

# A Week-End With Mary Pickford

By Edna Wright



*To her family, her guests, and her servants she is always the same—kindly, considerate and thoughtful.*

**I**F you had loved Mary Pickford for years with a Jonathan's adoration of a David; if you had trailed her pictures on the screen with the sleuthing of a Sherlock Holmes; if you had traversed long distances for flying visits with her, competing with Mercury of the flying heels for speed to reach her side; if you had lingered about her with the certainty of an old friendship; in short, if you had been a Mary Pickford "fan" who was also a Mary Pickford friend, how do you think you would feel if you received an invitation from the most popular actress in motion pictures to spend a week end with her in her New York home?

That's just the way I felt.

Elation winged my footsteps to the train, sweeping me across country to New York and Mary. New York, when I came to it, had for once lost its myriad facets of attraction, for on this occasion all the charm of



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the city lay in the fact that it held Mary Pickford. Out Broadway I passed her name in letters of fire a dozen times before I came to her apartment beyond Central Park.

Hundreds of stage settings have been devised for Mary Pickford in the photoplays where she has appeared; but possibly no one of them has expressed her one-half as well as does her own home where she spends six months of every year with her mother, to whom she is most wonderfully devoted. It is a bright, cheerful place, this apartment on upper Broadway, a place of eight wide rooms, with rose predominating in its color scheme. There is a drawing room of colonial mahogany with gray and rose in the coloring of wall and upholstery. The dining room holds a massive set of mahogany tapestried in rose. All the bedrooms are in pink, from deep rose to delicate shell pink. The latter is the tone of Mary Pickford's own boudoir, which is a symphony of daintiness from the silken curtains of the windows to the pale pink-tinted orchids that seem to be always blooming upon the dressing table with its

exquisite toilet things of gold. There are flowers everywhere in Mary Pickford's home, and they are nearly always pink flowers, roses, pink-petalled daisies, and the orchids that she loves best of all. Even in her absence the flowers seem to denote her characteristic desire to give joy to others.

Mary Pickford herself, coming into the gray and pink and mahogany drawing room, fitted into it as a pink rosebud into a silver vase. Tired a little by a long and arduous day of work, she looked almost absurdly childish as she snuggled into a big chair after her cordial greetings. Tired as she was, though, she did not lose that interest in other people that is so essentially a part of her character. To her family, her guests, her servants, she is always the same, kindly, considerate, thoughtful, a bringer of the sunshine of life for all the sweet wistfulness that sometimes seems to overshadow her own manner.

Through an evening of old-time chatting she revealed herself anew as a quiet, studious girl of wide interests and broad sympathies. Her devotion to her mother, a characteristic so marked as to be salient at



*Mary Pickford and her mother enjoy the quiet roominess of their California bungalow, where they spend six months of the year.*





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all times, showed itself in her solicitude for the older woman's comfort as well as in her defer-

ence to her opinions. Mrs. Pickford is a remarkable woman, clever, witty, keen in judgment, altogether delightful in manner, a very compelling personality. "Mother" is first in the Pickford family, and especially with Mary. Not until "Mother" has been consulted does Mary Pickford do anything concerning the family arrangements. Her greatest interest in life is her mother, and I know of no girl whose love for her mother is as great as is that of the most famous actress of the motion pictures.

The one ceremonial of the Pickford household is Mary's evening talk with her mother. That is an institution that is never violated. No matter how late the hour may be when Mary Pickford returns from theater or party, she goes to her mother's room for their conversation about the events of their day, and for advice and encouragement on the problems that may have arisen.

The day which Mary prepares for by the motherly advice is invariably a busy one.

The day after my arrival in New York was typical of the Mary Pickford program of life and work. At half-past seven o'clock Margaret, one of the maids, called us both. We were in ad-



*In one day, with the aid of her secretary, she answers more than two hundred letters and autographs an equal number of photographs.*



joining rooms and I was just turning over for twenty winks when a pillow whirled through the doorway and landed upon my head. I blinked awake to find my hostess ready to fling another missile upon me. When she discovered I had a real intention of arising—sometime—she changed the salute to a kiss. Then she danced away, literally, to her bath, calling to me a dare to get dressed before her.

She won and it was an hour later that we had breakfast, for her a simple affair of orange, toast and tea. Mary Pickford is a Canadian, and being Canadian, has a fondness for tea at every meal and between meals that not even a New York residence has ever been able to overcome. After breakfast and a farewell to Mrs. Pickford, we set out for the studio in Mary Pickford's limousine, a gorgeous affair in pale gray, with rose fittings.

At the studio a secretary and sixty letters were awaiting Mary. She went through the mail while she dressed, directing answers, and pausing to autograph pictures demanded by her admirers. During that day she signed not less than a hundred and fifty pictures and answered more than two hundred letters. She posed for a wedding scene, a country girl picture, a society girl,

a model, and a sculptor in the course of the day, taking only twenty minutes for her luncheon.

It was characteristic of her that when she heard that one of the camera men was about to be married she started a subscription to give him a chest of silver.

At half-past four, the work in the studio finished, she went to the modiste who was making for her a wonderful gown of white and silver that she was to wear at the ball she was to lead with the Governor of Massachusetts. Coming out on Fifth avenue, she found a ragged newsboy to whom she gave money enough to care for him that night and her address for future favors. Then she sped on to the Waldorf, where she raffled off a doll for a New York charity, then up to the Strand Theatre, where she sold tickets for another charity.

Home came at seven o'clock, bringing us to a rush for our dinner at half-past the hour. There was turkey for dinner that evening and Mary insisted on carving it, a feat that she carried off with honors. Then we rushed again, this time to the theatre, where she enjoyed herself enthusiastically.

Then, like Mr. Pepys of the Diary, to home again. But it wasn't to bed yet, but to *TEA!*

## The Hazards of Helen

By D. A. BARY

*Dedicated to Helen Holmes of the Kalem Company.*

DEAR HELEN, the chances you've  
taken of late  
Have scared all your friends half to  
death.

Please give us a rest on this dangerous  
work  
Until we recover our breath.

It may be all right to jump out of a train  
And land on the back of your neck,  
You may think it's fun to be dragged by  
the heels  
From the heart of a horrible wreck.

You may really enjoy being tied up and  
gagged  
And left with a sputtering fuse

Attached to a bomb not a foot from  
your head,  
But it isn't the thing I would choose.

It's a hazardous game for a sweet little  
girl,  
And although we admire your pluck,  
Remember what happened to poor Casey  
Jones,  
And don't bank too much on your luck.

Just think how you'd feel if a flat car  
or two  
Should travel the length of your frame.  
You might be repaired, then again you  
might not,  
But you never would look quite the  
same!