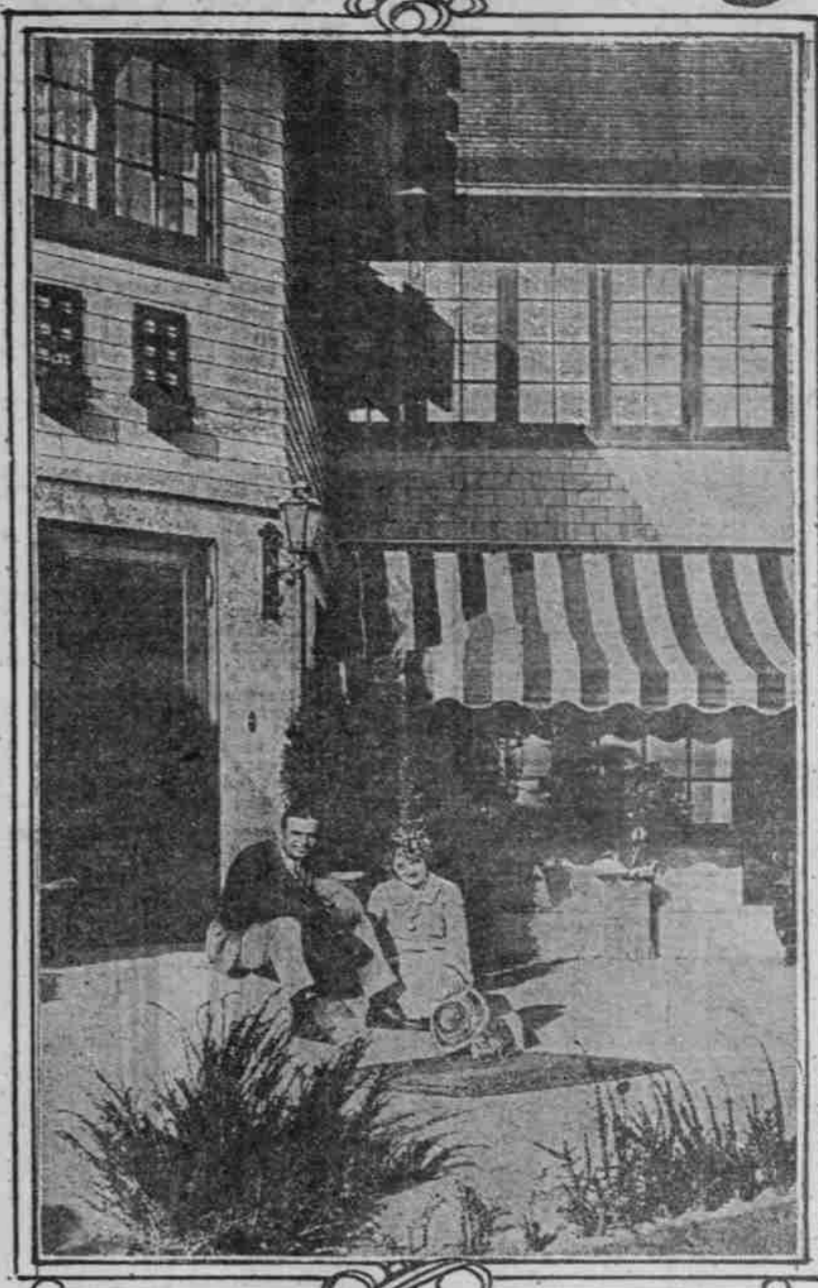


Mary Pickford's Home Life is Happy

How Dream House Came True at Last With Everything That Could Be Asked, Such as Paintings, Books With Well-Read Appearance and Other Art Work.



Mary says that she and Douglas Fairbanks are just "home folks." Here they are shown comfortably and apparently happily settled down on the steps of their home, Beverly Hills.

Mary Herself.

On March 20 of this year, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks celebrated their first wedding anniversary together.

Only immediate relatives and a few very dear friends were present.

This momentous event was observed quietly at their Beverly Hills home—a dream home of the kind that Mary has always longed for.

Her ambition to become a great movie actress was always secondary to this yearning desire for a home—a home and babies.

Mary, little Mary, has mothered Jack and Lottie Pickford ever since she can remember, because she always had to mother somebody.

And in her own life story, as told to Hayden Talbot, she reveals many things today that the public has never known before—the home, sincere ambitions that disclose the real world's sweetheart under her Kilg light makeup.

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THE house where Mary Pickford and her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, live is situated on a high hill overlooking lower hills and a broad valley in the distance.

This valley is a combination farm and residential section, intersected by asphalt highways and electric railroads.

Behind the Fairbanks home rise more hills, eternally green in their close-grown raiment of stubby brush.

It would be hard to describe the architecture of the house, unless one called it typically modern Californian. A combination of stucco and shingle, it crowns the hill in the form of an L.

Let us start in the basement and make a tour of the house in order that you may get an accurate idea of the interior.

Mary Has Beautiful Tapestries.

In the basement are storerooms, a fully equipped laundry, a bedroom and bath for the laundress. Stairs lead up to a hallway on the floor above. The house faces west and south, with the main entrance in the bend of the L.

The main hallway takes the form of an L, with stairs at one end winding up to the floor above. This hallway has a blue and white tiled floor, on which are a few oriental rugs. The furniture is carved antique Italian, and there are some very beautiful tapestries on the walls.

On the first floor are the living room, sun parlor, dining room, breakfast room and kitchen. Also the butler's pantry, a large back porch, with refrigerator, the butler's bedroom and bath, back hall and the front porch, extending from the breakfast room around three sides of the house to the main entrance.

Wherever one looks the eyes rest upon original paintings by Frederick Remington, Dutton and Russell. Another very interesting feature of the place is the books. The thing that impressed me most about them was that they have all been read, which, sad to say, is not true of all libraries.

Books Are Old Friends.

Although there were many sets with beautiful bindings, none of these volumes have uncut pages. They all have a well read appearance, and in cataloging them they gave me the impression that they were chosen not because they were classics or best sellers or on account of the bindings matching the scheme of decoration, but rather because each one was wanted for some special reason or because they were old friends.

Another thing that I noticed immediately was that there were books in every room and not only in the bookcases that were made for them. There were books in the bedrooms, on the bedside tables, books in the hallways, books in the sun room, and I believe the only rooms in the house without them were the kitchen and the dining room. There are a good many books personally autographed by the authors and there are some very old volumes. There is, in particular, a set of Rabelais that would excite envy in any collector's heart.

The Living Room for Projections.

The living room is furnished in mahogany. Perhaps it would be of interest to note that there are five floor lamps in it. There is a grand piano of mahogany, numerous tables, a writing desk, built-in bookcases, three large davenportes with luxurious pillows, a big fireplace, lots of comfortable chairs and a heavenly view from French doors.

You know, of course, that this room can be transformed at a moment's notice into a projection room. There are oriental rugs on the floors.

I think the breakfast room is particularly attractive, with its painted furniture in cream color with bright flowers, and the chairs with their patent leather seats. It has long French windows opening out on the porch, is comfortably furnished with wicker, and looks out upon a sweeping view below.

The sun room is also very attractive, with its gay cratonnes and wicker furniture and ferns and canary birds. It has a tiled floor, on which there are a few orientals. There are only two floors and a basement in the house. Upstairs is a main hall similar to the one below, furnished somewhat on the order of a living room.

The Mikado's Sword.

One of the most interesting things in it is a sword presented to Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks by the mikado of Japan.

There is a back hall, where the stairs come up from the floor below, and off of which the bedrooms open. All told, there are five bedrooms, not including the sleeping porches.

The bedrooms all have modern painted furniture. Some in gray, some in sage green, some in blue and some in black, all gaily decorated with flowers and wreaths, etc. A different color scheme is carried out for each bedroom, and the draperies and bedspreads are of taffeta to match the color scheme.

Mr. Fairbanks' suite consists of his bedroom, bath, large clothes closet, where his suits and picture wardrobe hang in rows; hallway and sleeping porch. The furniture is sage green, and there is an enormous black wardrobe, with brilliant parrots painted on it.

Miss Pickford's suite consists of the most beautiful bedroom I ever saw. It is done in lavender, with dull green furniture—a color combination that reminds me of a pansy bed. Miss Pickford's quarters are not quite as extensive as her husband's, for the reason that it is planned in the near future to build on a wing which will be for the little wonder lady's exclusive use. Besides the bedroom, there is a bath and sleeping porch. I want a home, and babies. All my life it has been my one

great desire to possess a home. Not a palace, mind you, with servants in livery and great big musty-smelling rooms built merely to overwhelm the eye with their magnificence.

What I always wanted was a real home, beautiful, of course, but a place wholly livable, done in quiet tones and furnished in exquisite taste.

I wanted it to be situated on a hill, commanding an unlimited view of the surrounding country, for to me nothing stimulates the imagination more than to look out upon a broad sweep of landscape through unobstructed eyes.

And after dreaming of just such a home ever since I was big enough to build castles in the air, the dream has at last come true.

But we still work hard, Douglas and I.

When engaged in picture making our family retires at 8 o'clock. No photoplayer can succeed and keep late hours.

The one thing the motion picture patrons must have in their heroes and heroines is youth. Theatergoers demand it, also, but in the

theater it is easier to camouflage wrinkles than before the pitiless eye of the camera. And we all know, even in the case of stage stars, how often women and men go on and on long after their charm has left them—always pitiful spectacles of desire triumphing over sense.

Sufficient rest is absolutely necessary, and by sufficient rest I mean at least nine hours. For myself I prefer ten.

Of course, if it is between pictures, then we are not so regular with our hours. Often we remain up until midnight, especially when entertaining.

I am determined that I shall never face a camera after I get the first intimation that my work is no longer pleasing all my public. The one good thing about it is that there is a definite way to determine this. When the box office returns from any picture of mine fall below the average earned by my last 20 pictures—I shall disband my organization and go into a retirement that will never be marked by an re-emergence!

It is possible—and this is a little confidence I have never voiced for

thought little more of what they had seen. Scientific men began talking about the novel device, and finally its inventor was called to show it before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia.

Singularly enough, 15 years after that showing Jenkins received the Elliott Cresson gold medal for having achieved motion photography. Later, in making a second award to Mr. Jenkins, the John Scott medal "To the Most Deserving" the institute committee showered the inventor with praise that gave him rank with America's greatest inventive geniuses.

It was said that Jenkins received \$2500 for his invention, but his brother Will, living here, believes the figure was double that amount. He that as it may, the sum seems absurd when compared with some of the salaries paid motion-picture stars for appearing in a single picture.

Mr. Jenkins continued his experiments, and the first movie show "where a price of admission was charged" was attempted in Atlanta some time in 1895. The show was a failure. Gradually the motion-picture machine was improved and soon empty storerooms in the larger cities were transformed into motion-picture theaters where an admission fee of 5 cents was assessed. The pictures were imperfect, the flicker being deadly on the eyes. The shows continued to increase in number, however, and the flicker began to be less in evidence. Today the movie business involves millions of dollars and there are picture theaters even in the humblest villages.

Work of Other Inventors.

Other inventors bent their brains to the task of improving the Jenkins machine. Of course improvements came, but there were many conflicting entries in the patent office. An illustration of the growing confusion is interestingly disclosed in one experience Jenkins had. Two big corporations formed to produce motion pictures got into a legal controversy over the use of the Jenkins machine and its improvements. One firm finally won a suit in the New York courts. That meant the exclusion of the other company. The losing corporation appealed to Mr. Jenkins.

"We're ruined!" the president of the defeated corporation said.

"Oh, don't worry," Jenkins assured him. "It can be done in another way." Jenkins then went to work on a second device and sold it to the company on Thursday. On Friday he collected \$14,000 for his work. On the

following Monday the supreme court of the United States reversed the decision and the new machine went to the scrap heap. Both companies used the more perfect device.

And now the inventor has started the movie world with another device called the "Discolia." It is a machine that will reproduce motion pictures from a disc very similar to those used on a phonograph and is like the modern phonograph in appearance. The machine will occupy the same place in the home as a phonograph and so successful have been the experiments with it that its manufacture is already under way.

Paper Bottle Invented.

Mr. Jenkins also is the inventor of the paper bottle, a patent that, it is said, has made him a fortune. Old Richmond friends of the inventor also recall that, long before motorcycles were thought of, Jenkins predicted that "bicycles soon would be operated by small engines." He worked for a time on that idea, but changed to other devices he thought more valuable to humanity. It also is said that he was the first man to attempt building an automobile with engines in front, instead of under the seat, as the original automobile engines were placed. This was on a big motor car he attempted to build for sightseeing purposes in Washington. He went "broke" trying to make this enterprise a success. In fact, his relatives say he has gone "broke" several times in his "messin'" as his mother used to remark.

Mr. Jenkins still lives in Washington, refusing all pleas of corporations to make his laboratory headquarters in New York. He likes his own little shop, where his hours are spent in working out new ideas, particularly with reference to his pet hobby—motion-picture photography. His father, Amasa Jenkins, and his brothers, Atwood and Will, still live in Richmond, being engaged in the insurance and realty business. The family hears from him regularly, for the father and brothers delight in hearing of his new achievements. His happiest thought, however, are of his original motion-picture projector, which now is a relic in the National Museum at Washington, D. C.

Recruit Records Intentions.

Paris Le Rire.

Officer (drilling recruits)—Hey, you, in case of fire, what do you do? Recruit—Yell.

Officer—Yell what? Recruit—Why, what do you suppose? Cease firing.

HOW RICHMOND, BIRTHPLACE OF MOVIES, MARVELED BACK IN 1894 IS RECALLED

Charles Francis Jenkins, Clerk in Life-Saving Department at Washington, Went Home for His Vacation, Taking With Him a Queer Device That Now Serves to Entertain 10,000,000 Americans Daily.

BY WILLIAM M. HERSCHHELL.

RICHMOND, Ind.—Richmond was the birthplace of the movies!

Here, on June 6, 1894, before an audience consisting of his parents, brothers, other relatives and a few friends, Charles Francis Jenkins of Richmond made the first successful demonstration of a projecting machine for the production of life-size motion pictures from a narrow strip of film containing successive phases of motion.

Today 66,000 people are engaged in the motion picture industry and 10,000,000 persons go daily to the theaters to enjoy what are popularly termed the "movies." Cities comprising actors, scenic artists, electricians and stage mechanics have been built around the industry in order to entertain the millions who enjoy that form of amusement and thrills. Men and women have sacrificed their lives that the American soul might be stirred. Children cry for the movies, old folk go in wheeled chairs that they may see heroes and heroines of Movieland flashed on the screen. Broadway has its motion picture palace; the humblest village has its movie theater where Mike the Mauler used to maintain "The Red Onion" bar. And it all had its beginning in a jewelry store in Richmond, Ind., U. S. A.

The invention of Charles Francis Jenkins has been mentioned before in print, but his recent development of a machine that carries the movies into the home has revived interest in this Hoosier genius. Homer Croy, writing in the New York Tribune, credits Mr. Jenkins with being the inventor of the movie, as does the Literary Digest. Mr. Jenkins today maintains a laboratory in Washington, where he is at work on other devices, some of which may completely revolutionize the motion picture industry.

Born on Farm.

Charles Francis Jenkins was born on a farm south of Richmond and his early boyhood was spent there and in Richmond. During young manhood he spent periods in Earlham college

and the old Spiceland academy. He had only little liking for farm life and during his youth went to Oregon to live with an uncle, a carpenter.

There the young Hoosier began making his first experiments in an effort to reproduce motion through a camera. It was while in Oregon that the idea struck him to try for a job in Washington, where he would be near the patent office and the newest devices in photography. He took a civil service examination for a clerkship, winning that, he was assigned to a position as clerk in the life-saving division of the government.

After familiarizing himself with his new job in Washington he began laboratory work in a room at his home. In the summer of 1894 he came to Richmond for his vacation. A queer-looking machine came with him, a device on which he worked instead of visiting among relatives and friends. He told his parents and brothers that he believed he had achieved motion photography.

"Charles," said his good old Quaker mother, "I wish there would quit that messin'."

She did not understand what was in his heart. One day he went to the jewelry store of his cousin. To him he explained that he wished some place in which to test a machine that would project moving pictures on a screen. The cousin had seen many still pictures thrown on the wall by stereopticon, but motion pictures—that was ridiculous. Young Jenkins asked for an opportunity to try the machine in his cousin's jewelry store. The room was long and Jenkins saw that it easily could be darkened. The jeweler consented to the test. It was in midsummer, business was quiet, and a few hours of closed doors didn't matter.

Machine "Set Up."

The young inventor darkened the windows with black cloth bought at a nearby dry goods store. Then he "set up" the machine, a queer contrivance, the like of which the jeweler had never seen. Electricity for operating the device was obtained from a trolley wire in the street,

After some delay young Mr. Jenkins got the machine going. Then he sent for his relatives and friends—a few of the chosen that he could trust. The mother and father came, each believing that their son had only been "messin'" again. Newspaper men, among them Demas Coe, then a cub reporter on a local newspaper, also appeared to see what was going to happen.

While working with the machine in his Washington workshop, Jenkins hit upon the idea of having Annabelle, a popular vaudeville dancer then appearing in Washington, dance for him in front of his new motion-picture camera. She was dancing the then popular butterfly dance. The experiment with Annabelle was tried just before Jenkins started to Richmond for his vacation. He brought the

film with him, for he had discovered that films were the only means by which motion could be reproduced. Glass plates would not do. So Annabelle and her dances, reproduced on the film, traveled to Richmond.

On the afternoon of the first "movie" show ever presented, young Jenkins was the least nervous of all in that select little audience. He seemed to have a feeling of sureness about the experiment. Finally the machine began throwing the beautiful Annabelle's moving likeness on the big white sheet in the north end of the room. It was a faint reproduction, broken by a constant flicker, but the audience saw the figure move, saw her skirts mount higher as she continued her amazing butterfly dance. Some thought it an illusion, others stood mystified, unwilling to believe their eyes. They did not know they were witnessing the birth of what is now America's fifth greatest industry.

The newspaper men asked Jenkins what he called his invention.

"A phantoscope," he replied, which told them nothing. He repeated, which Jenkins went back to Washington and took his machine with him. The audience of that eventful day in 1894

her age, to know that honesty and decency and every other good quality are present to as large an extent in every motion picture studio as in any other place in the world where men and women, recruited from all walks of life, are engaged together in a common task. It isn't at all that she has been taught any of the ridiculously unfair prejudices against film folk that makes her shy away from the idea of entering the profession.

"It's simply that she knows—from actual observation of what happens to me very often, and to my sister and brother when they are engaged in making pictures—that to become a film star calls for a capacity to take punishment of the most grueling kind. Young as she is, she has already learned that success on the screen can come only as a result of the hardest kind of hard work.

"And an child of 5 who would wish enthusiastic over the prospect of downright drudgery—at any task or for any reward—would merit pity as being abnormal."

"She knows enough herself, even at

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MARY'S NIECE, LITTLE MARY RUPP, DOESN'T WANT TO BE A MOVIE STAR

THE movies is not a profession, that appeals particularly to Miss Pickford's niece, Little Mary Rupp, the daughter of Mary's sister Lottie. I asked the question of the little girl, now aged 5:

"Are you going to be a film star when you grow up?"

The child looked up at me with sudden indignation registering in her expression. There wasn't any doubt about it. My question had aroused in the youngster instant and utter contempt. For a moment she said nothing, and then with large emphasis and very slowly she said:

"I—should—say—NOT!"

Later Miss Pickford endeavored to explain the reason for this tremendous disapproval on the part of her niece for the profession which had meant so much to the Pickford clan:

"She is a strange little creature. Often she says things that absolutely amaze you, but everything she says proves she uses her brain and figures out everything for herself—before she speaks.

"She knows enough herself, even at