

It's meal time and the photographer is tying things up considerably. Sister Cecilia in the rear; Sister Patricia at right.

Mary,

In which the wishes of Miss Pickford are ignored, and one of the most beautiful of her life interests related.

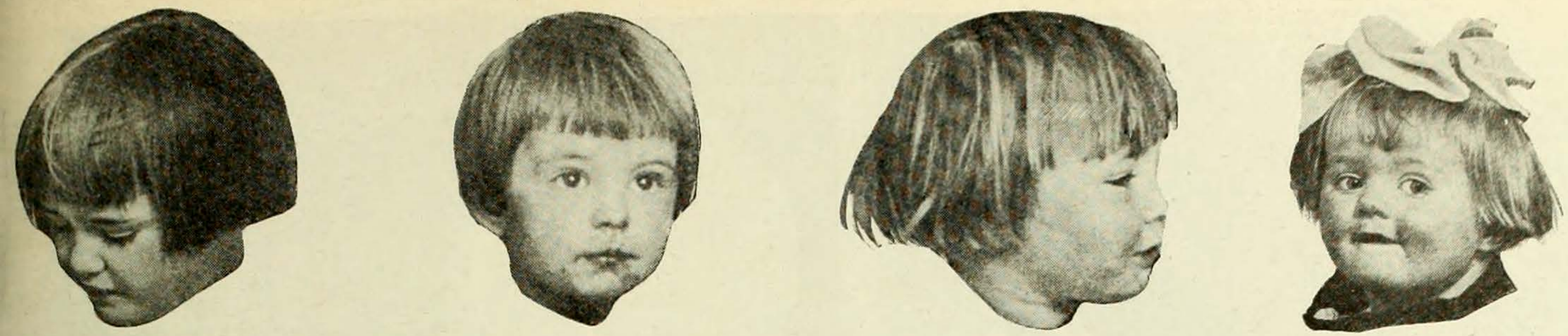
By
**RANDOLPH
BARTLETT**

A quiet hour often comes when Sister Superior, Cecilia, gathers about her a group of the older girls and reads to them. The curly-haired child on the piano stool might have stepped from an artist's canvas of young-girlhood.



WE stood at a sun-flooded window on one of the upper floors of the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum, standing on a high knoll and overlooking a lovely California valley toward the snowcapped peak of San Antonio. Sister Cecilia did not at once answer the question I had just asked. It was the sort of question a reporter is always asking because it leads toward facts and comparisons, and gives him a solid nail upon which to hang his story. The Mother Superior looked out across the valley, but she could not have seen much of its beauty through the film of moisture I could see gathering in her eyes. At last she turned and spoke:

"How much money in a year? I have never counted it in that way. We do not think of Mary Pickford in terms of figures, but in terms of the love she brings. If some great misfortune should remove her from us, we would miss her splendid benefactions, of course, but we would miss still more—ininitely more—herself. We might find some man or woman of great wealth whose checks would accomplish what Miss Pickford's charity does for us, but where is there to be found another heart like hers? Do you remember Lowell's poem, 'The Vision of Sir Launfal,' in



the Well Beloved

which Christ appears to the impoverished knight who has shared his last crust with a leper, and says,

Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three—
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me.

It is because Mary gives herself with her alms that she means so much to us. Do not think that I am minimizing the importance of her financial help. That has been magnificent. But even if she were to come to us empty handed, we could not love her less."

We turned from the window and entered a little room—a recreation room, where there were books, pictures, a piano, but most noticeable of all, two large frames of various portraits of Miss Pickford, and two smaller pictures of her in separate frames.

"The children simply cannot get enough pictures of her, from those who are so little that they just call her 'Mawy' to the older ones who are a little more backward about expressing their affection, because they know something of what a noted personage she is."

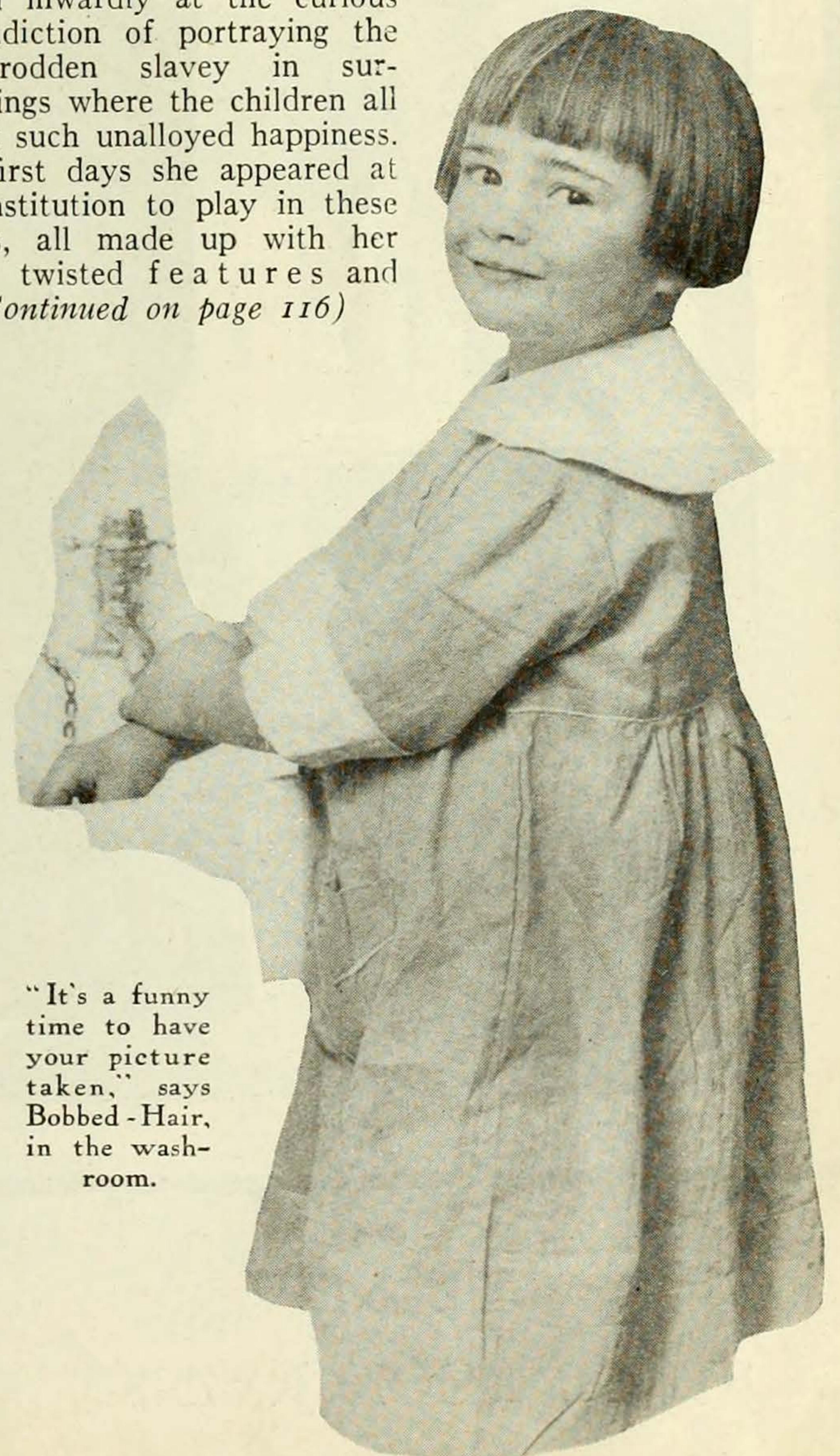
It is nearly five years since Mary Pickford discovered the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum and took it to her heart. It was here she conceived the story which was later put upon the screen as "The Foundling," and it was here that she made the

MARY PICKFORD did not know this story of one of the biggest interests in her life was being written. If she had, she would have done everything in her power to keep it out of print. She has, over and over, told those who knew the circumstances, she was anxious the matter should have no publicity.

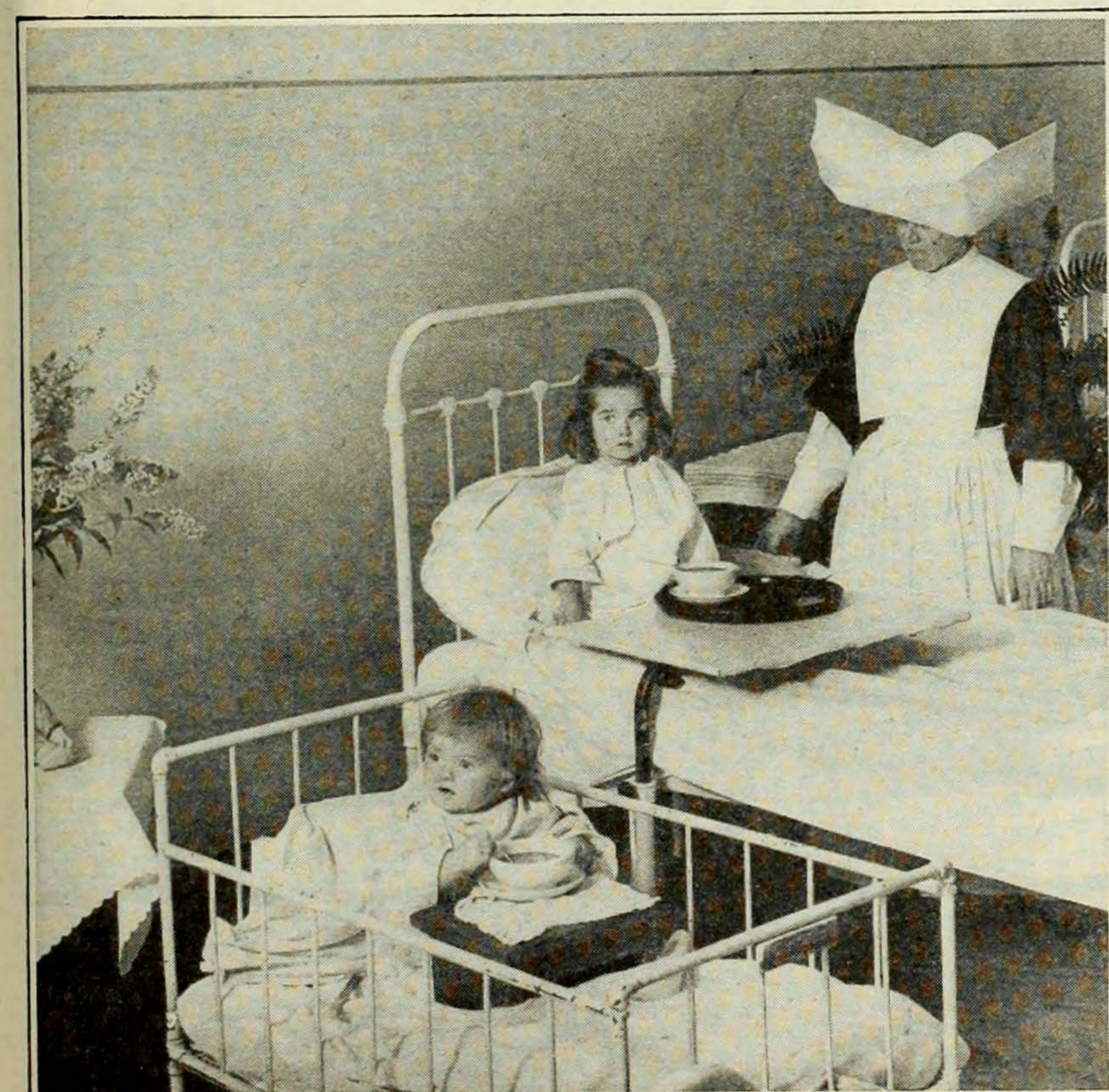
But PHOTOPLAY believes that justice to one of the most beautiful characters in public life today demands that her splendid efforts in behalf of several hundred little orphans be made known, not merely that the public may know Mary Pickford a little better, but also that others whose hearts are not so open to the cry of the little children may be inspired to go and do likewise.

orphanage scenes for "Stella Maris." And Mary must have smiled inwardly at the curious contradiction of portraying the downtrodden slavey in surroundings where the children all reflect such unalloyed happiness. The first days she appeared at the institution to play in these scenes, all made up with her funny twisted features and
(Continued on page 116)

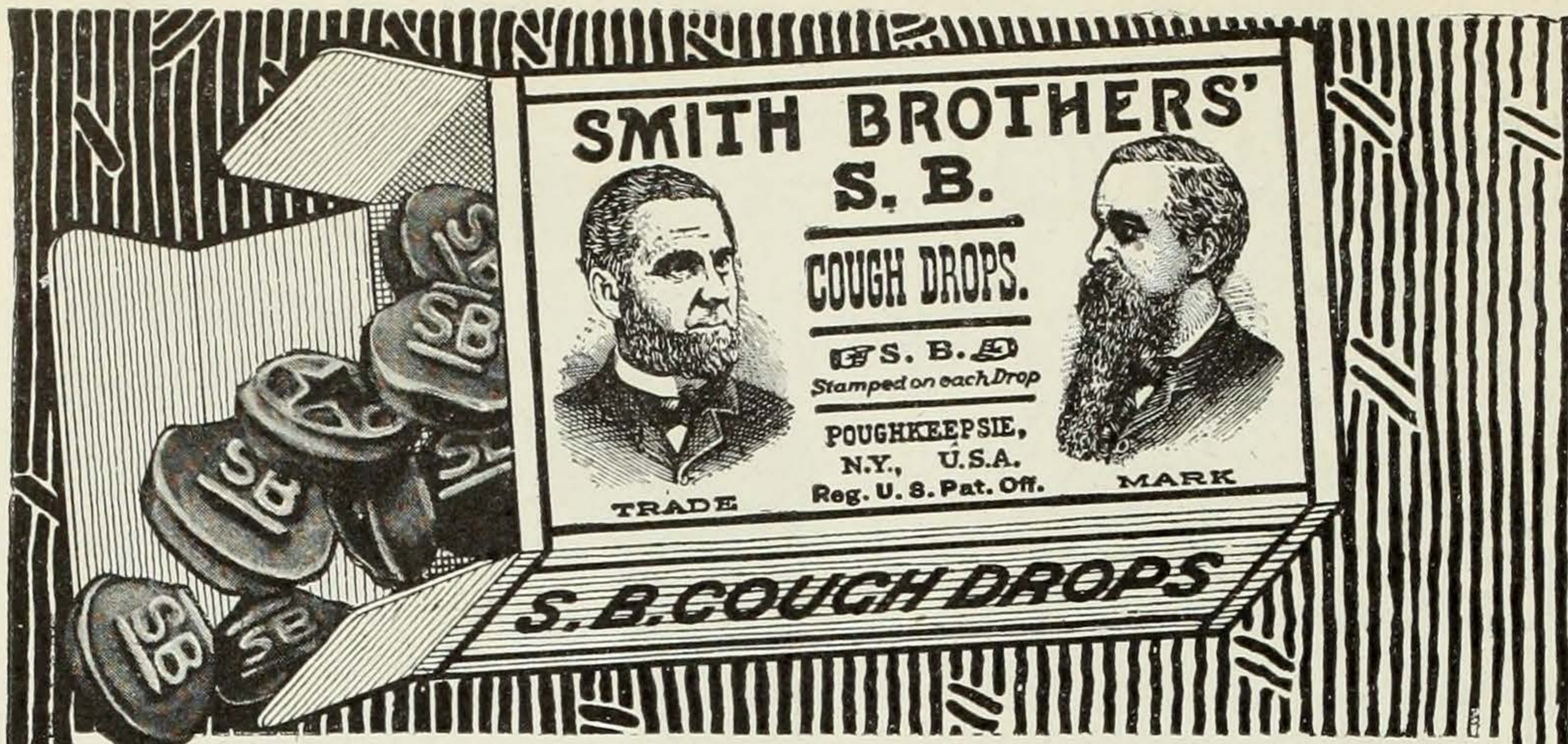
Photography
by Stagg



"It's a funny time to have your picture taken," says Bobbed-Hair, in the wash-room.



A corner of one of the hospital wards with two of the little invalids partaking of bean porridge hot, under Sister Cecilia's kindly supervision.



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Mary, the Well Beloved

(Continued from page 29)

straight hair pulled back grotesquely, the children stood around and gazed from one to another of the players. They had been expecting their Mary, but did not recognize her. Finally Miss Pickford singled out a diminutive cherub intimately known as Mousie, an especial favorite of hers, and picked the baby up in her arms.

"Dat id too Mawy Pitford," Mousie declared emphatically. You couldn't fool her with any kind of makeup.

For more than half a century this institution has been caring for orphans, for thirty years the present building has towered above the city upon one of its highest hills, for six years the present Mother Superior, Sister Cecilia, has been watching with deepest love the welfare of the flock, and the five last years, since Mary Pickford has taken a personal interest in the children, have been the golden ones in the history of the home. What has she done? Ask rather what she has not done. She has had a hand in all matters that have contributed to the happiness of nearly three hundred children, ranging from toddlers to girls who have been taught some trade or profession and ready to go out into the world and be self-supporting. Not only has Miss Pickford herself contributed to these things but she has interested other members of the California moving picture colony.

It is a little thing, perhaps, that the children in this institution are not garbed uniformly. Little, but how big to the tiniest girl, the bow in whose hair is a little different in shape or size or color from that of her playmate. Nor are gay colors barred nor laughter nor any of the merry din of childhood.

It is a little thing, perhaps, that the children are not all herded into one huge dining room for their meals, big, little and medium at long tables like rabbits in a hutch, which is the customary way one imagines the eating arrangements at such places. The littlest ones have a little room of their own, with little tables, from one right close to the floor for the babies, graduated upwards. And in other rooms are served the larger girls and the girls who are neither little nor big but just in between. Moreover, illustrating the thought which is expended to make the children feel that they are not just peas in a pod, these small tables are not arranged in long rows in mathematical regularity, but there is a carefully studied disarrangement, breaking the long monotonous lines.

And there are books from which the good Sisters read to little rapt audiences, and hours of play in the sunlight, and wash basins set close to the floor where the tiny ones can paddle to their heart's content and make toilet time a merry occasion, and the little hospital room, happily seldom occupied by anything more serious than a "tummy ache" or case of mild sniffles.

Into all these corners of this hospitable home for homeless babes the presence of Mary Pickford has crept, and the love that she has given has been poured back upon her a thousand fold.

"She never forgets anything," said Sister Cecilia. "One day when she came to call on us she noticed that I was looking a little glum, and asked me what was the matter. I told her I had just received notice of an assessment for street improvement, \$3,700 we were required to pay. I did not know where the money was to come from. 'I'll take care of it,' she said. A few days passed and I thought perhaps she had forgotten, because she is so very busy. But soon I heard from her about it. She was organizing a benefit perfor-

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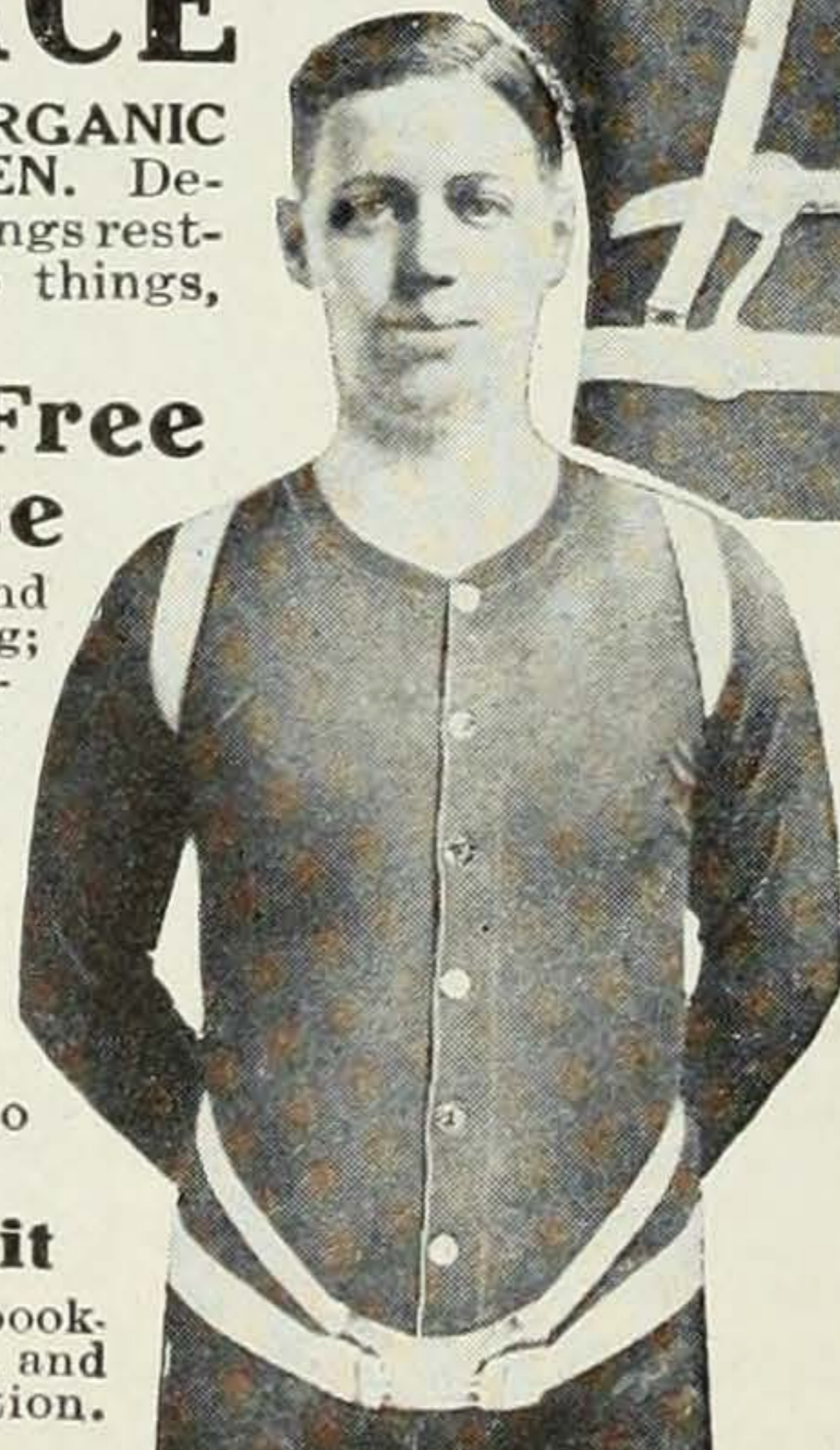
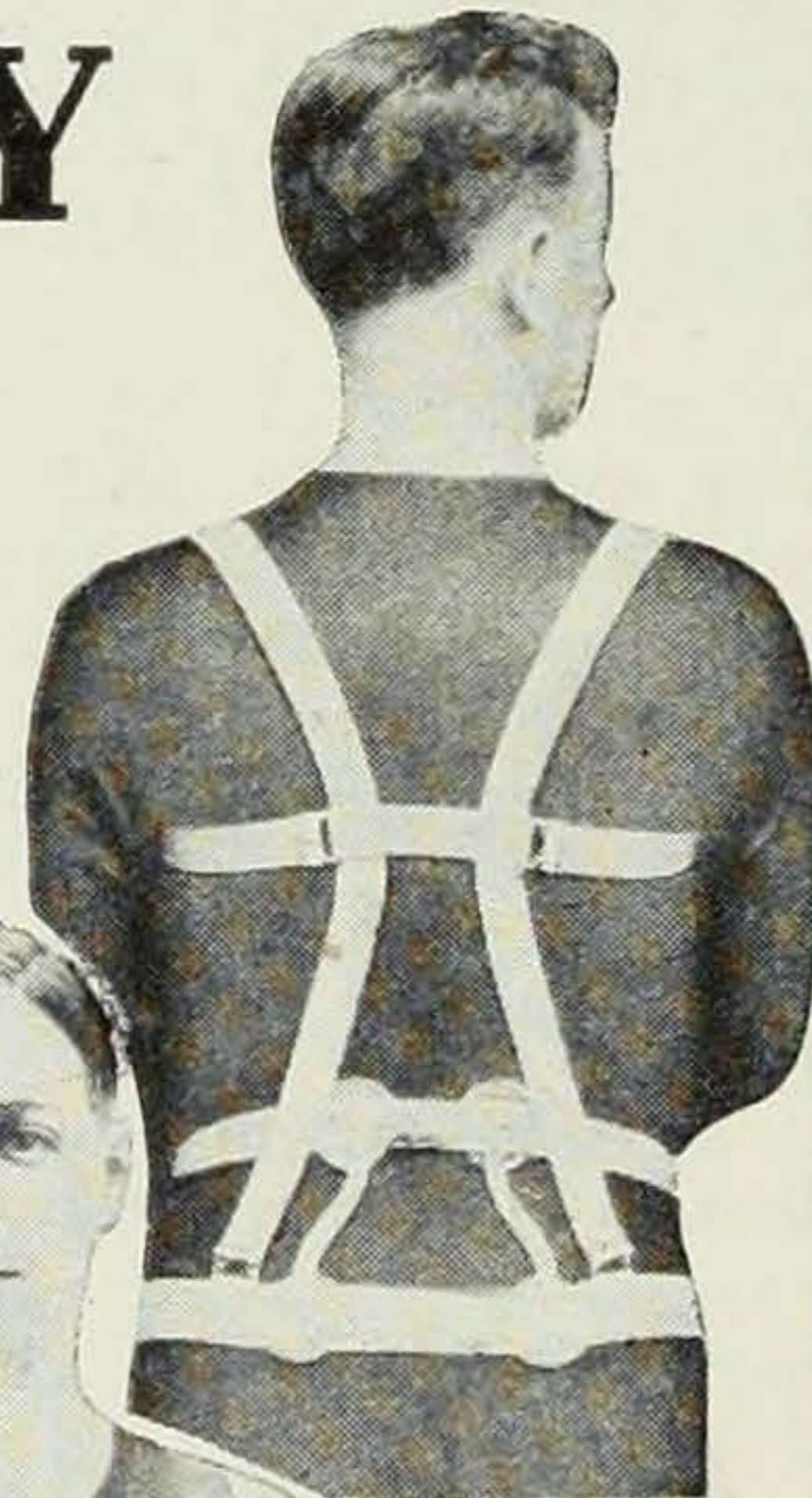
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Mary, the Well Beloved

(Concluded)

mance at once of the Los Angeles theatres, and sure enough, we received our badly needed money."

And there was, among innumerable other incidents of Mary Pickford's interest in these children, the most wonderful picnic that ever was—all arranged by Mary herself. It was away out in a beautiful spot in the foothills of the Sierra Madres—first a ride on the interurban cars, and then automobiles to their destination. And there was a band and a regular outdoors festival of every imaginable delight. But guess what was best of all. Mary was there too. And it cost her something to be there. She was in the middle of a picture and the people who insist that pictures must be made by a certain date were

hurrying and hurrying, so it was impossible for Mary to be with the children all day. So she had things arranged in such a way that she could be absent from the studio for three hours in the middle of the day, and by defying all the speed laws managed to motor to the picnic, spend an hour with the children, and get back on time. How easy to give checks, when you think of this little woman, every energy needed for her work, finding time and strength to give a few poor orphans a little hour of joy!

When Mary was making "Daddy Long-legs" she used the Orphan Asylum for the childhood scenes. One of the children was quite ill at the time, but seemed to improve considerably while Mary was with her, for the hospital ward, when it has any occupants, is one of her first interests. When she had left, the child, half delirious, cried for her to come back, and she did so. While she held the baby's hand it slept and rested comfortably, but the instant she tried to release herself the baby woke. And so she sat there, ate her dinner with one hand, and finally, aided by the sisters, made herself as comfortable as possible and slipped beside the little patient remaining there all night. In the morning the baby was almost recovered.

Stop a moment, you who think of the movie stars as devoting their nights to hilarious gaiety, their only thoughts in the hours when they are not working being

of vast extravagances! Picture this scene—the highest salaried woman in the entire world enduring a night of discomfort—merely because a baby cried when she took her hand away. You who have wanted to know why Mary Pickford is a great favorite and why her popularity never wanes—can you not see in this little story some clue to the mystery?

It would be unjust to many other generous persons to leave the impression that Mary Pickford is the sole support of this great institution. There are several other screen notables interested likewise, but as one of them said, "What all the rest of us do isn't a patch to what Mary does—not a patch." But just the same—we were compelled to swear not to divulge these names—a certain genial Irishman who recently has been elevated to stardom by Lasky, and a certain other genial Irishman who used to be a director but who is scoring a greater success as leading man in Allan Dwan productions, and still another genial Irishman who has long been one of the chief funmakers in Mack Sennett comedies—these three for example provided one of the most glorious Christmas trees that ever was for the delectation of the orphans. There was a stocking for every one, with her own name on it, and the tree was lighted with hundreds of little incandescent lights and flying birds and silver streamers, 'neverything. And the same lads sent over more turkey than the whole lot of them could eat, 'neverything. And one of them—the Mack Sennett one—played Santa Claus. And Fatty Arbuckle has promised to go over and play with them one day soon. 'Neverything.

But that sacred little shrine which every girl cherishes in her heart as the place where she keeps the thoughts of the best beloved of all, is Mary's own, or perhaps Mary shares it, as she would wish to share it, with Sister Cecilia with her kind smile and her "God bless them, who could live with them and not love them?" And in their dreams—I am not of the Church and I hope this is not irreverent—I believe that the Madonna with the Blessed Babe, and Sister Cecilia, and Mary, all look very much alike.

The children also sing to the melody of "The End of a Perfect Day" these words:

M is for Mary, the children's friend
and the friend of the soldiers too
A for the ardor with which she has served
our glorious "Red, White and Blue"
R for the Rosary we whisper for her
in the tranquil hour of prayer,
Y for the years that we hope she will
live scattering love everywhere.

A Distressing Result from Reading Too Many Subtitles

By HARCOURT FARMER

THAT Night "While All Is Still", "She Keeps Her Tryst", "He Waited with the Papers" "In the park" . . . ;
"The Hand of Fate Gives Life Another Twist",
"Her Truant Spirit Slips into the Dark."
"Their Little Child", "A Gleam of Saving Sense",
"The Touch of Goodness" and the other stuff;
"Give Me a Thousand Kisses" "And—Ten Cents"—
"His Grasp was Brutal," "She Recoils"
"You're Rough!"
"And So It Goes"; "Life Dances Down the Street";
"What Does it Matter if the Child is Spared?"
"The Morning Glories Smile and Roses Greet" . . .
"And So, as Hours Sped By, Angela Dared."
"I Do Not Know Exactly What You Mean . . ."
"I Cannot be Your Lover, But Your Friend!"
"Oh, Miss Carruthers, What—What—Might Have Been!"
"And Now I'll Tell You Everything"
. . . "The End."

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