

Mary Pickford's Adopted Children And Her Life of Hard Work



MARY LOVES CHILDREN. HERE SHE IS WITH SOME OF THE TOTS IN ONE OF HER FILMS.



MARY PICKFORD IN A PENSIVE MOOD.

Five hundred orphans—count them if you don't believe it. Five hundred orphans with Mary Pickford for an aunt. And oh, what a glorious party they had at Mary's "party."

It was a happy gathering of kiddies who will never know what it means to have a home with a capital H.

And when it was all over Sister Cecilia whispered that Mary was the institution herself, and there had been also other parties which proved that Mary did know the secret of scattering her gold and reaping happiness.

Work! Work! Work!—and much to drudgery. That is the life of the motion picture star; work that continues sometimes for 36 hours without a letup.

Miss Pickford, the moral of the studio, and names the qualities most needed to win success in pictures.

BY HAYDEN TALBOT.

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IT WAS not a little surprised one day on arriving at the Pickford bungalow on the Brunton lot to be met by the little lady with an apologetic smile and a statement that she was afraid she would have to beg off for the day. It was so unlike her—to let anything interfere with a promise given. But quickly she undeceived me. "When I made the engagement," she said with a golden smile, "I forgot I was giving a theater party today. But perhaps it might amuse you to come along."

And so it transpired that presently I found myself outside the Auditorium, the biggest theater in Los Angeles, with a seating capacity exceeding 3500, where Miss Pickford's newest picture was being shown.

The little star was accompanied by her mother—it is seldom, indeed, that the one is ever seen in public without the other—and by little Mary Rupp, the 4-year-old daughter of Lottie Pickford, Mary's sister.

Almost before the Pickford car had stopped at the curb, passerby had discovered the identity of the trio in the tonneau, and had come to an abrupt halt on the sidewalk, craning necks and whispering excitedly, "Here's Mary."

By the time Miss Pickford had assisted her mother and her beloved niece to alight, the sidewalk was jammed with a pushing mob of men and women and children, elbowing and jostling for a sight of the screen idol.

I was curious to see how Miss Pickford would behave under the circumstances. I was not disappointed. More nearly perfect poise and lack of affectation could not have been evidenced by royalty itself—accustomed to years of just this sort of hero-worship.

Miss Pickford seemed utterly oblivious of the sensation her appearance was causing. At first all her attention was centered on her mother and little Mary. The latter she picked up bodily and lifted out of the car onto the sidewalk.

The child very gravely, and as seemingly undisturbed by the densely packed crowd of spectators as her famous aunt, leaned over and straightened out the folds of her little coat—very methodically—and then surveyed the effect with critical eyes.

Then as they started across the sidewalk for the lobby of the theater, between the crowds on either side, a score of hands were outstretched to Mary for a handshake. Curiously enough, no men figured in the demonstration at all. The whole crowd was composed of women and children.

Miss Pickford shook every hand she saw—with a smile and a cheery word. More than one woman—immediately the little cinema queen had given her a handclasp—unfettered raised her own hand to her lips and kissed it as if the touch of Mary Pickford's fingers had imprinted something of affection upon it.

In the lobby of the theater were a mere half-dozen or so of Miss Pickford's business staff, including her press agent, her business manager, her chief photographer and others. Also in evidence was the entire executive staff of the theater. For Miss Pickford to go to "the movies," even in film-surfurited Los Angeles, was an event calculated to result most advantageously to the box office of the cinema thus favored.

Miss Pickford, as always, was ahead of time. Her guests had not yet arrived. But presently their coming was heralded by a veritable ear-splitting assault of motor horns.

It was tiny Mary Rupp who gave me the first inkling of the identity of Miss Pickford's guests.

"Here comes your orphanage, Aunt Mary," cried the preternaturally grave little tot suddenly. And for the first time my excitement lighted her big gray eyes.

And, sure enough, a moment later the "orphans" began to arrive. There were 500 of them—all girls, and ranging in ages from 5 to perhaps 13 years. They came in what are called "rubber-neck wagons"—enormously big caravans, each one seating 50 or more. In each of the vehicles was a sister in the picturesque uniform of her order.

A half dozen policemen appeared and cleared a way for the little ones to form in lines on the sidewalk in front of the theater. When finally the last of the ten carloads had been deposited on the sidewalk the little ones started in single file into the lobby and past the box office, where Miss Pickford, standing behind a brass rail, could greet them.

"It was all I could do," she said later, "to keep from taking every one of them into my arms and kissing their darling faces, but there were so many of them it would have been night before I could have finished, and, of course, if I had kissed one of them I'd have had to kiss them all."

Mary is the institution.

But she did speak to every last one of them—and a goodly number called by name. On their part, they all knew her and all addressed her as "Aunt Mary."

Not a few seemed to have an acquaintance with little Mary Rupp. As a matter of fact I learned that the child is a frequent visitor with her distinguished aunt at the orphanage, and has several chums among the parentless little ones. More than one of the orphans got a kiss and a hug from the Pickford child, but in the main she confined herself to a gravely spoken "Hello."

Miss Pickford herself seemed disinclined to enlighten me as to her relationship to the orphanage, but from one of the sisters before the performance began I got eye-opening information.

"Why, bless her heart!" said Sister Cecilia. "She is the institution. Without her I don't know what might not have become of us. And, mind you, it is not merely a case of her money—although her purse has always been open to us and her financial support made it possible for us to do our work happily and without worry. But her money is the least of it."

"She it was, for instance, who spent days going about among other motion picture folk and interesting them in our institution. And the result was, several years ago, that the children's Christmas made them unspeakably happy—when a dozen big stars came to us and gave us a wonderful treat—a regular Christmas pantomime, with a big tree and presents for everybody, and they cut up capers and made the children scream with delight."

"And every Christmas since then very many men and women of the film world make the journey to the orphanage—giving up their own day for our sake—and gladden the hearts of our children. And they do it because of the example set them by our Mary!"

As for Miss Pickford herself, the orphanage is her one chief delight. I am very sure that nothing can ever happen to Miss Pickford that will let her forget the 500 children in the orphanage who has mainly supported for the past half dozen years.

The "orphans" watch their Mary. A block of seats in the center of the house had been reserved for the children, and directly behind them several logs held for the Pickford party itself. The logs, slightly elevated above the stalls, gave us an eddy view of the 500 tots, our eyes envisaging a choppy sea of bobbing heads adorned with vari-colored hair ribbons.

"Aren't they lovely?"

Miss Pickford leaned toward me, whispering the question. In her expression was the ultimate of maternal pride and happiness. I concurred.

"And the nicest thing about it all is," she continued, "the sisters don't make them wear uniforms. Do you notice that each child is dressed differently?"

My eyes had failed to note this fact,

but now that she mentioned it I saw that it was true.

"And don't think it doesn't present a most trying problem to the sisters," Miss Pickford went on. "For favoritism would kill the very spirit of the home. And it is not easy to give 500 children different things—and not give one more than another. But the sisters think, and so do I, that all the trouble and difficulty are more than offset by letting those babies have individuality of their own, and not effecting it with a uniform."

During the more or less flurried preliminaries—including a ragged execution of a classic symphony—by the large and uneven orchestra—the children for the most part kept their heads turned away from the stage and backward toward their patroness in the loge above them. But finally, when the house became darkened and the curtains rolled back revealing a full stage "set"—supposed to be a replica of a scene taken from the film—the orphans faced about and

sat straight, tensely eager to see their beloved one appear before them on the silver sheet.

The Home With a Small H.

It was a rural scene—with a real horse and a real cow and several real hens and dogs and cats in evidence!

A male quartet suddenly burst forth into song without any apparent reason. The song was of the New England psalm variety. After the tenor and the two baritones had held top and middle and low notes at least a dozen times apiece, Miss Pickford leaned over to me with a mischievous light in her eyes, and whispered:

"So say we all of us!"

In the end, however, the film itself was shown—to the long drawn out "ahs" of the 500 guests. And when it was all over Miss Pickford went back out into the lobby and said good-bye to the little ones—and the big automobiles bore them off to their home—which Miss Pickford informed me has never yet been, and

never will be, spelled with a capital "H."

A girl can succeed in pictures and retain her best qualities as a girl.

I'll not take my case alone, because an ignorant world of suspicious folk might too easily declare that any exception only proves the rule.

I'll take—without naming names—the cases of 50 girls I know who have achieved varying degrees of success in the film world.

Of course, a girl must have goodness and character to start with—but no more so in the case of motion pic-

tures than in any other line of work.

But if she is possessed of these qualities there is no reason under the sun why she should not keep her goodness if she remained in the pictures to the day of her death.

As a matter of fact, many other qualities are demanded if a girl is to succeed in pictures.

Like Actors of Olden Days.

I suppose the world over there are countless thousands of mothers and fathers worrying over daughters who yearn to become film stars.

And I am sure the chief cause of

their worry is their belief that laxity of morals obtains in filmdom. From what I can gather we of the films occupy in the public's estimation a place similar to that occupied by actors of the spoken drama a generation and more ago—when to be a play actor was to be a gipsy.

But time and increasing knowledge of the truth has slowly brought the actor to his rightful place in society, and he is no longer shunned as a person of loose character merely because of his membership in the profession that makes the world forget.

Now I have been in pictures since I was 15 years old. I think my severest critics will admit I know by experience whereof I speak. And I cannot speak too emphatically. Just as I found the theater a really fine training ground for a child—during my ten years in it, before I entered pictures—so I have found filmdom a wonderful finishing school for any girl of average strength of character and—capacity for hard work.

The Straight and Narrow Path.

So if I can change the opinion of even one father or mother as regards the moral environment surrounding motion picture folk I'll be happy. The truth is that in any studio of standing—although I must confess that this does not apply to the fly-by-night concerns which now and again spring up in the motion picture business, as in every other business—a girl can tread the straight and narrow path and still go as high along the path of success as her ability and her capacity for hard work will permit. The fact that her moral caliber is good, will, in every line of endeavor, work to her advantage.

Paternal worry on this score is groundless. But that is not the end of the story. There is ample ground for worry in another direction. To begin with, I should most earnestly advise against any girl's beginning a film career unless she is blessed with more than average good health and strength.

For the demands made by picture-life upon one's health and strength are greater than in any other business open to a girl.

Work 36 Hours Without Letup.

And the higher one climbs, the greater these demands.

Take my own case as an example. When I am engaged in making a picture my day begins at 6 o'clock in the morning. That is the hour I get up. And from that moment until I go to bed at 9 o'clock that evening—and I am always in bed by 9 o'clock when I am working—I am BUSY!

I get to the studio at 7:30 and for an hour and a half have to hustle to dress, make up and study my part. The actual "shooting," as we speak of photographing the scenes, begins at 9 o'clock ordinarily. Of course it happens not infrequently that we are called upon to face the camera at 5 o'clock in the morning—in summer, on "location," when a sunrise scene is called for.

Ordinarily, however, the day's work is over at 6 o'clock—when we are working in the studios and everything is going along smoothly and according to schedule. But things go along smoothly and according to schedule a very small part of the time. More often than not emergencies arise that necessitate our working late into the night in order to complete the picture and get it off to the exhibitors on schedule time.

I have known occasions when a whole company has worked straight through a stretch of 36 hours without removing makeup or costumes!

But, without considering such exceptional cases and sticking to the usual routine grind of the motion picture studio—ask yourself how much time (or inclination for that matter) a girl can have for dissipation at the end of a day's work such as I have outlined. As a matter of fact, most of us can hardly wait to get out of our makeup and get home and into bed.

MOST REMAKABLE TEMPLE IN UNIVERSE RECENTLY RESURRECTED IN ISLAND OF JAVA

Without Aid of Mortar or Cement, Column, Pillar or Arch, Ancients Erect Terrace After Terrace of Great Buddhist Shrine Out of Stone—Excavation Reveals Wonderful Art.

WORK has just been completed in Java on the excavation of perhaps the most remarkable temple in the world. This temple, known as Borobudur, is regarded by archaeologists as the highest example of Greco-Buddhist art extant belonging to the golden age of Java, an age of trade, independence and prosperity, before the advent of the Mohammedans, and has several chums among the parentless little ones. More than one of the orphans got a kiss and a hug from the Pickford child, but in the main she confined herself to a gravely spoken "Hello."

Back in the dim, distant past, more than 11 centuries ago, a cultured, civilized people on the island of Java, Malays for the most part, paid homage to Buddha, that mystic god that the natives of India, China, Japan and the south sea islands still worship. So that they might better worship their god of gods and pay him homage as befitting him, the people conceived the plan of building a magnificent temple in his honor, a wonderful temple that was to surpass in size and beauty anything to be seen in Egypt or India or the whole world.

Temple Worthy of Shrine.

All the art and skill of the island, at that time most highly developed, was called upon to make the temple worthy as a shrine of the great being to whom everyone paid divine honors. With infinite care, without the aid of mortar or cement, of column, pillar or arch, the builders erected out of stone terrace after terrace of this temple, and built it into a solid pyramidal structure, covering almost the same area as the great pyramid of Giza. Many years were consumed in the undertaking.

Hundreds of life sized statues and miles of bas relief went into the ornamentation of the great mass of stone. Reverently, painstakingly, sculptors' chisels carved into the walls pictures portraying a record of the people's legends and dreams, and the very fabric of their lives. The workers were not driven to their tasks like the slaves at the pyramids in Egypt. It was a spiritual duty to give one's time and ability to the glorification of Buddha and the other spirits. No record has been found of the duration of the work, but the temple rose gradually on a hill right in the heart of Java, a shrine dedicated to Buddha and his satellite spirits, the marvelous temple of Borobudur.

Daily, from his lofty throne on a pedestal near the top, Buddha would give his benediction to the thousands of pilgrims and wayfarers who wended their way up the hill and dropped reverently on their knees to pray for guidance. This was Buddha's way of triumph over the other gods. There came a time of decadence in Java. New cults were taken up perforce, and the spirit of Buddha es-

caped to India and other south sea islands besides Java. But Buddha himself did not give up, even though he brooded over the invasion of his dominions. Soon, too soon, the throngs who had been wont to journey up the hill to worship became only a memory. Abandoned, Buddha still watched over his people and implored them to return to him. But his lips were mute, and it was not to be. The Mohammedans, a fierce folk, coming from the north, had laid siege to the cities. After putting the people of the island into submission, they "imposed yet another creed" upon them. The temple of Borobudur was gradually forgotten, and, as centuries rolled by, disappeared, "a formless, nameless, unsuspected mound in the heart of a tropical jungle," with no part in the life of the land.

Tear after year, decade after decade passed, and deeper and deeper the Temple of Borobudur sank into the earth. Slumbering away beneath their covering, the spirits had no inkling of the progress that was going on in the man-made world about them. They knew nothing of the wonderful inventions that civilized man, in his efforts to improve his welfare, had brought to pass. They knew nothing of the telegraph and its power to carry messages over to the ends of the earth. They knew nothing of the telephone and how it had put men in closer touch with one another. They knew nothing of steam and gasoline power, that had penetrated even to Java. Neither did they know that, as the centuries rolled by, people began to place a great value on the ruins of temples such as theirs. They slept the sleep of the dead, but did not crumble into dust.

Spirit of Temple Awakened.

Everyone is familiar with the movement that swept the world towards the end of the 19th century for unearthing relics and ruins. The ancient temple of Borobudur, that had been well-nigh forgotten, was no exception. Someone or other stumbled on it accidentally, and discovered that the supposedly "formless, nameless, unsuspected mound" located in the heart of Java was nothing less than the buried ruins of a magnificent Buddhist temple. Under the supervision of the Netherlands government, to which the island belongs, the work of excavation was started at once.

Then, if ever, the spirits in the temple must have awakened. After being asleep for almost 10 centuries, they must have wondered at the sound of men's voices, and the strange scraping of many picks and shovels along the sides of the temple. One can imagine them whispering among themselves, wondering on the many things that might be happening. That they were once more to see the light of day, feel the warmth of the tropical sun to heat the throbs of life about them, very likely never occurred to them. What must have been their rejoicing, then, when the

first clump of earth was loosened and the first stone rolled away, and the warm, bright rays of the tropical sun flashed against the exposed parts of the temple! The spirits brooded no longer, they were free! They could see men and hear them speak.

Day after day, week after week, and month after month, the task of excavating the great temple of Borobudur was carried on, and new spirits saw the light of day. Imagine the surprise of those interested in the restoration when, after the temple was unearthed, it was seen that in both an archaeological and architectural sense, it was undoubtedly the richest Buddhist temple in the world, surpassing in size and magnificence anything to be seen in Egypt or India.

Remains of Past Unfolded.

Today, archaeologists say the temple is one of the surviving wonders of the world. To travelers it holds a peculiar fascination. Constantly tourists come from all parts of the world to see and study the ruins and to delve into the history of that now ancient people whose life, beliefs and dreams are so clearly portrayed in the legends on the walls. As someone has aptly said about the temple, "It unfolds the ruins of the past and carries you back to the days when Hindoo rule was the rule of the day in the east. Every stone is eloquent with one of the most fascinating tales ever wrought by man on the tablets of history, 'a tale untold,' which would beggar even the enchantment of the famed 'Arabian Nights.'"

Imagine the splendor of the temple. Fashioned with a symmetry and a regard for the laws of gravitation that rival modern architecture, it presents an imposing picture, whether viewed from near or far. Approaching Borobudur from the park which has been created about it, passing through the rows of palm and date trees, one notes the numerous buttresses which constitute the terraces. Stones that must have been laboriously mined and brought to the temple with even more difficulty, are placed one on top of another with amazing regularity. All are rectangular, except those that constitute the corners of each terrace. Here an arch effect is made by the hollowing out of a great boulder, which serves as a sort of keystone. The highest terrace of all has many half-shaped cornices with diamond-shaped grooves and, overlooking the whole temple, in the exact center of the top or roof, is one huge bell of stone.

Imposing in Its Vastness.

The temple is imposing in its vastness. Every bit of stone, except that of the floor, is carved in some particular shape to harmonize with the temple about it. Even the stones of the floors are arranged symmetrically. The great stones that compose the panels of the side walls are full of figures. Sometimes as many as 30

such figures—three-quarter length most of them—are on one panel. The lower terraces, which have been preserved from the elements, are practically intact, though there is a tendency to lean over at a dangerous angle because of the shifting earth. The top of the temple is in pretty bad shape, many of the idols having lost their heads from the pressure of the rocks and stones that covered them so long. The individual replicas of Buddha that adorn each terrace every few feet are about one and a half times the size of a man.

The excavation having been completed, the work of restoration of the temple is now under the supervision of Captain Theodore Van Epp, an engineering detachment officer of the Dutch army, who is stationed at the ruins, an appropriation sufficient to guarantee the completion of the work having been made.

The government of the Netherlands, a Protestant country, is not interested in the restoration from a religious standpoint. The prevailing religion of the east, however, is Buddhism, and naturally much interest has been manifested among the people of China, Japan and India in the resurrected temple. The motive, therefore, behind the active prosecution of the work may be the desire of the Dutch to become more friendly with the great peoples of the east by a demonstration of its spirit for religious tolerance.

Temple Mounted on Motorcycle.

As if to announce the completion of the excavation in the most modern way possible, when an intrepid American engineer, Fritz Shymers, applied to the supervisor of the work on the temple for permission to ride to the top of the structure on a motorcycle, this permission was promptly granted. Several days later Mr. Shymers started on his arduous climb. He made only gradual headway, since he had to stop every few minutes to plan his next move. Up, up, he went, however, from one terrace to another, past rows and rows of statues and images, over granite stones and pebbles and in and out of gateways leading to the several galleries. After nearly half a day of effort, Fritz and his plucky mount found themselves perched on the very top of the lofty temple.

Just before ascending the last staircase the rider found himself face to face with Buddha himself, and thus the god received his first visitor in more than a thousand years. Not in vain had Buddha waited. He was introduced, just about 25 centuries after he lived to the ways of modern locomotion.

From the Melting Pot.

Perhaps the most remarkable product of the melting pot is the California family of Ben Goon. Ben's father was a Chinese, his mother a Jap. Ben's wife had a Swedish father and a full-blooded Indian mother. He was born about 60 years ago in San Francisco, has a fair education, owns liberty bonds and is a good American citizen. The surprising thing is that his two daughters of high school age look typically United States, just as if they came off a Smith, Jones or Brown genealogical tree—Copper's Weekly.