograph people were thunderstruck.

“Forty dollars a week for that kid!” Mr. Griffith told me they shouted. “You’re out of your mind. Anyway, she’s too short and too fat, and her head is too big for her body.”

Following The Violin-Maker of Cremona I made a film in which I was the mother of several children, the oldest of whom was five years younger than I! I played scrubwomen and (Continued on page 132)
secretaries and ladies of all nationalities. I noticed rather early that Mr. Griffith seemed to favor me in the roles of Mexican and Indian women. Perhaps it was because I was then the only leading lady with hazel eyes that photographed dark. Whatever the reason, I portrayed them all—Indian maidens and squaws, and Mexican señoritas and señoritas.

I remember how I learned to apply liberal layers of bolaniaga—a red clay mixed with water—to my face with a sponge; how at 3:30 in the morning I was made to don a horse-hair black wig and a beaded dress weighing many pounds, topped by a necklace of alligator teeth. Despite my tender years, I gave considerable thought to the problem of acting in those early days with the Biograph company. One day I made a vow that I tried never to break throughout my career. I swore that, whatever the temptation, whoever my opponent, I would never overact.

"I will not exaggerate, Mr. Griffith," I would say in a firm voice. "I think it's an insult to the audience." This was only one of many things over which the great director and I squabbled. The squabbles usually ended in my quitting and being rehired a few hours later.

I remember one day I was having an especially hard time reaching a high state of emotion in a film called To Save Her Soul. Fuming with impatience, Mr. Griffith strode over, grabbed me by the shoulders and, squeezing as hard as he could, shook me violently.

"I'll show you how to do this thing!" he shouted. "Get some feeling into you, damn it! You're like a piece of wood!"

I reached down and hit him—the first and last time I have ever hit anyone—and just as I did so my sister Lottie, who usually came with me to the studio, sprang on his back, grabbed his ears and began pulling on them as if they were the reins of a horse.

With great effort Mr. Griffith shook himself free and stared in wild astonishment at us both.

"How dare you do that to my sister?" Lottie screamed as I rushed to her side.

"Sir," I said, "if I am not an actress you cannot beat it into me. What gave you the right to lay your hands on me? I'm finished with you, and motion pictures, and the whole thing."

"And I'm finished with you two wildcats!" shouted Mr. Griffith, frowning one ear and then the other as if relieved to find that they were still glued to his head.

Lottie helped me out of a long-train velvet dress I was wearing. This time I didn't care whether I was rehired or not. I was determined to shake the degrading dust of this studio from my feet and go back to the theater for good. I could do very well, I thought, without these unseemly and loudmouthed motion-picture people.

We were standing on the sidewalk of East Fourteenth Street, turning our steps toward home, shaken but righteous, when Mr. Griffith came running, hatless, out of the building.

"I'm sorry," he said as he caught up with us. "I didn't behave very nicely. I wasn't myself today. You must forgive me. I know you can do that scene. Let's try it once more."

The three of us went back to the studio.

I was so tense and distraught from the frenzied violence of our clash that when I was pinned back into my long velvet dress he didn't even recognize me.

"Come on now," he shouted, "let me see the real Pickford! I know you can do it!"

And from all of that emotional turmoil the tears began streaming down my face, the camera was rolling on.
one evening and laid down an ultimatum:

"Mary, from this day on you are not to see Owen Moore outside the studio. Moreover, you must tell him that he’s not welcome in our home any more. If you don’t have to tell him myself."

Up to then I had been a scrupulous, little daughter, always on the first time I disobeyed Mother. I began seeing Moore secretly—and regretted it for the rest of my life.

Of course may never bothered me every time I met Moore after that. One night I told him, in tears, that we couldn’t be seeing each other so often, as it made me miserable hiding it from Mother. It was then that I found out.

I didn’t know what to say, other than that Mother would never permit it.

"Mary," he said vehemently, "if you don’t marry me I’ll leave the Biograph company and you’ll never see me again after tonight."

I was frantic—frantic at the thought of losing Owen and frantic at the alternative. In desperation I yielded.

One day I told the wardrobe mistress I was going to a party and asked her to lend me a long dress with a train. By this time I was wearing high heels, not only in my pictures but on the street. My footing, however, was still none too sure.

After work, dressed in Mother’s oversized sealskin coat, the borrowed gown and high-heeled shoes, I went over to the courthouse in Jersey City and married Owen Moore. I never was a sudden wedding I have yet to hear of. It was well past eight o’clock on a cold and drizzly January night. Owen and I walked slowly the mist lay thick over a dingy, dimly lit room, and as we waited for the magistrate I looked at Owen and a host of thoughts flashed in quick succession across my mind: "Why, he’s a total stranger to me. . . . I don’t love him at all. . . . What am I doing here? . . . I’m disobeying Mother. . . . I don’t want to leave my family. . . . If I get married I run very fast I may get to the subway before he catches me."

I remembered the cumbersome train on my dress and my wobbly high heels. Worst of all, I remembered that I didn’t have money for the subway fare. Had I had more experience I would have realized I could take a taxi and pay for it at the other end.

But the train was due, and I thought snappled off. I heard my name being called. In a few moments I was married to Owen Moore.

Owen and I returned home, and he said goodbye to me at the doorstep, I was sound asleep in the double bed with my sister Lottie when Mother arrived home, suspecting nothing.

Shall I ever forget the following morning? The alarm woke me at seven, and as I sat up to get ready for work I looked at the peaceful face on the pillow, and at that moment I almost hated her—because she didn’t have the terrible burden of guilt that was in my heart.

I worked with adhesive tape over my wedding ring, I scarcely spoke to Owen that day. Now, following the passing months of bitter self-reproach, of fear, and hiding, and secrecy, I felt guilty of a monstrous betrayal. I never knew when Mother would find out, and hadn’t the faintest notion what I was doing. But I was in the dreadful and growing conviction that I was going to lose Mother and Jack and Lottie, all because I had married Owen Moore.

(Continued on page 141)
About that time I broke with Biography and joined Carl Laemmle’s Independent Motion Pictures (IMP), which later became Universal Films. My first contract with IMP was for $175 a week. At my insistence the contract was also drawn up for Owen, at $100 a week.

A battle royal was then going on between two bitterly opposed camps in the movie industry over the use of the motion-picture camera. The managers, with the J. P. Morgan interests, were pushing for a rack, or a device by which a picture could be taken essentially simultaneously with the taking of a sound track. This was in a bitter fight with another group of managers, including Carl Laemmle, with the John Pierpont Morgan interests, who were against any such machinery. At one point Laemmle is said to have called the managers together and said, “I want to be obedient, but if it is your wish for the company I will return to Owen I would rather die.”

You allowed me to live, and remembering my silent prayer I reflect that perhaps it was His wish that I avoid any further unhappiness with Owen.

After the experience in the hospital I wouldn’t let Owen come to see me. Soon Mother and I left for the Coast, and we had our first Thanksgiving Day dinner in a hotel together. Then we rented a bungalow in Los Angeles—the first house we shared together since our Toronto days.

Before long I was receiving letters and presents of all kinds from Owen. Then he arrived at the studio himself and begged me to forgive him and come back to him. Of course the usual thing happened. I had a seizure of pity and weakened. I promised to give him another chance. But Owen never changed. If anything, the situation got progressively worse. I even told him that Owen’s own mother said to me one day: “Why don’t you do something about it! You could treat me that way. Owen is my son, but he deserves to be punished for the way he’s behaving.”

Owen had said, right out loud to me in the presence of his mother and some invited guests, “You go to bed now. I’ll be down to finish that I’m saying without you butting in. Go on, heat it, or else don’t come belling your head around here anymore that you’re tired.”

By then he was determined to break my spirit at all costs. He used to find fault with my clothes, with the way he talked. Owen had stopped working altogether, and I was both his housekeeper and provider. I remember how he criticized a dish I was making in the presence of his mother, and how sick and desperate I felt.

“I would have picked up that plate and thrown it at him,” said Mary,” said Mrs. Moore loudly, “I would have taught him a lesson.”

Still, when we returned to Los Angeles, I was afraid that there was a glimmer of hope in me that I might yet see a new Owen. That glimmer died speedily. We were settled, Mother, Owen and I, in a little cottage. Mother had wanted to move out and go elsewhere, but I wouldn’t allow her to. I needed her. I was working fiendishly hard, and whatever lay ahead I wanted her to be there for me. Mother by this time was as desirous of making my marriage work as I was, and I remember a party at five o’clock in the morning, in all kinds of weather, to make breakfast for Owen. Nothing helped.

I have a crystal-clear picture, almost as if I were about to sketch it on paper, of the expression on Owen’s face when he saw me in the open car together down Wilshire Boulevard.

“You needn’t try to be nice to me,” he said, “One thing I want you to do is to get me a long knife and stick it in her back.”

I was cold and grave and precise. “Owen,” said I, “I wouldn’t wait for the courts to take care of you. If you so much as touch a fingernail my mother I’ll take care of you myself.”

I continued on page 142.

Countless women have asked me doctors’ questions like these:

“In it true that Tampax may be used by any normal woman?”

Absolutely. The principle of internal absorption, on which Tampax is based, was prescribed by many doctors long before the product was introduced. One of them decided to extend the benefits to all women. He would never have done so, had he not been positive Tampax could be used universally.

“I’ve heard that Tampax prevents odor from forming. How?”

Tampax prevents exposure to the air, which is the chief cause of odor. The product is easy to handle and dispose of, the user’s hands need not touch the Tampax.

“Will Tampax cause discomfort?”

Many women, whose viewpoints are colored by their experiences with external pads, fear that an internal protection might be even more uncomfortable. Actually, once the Tampax is properly inserted, it can’t even be felt!

There is no more reason for modern women to be held to the cumbersome belt-pad harness than there is for them to wear a bucthe or hoop skirts.

Tampax is available in 3 absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug or notions counters. Month’s supply single into purse. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

"Doctor.

Please tell me"
I learned to cope finally with most of "Owen"s faults—the long fits of solemn silence, the hateful language about Mother, the bitter masculine resentment. In the end it was the excessive drinking that tore me away from him. One day I faced him resolutely. I was twenty, and I was now absolutely convinced that there were no happy marriages in the world.

"Owen," I said, "I or the liquor will have to go," who had spent years mastering our métier, then pictures were not for me. I would return to the theater, where years of study and effort were a safeguard against the encroachment of amateurs.

Mr. Griffith was scarcely sympathetic when I told him of my decision and the reason for making it. Laughing me to scorn, he said:

"Do you suppose for one moment that any self-respecting theatrical producer will take you now, after spending three years in motion pictures? My advice to you, young lady, is to stay where you are."

Stung by the taunt, I replied, "Next year, Mr. Griffith, I shall be back on Broadway."

That was a tall boast, for it wasn't easy for anyone—let alone a Biograph actress—to land an important role with one of the big producers. I still had several months until the theater season started in the fall to prove my boast.

One day that summer a handsome, sweet-faced lady and two pretty young daughters applied at the front office of the Biograph company asking for "Cladys Smith." They were assured there was no one there by that name. When the three of them described some of the pictures I had appeared in the Biograph man exclaimed, "Oh, you mean Mary Pickford?" He sent for me. I introduced the Gishes to Mr. Griffith, and Dorothy and Lillian were soon full-fledged members of the Biograph cast.

I remember shortly after their arrival how we all went to a small town in upstate New York to take the exteriors for a Civil War picture. At night Mr. Griffith and some of the advanced members of the company would wander off to a nearby roadhouse, leaving us kids cooped up in a miserable, drafty hotel. Having teeth over the way Mr. Griffith was mistreating us.

As a gesture of rebellion and despair, Dorothy and I traded out of the hotel one night in a pouring rainstorm and stood in the middle of the road, defying the elements with our raised fists. What was the horror of Bobby Harron, devout Catholic that he was, when he saw me, eyes raised, arms extended to the stormy sky, cry out in a dramatic voice:

"God strike me dead!"

Of course, Mr. Griffith returned to find the two of us soaking wet. Surprising who the instigator of this heresy had been, he berated me gravely.

"Pickford, you ought to know better. You'll catch cold, and you won't be able to work tomorrow."

And I answered him, "I will too! I'm going to work anyway, but I just don't like the way you treat me like a child."

"Then all you are," he snapped. Episodes like this naturally did not make me any happier about my movie career.

In the early fall I called up William Dean, the manager of David Belasco. To my amazement he remembered me very well and seemed eager to see me.

(Continued on page 148)
Only Kayser makes this color-full, beautiful, "butterfly" slip...short-medium-tall!

(Continued from page 142) "Mary," he said, "do you still have your long curls?"
I assured him I did.
"How long will it take you to get dressed, Miss Astor?"
"Oh, just a few minutes.
"I can’t wait to see the governor’s face when he sees you."
A few minutes later I joined Mr. Dean at the theater.
At Mr. Dean’s request I took the hairpins out of my hair, removed my high-heeled shoes and hid myself behind a piece of scenery. Soon I heard footsteps approaching, and I could hear Mr. Dean saying:
"No, governor, I won’t tell you what it is. You’ll find the surprise yourself around that piece of scenery.
I was trembling and crying with joy and excitement, because I felt there was something important in the wind, otherwise I would not have been accounted for his immediate interview.
The surprise and pleasure on that darling David Belasco’s face when he saw me is indelibly impressed on my mind and heart.
"It isn’t true, Bill," were his first words, "it can’t be true. Where did you find her?"
"I hate to tell you, governor, but she’s been a naughty little girl. She’s gone over to the galloping tintypes, but I think we’ll better for her."
All three of us had a good laugh. Without any further preliminaries Mr. Belasco then said to me:
"I want you for the part of the blind Juliet, the leading role in The Good Little Devil."
I was thrilled beyond words. This was a play written by the wife and son of Maurice Rostand and translated from the original French by Austin Strong. There had already been considerable talk about it, as there always was about a Belasco production.
"Rehearsals are to begin immediately," said Mr. Belasco. "That is, of course, if you are free."
As a matter of fact, I was. I had signed no contract with Biograph, and now my only thought was to dash down to the subway and see Mr. Griffith. I broke away just as fast as I could. In no time at all I had bounded up the stairs of the Biograph company on Fourteenth Street and was interrupting a rehearsal with my news. Mr. Griffith’s reaction was not at all what I expected.
"God bless you, Mary," he said. "I’ll miss you very much." There were tears in his eyes. Then he dismissed the company for the day.
"Mary," he said as I prepared to leave, "you still have three days to go. Will you report here tomorrow morning? I'd like to make one more picture with you."
Whether it was because it was my last I’m not sure; I do know the picture Mr. Griffith and I worked on for the next three days was the best received of all the films I made for Biograph. It was The New York Hat.

This night Mr. Belasco’s production, The Good Little Devil, opened in Philadelphia. Mr. Griffith and the entire Biograph company occupied the first row of the orchestra.
The role of the blind Juliet was in many ways the most difficult one I ever played. I can’t describe how nerve-wracking it is not to look people in the eyes, to stare blankly over their heads or just beyond their faces. That constant staring was the most exhausting strain of my entire career on stage and screen. When I left for home after the performance I was aching in every nerve, bone and muscle of my body.
Opening night in New York was one of unprecedented terror for me. I was especially concerned about my dialogue. I remember how the dialogue director worried about my "s." Of all the words with the letter "s," one big bugaboo was "garden." I was just frightened to death to pronounce it with the Canadian "r." and there was our dialogue expert cautioning endlessly, "A softer 'r', please." Adding to my difficulty was the fact that the cast included veterans of the Broadway stage, like the British Ernest Lawford, all thoroughly seasoned in the subtleties of English vowels and consonants.
To my great relief and pride, one of the critics complimented me on the very thing that had been haunting me for weeks.
"If Miss Pickford learned her dialogue on the silent screen, it would seem advisable to recommend that school to the majority of Broadway actors." For all the physical hardship of the role of Juliet, I had every reason to be gratified over my return to the theater. I had promised myself, the night of my first talk with Mr. Belasco, that I would someday have the dressing room then occupied by the leading lady, Frances Starr. And now it was mine, a wee cubbyhole, to be sure, but with the coveted silver star, probably costing five cents (before inflation) once glared on the door. Mr. Belasco had the entire room redecorated for me in blue and white brocade. My salary was also highly satisfactory. I had truthfully told Mr. Belasco that my pay at Biograph when I left was $175 a week, and that was what he paid me at the start.
Shortly after the opening in New York I told him it would make me very much happier if he could add $25 to my weekly earnings.
"My goal, Mr. Belasco, is to earn five hundred dollars a week by the time I am twenty," I announced.
"That’s a most excellent reason for your getting an additional twenty-five dollars," he said. "From now on your salary will be two hundred a week."

I said I had every reason to be gratified with my stage work, and yet—almost overnight it came to me: a powerful yearning to be back in motion pictures. I suddenly found myself missing the exciting jigsaw puzzle of a motion picture in progress—the novelty, the adventure from day to day into unknown areas of pantomime and photography.
I had been so determined never to go back to motion pictures. I had reviewed, almost daily, all the superior attractions of my new home. I had thought of the greater dignity of the theater, of its prouder heritage. But I realized it was useless. I knew I had to go back.
Then one day I read in the New York Telegraph a story with a full-page headline about a man named Adolph Zukor, who was starting a motion-picture company to be called Famous Players. Mr. Zukor, the paper said, would produce nothing but films of five to six thousand feet, based on the finest plays and with the outstanding actors and actresses of the world. This was the very thing I had been waiting for. I was fascinated by Mr. Zukor’s daring venture, and I said to myself that I would rather be a small fish in a large pond than a large fish in a small one.

The opportunity came sooner than I expected. Mr. Zukor and his associate Daniel Frohman, brother of Charles Frohman, bought the rights to make a film of The Good Little Devil, with the privilege of making the entire Biograph cast, including my understudy, who, although I did not know it then, was a watchfully waiting little girl named Claire Booth.
It wasn’t long after the filming of The Good Little Devil that Clare, later to become the famous playwright and ambassador, resigned from the Belasco Company. I only learned why many years later, when she told me that she and her mother decided that I was too much too healthy and that in the normal course of things, she would never have a chance to replace me as the blind Juliet. The irony of it is this: I was taken ill the following September and forbidden by my doctor to go on the road. My role went to the girl who took Clare’s place as my understudy.

The studio of Famous Players was located on Twenty-sixth Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues in a two-story loft building that later burned to the ground. I remained with Mr. Zukor for five and a half years. I have no hesitation in calling them the happiest years of my screen life. I became one of his three children (the others being his own daughter Mildred and his son Eugene), and to the end of our association he was a loving and devoted father.

Every aspect of my private and public life now became Mr. Zukor’s watchful concern. I never appeared anywhere without my shoulders swathed in tulle. Even Mother was never more concerned than Mr. Zukor about the people I might be seen with in public. On our way to Boston for an exhibitors’ convention he was horrified when I requested his permission to sit in the club car.

“Mary, darling, are you out of your mind?” he cried. “Didn’t you see who just went in there?”

Of course I had, and that was why I wanted to go. I had watched her sweep down the red-carpeted platform at Grand Central Station to the special train for the motion-picture people going to Boston. Sweep down like an empress in her Russian black velvet coat, wide band of red fox about the skirt, enormous red-fox muff matching the tint of her hair, and a huge black velvet picture hat. In awe I had watched her enter the club car, light a cigarette and, in the presence of all those men, raise a highball to her lips. This apparition was Pearl White, and I was her devoted fan.

“But, Mr. Zukor, I won’t stay long.”

“Of course you will, Mary honey. Now be a good girl and don’t leave the drawing room.”

When he thought I was deeply immersed in a magazine he quietly slipped out of the compartment. Just as quietly I tiptoed to the door and pecked out. There was Mr. Zukor, blithely sipping a drink and occupying the very seat that I had chosen for myself. On Mr. Zukor’s face I could see an expression of unabashed rapture as he listened to a story that Pearl White was telling. Once or twice Mr. Zukor would return to announce that he had not changed his mind and that I was not to leave my room.

It was late in 1914 that I walked into Mr. Zukor’s office to ask for my first raise in salary. I still had six months to go on my original contract, which called for $500 a week, and I had every intention of living up to it. I so explained to Mr. Zukor, adding, however, that I had received an offer of $2,000 a week from a rival company on the Coast.

“Mind you, Mr. Zukor,” I said, “whatever you decide to do, I’ll go ahead and finish my contract and we’ll still be the best of friends.”

“But I don’t know it, Mary darling,” he said. “Now, let’s go out and look at it together, and we’ll discuss it there. All right?”

So Mr. Zukor took me to a restaurant on Broadway near Twenty-eighth Street, across the street from the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where they were showing my latest film, Hearts Adrift. After we had sat there some time Mr. Zukor said:

“Mary, I want you to know that your happiness means everything, not only to me personally but to my pictures and to my company as a whole.”

He paused a moment, then: “You asked me for more money. How would you like to have your salary doubled?”

I told him that there was a very generous offer indeed, and I must have beamed unashamedly at the prospect of $1,000 a week. I must again stress this: then, as always, it haunted me that every year might be my last in pictures. I never once thought my popularity was anything but a temporary and freakish phenomenon.

As we talked over our tea my eyes would catch the title of the film through the window of the restaurant. I soon began to wonder why Mr. Zukor didn’t suggest leaving the restaurant. It began to get dark, and then suddenly I saw it—one of the most thrilling sights of my whole career—my name blazing on the marquee of the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

That was the very first time I ever saw my name in electric lights. Taxi dear, sweet man had planned his surprise with such loving care, and I had repaid him by asking him for a raise. The respect and thoughtfulness of the man, the patient eagerness to share with me the moment of excitement and accomplishment. Such things endeared Adolph Zukor to me forever.

(Continued on page 152)
If you feel... too made-up in
heavy foundations...

Specially for the woman who feels "uncomfortable" in heavy make-up—the new subtle look! Delicate, natural, finer-textured! Before powder, smooth on a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This unique powder base never "cracks"—because it can't dry on your face. Never heaves-up around eyes, nose and mouth. Never streaks with normal skin heat—because it's gossesseless. Misty-light Pond's Vanishing Cream disappears instantly... leaves only a satiny, finish that holds your powder! Long after you've smoothed it on, this lovely powder base keeps flattering you!

(Continued from page 189)

While Hearts Adrift was the most successful picture I made up to that time, it was completely overshadowed by the the next one, Tess of the Storm Country. Mr. Zukor had told me some years later that Tess saved him from bankruptcy—that he had lost everything he had invested in the picture. To raise the funds, he had borrowed on his life insurance and pawned his wife's diamond necklace. After the release of Tess of the Storm Country I became Mr. Zukor's fair-haired daughter.

The entire production of Tess in 1914, including my salary and the expenses of the trip to the West Coast, where it was filmed, cost $10,000. One reason we could make a film like Tess with such a small staff in those days was that everybody was expected to double as extras, and do a bit of everything. We had to do the stunts ourselves, and that's how I came to be the steeple-chaser in this picture. (I can still remember the feeling of vertigo as I hung out of the window and dangled my feet over the edge of the building.)

While Hearts Adrift was also my debut as a director, I was not the first woman to direct a film. In 1914, D. W. Griffith had directed The Birth of a Nation, the first feature-length film. It was a massive undertaking, and Griffith had to direct every scene himself, working with a large cast of non-professional actors. I think it's safe to say that I was not the first woman to direct a film, but I was certainly one of the first to direct a film that was released in theaters.

About this time something was happening that made me sick, and I couldn't shake it off. It was the Great Depression, and I remember my family was hard hit. My father had to give up his photography business, and my mother had to take in washing to make ends meet. I was only 13 at the time, but I remember feeling so helpless and powerless. All I could do was try to keep the family together and hope for a better day. I think it's safe to say that I was not the first woman to experience the Great Depression, but I was certainly one of the first to feel its impact personally.

Thanks to the new parent group I made two pictures the memory of which I have tried sedulously to wipe from my mind. One was entitled Less than the Dust, and I remember how hurt I was when the audience shouted me down. I think it's safe to say that I was not the first woman to experience censorship and rejection, but I was certainly one of the first to feel its impact personally.

The Marchioness of Milford Haven

"It is so natural looking—this powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream! And it holds powder for hours!"

Now—an at-home facial to brighten, lighten, soften skin!

Here is a remarkable facial treatment that brings new radiance, softness to your skin—in one minute! Just cover your face, except eyes, with a lavish 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The "keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens, dissolves off flaky, dead skin cells. Free skin tissue then functions normally. After 1 minute—rinse off. Then—see what a change this treatment brought. Your skin looks brighter, cleaner—right away!

SEE—on your hands—the "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Chapping, rough cuticle smooth away. Hands look silky!

Bread. It is still incredible to me that at this time every company in the business began to make fantastic bids for my services. I remember that Universal alone guaranteed me $10,000 a week against 10 per cent of the profits of the combined affiliates. I still wonder whether, after all, it was fair to ask a dream from which I never quite woke up. I am afraid it was more like a nightmare to that sweet and gentle soul, Adolph Zukor. "Mary, sweetheart," he used to say, "every time I talk over a new contract with you and your mother I lose ten pounds."

About this time something was happening that made me sick, and I couldn't shake it off. It was the Great Depression, and I remember my family was hard hit. My father had to give up his photography business, and my mother had to take in washing to make ends meet. I was only 13 at the time, but I remember feeling so helpless and powerless. All I could do was try to keep the family together and hope for a better day. I think it's safe to say that I was not the first woman to experience the Great Depression, but I was certainly one of the first to feel its impact personally.

Thanks to the new parent group I made two pictures the memory of which I have tried sedulously to wipe from my mind. One was entitled Less than the Dust, and I remember how hurt I was when the audience shouted me down. I think it's safe to say that I was not the first woman to experience censorship and rejection, but I was certainly one of the first to feel its impact personally.

The Marchioness of Milford Haven

"It is so natural looking—this powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream! And it holds powder for hours!"

Now—an at-home facial to brighten, lighten, soften skin!

Here is a remarkable facial treatment that brings new radiance, softness to your skin—in one minute! Just cover your face, except eyes, with a lavish 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The "keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens, dissolves off flaky, dead skin cells. Free skin tissue then functions normally. After 1 minute—rinse off. Then—see what a change this treatment brought. Your skin looks brighter, cleaner—right away!
grasped my hand and helped me into the lifeboat. Then he plunged in and swam to safety. But for the mysterious command I would have lost my life. That voice has always been there, guiding me.

I had had another adventure in water—perhaps the closest I ever came to death—in an earlier film I made with the IMP company. This time it was the Hudson River, which was supposed to be the Saporoso, for a picture called In the Sultan's Garden. Having been caught fighting with an American, I was sewn up in a bag and tossed into the Saporoso from a high tower. Before they stuffed me into the bag my lady-in-waiting handed me a dagger with which to cut myself free the moment I struck the water. At that point my American admirer, who knew of the sultan's plans, was to ride in a speedboat to the rescue.

Our camera was on a floating dock. With the cameraman were the director, the rest of the cast and Mother. Of course I couldn't swim, and nobody seemed to be worried about the dirty water either. I was told to paddle and tread water as I hollied up, and give the impression that I had cut my way out of the bag. There I was, flapping the water between the camera float and a fast motor launch hired for the scene.

In the excitement of being photographed by a movie camera for the first time in his life the captain lost his head, and I almost lost mine. Without my knowing it, the speedboat was coming directly at me, with what must have looked like an even chance of decapitating me.

One of the men who had been told to keep an eye on me saw the danger and jumped in with all his clothes on. Grabbing my ankles, he pulled me down. I would say fully fifteen feet, just as the motor launch shot by overhead and rammed into the floating dock, throwing everybody aboard to the floor.

In the scramble only Mother remembered what was afloat; I was convinced the man who grabbed my ankles underwater had suddenly gone out of his mind and was trying to drown me. Indeed, he seemed to have my head lopped off by that camera-rattled captions.

More and more I missed that personal contact with the company that had made it my second family. Mr. Zukor struck me as completely bewildered by the new turn of events. Friends, associates and kin were all demanding different things of him. In that strained atmosphere there now sprang up a rather unsavory issue involving $40,000 which Famous Players had promised me before the merger if I would delay signing my next contract.

I went to see Mr. Zukor to remind him of the $40,000. In the discussion that ensued I saw Mr. Zukor put his hand under the desk and, I suppose, press a button. An office boy instantaneously appeared, stating that Mr. Samuel Goldwyn (then Mr. Goldfish) wished to see Miss Pickford in his private office. Nettled more by Mr. Zukor's connivance than by Mr. Goldwyn's unwarranted interference, I went.

"What's all this nonsense about $40,000?" Mr. Goldwyn flung at me the moment I entered.

"It's not nonsense at all, Mr. Goldfish," I said. "I made an agreement with Mr. Zukor that I scarcely think concerns you. I was put under contract by Famous Players, Mr. Zukor and I will decide it, if you don't mind."

"Now you listen to me," he broke in.

"And the next time," I went on, paying no attention, "please don't send the office boy for me. If you wish to see me, come yourself. Good afternoon."

A quarrel started then that is still very much alive today. I wish to say this about Sam Goldwyn, however: He has been at times an inspiring producer. He has artistic integrity. The industry owes much to him because he brought first-rate authors, both of the theater and of literature, to motion pictures. Goldwyn has always had the courage of his convictions and the generosity to share the triumph of those convictions with others. While I do not care to do business with Samuel Goldwyn, I must be frank in my recognition of those great qualities of his that have gone toward building the industry.

I am told that Mr. Goldwyn locked out of his office window one day and observed me in the street.

"My God," he is said to have exclaimed, "ten thousand dollars a week, and she's walking to the set yet!"

It was while working on a film called Poor Little Rich Girl that the advantages of using artificial light from below first dawned on me. I was powdering my nose in the large mirror of the dresser when a small hand mirror lying on the dresser caught the glow of the early morning light and reflected it flatteringly on my face. I went to the studio bursing with my discovery. The moment I arrived I asked my director, Mr. Tournier, if he would have the cameraman place one of his spotlights down low. Mr. Tournier laughed at me, enumerating several arguments why it wouldn't work.

"All right," I said, "Let's first take the scene the usual way and then take it the way I suggest. You'll decide for yourself if it works or not."

Well, we did, and the difference was so great that ever since that day they have used the low-lying light to reflect back into the actor's face.

To help me with the script of Poor Little Rich Girl I had insisted that Mr. Zukor hire Frances Marion, a brilliant young San Franciscan woman whom I later to write some of my most successful films. Poor Mr. Tournier—the teasing and wheedling and lashing he had to take from both Frances and me while we were filming this picture. We thought we had a masterpiece of comedy on our hands. (Continued on page 155)

Moresen Super Color Rinse is the choice of women who take pride in their appearance...happy, successful women with careers in business, the professions, public life, and society...all determined to look their best.

Moresen, simply, easily applied, gives the hair distinction with new beauty. It doesn't overdyes, but retains the natural look while imparting fresh color and lustre...blending out distressing imperfections. Choose from 14 glamorous shades to keep your hair faultlessly lovely.

At cosmetic counters everywhere. (30c or 60c)
Also professionally applied in beauty salons.
Available in Canada.

MOVING SOON?
Want to be sure of getting your McCall's promptly?
At least four weeks before change takes effect, please write us your new address and have us, giving date you're moving, old address and new address.

The easiest way is to clip and send us the old address from your McCall's, together with your new address and some mon-
ergy, if any. Or fill out and send us Post Office Form 22-S which is available at any post office.

Write to: McCALL'S MAGAZINE, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

SUPER COLOR RINSE

MONROE FOLDING BANQUET TABLES
If you are on the Kitchen Committee of any Church, Lodge, Club, School, etc., in your town, you will be interested in this line...Folding Banquet Tables...such as the one above...special sizes in institutions and organizations.

INGROWN NAIL
Hurtling You?
Immediate Relief!
A few drops of OINTMENT-softening blended relief from hampering pain of ingrown nail. OINTMENT eases the skin underneath the nail. A few drops of OINTMENT applied as pain and distress persist. Available at all drug counters.

Perfumed with a mild fresh fragrance

Comfort! Relief! For FALSE TEETH wearers. Improve Chewing, Enjoy Eating!

With Scientifically Designed
EZ0 DENTAL CUSHIONS


See how it helps improve fit, ease pressure on gums and keep dentures snug. Snug denture fit does away with embarrassing "clicking," lets you enjoy meats, apples, celery, tomatoes, etc. Get EZO today. Money back if you aren't delighted. Average life of one cushion lasts 2 to 4 years. Order Direct From Laboratory and save. 4 for 20 EZ0 wearers send $1.25 for 20 EZ0 wearers or send $2.50 for both

EZ0 PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. 576 H, Box 9203, Phila. 39, Pa.

Sani-Flush for a really clean toilet bowl

This is what you voted for—Sani-Flush with a mild fragrance that leaves bathroom atmosphere refreshed. And the toilet bowl sparkling clean. Sani-Flush works chemically—no messy scrubbing. Cleans thoroughly, even the film you can't see. At all grocers. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
DON'T BE OLD-FASHIONED, said Sue to sister. That heavy powdered look is strictly out of date. High time you tried Lentheric's Sheer Beauty Powder. It leaves a soft, translucent look that's flawlessly sheer... and it's cream-misted with skin-conditioning Lanolair® to make skin seem radiantly beautiful! Remember...you'll look naturally lovely in starlight or sunlight with Lentheric's Sheer Beauty Powder. Gshades...1.25 plus tax.*

MATERNITY Style Book FREE
NEW YORK AVENUE STORES every mother should keep on hand. Make a wish list of what you would like to have among the many beautiful styles for expectant mothers and the small children of mothers. It's FREE and will be mailed or given for pick up at your store. Write name and address on your wish list. If you want it sent to your home, please add 3 cents to cover postage.

MATURE TASTE
In all that you do, in all that you say, in all that you wear, in all that you value, in all that you desire. This is the mature taste you and your family expect.

Ad by Lentheric

FEET HURT?
- Do you have Crooked or Overlapping Feet, Ingrown Toenails or Athlete’s Foot?
- Do you suffer from Weak or Flattened Arches or Flat feet?
- Troubled by Ingrown Toenails or Long Toenails?
- Do you feel your feet tired, achy, Pains, Turn or Burden Excessively?

GET Dr. Scholl’s FOR FAST RELIEF
Don’t suffer from your feet. Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, M.D., Ph.D., Chicago, innovator, has formulated and designed over 100 different Dr. Scholl’s Remedies, Appliances, Arch Supports and Shoes for relieving most common foot troubles. Their cost is small. Get the ones you need today. At all Drug, Shoe, Department, 5-10c Stores and Dr. Scholl’s Foot Comfort® Shops.

CORNS—SORE TOES
Dr. Scholl’s Zinc Oxide quickly relieves and gently removes corns; stops painful shoe friction; soothes, cushions, protects the sensitive shoe, prevents corns, sore tops, blisters. Moistured for comfort and prince.

WEAK ARCHES
Dr. Scholl’s Foot Exerciser and exercise remedies help prevent fatigue, strengthen arches. Rhythmic exercise, pressure on the arches, prevents arch weakness, fatigue, when due to weak or fallen arches. Light, easy, adjustable, exceptionally adapted to condition of arches improves.

HOT, TIRED FEET
Dr. Scholl’s Foot Balsam quickly relieves, refreshes, soothes, tends, relaxes, refreshes. Use on tired, inflamed, sensitive feet. Soothes minor skin irritations, ease new or old, tight shoes. Helps prevent Achilles’ heel. Cools the skin fast, feels delicious.

TENDER FEET
Dr. Scholl’s Foot Powder relieves tender, tired, chafed, sensitive feet. Soothes minor skin irritations; eases new or old, tight shoes. Helps prevent Achilles’ heel. Cools the skin fast, feels delicious.

SEVERE BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl’s Bunion Dresser, of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, pads the bunion, removes pressure of shoe on foot. Use with Dr. Scholl’s Leather Bunion Protector.

ATHLETE’S FOOT
Dr. Scholl’s Solution quickly relieves itching feet and toes due to Athlete’s Foot. Kills fungi of infection in contact. Leaves rapid healing, prevents spreading skin sores, Liquid, Powder or Ointment.

RELIEF—PROTECTION
Dr. Scholl’s Kneeler, soft, cushioning, protective foot placer, relieves shoe friction and pressure on corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots on feet and toes. Easy to cut to any size, shape and color.

All quiet on the teething front...

This peaceful baby has just won another battle with teething pains! Thanks to medically formulated NUM-ZIT Teething Lotion, the pain of sore, tender gums is under control. NUM-ZIT is quick, effective, recommended by many baby care authorities.

At all drug counters

LEARN AT HOME TO HELP THE SICK
There’s always a demand—at high pay—for home nurses to care for the sick. If you are registered in a hospital, you have a decided advantage. Write for free pamphlet today. Free, practical nursing at foot of letter. “Ten and women over 35 years of age apply for this position.” Home nurse center: 130 Main St., Bath, Maine. Apply in writing. If you can spare 3 or 4 hours on Saturday or Sunday, home nurse wanted. Write your address. Dept. T 133 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. Please only one free booklet and 10 minute lesson plan. None. 50c each. 100 for $5.00.

LEARN AT HOME TO HELP THE SICK
There’s always a demand—at high pay—for home nurses to care for the sick. If you are registered in a hospital, you have a decided advantage. Write for free pamphlet today. Free, practical nursing at foot of letter. “Ten and women over 35 years of age apply for this position.” Home nurse center: 130 Main St., Bath, Maine. Apply in writing. If you can spare 3 or 4 hours on Saturday or Sunday, home nurse wanted. Write your address. Dept. T 133 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. Please only one free booklet and 10 minute lesson plan. None. 50c each. 100 for $5.00.

LEARN AT HOME TO HELP THE SICK
There’s always a demand—at high pay—for home nurses to care for the sick. If you are registered in a hospital, you have a decided advantage. Write for free pamphlet today. Free, practical nursing at foot of letter. “Ten and women over 35 years of age apply for this position.” Home nurse center: 130 Main St., Bath, Maine. Apply in writing. If you can spare 3 or 4 hours on Saturday or Sunday, home nurse wanted. Write your address. Dept. T 133 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. Please only one free booklet and 10 minute lesson plan. None. 50c each. 100 for $5.00.

LEARN AT HOME TO HELP THE SICK
There’s always a demand—at high pay—for home nurses to care for the sick. If you are registered in a hospital, you have a decided advantage. Write for free pamphlet today. Free, practical nursing at foot of letter. “Ten and women over 35 years of age apply for this position.” Home nurse center: 130 Main St., Bath, Maine. Apply in writing. If you can spare 3 or 4 hours on Saturday or Sunday, home nurse wanted. Write your address. Dept. T 133 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. Please only one free booklet and 10 minute lesson plan. None. 50c each. 100 for $5.00.

LEARN AT HOME TO HELP THE SICK
There’s always a demand—at high pay—for home nurses to care for the sick. If you are registered in a hospital, you have a decided advantage. Write for free pamphlet today. Free, practical nursing at foot of letter. “Ten and women over 35 years of age apply for this position.” Home nurse center: 130 Main St., Bath, Maine. Apply in writing. If you can spare 3 or 4 hours on Saturday or Sunday, home nurse wanted. Write your address. Dept. T 133 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. Please only one free booklet and 10 minute lesson plan. None. 50c each. 100 for $5.00.

NEW YORK, where we had been invited to visit Elsie Janis. Owen and I lived, gloomy and silent, in the back of our black Pierce-Arrow limousine. Some miles out of Tarreytown, we passed a low-slung foreign car with a half-top, and I noticed that the couple sitting in the back had a leopard rug over their knees. A member in my family wasn’t quite sure that I approved of this showy car or that elegant comfort. This baffled me, for surely wasn’t it certain of the way Owen had him stop the car at the next crossroad, which, when turned out, was also a crossroad of my life.

As Owen got out of the car to look at the sign the low-slung foreign car drew alongside and a very agile young man jumped down and joined Owen, I saw them beam in recognition and give hands. The two of them strode over to our car, and Owen said: "I want you to meet Douglas Fairbanks. This is my wife, Mary." Elsie Janis and her mother had many friends among the artists—playwrights, directors, writers, editors and musicans of that time—and many of them were shown there on that drizzly November day when our limousine drew into the driveway. I exchanged greetings with a great number of people, and, suddenly feeling repressed, I retired into a corner with a fashion magazine. Every now and then I would wander to a large, huddling huddle in the center of the large reception room, and I found myself discussing flirtations of the exuberant Mr. Fairbanks. Nor did Elsie make me any happier, playfully flirting with every married man in the room.

Suddenly I saw Elsie dash down the stairs and shouting:

"Come on, Douglas, come on, Owen! Let’s all three of us go for a walk." Then, looking at Mrs. Fairbanks, she said: "You girls don’t mind if I steal your husbands for a few minutes? Stay behind, both of you!"

Owen and Douglas trooped off with her like a couple of mischievous schoolboys. "Come on," I said to Mrs. Fairbanks, "let’s go for a walk too. We’re not going to let her get away with that."

Elsie, Owen and Douglas were already some distance ahead when Mrs. Fairbanks and I followed. A few moments later I saw the three figures disappear over a hill.

"Let’s hurry after them," I said to Mrs. Fairbanks.

Mrs. Fairbanks protested that it was too cold and that she was going back to the house. I went on alone and caught up with them at a stream they had just crossed. A log lay across the icy water, and as I cautiously set one foot on it Elsie shouted from the opposite bank:

"You’ll ruin those beautiful new shoes of yours!"

I shouted back, "What’s a pair of shoes to losing a husband?"

I was wearing a tight Russian-style dress of black velvet with a white satin blouse, Russian boots, half patent leather and half white kid—all very beautiful and all brand-new. The three figures had meanwhile disappeared around the bend.

After taking a few timid steps I stopped midstream, frozen with fright. What followed was so typical of Douglas. At the precise moment of my sudden panic he decided to turn back, and I can’t tell you what relief it was to see his friendly face.

"Do you mind?" he said, smiling.

And I frankly replied, "No," when I saw how he planned to rescue me, unless it were from the water.

And he swept me up into his arms and leaped back to the other side.

(To be continued)
Owen Moore, Mary’s first husband, convinced her “that there were no happy marriages in the world.”

Mary and her mother, Charlotte Hennessey Smith, who died in 1928. “There is never a night that goes by that I do not dream about her,” Mary says.

Mary and Douglas Fairbanks (back row, right) during World War I bond rally. Front: Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. Far left, standing: Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt.

John Gilbert was Mary’s leading man in *Heart of the Hills*, a picture she produced herself in 1917. It was Gilbert’s first movie.

Mary and Douglas at the Pickford-Fairbanks studio shortly after their marriage. “I had been living in half shadows,” Mary says of the years before they met, “and now this light was cast on me, this sunlight of Douglas’ approval.”

A bust mounted on blocks of wood to match Mary’s diminutive height (5 feet 1) was the first motion-picture stand-in. It was called “Maria.”

As “M’liss,” a little country girl (1918), Mary had a tough assignment—to look perfectly at home with a live snake in her arms.
This is the third installment of Mary Pickford’s autobiography. In preceding installments Miss Pickford has described her early years as an actress. At the age of five, shortly after her father’s death, she went on the stage. Later she toured with her mother and her younger sister and brother, Lottie and Jack. She had her first Broadway role in a David Belasco production when she was thirteen. At fifteen she began her moving-picture career, earning $40 a week at the Biograph Studios in New York City. Eight years later, as a $10,000-a-week star, she became the focal point of the entire moving-picture industry. Success did little, however, to compensate for her tragic personal life. Involved in a disastrous marriage to actor Owen Moore, Mary had given up all hope of happiness, until she met Douglas Fairbanks. — THE EDITORS

I never for a moment thought of my first meeting with Douglas Fairbanks in a romantic light—at least not at the time—and I’m quite certain Douglas didn’t either. I don’t recall giving him much thought afterward. I buried myself in my work and, in fact, tried to do as little thinking as possible about myself. After the bitterness of my marriage to Owen Moore I hadn’t the remotest suspicion that I would ever fall in love again. Resolved to grin and bear my marital situation, I was prepared to devote my future entirely to my career.

Then I met Douglas for the second time. I was living at the Knickerbocker Hotel in New York City, and he at the Algonquin. Frank Case, the proprietor of the Algonquin and a very close friend of Douglas’ (later to become, with Mrs. Case, beloved friends of mine too), gave a dance, to which I was invited. Since it was Saturday night, I again did the unusual thing of accepting. Between dances Douglas and I sat on a couch in the hotel lobby and talked about motion pictures.

“Do you know who are the two outstanding artists in pantomime?” he asked, and amazed me by naming Charlie Chaplin and me. He went on to say that I had mastered the art through a great economy of gesture. “You do less apparent acting than anyone else I know, and because of that you express more,” he said in that warm, emphatic way of his.

I thought at first that he was joking, and told him so. I was so unaccustomed to being spoken to that way, Owen, for reasons of his own—human and understandable, no doubt—had only pushed me down with the most merciless gibes about my work. It was like a breath of new life, listening to this praise, amazing and encouraging at the same time.

I hugged the echo of Douglas’ words for days, repeating them over and over again to myself. I had been living in half shadows, and now this brilliant light was suddenly cast upon me, this sunlight of Douglas’ approval and admiration.

How can I possibly convey the impact of this man’s personality, the terrific vitality, the complete, childlike (Continued on page 127)
that couldn't last

Honeymooning abroad in 1920, Mary and Doug were besieged by crowds everywhere they went. Enthusiastic London fans snatched Mary halfway out of a moving car.

Charlie Chaplin, Douglas and Mary were inseparable friends. Charlie's and Doug's real-life antics were wilder and funnier than anything they did in moving pictures.

Mary in a scene from Pollyanna (1920), one of the many children's roles she played when she was grown up. "My only real childhood was lived through these roles."

Only family and intimate friends attended Mary's and Douglas' wedding in Los Angeles. Left to right: Charles Chaplin, Edward Knoblock (playwright), Marjorie Daw, Robert Fairbanks, Mary's brother Jack Pickford and her mother.
The glorious years of a marriage that couldn’t last
Continued from page 44

enthusiasm. One would have had to know Douglas personally to realize the overwhelming dynamism of the man. People of all ages fainted over him, and he them. He sought them out not because he was a snob but because of his gregarious nature. In both cases they had made their name, how they accepted their success, how it had influenced them.

I don’t think either of us realized, after that second encounter, that we were falling in love. When the realization came it was too late to save the heartache and escape the cruel spotlight of publicity. We fought it. We ran away from it—not once but times innumerable. Mother knew, and so did Douglas’ mother, and she was always tender and loving to me, sharing the loneliness and heartache with the two of us.

Whenever I avoided going anywhere that I knew Douglas would be I consoled myself by calling his mother on the telephone or visiting her the next day. The sound of her voice or the look on her face, that so vividly reminded me of him, would somehow ease the pain.

Douglas’ mother was a gay and charming little lady from Virginia, a descendant of the Earl of Nottingham. Douglas was her pet, and to the end a wonderful son. Her death came as a cruel and sudden blow to him. She contracted pneumonia at Christmas time in 1916, while he was in California, and passed away before he could get back to New York. When he arrived he heard that he was unable to cry and all his friends were concerned about him. I then sat down and wrote him a short note of comfort. The following day he telephoned me and asked if he could see me for a few moments.

For an hour we rode in Central Park in my chauffeur-driven car. This was several days after his mother’s funeral. For the first time he was able to talk freely about her, and what she had meant to him. The emotional storm that had gathered in his breast finally burst, and he was able to cry. We never spoke of ourselves, only of his mother and her death seemed to bring us closer.

Douglas went back to California. I remained in New York. Later, when he returned to New York to stay with his family, I went to Hollywood and was with the Paramount studio when he joined that company in the spring of 1917. This threw us together somewhat, as I saw him in the studio from time to time. But we still fought the inevitable. In the meantime I had separated from Owen and was living with my brother, Jack, my sister Lottie and her baby Cywony.

I want to emphasize here that neither Douglas nor anyone else separated me from Owen. He did that himself. Owen’s mother knew long before I met Douglas that my marriage to her son was possibly lost.

Naturally a great attraction like that between Douglas and me could not remain concealed forever. Owen came to me one day, saying he had the right to know, since he was still my husband, although he had long since ceased to be man and wife. I told him the truth, and he asked what I was going to do about it. I replied, honestly and frankly, that I wasn’t planning to do anything about it.

It was in the fall of 1917 that Beth Fairbanks and Douglas decided to part. Early in 1919 they were divorced, and shortly thereafter Mrs. Fairbanks remarried. Beth and I always had the greatest respect for each other. There was never any ill will between us, and neither was there between her and Douglas. Years later, when I came to know her more intimately, she assured me that I was the only real wife Douglas had ever had, and that during her marriage to him they had come to feel more like brother and sister than husband and wife.

Douglas was divorced for a year, and much as I loved him and needed him I still fought the thought of a divorce. There now followed a black and indecisive period for me. Although separated from Owen, I still felt his possessive presence in one form or another. Then came a final meeting with him that is etched on my mind with letters of fire. He asked for a reconciliation.

"I’ll even be nice to your mother if you take me back, Mary."

"My mother does not need you or anyone to be nice to her, not as long as I live—and besides, you’ve several years too late for that speech, Owen."

I’m sure the impeccably groomed Mr. Moore was oblivious of the tears that were streaming down his face, meeting in a rivulet under his chin and dripping down on his immaculate tie, oblivious of all this when I told him that I was finished.

"Owen, I want a divorce.

"The tears stopped flowing, and his eyes blazed menacingly.

"Mary, so help me, the next time I run into Douglas Fairbanks I’m going to shoot him dead!"

"You’re going to do nothing of the sort, Owen," I said calmly, though frankly I was terrified, because a man who drank to the extent that Owen did was certainly not responsible for what he might do. I appealed to his sense of fair play.

"Owen, why should you resent him, your son, not once hit a hundred times, have thrown me aside."

"I won’t have it, Mary! Mark my words. I’m going to kill that climbing monkey! I just won’t have it! You understand?"

I immediately called Douglas to warn him about Owen’s threat. Douglas laughed it off.

I can take care of myself, Mary darling," he said. "Don’t you worry your dear little head over it. I’d sure like an opportunity to get at him for what’s done to you all these years."

I learned that Owen was actually carrying a gun in public places and openly threatening to shoot “that climbing monkey” on sight. Douglas, however, never tried to avoid him. There wasn’t a bit of cowardice in his makeup.

Then came the bombshell—the final and most bitter humiliation of all from this man who had never once thought of my happiness. Through his attorneys Owen informed me that he was ready to grant me the divorce

— for a price.

A spell of tenderness or compassion still remained in me that act of cold and cowardly calculation killed. I was so thoroughly disillusioned that I knew no solution short of divorce would be a cruel and needlessly torturing. I must wipe out the tragic blunder that was blighting my life and my career once and for all.

I had no choice but to pay that tidy piece of blackmail. I consulted Mother. Agreeing that there was no alternative, she went to our bank in Los Angeles and was coming out with a fat bundle of bonds under her arm, when, of all people, she ran into Owen’s mother. I believe Mother told her what was in the bundle, for Mrs. Moore then made the only remark she was ever heard to make that might even slightly indicate any hostility toward me:

"Oh, sure, Mrs. Pickford, poor Owen must have something."

They were both highly embarrassed. Mrs. Moore probably more than Mother, and I suppose she meant, with the motherly love she bore both of us, that her son should be in some way be compensated for having lost me.

When I finally got my divorce, March 1, 1920, I promised myself I would wait one whole year before marrying Douglas. With complete sincerity I informed the press that I had no immediate intention of marrying. Unfortunately I was reckoning without Douglas, a persuasive

(Continued on page 120)
Fun Styles
Sun Styles
by Ripon

(Continued from page 127)

and relentless advocate when he had made up his mind. He let no barrier between us prevail. He argued and pleaded and cajoled till he broke down all resistance. I remember the last talk we had before I consented to marry him.

"Mary," he said, "the world doesn't know the true facts of our love and the suffering we went through to find one another. If it did know I am confident it would approve of our marriage."

"What if the world doesn't approve?" I said. "Will your love be strong enough? If we both lose our careers will our love be sufficient for our future happiness together? Answer that truthfully, Douglas."

"I can't speak for you, Mary," he said, "but I know that my feeling for you is not of the moment. It has nothing to do with your career or your fame, or how other people feel about you. I love you for yourself."

On March 28 Douglas and I were married in Los Angeles by our good friend the Reverend Dr. Bougher in his home. Apart from one or two very close friends, only members of our immediate families were present. For the wedding supper we returned to Douglas' home in Beverly Hills, the beautiful house that was to become my permanent home and soon to be named by the press "Pickfair." Douglas had been living there alone for a year.

"Mary," he said, when we arrived, "this house is my wedding present to you."

"No, Douglas," I said, "I want to feel that this is your home, and that I am sharing it with you."

Our marriage remained a secret for three days. I was making a picture called Sads at the time, and for those three days I came into the studio with a piece of adhesive tape on a finger. Under it was my wedding ring, which I had put on after the most hysterical public announcement of my divorce.

Of course, today people don't think anything of getting a divorce one day and marrying the next. In those days, even to me, divorce was like some dreadful disease, and still is. Now they began hounding me, reporters and columnists and photographers.

To advertise a syndicated article a large picture of me was pasted on the news wagons. The photograph was greatly enlarged, and huge glinting tears had been sketched in on the face. That coy little touch was meant to convey my shame and penitence over the great wrong I had done.

But Douglas and I were soon to forget these irritations in the overwhelming show of popular affection that greeted us everywhere we went in Europe. The moment I finished the picture Sads Douglas and I left for a four-week honeymoon abroad.

After the marriage neither of us had any suspicion of what lay ahead for us, either in Europe or in America, on our return. This was by no means a publicity safari or experiment, however. I had never seen Europe. In fact, except for that one brief sojourn in Cuba I had never been out of the United States and Canada. Douglas, who was an expert traveler, prepared the way. New York gave us a heartwarming reassurance that all

fresh-as-spring seersucker sets
Spring flower colors, petal-fresh, and so easy to keep...they wash and dry in seconds, no ironing ever!
Smart non-tailored or dainty lace-trimmed styles are comfortingly secure, with famous plastic-lined, snap-fastened handi-panti.

handi-panti* fashions by alexis
*handi-panti is a registered trade mark
atlanta georgia

Precious Time... Don't Waste it!
Let Sani-Flush save your housekeeping time. Cleans toilet bowls quickly...no work, no messy scrubbing. It not only cleans chemically but disinfects—and removes the invisible film that gathers in all toilet bowls. Just follow directions on the familiar yellow can. At all grocers. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Remember your MALES
They like comfort, too—especially the comfort without frills of Ripon RIVIERAS. Dad’s size costs only $2.95, the smaller version just $2.50.

RIPON KNITTING WORKS, Ripon, Wisconsin
in Canada Forest City Knitting Co., London, Ontario

128
was not lost. So dense were the crowds that we didn’t dare to set foot out of our suite at the Ritz Carlton Hotel.

Then the trip to Europe. On board the boat we were drawn into a friendly circle of well-wishers and admirers that included Colonel House, Ambassador Gerard, the widow of Mark Twain, Sir William Wiseman and a big financier whose name now eludes me. Between chats and discussions, and walks on deck, Douglas and I studied Dickens’ A Child’s Outline History of England. I remember it excited me to such a degree that I couldn’t sleep, was convinced that once I set foot on English soil I would instinctively, even blindfolded, be drawn to places that seemed to rise up in memory from my ancestral past.

Instead Douglas and I were swept up by mobs of worshipers, till I couldn’t eat or sleep, let alone soak in the historic sights. Our first stop was the Ritz in London. Outside our window we saw them, thousands and thousands of them, waiting day and night in the streets below for a glimpse of us. I felt so inadequate and powerless to show my gratitude that it actually made me ill. It’s no wonder that when Lord and Lady Northcliffe came to pay their respects at the hotel they found me shaking like a leaf.

“Why, this young lady is on the verge of a breakdown,” said Lord Northcliffe to Douglas.

“She’s nervous as a kitten. Hasn’t slept or eaten anything since we arrived,” said Douglas.

“There’s only one thing for you to do,” said Lord Northcliffe. “I insist that you come to my country place on the Isle of Wight. There you may enjoy complete seclusion. The rest and peace will do you both good. I promise absolute isolation from crowds.”

So it was off to the Isle of Wight for Douglas and Mary. And there, at 6:30 the next morning, I awakened, went to the window in my nightgown, threw open the shutters, and gasped. The ten-foot brick wall surrounding the cottage was black with people. They had been waiting patiently on the top of that wall for those windows to open. And now they all proceeded to applaud loudly and call our names. Douglas awoke with a jolt and flew to the window to see what was going on. Then we both dashed back into the room and slipped hurriedly into our dressing gowns. Meanwhile the crowd began crying out:

“Oh, Mary darling!”

“How are you, Doug?”

“Won’t you come out and give us your autograph?”

I was still giving my hair a few quick strokes of the brush as Douglas returned to the window and began waving to them. When they insisted on a speech he spoke a few words of greeting, and when I joined him I had to do the same.

“This is such an overwhelming surprise that I wish there were some Mary you could repay you,” I said.

They were most considerate. After a few more shouts of “Hello, sweetie!” “Hello, Dougie!” they went away quietly. Douglas and I breathed a sigh of relief and proceeded to dress.

“Absolute isolation!” he said. And we both burst out laughing.

Back in London from our “Secteur” on the Isle of Wight, we were given a luncheon and reception at Claridge’s Hotel by George Grossmith and other distinguished British actors. Douglas sat on one side of me and Grossmith on the other. During the luncheon Douglas leaned across me and said to Grossmith:

“George, have you arranged for police protection for Mary?”

“My dear chap,” Grossmith replied, “you don’t seem to realize that you’re in England now. The English are the civilized people. They’re not going to harm Mary. Depend on it.”

I was to learn the folly of his words later, in Kensington Gardens that afternoon. A brilliant outdoor benefit, a sort of garden party and bazaar combined, was scheduled, and all of the professional people were expected to appear. Grossmith and his colleagues of the stage invited us as their guests.

Word of our coming must have spread like fire. Grossmith, Douglas and I were seated in the back of somebody’s Rolls-Royce, the top of which was down. I remember the car had slowed down as we moved into the park grounds. On all sides the crowds were thick as bushes, waving and shouting wildly.

Suddenly a voice called out, “Shake hands with me, Mary!”

While my two companions were looking the other way I put out my hand in all innocence. Immediately I felt it lock in an iron grasp. Then someone else grabbed my other hand, and two or three people reached for the rest of me. I was quietly but surely sliding over the back of the moving car, when Douglas turned his head and quickly lunged out for my ankles. The car stopped, and as

(Continued on page 132)
Another *AVCOSET* washday wonder...

These Mary Jane rayon sister dresses can’t shrink can’t fade

Now—little girls rayon dresses that can go through washing machine, tub or commercial laundry—and wash perfectly, iron beautifully! It’s made of remarkable Avco set rayon—proven completely washable as long as it lives—in test after test and wash after wash!

Look for the tag with Avco set White Knight for rayons with these qualities.

AMERICAN VISCOSER CORP.
350 Fifth Ave. New York 1

About $1.99

*AVCOSET*

Standard of Fashion Washably

- Shrinkage under 2%
- Washfast colors
- Fabric durability
- Easy ironing

About $2.99

Mary Jane Inc.
350 Broadway
New York 18, N. Y.

*AVCOSET*

Means permanent rayon washability

Registered trademark of American Viscose Corporation for fabrics and cellulose ethers.

(Continued from page 129)

Douglas held on tightly a frightened and bewildered Grossmith began gesturating wildly.

"I say, please unhand the little lady, won’t you?" he spluttered.

"Can’t you see she’s in danger of her life?"

Finally the crowd let go of me, and I slumped back in the back seat of the car and caught my breath.

That was only a brief rest between rounds, however. When we got out of the car the crowds closed in like quicksand, and for the first time I found myself perched on Douglas’s shoulders.

With this immovable mass around us we started for our goal. We were making progress that way when the low branch of a tree suddenly barred my way. In all that shouting Douglas at first didn’t realize what was happening. When he saw the branch across my chest, he quickly kneaded to clear me. In doing so he almost lost his footing, and both of us were catapulted into a tent, where two elderly and dignified English ladies were standing guard over a large array of homemade jams and preserves.

The ladies stared at us in great astonishment and tried to be hospitable and polite. But their attitude changed swiftly as the crowd pressed forward and stormed the little tent, knocking all the neatly assembled pots and jam jars to the ground. In no time at all we were all walking around in a sticky goo that seemed inches deep, till the tworiad and elderly ladies finally lost their temper and drove us out of the place.

Douglas and Grosssmith half carried me to a small English car that somehow had commandeered. The car was parked on a nearby footpath. Along the path, on both sides, were countless benches bulging with men, women and children. As Douglas and I were hustled into the car I looked out the back window and had my last glimpse of the usually impeccable attired George Grossmith standing in the middle of the footpath, silk hat missing, carefully groomed hair standing on end, tie awry, collar flaying in the wind. Very plainly and unabashedly he was waving us away, glad to see the last of us.

In somewhat less hectic circumstances we finally rounded out our week in England and crossed over to the Continent for the remaining three weeks of our honeymoon. I had wanted Mother to come along with me, because Europe was like Mars to me, distant and remote. I was also afraid something might happen to her while I was away. But Mother had put her foot down and said "No!" However, one of Douglas’s best friends accompanied us, Benny Ziedman, a man of un-failing high spirits and irrepressible gaiety.

I remember how Douglas and I would go into convulsions of laughter every time the English operator said "Are you there?" and Benny invariably answered, with sepulchral solemnity, "I am here." Douglas always liked a court jester in his entourage.

"Mary," he used to say repeatedly, "laugh until ten o’clock in the morning and the rest of the day will take care of itself."

Which, I hope, explains Benny on our honeymoon.

From England we went to Holland. In Amsterdam we were met by the city’s top officialdom, many of them loaded with presents. The crowds were much like the crowds of England, on a slightly smaller scale, perhaps, but fully as demonstrative. The same barrage of questions from newspapermen, the same batteries of cameras. It was nothing in those days to count forty reporters in the room with you.

After this second ordeal of exhaustion in Holland, Douglas decided to go to Germany. If our names were known there at all it would almost certainly be with hostility, because of the fighting speeches Douglas and I had made in the Liberty Bond drives.

"We won’t be liked in Germany, Mary," said Douglas, "but at least we’ll be left alone."

A few days of sight-seeing and shopping in Germany without a flash of recognition from anyone’s face made us feel a little different.

"Frankly, Mary, how do you feel about it? Do you like being left alone?" Douglas asked me finally.

"I definitely do not, Douglas," I said. "Let’s go somewhere where we are known. I’ve had enough obscurity for a lifetime."

So we moved farther down the Rhine to Coblenz, which was occupied by American troops. The general commandeered quarters for us in a lovely German house, and we spent the Fourth of July there looking over the Rhine at the beautiful castle on the opposite bank. From our vantage point we could watch the brilliant display of fireworks. First a huge American flag blazed in a thousand lights, and then a massive picture of Woodrow Wilson flashed on the night sky and went rising up to a lingering fadeout.

Of course I had to mar that exciting and memorable day by dancing with the general in command. To explain the nature of my misdemeanor I must go back a little. The night of our wedding Douglas had gravely said to me, "I’m your husband now, Mary, and I don’t expect any ‘worsing’ of you, but I shall sit at dinner tables, and I shall be in theaters or on dance floors. Have I your word?"

I gravely said, "Cross my heart, Douglas!"

A bargain was a bargain, and made between man and wife it was a sacred oath I should never have violated. I knew Douglas was a jealous man, but how fanatic he could be I never suspected till that Fourth of July in Coblenz. While I gladly take the blame for what happened, I must plead the mitigating circumstances of a national holiday on foreign soil.

The general paid me the honor of asking me for the first dance to start the evening. I hesitated a moment, too embarrassed to explain that I had given my word on my wedding night not to dance with anybody but my husband. Frankly, I saw no way out but to dance with the general.

Douglas maintained a good front for the rest of the evening, but he was boiling. All the way back to our quarters he didn’t say a single word to me. I could feel the anger seething within him, ready to erupt at any moment.

When we got to the door of our house he abruptly turned on his heel and vanished down the dark street. There I was, alone in this German house, wondering when Douglas would cool off and return, and if he would return at all.

A childish fear began to close in on me. I remembered all the rabid speeches I had made against Germany and the Kaiser during the Liberty Loan campaigns. I was certain the news of my brilliant behavior had reached the people of Coblenz and that they were secretly waiting for an opportunity to avenge themselves. I could feel my throat being very quiet at the moment.

I was afraid to lock the door, because Douglas might (Continued on page 135)
Turn your Bedroom into a Dream room
with lovely Lady Pepperell Sheets and Blankets

Budget-pampering beauties . . . sheets—and
blankets, too! Lady Pepperell sheets are color-schemed to mix or match—bring you luxurious, cozy warmth at a dream of a price!

Now! Fabulous NYLON fitted sheets
for NEW luxury, NEW economy
This new wonder Sven FR* sheet is 100% nylon—luxuriously smooth to sleep on. It’s economical, too, will wear as only nylon can, and it’s so easy to launder, so quick-drying you’ll wash it at home like nylon undies. Far lighter in weight than any other sheet, it’s extra sturdy, thanks to Pepperell’s special seam that makes corners far stronger to wear much longer. Comes in beautiful bridal white. Other Pepperell Sven FR* sheets in Fine Combed Percale and Fine Muslin in white and 6 colors.

LADY PEPPERELL
Sheets and Blankets

stock wherever Italians gathered to
watch his films. As we pulled into
Lugano at seven o’clock in the morn-
ing this little boy saw us and went
dashing down the street, screaming in
a high and excited voice. “Mariano e
Lampe, artisti del cinema!” In a mat-
ter of minutes what seemed like the
whole populace of Lugano had gath-
ered in front of the hotel to help us
unpack and carry us and our luggage
into the lobby.
We went to Venice, Florence, Rome. In
Rome Douglas engaged a learned
professor of archaeology, who not
only knew his subject but a little
English in the bargain. One day, in
a restaurant, the professor was telling
Douglas how every Italian knew and
worshipped him. The more he spoke
of Douglas the more he eliminated
me from the conversation and the
more Douglas grew embarrassed.
“Excuse me, Professor,” he said,
“my wife is equally, if not better,
known, not only in America but
throughout the world, and that goes
for your country too.”

Whereupon the professor turned a
beaming face on me. “But of course,”
he said, “the name of Maria Pinkerton
is well known all over Italy.”
That was something the boys never
quite let me live down. For the rest
of the trip I remained to Benny and
Douglas “Maria Pinkerton.”
From Italy we went to France,
crossing the French-Italian border at
six o’clock in the morning. We found
the French were just as generous with
their hospitality.

(Continued on page 136)
Afternoon, Douglas glanced out the window of our hotel and quickly turned to me.

"Don't go out on the balcony, Mary! There's a large crowd in front of the hotel, and they're waiting to pay honor to General Pershing."

The general was occupying the adjoining suite to ours, and his also looked out over a balcony.

Later that day Douglas and I had the pleasure of General Pershing's company at tea.

"There was a nice crowd you had this afternoon, you two," he remarked casually.

"But, General—!" Douglas and I spluttered.

"Yes," he went on, "I was smart enough to remain indoors and keep off that balcony. There must have been several thousand people."

Douglas and I looked at each other and burst into laughter. To our very bewildered commander-in-chief we explained that we had done the very same thing. To this day I don't know which of us those people had come to see.

Our four weeks were now drawing to a close, four weeks in which we had made a trip that would ordinarily take six months, in what condition I won't say. We were so exhausted that we were practically carried on the boat. There we had our first real rest.

The day-to-day chronicle of our trip to Europe had naturally reached the newspapers at home. Stirring as our reception overseas had been, we found still more heartwarming the welcome given to us by the reporters and photographers who were waiting on the dock to meet us. Both there and later at the hotels their friendliness was warm and generous. If there had been any doubts about our future on the screen these were completely dispelled by those four weeks that we were away. Most significant of all, to my thinking, had been this: Staid old Mother England had welcomed the two of us with open arms.

Symbolic, I believe, was the way in which Owen's mother accepted both the divorce and my remarriage.

Shortly after our return Mrs. Moore paid me a visit at the Pickford-Fairbanks studio. Without knowing she was there, Douglas came into the room. At first he was embarrassed. But Mrs. Moore immediately put him at his ease. Then, she said, "Douglas, I want you to meet Owen's mother. She went up to him, hand outstretched, and said:

"Mr. Fairbanks, I hate you till I realized you were good for my Mary. I only pray that you will live long to protect and care for her. Make her happy, because Owen never did."

Douglas thanked her, and I saw great big tears come to his eyes.

Mrs. Moore was right. What Owen had never been to me—companionship, helpmeet, friend and teacher and guide—Douglas now became.

As I review those years I am convinced that Douglas loved me more than I loved him. Despite my success, I had been a very lonely person, lonely and lost. More than anything else I had wanted desperately to be approved of, and that approval Douglas gave me almost generously. I had never believed anyone would ever speak of me and to me as he did. Douglas loved living, and he instilled that into everyone around him. He could never stand depressing things or people. Talk of failure, of sickness, of death was rigorously avoided in his company.

There was one word that alwaysboomed about Douglas in gigantic let-
ters—"success." Whenever he dou-
bled with pencil and pad, over a tele-
phone or at a conference table, he
would write those two magic syllables
over and over again, in strong
printed letters. When he published his little books they were either on that theme or the theme of "laugh and live," which was the title of the best of them. So dominant was this creed of success that he drew successful people to him wherever he went—in fact, he almost seemed to be collecting them.

One of the most successful people among Douglas' early friends was Charlie Chaplin. Charlie was also one of the four original members of United Artists, which included D. W. Griffith, Douglas and myself.

In 1912 I had heard about Charlie Chaplin but never seen him, either in person or on the screen. I knew of the favor he had created, but at that time I just considered him a pie-throwing comedian. I was at Levy's, one of the two places where we usually dined in Los Angeles, when I saw a dark-eyed figure, little more than a boy, with heavy, black curly hair, high starched collar with stock tie, seated alone at a nearby table. My companion leaned toward me.

"Charlie Chaplin," he whispered.

I remember how amazed I was. For one thing, I had expected a much older man. Then, I was totally unprepared for the sensitivity of his face and the smallness of his hands.

As I looked in Chaplin's direction a waiter came up behind him and opened a transom, unhoisting an avalanche of dust on Charlie's head and into his plate of soup.

The waiter was most apologetic. Very gently Charlie just waved him and the bowl of soup away. There was a touching grace and restraint about his gesture. I would never have recognized the slapstick comedian in this beautiful youth who looked more like a poet or a violinist.

I did not actually get to know Charlie well until after I married Douglas. Then we were almost inseparable.

Whatever the stunt, whatever the prank or practical joke, so long as Charlie was responsible for it Douglas thought it was great. The two of them would romp all over Pickfair like ten-year-olds. I can't recall the number of times I stayed behind to entertain one or another of Charlie's wives while the boys went wandering up and down the surrounding hills. Sometimes Charlie's current spouse might not be altogether to my liking, or I to hers, and sometimes there were things I wanted to do around the house, for I had such little time away from the studio. But I would dutifully sit with whichever Mrs. Chaplin it might be and chat amiably till the waltz was over and Charlie was back again.

Once Charlie and Douglas climbed up on the water tower and almost fell in. Douglas, of course, was always climbing, and whoever was with him had to be prepared for some sort of ascension.

We were visiting Henry Ford in Pasadena one summer. As it was getting late, I asked the butler if Mr. Fairbanks was ready to go home.

"I don't know, madam," he replied.

"They're up there.

I followed the butler's pointing finger, and there up on the roof, strolled across the tile and facing each other, were Douglas Fairbanks and Henry Ford. They were engaged in a heated discussion of world politics and completely oblivious of where they were. I waited fully an hour before the "boys" clambered down again.

(Continued on page 141)
(Continued from page 136)

“How in the world did you have the courage to take Mr. Ford up there?” I said.

“It’s all right, Hippe. I rehearsed it three or four times for him and showed him where the footholds and handholds were.”

That was what attracted Douglas and Charline to each other. They had to be acting like kids all the time, as if childhood had passed them by and they had now caught up.

What Douglas was on the screen he was in real life. Whatever the danger in any of his films, I don’t recall that he ever used any safeguards or precautions. They just weren’t cricket. Douglas was always exploring and playing the prankster. That was a door of childhood that had never closed on him, or perhaps that had only opened at a time when it had closed on others.

When the whole motion-picture industry was in the doghouse over some new black sheep Douglas and Charline would pick up the telephone and ring up the more pompous and self-righteous producers and pretend they were newspaper reporters.

“We understand you know a great deal more about this scandal than you’ve told the police. This story is our job. Can we quote you to the effect that…”

There would be an immediate threat of a lawsuit from the other end of the telephone. I usually listened in on an extension, and I remember how terrified I would get when I heard those indignant tones. I was certain the police would trace the call and the industry would have a fresh scandal on its hands. There was never a dull moment when those two scalawags were together.

Not that they were always looking for a laugh or acting like a couple of kids out of Mark Twain. I saw them once watching Professor Einstein demonstrate his Theory of Relativity with a knife, a fork, a plate and the edge of our dining table. I can still see the look of complete concentration and befuddlement on their faces.

We were having dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Einstein at Pickfair shortly after they arrived here. Professor Einstein’s language was then only beginning to take recognizable shape as English, which did not make the theory any clearer to the boys. I am afraid that even if his English had been flawless Douglas, Charline and I would still have been in the dark, relatively speaking.

A brain specialist who was present had at first introduced the subject of thought transference.

“Fas is that?” asked Einstein.

“I think and concentrate my thinking on you,” explained the brain specialist, “and you catch my thought.”

“Veni,” said Professor Einstein, “das ist not possible.”

“But wasn’t your theory just as incredible—and still is to most people?”

Professor Einstein insisted it was really a very simple theory. To prove his point he slapped the edge of the table as the outer rim of space, used the plate as the world or the sun or universe—I can’t recall which—and plied away at the dimensions with his silverware.

I was too awed to ask questions, so I accused myself by studying the open-mouthed attention of Charlie and Douglas.

Then there were Charline’s side-splitting impressions of different characters. There was the inebriated Cockney woman. You could actually see her standing at the curb with an

(Continued on page 143)
Now!

2 delightful forms of
TALC in America's
beloved fragrance

April Showers

1. The long-loved tale . . . silky-soft, luxuriously smoothing and soothing . . . with the fragrance that's fresh as a garden in the rain. Ask for April Showers Regular Talc. 39¢

2. New! Deodorant Form
Exciting "two-purpose" version of this famous, fragrant tale. Wonderful ingredients have been added for all-over body deodorant protection. Ask for April Showers Deodorant Talc. 50¢

by CHERAMY

Round wide opening
2 quart translucent bag
Reinforced for extra wear
Waterproof zipper case
Only syringe with pure later tubing
Pipes won't come apart

$3.98

How to use a feminine syringe

YOU'LL find many helpful suggestions on feminine hygiene in the booklet offered below. Also information on the use of B. F. Goodrich water bottles, ice caps and other rubber products.

The B. F. Goodrich "Sojourn" is a gravity-flow syringe, like those used in hospitals, holds two quarts yet fits in a handy waterproof case no bigger than an evening purse. It's as easy to pack as your toothbrush when traveling, easy to store at home.

To get our 116-page booklet on how and when to douche, sick care and feminine hygiene, send the folder packed with each B. F. Goodrich syringe, water bottle or ice cap to The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. S-54, Akron, Ohio. This informative booklet written by a nurse, will be mailed promptly.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

B. F. Goodrich
RUBBER PRODUCTS

(Continued from page 141)

umbrella, waiting for a bus. There was the Spanish bullfighter, enamored of one of the ladies in the crowd, unwittingly turning his back to the bull. I remember how he held our aching sides as Charlie bowed low to the object of his admiration only to find himself, mute and open-eyed, on the receiving end of the bull's horns.

One of Charlie's favorite acts was an imitation of a D. W. Griffith invention going into ecstasies over a little bird. There would be all those darting little gestures and silent twitches of elicitation—in short, an exaggerated case of the cutes. Another, excruciating imitation was that of a Christian Science healer who steps on a tack, denies it bravely to herself and to the audience in a succession of reassuring gestures, and finally goes limping off the stage.

I have read and heard many harsh things about Charlie, and I've said a few myself, but I've always maintained that if people knew more about Charlie's childhood there would be more understanding of his singular temperament and pathos.

When Charlie was only seven years old his mother lost her reason. I'll never forget the time Charlie told me how shestone stoned both him and her as he led her by the hand to the hospital. Destitute, their father dead, Charlie and his brother Syd were placed in a workhouse. There they remained for three years. Charlie used to describe the terror he felt when he saw other children being caned over a wooden horse for the slightest infraction of the rules.

Charlie had never seen an orange until one bleak, rainy Christmas day shortly after he was admitted to the workhouse. Poor little fellow, he had made a mistake in bed. So when his turn came he reached out for the coveted object, only to be yanked brutally out of line and told, "You're a nasty little boy, and you don't deserve to have an orange."

"Do you know," Charlie said to me, "I looked at this golden ball of color, so beautiful against the drabness of the uniforms and the gray walls of the workhouse, and I didn't know an orange was something to eat."

He and his brother ran away, and nearly starved to death on the streets of London. Many a night they spent over the gratings of a bakery, almost driven out of their minds with hunger when they smelled the bread. It was the only warm spot they could find, and they slept with newspapers over them. They managed to earn a few pennies by carving out little toy boats, and, of course, they had to fish their food where they could.

I shall always treasure the memory of Charlie's profound but hidden devotion to his stricken mother. He sometimes denied this side of his own feelings with his scornful attitude toward any strong family ties. He knew how much I loved my mother, yet once he said to me, quite seriously, "That's nothing but spooks, Mary, lovely one's family that way."

He went to great lengths, however, to bring his mother over from England. The few years remaining the poor woman was thus passed in ease and comfort, but she did not know that the world's greatest comedian was her son.

This same sense of loyalty Charlie has shown to innumerable friends, and no one has ever known exactly how many helpless people owe their sole maintenance to him. Many are friends from the lean days, whom he has never forsaken. Charlie has been very cautious about keeping this all

(Continued on page 144)

The Cool of Night

nightgowns of Spun-lo

rayon fabric

under $2.00

These are the gowns to have for all the warm weather months ahead. Sleeping beauties of Spun-lo, the cool, cool knit rayon, in one lovely style after another. They never get clingy or clammy because they're naturally absorbent. In Evening Mint, Turquoise, Sun Yellow, and Dawn Pink. This one is accentuated with a necklace of embroidered nylon sheer. They all wash in a wink, dry fast, never need ironing. Small, Medium, Large.

INDUSTRIAL RAYON CORPORATION
Sales Office: 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

P.S. they're a bright-idea gift for Mother's Day!
Gibbs Kids
bloom in the Spring,
tra la la!

Wise mothers rely on Gibbs for their
bonnie babies, boys and girls.

Infants’ lightweight pull-over suit, shirt, pants, leggings. White, pink, mint. Sizes: 3 to 6 mos., $1.65. 6 to 12 mos., $2.50. Infants’ waterproof suit, pants, leg warmers. White, pink, blue. Sizes: 3 to 6 mos., $1.95.


Girls’ lightweight pullover shirt, pants, leggings. White, pink, blue. Sizes: 3 to 18 mos., $3.00.

Girls’ Peek-a-Boo blouse. Lace trim, satin collar, short sleeves. White, pink, blue, green. Sizes: 3 to 18 mos., $3.00.


(Continued from page 143)
to himself, and he would scoff at anyone who so much as suggested that he was kind and generous.

For Charlie was a friend and as an artist I have had genuine fondness and profound respect. Nothing in the world, however, would induce me to live over the agonizing years I experienced with Charlie as a business partner. As a co-owner of United Artists I was convinced we could only survive by continually modifying our setup. This Charlie would not permit.

“Charlie,” I would say, “we ought to streamline the company and keep with the general trend of the times.”

But there was no moving him. I don’t think Charlie knew himself what he wanted. I finally became convinced he just didn’t want what I wanted, that somehow, particularly after Douglas’ death, I rubbed him the wrong way. It finally came to this: No matter what I proposed or how I proposed it Charlie would automatically, without giving the matter any consideration, flatly turn it down.

The inevitable, of course, happened. United Artists faced bankruptcy. I gave my power of attorney to Joseph Schenck, whom I trusted implicitly as a friend and business man. I shall never forget the day I went to Charlie’s home to urge him to do the same. I thought I had seen Charlie in a tantrum, but this beat everything.

“I wouldn’t give my power of attorney to my own brother!” he shouted. “I’m perfectly capable of voting my own stock.”

“But, Charlie, you know Schenck is a good businessman—”

“I’m as good a businessman as anybody else!”

Of course poor Charlie was no businessman at all. It all appealed to his sense of fair play and sportsmanship.

“Charlie,” I said, “I’m not here as your partner today. I’m here, more or less, as someone that’s been your friend for so many years. I’m here as the voice of our employers, the world over, of the producers and bankers—”

At that word he cut me short. “I’ll give you the answer you want, then. The interview is terminated.”

“Very well, Charlie,” I said, and without another word left either of us I started for the door.

I saw that he had no intention of opening the door for me, and I prayed not to lose my temper. Of course, as luck would have it, there was somebody in the locked door that wouldn’t give. So Charlie had to let me out after all.

At length, after years of continual wrangling, we finally sat down in a conference room one day and signed the agreement to the company to six young men who now have the power to put United Artists back on its feet. And that was my last important contact with that obstinate, suspicious, egocentric, faulknative and lovable genius of a problem child Charlie Chaplin.

I’ve some way Charlie’s early life left me almost by itself. I too had experienced extreme poverty. And, like Charlie, I’d never really known what it meant to have a child. At the age of five I was helping to support my family as an actress. I sometimes felt that my only real childhood was lived through the number of children’s roles I played even into adulthood.

I was twenty-four years old when I played the part of eleven-year-old Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, but I enjoyed the part as if I was still a child myself.

“Rebecca,” said her mother, “you have a hole in the back of your stocking.”

And Rebecca did what I had once done myself before leaving for Sunday school. She dashed back into the house and put shoe polish over the hole to cover it up.

And there was the pie-eating episode, in which I said to my aunt: “I’ll that great big piece of pie for Aunt Miranda?”

“No, Rebecca, it’s for you.”

How to make slip covers

McCall's Picture Book of Decorating Ideas gives easy-to-follow directions for making slip covers for any type of upholstered furniture. This booklet will help you solve many other decorating problems too—how to make draperies, how to deal with problem windows and where to put the television set.

Send 15¢ in stamps to Modern Homemaker, McCall’s, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada write: 133 Simcoe Street, Toronto 1, Ontario

Shrink Resistant for Comfortable Fit

Ask for Gibbs in Infants’, Children’s, Teens’ and College-Age Sizes


Housework Easy Without Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to breakdown of kidney function. Doctor’s say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some every day condition, such as stress and strain, causes this imbalance, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

Don’t neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Dosan’s Pills— mild directly. Used successfully for millions for over 94 years. By removing how many times Dosan’s give happy results from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Dosan’s Pills today!

McCall’s Picture Book of Decorating Ideas gives easy-to-follow directions for making slip covers for any type of upholstered furniture. This booklet will help you solve many other decorating problems too—how to make draperies, how to deal with problem windows and where to put the television set.

Send 15¢ in stamps to Modern Homemaker, McCall’s, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada write: 133 Simcoe Street, Toronto 1, Ontario

Shrink Resistant for Comfortable Fit

Ask for Gibbs in Infants’, Children’s, Teens’ and College-Age Sizes


Housework Easy Without Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to breakdown of kidney function. Doctor’s say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this imbalance, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

Don’t neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Dosan’s Pills— mild directly. Used successfully for millions for over 94 years. By removing how many times Dosan’s give happy results from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Dosan’s Pills today!
While Mickey whistled Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," I thought Mickey was satisfied with the results.

I was twenty-six years old when I played one of my most successful children—Little Lord Fauntleroy. In this film I also portrayed Little Lord Fauntleroy's mother. Nowadays trick photography, trick sets and parallel takes are commonplace, but in those days every new adventure, every new camera angle was a discovery.

People were baffled that I looked nine inches taller as the mother than I did as the boy. Three of those inches came from an elevated ramp on which I walked whenever Little Lord Fauntleroy was beside me. I got the idea for the remaining six inches from a practice adopted centuries ago by some enterprising young ladies of Venice. I had read that they used to wear large magic lanterns. To this they thought they might more appropriately apply to their rank. I had a pair of these "platforms" made for me.

I remember with what anxiety I descended a staircase. We took one scene over several times, because three of my four times my mother got the wrong way and I fell nearly the whole length of the stairs—a most ungracious accident, as the Downs of Fauntleroy was beside me. I got the idea for the remaining six inches from a practice adopted centuries ago by some enterprising young ladies of Venice. I had read that they used to wear large magic lanterns. To this they thought they might more appropriately apply to their rank. I had a pair of these "platforms" made for me.

Every now and then as the years went by and I continued in child's roles, I would worry that perhaps I had made a mistake in becoming a personality instead of an actress. I would suddenly resent the fact that I had allowed myself to be hypnotized by the public into remaining a little girl. A wild impulse would seize me to reach for the nearest cats and remove that blond chain around my neck.

In 1923 I realized my ambition and played my first adult role on the screen in Roma, the worst picture I have ever made. Then I did Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, which was infinitely better, but not in the same class, either in merit or box-office success, with Rebecca or Little Lord Fauntleroy. Also, while making Dorothy Vernon I suffered almost the greatest fright of my life.

The whole episode began rather embarrassingly in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, where about 12,000 spectators had gathered to watch us take a scene of me riding a beautiful white horse named Pearl. To the great amusement of the crowd, I was unable to lift myself into the stirrup because of the weight of a very elegant brocaded velvet costume, which weighed twenty-eight pounds.

The crowd volunteered various ways of helping me out of my predicament. "How about a step-ladder? Let you give a boost, Mary!"

In the end the upholsterer had to go, and I was obliged to put on a dress of lighter weight. The next problem was that the horse might slip on the asphalt road we had selected for the scene. To prevent this four rubber shoes were put on Pearl.

I was riding along at increasing speed, followed by a car containing the cameraman and his assistant, Director Neill and his assistant, and a technician holding a reflector so that the light would shine in my face, when I suddenly kicked them shrieking at me in one voice.

Pearl, it seemed, had cast off one of the rubber shoes from a hind hoof. Panic-stricken, she began to race like a runaway. (Continued on page 149)
Does your face look older in heavy make-up?

Most complexions begin to need flatter—younger than you think! Yet so many women try to hide growing "age" signs in heavy make-up. And almost invariably a complexion smothered in heavy make-up becomes a courser, "older" complexion.

Now, if suddenly you feel your prettiest in soft lights, soft colors—it's time to soften-tone your complexion in the powder base designed for you! Before powder, smooth on a thin film of airy-light Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then hours later, give your face this mirror check. Unlike the heavy make-ups—there's no streaking or discoloring. Pond's Vanishing Cream is completely uncreasy. Never cakey—it can't dry on your face. Your skin looks finer, smoother...powder clings!

(Continued from page 147)

Mad trying to outdistance the car. To add to her panic I was, of course, riding sidessaddle, and twenty-odd pounds of skirts were flapping wildly in the wind over her flank.

The risk of a sudden fall was very great indeed, and I could understand the wild shouting and gesturalizing of the men in the car. I tried to remain calm, because I knew better than they did what would happen if I lost my head. I shouted back to them to reduce their speed gradually.

Directly ahead of me was an intersecting highway, with automobiles racing in both directions. Pearl was throwing out her front feet, head low, blindly plunging toward that highway. I got way up in the saddle, right over her ears, and started talking to her.

"That's all right, Pearl," I said.

She had belonged to two other women before, so she was at least accustomed to a female voice. I went on talking into her ears, patting and smoothing her neck, keeping her as calm as I could, while over ever so gently I pulled in the reins. I knew that if I reined her in too quickly she would rear in the air and throw the two of us. Between patting and stroking and assuring Pearl that she was a good girl I managed to nuzzle to myself, "Please to God, help us!"

Just as we reached the intersection I gave the reins a quick jerk with both my hands, and Pearl reared a bit, half stumbled, and very nearly landed in a culvert. I am proud to say I did not lose my seat.

Automobiles had started putting on brakes, and you can imagine the amazement of those men and women as Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall came tearing out of nowhere on a white horse, her blind curls flying in the wind. Poor Pearl was drenched in sweat, and she was so terrified that the reins and muscles were standing out like whiskicks all over her body. I've never seen five more frightened human beings than the men in the car. They were white as doves.

I was during the filming of Dorothy Vernon that I found I could relax in the midst of the greatest of costume by going to sleep in any costume and in almost any position. A cameraman said to me one day, "Miss Pickford, you have three minutes before you're needed on the stage," I made up my mind to use those three minutes to best advantage. I was compartmented in one of the weightiest attires that was ever loaded upon this puny frame of mine. My skirts alone weighed all of twenty pounds. There was a liquid wonder on my hands. Every hair on my head was meticulously in place. All this had to be perfect the moment the director's voice boomed out and cameras began to grind. I signaled the wardrobe woman, who put a Japanese pillow under my head (the Japanese use a small block of wood) and a folded towel on my chest to prevent the powder from spoiling my gown. Then she pulled my skirts straight under me, and in all that noise and hammering with cameramen and carpenters yelling to one another, I lay perfectly flat and slept. When I went on stage the cameraman stared at me in wonder. "What did you put in your eyes, Miss Pickford?" he asked. "They're so bright!"

"Oh, I just slept," I said.

After Rosita and Dorothy Vernon I was quite ready to surrender to public demand and become a little girl again. My two adventures in adulthood had been costly and embarrassing, but instructive too. As a reaction perhaps.

(Continued on page 151)

WITH THE NEW 1954 NECCHI...ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WATCH

EVEN WITHOUT TOUCHING

THE MACHINE YOU CAN DO THESE BEAUTIFUL STITCHES

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:

The most amazing invention in sewing machine history! NECCHI's Wonder Wheel makes ordinary zig-zag machines out of date. Just insert the Wonder Wheel, start the machine, and watch...while the Wonder Wheel makes dozens of wonderful designs. Even beginners become experts at once! Don't buy any sewing machine before you've seen the new NECCHI.

3 brand-new features: built-in light beam, built-in switch control (permitting speed reduction by 50%), foolproof threader. New eye-smoothing grey color. From first seam to final touch, NECCHI makes the complete garment.


Other NECCHI models start at $98.95

THE COMPLETELY NEW WONDER WHEEL NECCHI

OVER 2000 DEALERS IN OVER 1000 CITIES. PARTS AND SERVICES AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE. ©1954
FRIENDSHIP'S GARDEN

a Delight Every Way You Use It

Now dust on a cloud of powder
Feel silky smooth, so cared-for, precious...
Dusting Powder 1.10

Then just before you meet your public—
Liquid Petals where the pulse beats—
at throat, wrist, bend of arm—
The new way to enjoy perfume...
Liquid Petals Cream Perfume 1.25

And don't forget your Stick Cologne
It goes with you, in the purse
To renew that gay, blithe fragrance
Your own bright magic—Friendship's Garden.
Stick Cologne 1.00

Prices plus tax

Now began a period of nerve-racking tension, waiting for those men to act, and wondering what form their action would take. During this whole period I was never alone for a second. Every day for two weeks the kidnappers came in their car and parked a few blocks from the studio.

I generally drove to the studio in a small glass-enclosed 1924 Rolls-Royce roadster. It was a miniature car, the last word in daintiness, with room enough for two people. Only two others like it were ever made, one for the then Prince of Wales, the second for Lady Mountbatten. Douglas had to get permission from both other owners to have a third built for me. Prior to the warning from the police my maid had accompanied me to the studio. Now it was Douglas. I should like to pause here to pay tribute to a heroic unknown who, I found out later, was used as a decoy during those two tense weeks. It seems that while I was on the set my young stand-in was dressed in my hat and coat and drove around in the little Rolls-Royce. The girl was fully aware of the danger, having been told that the police and the kidnappers might start shooting at each other. But the kidnappers never followed her.

On leaving the studio at night my job was to watch for the police. Doug-

As a Shriners held their annual convention (Continued on page 152)
(Continued from page 151) in Los Angeles. That gave the kidnappers a brilliant idea. They now began to wear Shriners’ hats and put Shriners’ banners on their car. If they grabbed me and I screamed for help, people would think it was just a group of Shriners who had been celebrating a little too freely.

Finally the kidnappers were observed purchasing a gun. Then they rented a house in the Mexican quarters, where they planned to hold all five victims. The police now had all the evidence they needed, but they still wanted an open attempt to move in on the kill.

The brains of the conspiracy was an automobile salesman, an ex-lieutenant of World War I. It was the demonstrating car he used in his work that was parked a few blocks away from me studio during those two weeks. One of his accomplices was a young man who had worked for Wells Fargo. Another was an ex-butcher who had boasted earlier that he was never late on a job. When asked what he would have done if I had pulled a gun on him he said he would have taken down the police car without a moment’s hesitation. The wife of the Wells Fargo man was employed as a nurse in the home of the banker’s grandson, one of the intended captives.

The climax came unexpectedly one night. Douglas and I slipped into our suite; hence and, as usual, looked around for the police car. Suddenly I noticed a convertible some distance down the street. The storm curtains were up, and the men in the car kept peering from the back. I called Douglas’ attention to it as we began moving down Sunset Boulevard.

“I’ll keep my eye on it, Mary,” he said. “How about the police car? Do you see it anywhere?”

After looking all around, I reported there was no sign of it. Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills is a wide highway, divided in the middle by a bridle path. In order to keep the convertible in view Douglas pulled to the left, and we were both soon racing down the boulevard at high speed. Since our car was of English make, the wheel was on the right side, bringing Douglas that much closer to me in the mysterious convertible. Between us on the seat lay a sawed-off shotgun. Near it was a .45 Colt. Douglas now began talking to me in feverish tones.

“If the shooting starts, Hipper, drop to the floor of the car!”

Several times in my life, in situations of acute stress and drama, I have known a great calm of cold logic and calculation to come over me. This was such a moment. It suddenly struck me that Douglas’ thinking was not sound. If he were shot at that speed, I reasoned, the car would crash like a cannonball, and there wouldn’t be much left of me, whether I was on the floor or sitting bolt upright. Moreover, I wanted to take my chances with him. So while I assured him I would be obedient, I had already formed a plan of my own. When and if the firing started I would kneel down, place the .45 Colt on the wheel and get a bead on the driver of the convertible racing to the right of us.

Douglas had taught me to handle a gun, and, if I say it with pardonable pride, I’m at least an average shot. This was proved one Fourth of July, when our day watchman failed to hit a target at 150 yards, whereas I got three bull’s-eyes and the remaining shots within the two inner circles of the target. (The watchman, I might add, was removed to his duties, where he proved far more useful in the property department.)

We were now doing all of seventy miles an hour. I kept telling Douglas not to get ahead of the other car, but he was frightfully excited and evidently didn’t hear me, for he swerved sharply to the other side of Sunset Boulevard ahead of the convertible.

Finally we drove into the Beverly Hills Hotel, followed by the convertible. Frantically Douglas had jammed on the brakes, jumped out as the car was still rolling and, with the sawed-off shotgun cocked, planted himself in the path of our pursuers and shouted:

“Throw up your hands!”

(To be continued)
"More than anything or anyone," Mary says of her third husband, Buddy Rogers, "he gave me back my confidence." Pickfair, their home, was named for Mary and Douglas Fairbanks.

The scandal that wrecked my marriage...

The right man, love and a family at last!

MY WHOLE LIFE

by Mary Pickford

This is the fourth and last installment of Mary Pickford's autobiography. Previous installments have described how Miss Pickford rose from an unknown child actress in Canada to become a $10,000-a-week Hollywood star and the most powerful woman in the moving-picture industry. Professional success was slight compensation for a tragic early marriage, and she did not find happiness until she met Douglas Fairbanks. Although this marriage also was doomed, Mary and Douglas had many exciting years together. At the end of the previous installment Mary described one of their strangest adventures—an attempt to outwit three men who were plotting to kidnap her. — The Editors

After weeks and weeks of waiting for the suspected kidnappers to make a move against me Douglas and I had at last reached the end of our endurance. The climax came one afternoon when a mysterious convertible followed us down Sunset Boulevard. Douglas, frantic, finally jammed the brakes, jumped out of our car while it was still rolling and planted himself in the path of our pursuers. Cocking the sawed-off shotgun he had been carrying with him for weeks, he shouted, "Throw up your hands!"

Instantly a terrified cry came from the mysterious convertible: "Stop, Douglas. We're the police!"

Douglas was bathed in cold perspiration and as white as death. "I will not subject my wife to any more of this danger," he said to the police. "I insist you arrest those men immediately. I also insist that my wife not be there when you do it."

When the would-be kidnappers appeared as usual at the studio the following day a small, slightly built detective named Raymond was waiting for them. One of the men was in the car, and two others were standing near it. Raymond said to Douglas, "Watch me slug them."

Without further ado he marched up to the man in the car and knocked him out with the butt of his gun. Then, with the gun pointed, he walked over to the other two and said, "Will you take it the hard way, or will you come quietly?"

Raymond handcuffed both of them, and the unconscious man, and drove them to the studio. (Continued on page 89)
gates, where Douglas and members of our joint staffs were waiting. Ray-
mond, in cowboy fashion, took out a paper and tobacco and rolled a ciga-
rette with one hand, and Douglas was surprised to see that it wasn’t shaking
at all.
On Douglas’ orders I had missed the final act of the drama. When
Douglas came to tell me that I was free again to come and go to the
studio as I saw fit I amazed myself and him by breaking down complete-
ly. I suppose the tension finally snapped. Suddenly trembled all over
and had myself a good hard femininely
cry.
When I faced my would-be-duc-
tors in court I was curious to know
what their reactions would be upon
seeing me for the first time off the
screen. One of them, an ex-butcher, sat opposite the door through which I
entered. In his middle thirties, blue-
eyed and ruddy of complexion, he
was the last person anyone would cast
in such a vicious role. I remember he
leaned forward and looked at me with
the most friendly expression. The
second man was as white as his collar,
and his eyes were staring mad. The
third, an automobile salesman, was
only a little less nervous, though he
looked me steadily in the eye.
Their attorney, an insignificant piped
man, tried to win the jury’s sympathy by comparing my
Rolls-Royce with the humble vehicle
in which his clients were driving. To
the annoyance of the judge, I pro-
ceeded to give him a good tongue-
flashing, stating that my husband had
bought a Rolls-Royce with hard-
earned money, while they had stolen
their “humble vehicle.”

The judge rapped me to silence, and
I glanced at the attorney and the
three felons whom he was defending
with such heartbreakingly eloquence.
I think in sentences them the law was
sentient in the extreme.

The experience left me more cau-
tious than it found me. We now have
guards day and night at Pickfair, to-
gether with every possible police
protec-
tion—and, of course, a squad of
devoted watchers.

As I look back over the years of my
marriage I realize that Douglas Fairbanks loved me more than I loved
him—that is, up to the time that he
realized youth was slipping from him.
At that point a strange fever and
restlessness settled upon him, and
perhaps a growing loss of confidence.
I am convinced it was rather to prove
something to himself than to anyone
else that he subsequently acted the
way he did.

I actually began to sense the change
in him as far back as 1925, not toward
me but in a general restlessness and
nervous impatience. There were spells
when nothing satisfied him, his horse,
his work, his friends. Several times I
had to refuse to go to Europe with him.
I found I just couldn’t keep up the
pace with him whose very being
had become motion, no matter how
purposeless. The male secretary who
accompanied him on those frenzied
excursions told me that Douglas had
reached the point where he couldn’t
stay more than a night in any one
place.

Yet it wasn’t until early in 1929,
while we were making The Taming of
the Shrew together, that I saw a com-
pletely new Douglas, a Douglas who
no longer cared, apparently, about me
or my feelings.

I was talked into doing The Taming
of the Shrew against my better judg-
ment. I have no qualms about admit-
ting that Katherine was one of my
worst performances. I was jumpy and
tense from morning to night while we
made the film. I understand the
remark Capra said to my friend Col-
tance Collier one day, “We don’t want any
of this heavy stage drama. We want
the real Pickford acting.”

I’m sorry I wasn’t told sooner,
because I would have fought it out bit-
terly. Now that the years have inter-
vened. I can see clearly what effect
the “Pickford tricks” had on the characteri-
ization. Instead of being a forceful
tiger cat I was a spitting little kitten.
And the strange new Douglas playing
opposite me was being another
Petrolito in real life, but
without the humor or the tongue-in-
cheek playfulness of the man who
loved Katherine’s Shrewish spirit.

At the studio I could feel the
mounting resentment and bitterness
against him from the people of my
company. Douglas and I owned the
studio jointly, but there was always a
dividing line between our companies,
divided physically and psychologically.
A studio management was set up to act
as shock-absorber in any crisis. One
quarrel was always with this umbrage,
never with each other. However, a
considerable amount of jealousy between
the Fairbanks and Pickford staffs was
unavoidable. This mutual jealousy
only intensified the situation now.
I remember I was several days in
back of a piece of scenery and over-
heard this exchange:
“Is Mrs. Fairbanks here?” someone
inquired.

“If you mean Miss Pickford,” re-
plied a man from the side, “I think
you’ll find her in her dressing room.”
The scene was tense with unspoken
thoughts throughout the filming of
The Taming of the Shrew. On one
occasion I wasn’t at all satisfied with
the way I had done a scene.

“Would you mind retaking it,
Douglas?” I asked.

“I certainly would mind,” he re-
torted.

The making of that film was my
finishing. My confidence was completely
shattered, and I was never again at
ease before the microphone. All the
assurance that had come from win-
ing an Academy Award for my first
flicking picture, Coquette, was gone.

I shuddered even now to remember
the tragic and disheartening happenings
that crowded with such overwhelming
suddenness into those few years. The
break with Douglas, several costly
and embarrassing moving-picture fail-
ures that followed Coquette, a nerve-
wracking operation and, most shatter-
ing of all, the death within a few
years of each other of my beloved
mother, my brother Jack and my
sister Lottie.

From the day I learned that Moth-
ner’s condition was a malignancy I
spent three long years in hell that
only a demon could conceive. For we
were both playing a game, she pre-
tending that she didn’t know, and I
concealing my terror from her under
a mask of unclouded cheerfulness.

When we lived together I did all my
crying in the bathroom, with a bath
towel over my face and the faucets
running full force to drown the sound
of my sobs. Then I would put iced
cloths on my eyes to remove the red-
ess and swelling. Alone I would
have black spells of remorse. I
remembered that she was doing some-
thing for me when it began, that it
was while she was searching for black
material for Little Annie’s dress that the
trunk lid fell on her breast.

(Continued on page 90)
(Continued from page 89)

And it had been so like Mother not to care for a word about the accident till long after it had happened. Indeed, it was on the boat coming back from Europe about four months later that she mentioned it for the first time. Something had developed there that worried her, but she said she would not submit to an operation. I pleaded with her to do whatever the specialists suggested, if it was to be an operation necessary she should have it done. But she recalled to me the case of a girl who had worked with her in the Chicago, Ohio & Illinois Company years before. She had undergone a similar operation.

Then she said to me, "I've had three major operations in my life, and I just can't face a fourth—not the kind that poor Josie had."

In 1928 I gave up my work completely and moved out to Mother's beach house. Douglas went with me. There I remained for eighteen weeks, every day of it, from early morning till late at night, in her company. During that time we read the Bible a deal. I remember how Mother would begin her mornings by rereading the good word she would do for the day. This generally meant a sizable number to people less fortunate than we were. Sometimes it was just a loving letter or telephone call to someone in need.

Next to the saddest day of my life was the day Mother asked me to release her.

"Don't ask me to live any longer, Mary," she pleaded, "Let me go. I know, and you know, that life is eternal. I can't stand it any more, and death will be an act of mercy. But I can't promise you I won't grieve and cry over me."

I was too stunned to say anything. It had never once crossed my mind that Mother might want to give up the fight. I choked back my tears.

"Please assure me, darling, I promise you won't cry. I know you'll be waiting for me on the other side. Yes, if that's the way you want it I release you, Mama."

"I couldn't be happy even in heaven," she said, "if I knew you were grieving. Remember, Mary, that you'll be the head of the family now. You must be brave for their sake."

And she asked me to make one more promise. "You must never blame yourself for anything, darling. You must never think that you ever displeased or upset me. You are the best daughter any mother ever had. I know how cruel and unjust you can be to us. You must promise never to condemn yourself for any imaginary wrong.

"Let them know my words, and fought back the tears."

"If you think it over, Mary, and the sisters were recently moved before going home, you know you would want me to do all the things that I want you to."

A great calm had come over Mother's face. "This is the very last time we will speak of it, and think of more cheerful matters now."

I don't recall what it was she then told me, but I know it was an amusing story, and I was so shocked that she could tell me anything funny at such a moment, and we both laughed. We never referred to that matter afterwards, and I do not believe in it no longer of any other's presence.

It was perhaps two days later that Mother went into convulsions. In those last delirious moments, before she lapsed into unconsciousness, she said to me:

"Mary, put your hand in God's and go with him, and then you'll be working for the good and all material things are, and how futile it was to think of finding even the smallest part of your mother among them.

Like everybody else who has lost a beloved one, I found myself wondering whether there was truth to the stories of communication with the other life. I was tempted to make an effort to contact Mother. But I knew there was a147

up to the last moment I hoped and prayed that a miracle would happen and Mother would be fully prepared for the blow when it fell. I was in Mother's town house when she died, with the words, the horrible, crushing words, uttered by my cousin Benson, who was soon to follow her: "She's gone!"

Instantly the words became both a roaring noise and big white visible letters against a pitch-black sky. The letters went on rising till they were like buildings, and then they toppled over and fell all over me. I threw my arms around the middle and was going through a plate-glass window when Douglas caught me, and (I have no memory of this myself) stuck him full in the face with my fists.

The first thing I remember was the grandfather clock chiming twelve o'clock. I could never again bear to look at that clock, a gift of mine to Mother, which had been the only thing in the house for four hours nobody could come near me. I was like a wild animal in the jungle. Then through the haze I saw the faces of my brother Jack and my sister Lottie, and I began upbraiding them for not being with me at the moment of Mother's dying. I am deeply remorseful and ashamed of what I said in that hour of anguish, my poor brother, who was hinging to go in five years, and Lottie, who was to follow him three years later. I was completely out of my mind. I have a few frivilous snapshots of sanity that come back through that maddening cloud of grief: being amazed, for example, at Douglas' lips being as white as they were.

What finally brought me to my senses was the sight of my young cousin standing against the wall, her hands covering her face, sobbing violently. Suddenly remembered that she was expecting her baby in another month. I flew back to her and put my arms around her and said:

"Please, Vera, stop crying and go home. You know my mother wouldn't want you to risk losing your baby."

"I don't care," she said, "I don't want the baby now, because I won't be able to put it in Auntie's arms. She won't be here to see it."

"How do you know she won't?" I asked. I had to have believe, else that she will be closer to us all than ever before."

I accompanied her to go down to the beach, where she was staying at my mother's summer home, awaiting the arrival of the baby. That afternoon Lottie had so longed to hold somebody in her arms.

Mother's house was on Canyon Drive in Beverly Hills, on the route to Pickfair. From the time they took her away to recapture that health, I have never passed that house. Indeed, to avoid it I go several blocks out of my way when I go to Beverly Hills. I remember the last morning I saw it, after Mother had left it, I stood in front of the rooms and looked at all the things she had cherished and loved so dearly, the little rugs and chintzes and water colors and silver and crystal. I looked at the two foreign cars in the garage. Those things that we had all given her, Lottie, Jack and I. I realized them as I had never realized before, the things that all material things are, and how futile it was to think of finding even the smallest part of your mother among them.

Like everybody else who has lost a beloved one, I found myself wondering whether there was truth to the stories of communication with the other life. I was tempted to make an effort to contact Mother. But I knew there was a147

Then I told myself one day that a great portion of grief was nothing but the result of wanting to have the thought that nothing could hurt my mother again. Nor could anything ever hurt me as deeply again. It wasn't long after her death that I began meeting Mother in my dreams. The very first time she was back in her bedroom.

"Oh, Mother," I cried, "I'm so glad to see you. I pray every night that I will go to see you."

I saw her hold her left hand in front of her face, "Don't," she said, "That's dangerous."

"Will I be with you when I pass over?"

I can't tell you now, darling. That depends upon what you do with the rest of your life."

I believe I will see Mother in my dreams as she was during those months at the beach house when we played that tragic game of make-believe, smiling and happy, and fragile, like a piece of exquisite china. It gives me infinite peace to know that so long as I can dream I shall have my mother with me.

Before I deal with the last phase of my life with Douglas Fairbanks there is one thing I would like to say about Hollywood marriages. It is my confirmed opinion that if the gossip-writers and the fan magazines were to leave the movie people to work out their own problems a much smaller percentage of their marriages would fail. I sometimes wonder whether in the still, sleepless hours of the night the married movie people, especially gossips do not stalk them. I happen myself to believe in a final reckoning where we shall be held accountable for our mistakes. Do they not feel that they may well remind themselves of the scoops that have brought them a day's dubious laurels and perhaps destroyed someone's peace forever.

My own agonizing experience with the gossip columns was, I must admit, partly my fault. I was trusting and confiding where I should not have been. I opened the curtain wide, and I was not determined to keep sealed from the world, and I paid a bitter price for that. I was unprepared for the breach of confidence and distortion that followed.

I took a trip to England, and I received a cablegram from that stung me painfully. In blunt language it said that he was not planning to come back, that he was no longer interested in Pickfair, that I could remain there by myself if I wished, but that I should probably lose everything.

The following day I lounged in a restaurant with this friend, never daring to look up. I opened a newspaper column along. Without any beating about the bushes the lady who always talks to me, "What about this other woman, Mary?"

I immediately shrink into myself and said, "I know nothing about that."
With that my friend tore into me.
"Mary, don’t be a fool! You’ve got to protect yourself!"

"I don’t know what you mean. I don’t know anything about any other woman. I have nothing to say."

"I think you ought to show that cablegram to her, Mary," my friend persisted.

"But I don’t want the world prying into this thing. It concerns only me—
and Douglas."

"He doesn’t seem to think so."

I finally gave in. "I’ll show it," I said, "but I don’t want Douglas to get into any trouble. Please be discreet."

I counted so trustingly on her discretion to protect us both against any sensation, to treat the matter gently, without needless emphasis, to quote what could do no harm and, above all, to treat the more intimate details as the confidence of a woman in sorrow who needed a friend and not a public advocate.

The next morning—Sunday—I picked up the newspaper, and felt the headlines like a blow in the face. I was speechless and sick as I read on. Everything I wanted omitted was there, and none of it quite the way I had said it. I was made to sound direct and accusing, when I had wanted to be patient and understanding. Where there had been only heartbreak and hope a full-size scandal now stared me in the face.

All that day reporters swarmed around both gates at Pickfair. My press representative, Mark Larkin, and I worked our simple statements for the papers in which I made clear that a divorce between me and Douglas Fairbanks was unthinkable, that we still loved each other, but that we would consider a legal separation.

When the formal was over I was shaking like a leaf. I think I have never been subjected to such cruel emotional torture in my life. And I am convinced that this scandal was a death blow to whatever chance there had been of saving the marriage.

When I got the full impact of what was happening to Douglas and me, I asked myself only one question: whom did I love more, my husband or myself? I decided that whatever Douglas thought would make him happy was the thing I wanted for him. There was no ill will on my part. I realized that a kind of panic had held him. There was no faith, no philosophy to steady him, to help him conquer if not the situation at any rate himself.

Once I had made my decision it was all very much easier for me. I berated myself for thinking that life would now be empty without the love Douglas had given me. I felt I was being ungrateful to all the creative men and women of the past who at great personal sacrifice had contributed to the blessings of civilization in which I shared so abundantly. I remember how in the middle of one sleepless night the thought came to me that one single spoonful of the front lawn of Pickfair would invite the interest and study of a lifetime. I had never forgotten a documentary film showing a drop of stagnant water under a microscope. What a world of bustling, pulsating activity in that pinpoint of life!

I came to realize more and more that, exciting as much of my life with Douglas had been, I had been starring certain aspects of my personality. I rediscovered music and returned to my long-abandoned study of the piano. I began to spend wonderful hours in my library. I had always wanted to study diction, but had never found the time or the incentive for it. Now I did, and I thoroughly enjoyed it and gained from it. I took singing lessons to deepen my voice. I returned to my French studies and found, to my great satisfaction, that I absorbed more quickly than ever. I even wrote (Continued on page 92)

---

TRY THIS

...insulated bag

PETE SULLIVAN

Carry frozen foods from the grocery, meats from the locker in this well-insulated, lightweight bag. Handle fosters securely, is easy to remove.

Use it for keeping frozen foods in good condition while refrigerator top is defrosted, cleaned. It folds flat for easy storage and can be re-used.

---

FROZEN LEMONADE

from Sunny California

Just open a can...add water....serve!
Rich in Vitamin C! No carbonation!
No artificial flavor or color!

Lemon enzymes in your refrigerator, because nothing speeds thirst like lemonade!

LEMON PRODUCTS ADVISORY BOARD, Los Angeles

91
(Continued from page 91) a habit. Why Try To Grow it, which seemed to bring spiritual solace to many readers.

In January, 1935, I received the first letters of my divorce in Los Angeles.

And now followed one of the strangest and most heartbreaking aspects of the whole affair. Douglas himself changed his mind. He came back to this country to try to prevent the divorce. I remember how shocked I was. This appearance. There was still the old vitality and physical glow, but something was gone. It was as though his spirit had fled. Formerly, I could always sense what he was thinking and feeling; I could even read his face. Now there was nothing to read, only a blank page, and my heart wept for him. But my mind was made up.

Douglas said he was adamant. He returned to England.

Some time after that I had a call from Douglas' first wife, Beth Sully, asking me to come to her hotel, where she said she would be safer from pry- ing eyes than in mine. Beth could not, he said, have been more sincere and affectionate when I arrived. She asked me to come to a cabale to a cablegram from Douglas in England. In it he begged her to intercede with me to change my mind, to tell me it had been a stupid mistake, that he regretted deeply, that he still loved me, and would I see him if he came to New York?

"Won't you reconsider taking him back, Mary?" said Beth when she finished reading the cablegram.

"Beth, what I knew personally about Douglas was one thing, but when the whole world was brought in on it that was something else. I no longer have the right to take him back.

"Before you refuse let me say this, I know, and the whole world knows, that you are the great love of Douglas' life. Douglas was more like a kid brother to me than a husband. That's the lovable part of his character. He's just a boy, and it's that mistake little boy that's hurting himself now, Mary."

I thanked her for the warmth and generosity of her answer, but I rejected that the decision had been taken out of my hands, that it was no longer my prerogative to change my mind. I told Beth that to act otherwise and treat the whole matter lightly would be a blow to the whole institution of marriage.

"Beth, this thing isn't my doing, it isn't even Douglas' doing. Once this whole mess became public we lost all right to our own private desires. You know how I ordered every moment to Douglas' pattern. You know how hard I tried to save our marriage.

"This, finally, as to so many other people all over the world, the ending of what had been Hollywood's most celebrated romance was an unex- plicable tragedy. How much more so was the divorce itself! I remember the day we were married, the rich, rich emotions, the self-dramatization of the feelings of all, on the face of Judge Lindsay, a frequent visitor at Pickfair, who was now presiding over the darker chapter. I must say that this time the press was most considerate. At Judge Lindsay's re- quest the photographers were present only until the trial was over, and the newspapers were the perfect gentlemen, like the guinea pigs, with their tagions, known to them. I suppose they all realized they were present at a crime.

The final papers came through early in 1936, and on March 7 Douglas remarried.

Up to this point I have not brought the other woman into my story, except by inference. I was not married to her, and I don't propose to become that now. I suppose I should be grateful to her, and to Douglas because unwittingly they opened the path to what was to be a happiness I had always craved, a happiness of love and devotion in a tranquil setting of family and motherhood. At the time, however, there were many bitter pills to swallow. One was the painful way in which I met Douglas' new wife. And sometimes after our divorce a famous actress of former years, whom I shall not name, announced that she was leaving Hollywood for good. Along with many others, I was invited to the farewell cocktail party at her house. I had no sooner entered the house that afternoon than some one grasped my arm and whispered alarmingly:

"They're here, Mary—the two of them."

I said nothing, taken aback, but trying to appear calm and indifferent.

\[\text{K}eep\text{\ in\ mind}\]

Margarine keeps its
fresh flavor longer when
stored in your refrigerator.

\[\text{BUY\ AND\ HOLD}
U.S.\ SAVINGS\ BONDS\]

A remarkable modern det- ertgent that lifts the soil gently out of all fabrics (even nylon and woolen!). And gives a deep, clean sparkle to glass and china, Professor Foster does your work for you—brilliantly.

John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, III.

\[\text{BE A NURSE}
LEARN AT HOME\]

Practical nurses are needed in every community—nurses not on time—patiently appreciate their attitude—practical and efficient—send for a free catalog.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dol. 922, 22 East Jackson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

\[\text{The atmosphere in that room could}
have been cut with a knife. At length,}
these things had gone far enough, or perhaps I should say had not gone far enough, and that I should do something about it. They were in
die dining room and I in the living room. I rose and, with everyone's eyes on me, walked toward them. Douglas met me halfway across the room.

"Do you want to introduce us," I said.

"No, Mary. I can't..."

That was Douglas, always trying to sidestep an issue, utterly incapable of looking an awkward fact squarely in the face. Only a short time before that we had been at a United Artists meeting. I had started out the front door, when he stopped me and said, "Don't go. Say goodnight to Hope. You'll run into our current wife now." I now started for the living room when I was stopped again, this time by Tai Lockman, a lovely Chinese woman married to one of our leading producers and directors.

"I have nothing to say," she said, "She must come to you.

"What does it matter?" I said. "We must meet. I think of it as my choice and my privilege to go to her. I think it will be less embarrassing for the two of us—in fact, for everybody here.

The meeting was easy and gracious. She said she really had wanted a sandwich and a glass of champagne.

"I hear Pickfair is for sale," she said.

"Don't consider it so," I replied.

"You don't?"

"Pickfair has served its purpose," I said. "Nevertheless, real things do not mean as much to me as they once did.

"You are so much taller than I that she partially科创板 on a chair to be nearer my height.

The fact that Douglas was fright- fully nervous—not so nervous, how- ever, that he did not want to show me how he still had a little and some future. He had always had this vain little gesture of putting his hands in his coat pockets and pulling on the coat tightly about his small and muscular hips. That day he did it again. I will concede that it might also have been a gesture of extreme embarrassment. I will also concede that in his hand- some navy blue suit he was still the athletic Douglas. Fairbanks the whole world loved.

I remember how amazed I was at her fact that I was looking and watching myself from a distance, I was completely beyond pain. But I was saved more than I can say by the beautiful revelation that came to me from the words and actions of my fellow guests. Their anxiety over my feelings, their desire to protect me, their unsophisticated love of me—all of that humanity and generosity of soul were suddenly and starkly revealed to me. It was as though they had removed the armor and cloaks and veils in which we moderns encase ourselves and whispered to themselves, "Oh, why didn't I say this to Mary before?"

Pickfair may be the hangout in me, but, at least this once, I don't care. That knowledge was a great compen- sation. It was all in this business of life together, and that it was per- haps a kind of self-protection to reach out in sympathy and understanding to each other.

When I was a girl of fourteen, together with Mr. Belasco's company, I went out one day and sat in the park by myself. As I walked among the students strolling by and seated on nearby benches I had the feeling that if I looked hard enough I'd find my future husband, or someone very much like him. Always in my heart I carried a picture of what he would be
Suddenly You're Carefree

Thanks To Your New Hotpoint Launduet!

Remarkable Hotpoint
Automatic Home Laundry
Both Washes And Dries
Clothes At The Mere Touch
Of A Dial!

NOW—for far less than you may think—you can turn your back on washday forever!

So why put up with the tiring, backbreaking job of washing and drying clothes the hard way? Especially when it's SO easy to own a Hotpoint Launduet, the most advanced of all automatic washers and dryers.

Washing—Hotpoint, unlike ordinary makes, is really two automatic washers in one! Set dial at "Normal" for regular family wash—or "Delicate" for hand-gentle washing of your finest linens!

Drying—Again Hotpoint leads...with the world's first dryer that: (1) dries clothes in sun-pure, washed air; (2) is sealed to prevent lint, heat and moisture from escaping into room! No ugly vents are required!

See Hotpoint's matched Automatic Washer and Dryer soon—and let Hotpoint change your viewpoint... automatically! *Dealers are listed in most classified phone directories.

Hotpoint
Changes your viewpoint... automatically

Enjoy Ozzie and Harriet on TV and Radio Every Week!

Get more for old appliances at Hotpoint dealers' now. Trade drudgery for modern electrical living. FREE! Handsome toss 'n serve salad tong. Yours free for just visiting your nearby Hotpoint dealer during our "Trade Parade."

SALE...SALE...SALE...DURING HOTPOINTS GIANT TRADE PARADE

for regular family wash—in "Delicate" for hand-gentle washing of your finest linens!

“Will you marry me?”
“Would you honor me to become Mrs. Rogers,”

Bless you, honey!"

When Buddy joined me in Hollywood he put the question to me once more, and of course my answer was again yes. Both he and his family had evidently had some doubt about my meaning it. He had just brought me home to Pickfair, and although it was twelve o'clock at night he insisted on calling his father in Olathe, Kansas. We hadn't intended to give the news to the press yet, but the dear, beloved probate judge, who had married several thousand people in his life, was so excited that he gave it to the Kansas City papers a few hours later. Mrs. Rogers then came on to California, and we gave a dinner party for our closest friends and family, at which the formal announcement was made. That was November 19.

The following June Buddy and I were married under a large sycamore tree at the home of Buddy and Hope (Continued on page 96)
How Long Since You've Tried on YOUR WEDDING DRESS?

Do you blush to think that no amount of eggshells would get you into it? Then be glad there is a simple plan to turn back the scallop

You can follow it right in your kitchen. When you fix family meals, omit the rich sauces, greas

FREE! WEIGHT-WATCHER, gives calorie count of more than 400 favorite foods, with helpful hints on reducing. Write: Ry-Krisp, c/o Thistle Square Board, St. Louis 2, Mo.

Make Your Bread RY-KRISPI!
(Continued from page 96)

come to stay with us, and he has never left. Ronnie was six years of age when he became ours, but because of undernourishment he was the size of a three-and-a-half-year-old boy.

After Ronnie came Roxanne, I suppose everybody knows in most of these homes they never let you go near the young babies. Mrs. Rogers accompanied me that day, and we looked at dozens of little babies through glass.

"What do you think of this little one, Miss Pickford?" the head nurse asked. I couldn't take my eyes away. She was five months old, with the blackest hair imaginable. First she looked at Mrs. Rogers, studied her face a while and gave a toothless grin, her head wobbling from side to side. Then she gazed at me with two big dark eyes, and a toothless grin spread over her face.

Well, I went home and I couldn't see anything but that baby's face. More than I ever wanted anything in my life I wanted that baby, and wanted her at once. There were formalities, of course—and, oh, how nervous and short-tempered they made me. I made countless telephone calls to the home.

"Well," they would hedge, "we think her back is rather weak.

"The more reason why you should give her to me,” I replied, “I’m most certain you won’t give her to me, because I know I’ll never pass.

"Finally they told me he could come down. With me were Mrs. Rogers; Ronnie, my secretary, Mrs. Lewis; and the faithful Nellie, who later became the children’s nurse. They were very careful. They remained behind in the car while I went inside.

I finally appeared with the little pink bundle in my arms it took all four of them to hold me up as I climbed cautiously down the stairs and got into the car. I passed the baby to Yvonne and took the wheel. I think I went at least twenty-five miles with the brakes on, whizzed through red signals and arrived at Pickfair in a cloud of fumes and dust. I had been so unnerved and excited that I even forgot to phone Buddy at the Navy house and tell him the baby was actually ours.

Her surprised daddy’s first comment when he saw her was, “Gosh, she’s little. Oh, she’s awfully little, Mary!” I assured him she’d overcome that in time.

That night I was up almost the whole time trying to keep the covers on Roxanne. I hadn’t the sense to fasten her in with safety pins. The following morning I went to her daddy with my first serious problem.

“Buddy, I don’t know what I’m going to do. The baby is scratching her face with her fingernails.”

“Why don’t you cut them, honey?”

“I’ll be frightened of hurting her.”

“I’m not,” said Commander Rogers. “Get me a pair of cuticle scissors. I’m ashamed to say I couldn’t bear watching him do it, so while he kept beside her I slipped out of the room. I could hear him talking to her.”

When Roxanne first said “Daddy boy dear” Buddy’s face looked as though it had been carved out of the block of ice cream and put into a hot oven.

Life at Pickfair with Buddy and the children is certainly different from the old days with Douglas. The constant round of lavish parties has given way to quieter and more personal entertainments. But Pickfair is still a proud hostess. Proutest is our mem- ory of entertaining the boys who left our front gates to embark directly for the South Pacific and to return to us crippled and dished. Many of them still swim in the pool and sit under the shade of the wide-branching trees of our lawn, the blind, the lame, the armless, the legless.

During the summer of 1940 we had as guests forty blind soldiers of World War I from the Scott Sanatorium Hospital, I was told that these men had not been out of the hospital in thirteen months. The party we had together on the Pickfair lawn that day has since been an annual rite. As long as Pickfair belongs to Husband, let me say those men will be with us every summer.

I’ll never forget the day Dinah Shore came up and sang for them, and how they sat around on the lawn listening hungrily to the many songs that went from her heart to theirs. Then they all asked me “Mary, where is the pool?” And I told them where the pool was in relation to the house, how many trees there were where they were and how far apart they were from one another. I told them just how the doorway was and how long and wide the pool was.

More recently we turned Pickfair over to a newly formed amputee organization. On this occasion I must confess my courage failed me. I just dreaded the thought of seeing all those fine boys in and around the pool without their limbs. Coward or not, I decided to stay in my room, at least till they had done their bathing and put on their clothes.

Buddy had intended to stay with me, but he told me he had two takers, one drawn by chance into the day’s activities and never regretted it. Having seen some flower petals and bees on the lawn, it was decided to let the pool remain in the sun with the skimmer early that morning. True to form, he had on his old bed- room slippers, worn down at the heels, and a pair of bathing trunks that had been mended. Besides which, he hadn’t shaved. They were seeing the top of the pool, when a few early birds arrived. So he stayed with them all day.

Finally, completely ashamed of my cowardice, I too descended among them, and when I walked over to the pool I was with them as if I had been any other gathering on the Pickfair lawn. In a quick flash I caught the array of artificial legs clutched in socks and boots, of arms and hands, of babies crawling gaily among them, and happy young men talking after them—and I suddenly realized that everything was perfectly normal. There seemed to be no cause for shock or sorrow. The bright sun shone down on a group of the healthiest and clearest-headed human beings it had ever been my happy lot to behold.

One three-year-old infant picked up his daddy’s artificial leg, with sock and garter and secured his foot, and toddled around the pool, tripping and picking himself up. The laughter that resulted from these 100 sighted and their wives is still ringing in my ears. I was profoundly touched and honored when I was asked to sponsor this group of high-spirited young Americans. I wish we were big enough, important enough, rich enough to head such organizations in this country and every other country, including the so-called "enemy" countries. That has put a few facts at the disposal of these men and their families has alone made Pickfair and its hospital lawn a place of warm memory and beauty to me.

The night when I couldn’t sleep I passed the hours taking inventory of the various names and nicknames that had been fastened upon

One slip can cost you more than a slip-resistant Rubbermaid Saf-T-Cup Bathtub Mat...$2.79

New Heavenly BOILED FROSTING Smooth Whips Soft Spreads Soft Stays Soft

NEW BOILED FROSTING

MADE WITHOUT BOILING!

• Country-fresh eggs guarantee its light, texture and delicious, full-bodied, rich flavor. You just add water... whip up... and whisk on!

Never fails. Always heavenly smooth and light. Lusciously frosts large two-layer cake or up to thirty-eight cup cakes.

FREE illustrated booklet showing cakes for all occasions, and giving eleven 7-MINUT FROSTING variations. Send name and address to: 7-MINUT, Dept. F-6, 660 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.
been conferred upon me as a gesture of love by an old and beloved friend. The title was the inspiration of "Hop" Grauman, a pioneer movie exhibitor of San Francisco and father of Sid Grauman, perhaps the greatest showman the industry has ever produced. Pop put the title "America's Sweetheart" in electric lights for the first time in 1914, when he was showing my first version of *Tea of the Storm Country* in San Francisco. It was never a publicity agent's idea, which makes it, to my way of thinking, all the nicer.

During the war, in 1918, I was marching down Market Street in San Francisco at the head of a Red Cross parade. Hundreds of soldiers and Red Cross workers were marching along together. Flags were flying, paper coiled through the air, the police were holding back the crowds. In those occasions when they thought I was putting on airs they called me "The Czarina."

White D. W. Griffith always called me "Pickford." Marshall (Mickey) Nelms always referred to me as "The Tad," a friendly Irish expression. My scenario-writer and lifelong friend Frances Marion addresses me as "Squeebale Skunkface," as if she feels particularly tender, and Errol Flynn calls me "Moo," because as a child he had a governess named Mary; which he could only pronounce "Moo."

Louella Parsons calls me "Baby Martin," and "Martin," Jr., after her late husband, Dr. Harry Martin, who addressed me as his "baby." Marion Davies always introduced me to her friends as "My illegitimate child by Calvin Coolidge," a title she first bestowed upon me when that blameless gentleman was in the White House.

Douglas had a hundred names for me, though the one he used habitually was "Hippie." I'm not at all sure whether that wasn't originally the name of a German battle-ship. In any case, it also appeared in the jingle "Enie, meenie, hipper-de-deck..." I don't know where I got "Duber," but that was the derivate of "Hippie" during our marriage. Douglas also called me "Cute," "Little," and "Critic," though where he got the last one I don't know, because it was lovelingly said, I was rarely critical of him, certainly never in a nagging sense.

There is, of course, one nickname, if I may be so bold as to call it that, which was fastened upon me early in my career—a nickname involving an honor which has always touched me deeply but which I neither deserved nor accepted.

A prominent Hollywood producer once asked if I would relinquish the title of "America's Sweetheart" to a promising young protégé of his. I answered that the title wasn't mine to give—that, in fact, I had never accepted it, that, such as it was, it had

---

**Prize-winning tables**

**See them in July McCall's**

**A dozen beautiful tables designed for our**

**Set a Pretty Table Contest**

---

Louella Parsons calls me "Baby Martin" and "Martin," Jr., after her late husband, Dr. Harry Martin, who addressed me as his "baby." Marion Davies always introduced me to her friends as "My illegitimate child by Calvin Coolidge," a title she first bestowed upon me when that blameless gentleman was in the White House.

Douglas had a hundred names for me, though the one he used habitually was "Hippie." I'm not at all sure whether that wasn't originally the name of a German battle-ship. In any case, it also appeared in the jingle "Enie, meenie, hipper-de-deck..." I don't know where I got "Duber," but that was the derivative of "Hippie" during our marriage. Douglas also called me "Cute," "Little," and "Critic," though where he got the last one I don't know, because it was lovelingly said, I was rarely critical of him, certainly never in a nagging sense.

There is, of course, one nickname, if I may be so bold as to call it that, which was fastened upon me early in my career—a nickname involving an honor which has always touched me deeply but which I neither deserved nor accepted.

A prominent Hollywood producer once asked if I would relinquish the title of "America's Sweetheart" to a promising young protégé of his. I answered that the title wasn't mine to give—that, in fact, I had never accepted it, that, such as it was, it had