

Miss White found a warm friend and champion in Vicente Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish author, while a guest at her place at Bayside, Long Island, pictured below.

The Girl on the Cover

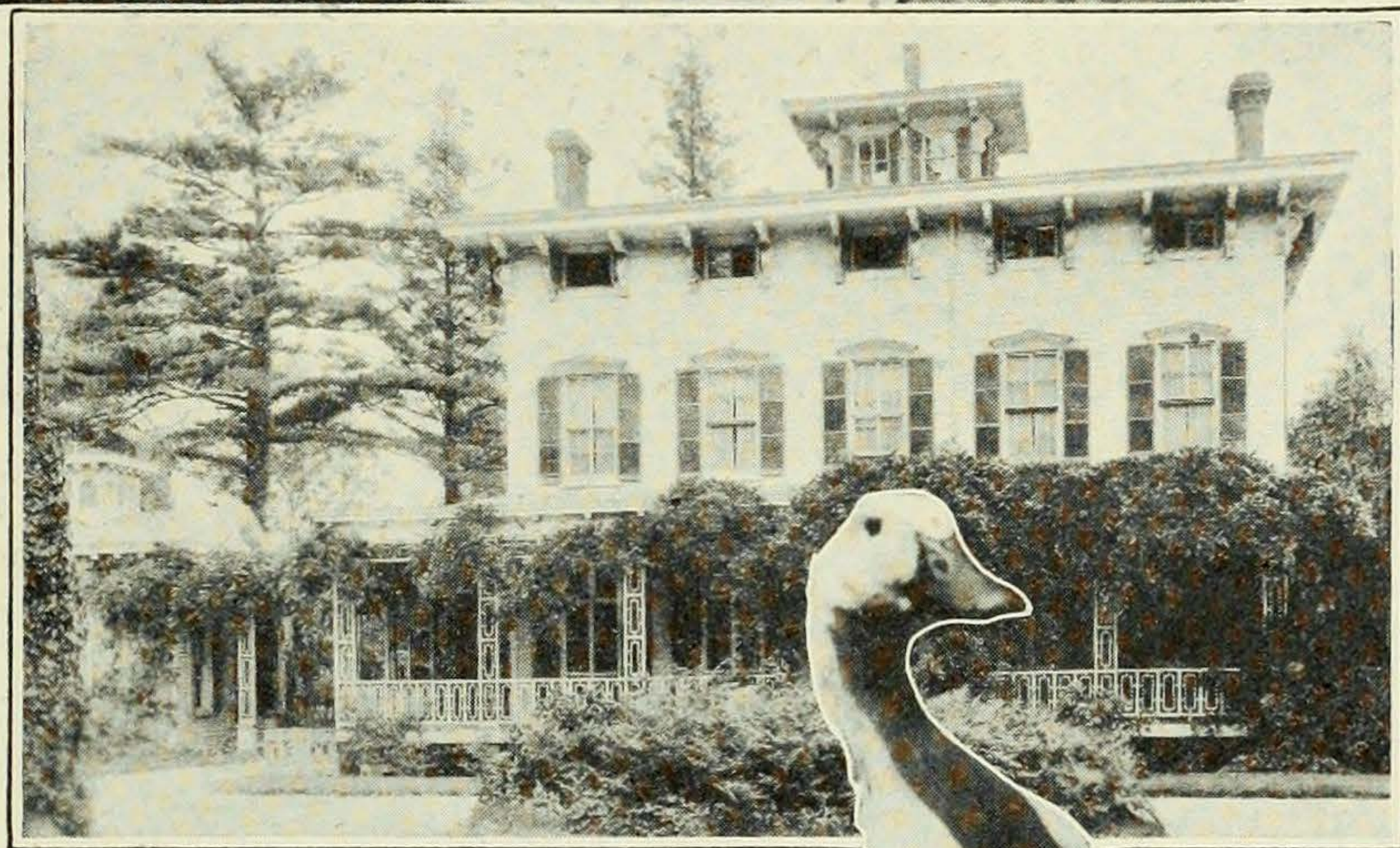
Pearl White — who, having achieved Fame and Wealth, is now a victim of Ambition.

By
JULIAN JOHNSON



Sound. It was very cold outside, and the light from the windows fell upon untrodden snow, gleaming like diamond-dust in the sharp, still air. The correct and noiseless butler had just served the last course of a very correct and simple dinner. At the end of the table the actress-proprietress sat. She had, but an hour before, returned from a strenuous day in the Fox studio in Manhattan, yet all traces of her working hours had been removed. She had gowned herself in the sim-

THIS is no account of Pearl White's "career." She has told her own story, probably more simply and honestly than anyone else will ever tell it, in "Just Me," that frank self-revelation in which she idolizes her dead mother, heartily assails her father's weaknesses, expresses the step-child's usual opinion of her step-mother, and continually, in an easy flow of slang and colloquialism, holds her own character and her own acts, and their consequences, up to pitiless scrutiny.



Rather, these lines are a chronicle of unprecedented celebrity and success; a survey of a career crowded before thirty with adventures such as Dumas might have conceived for a female D'Artagnan, marked with world-wide celebrity, and secured by a self-won fortune.

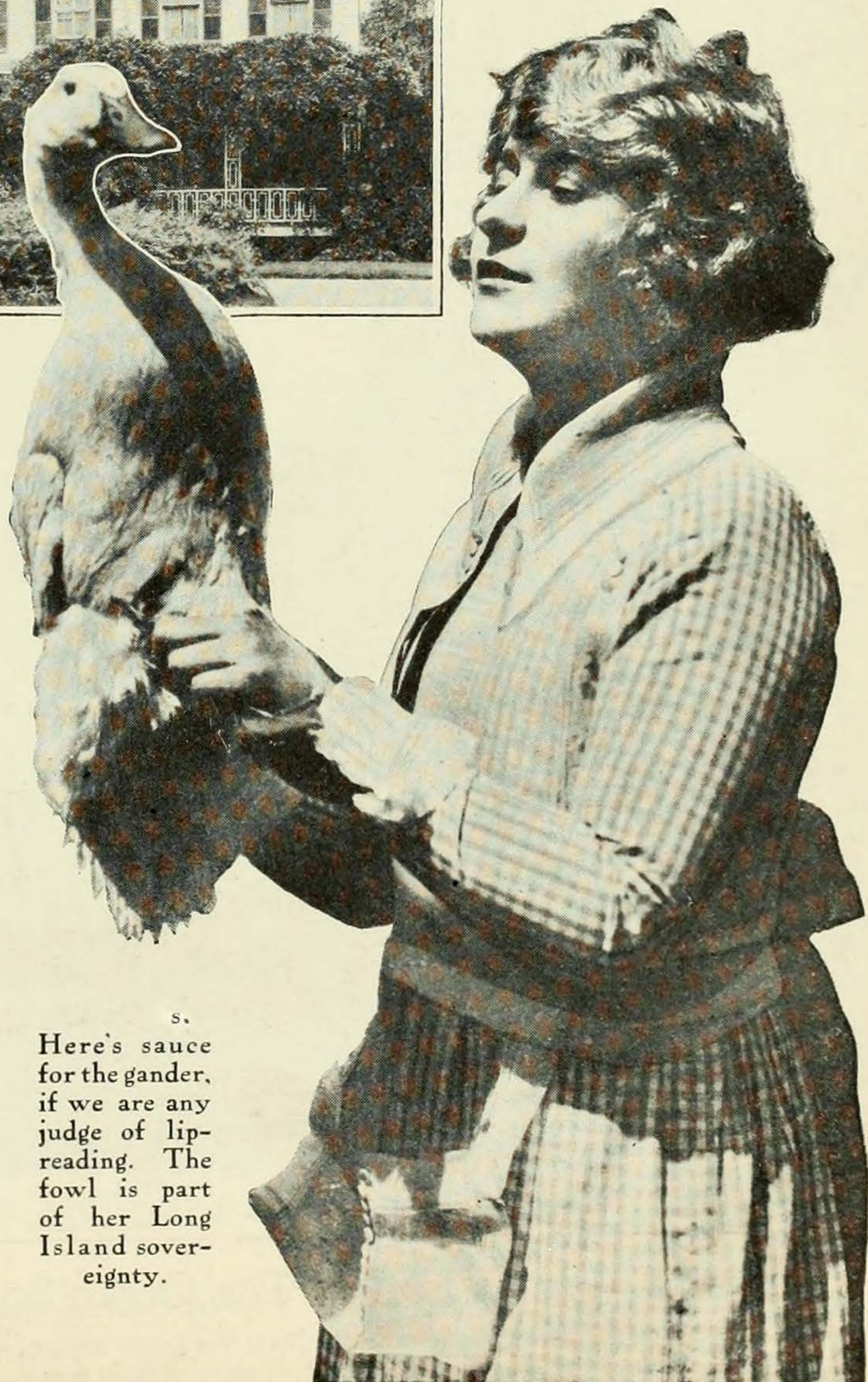
There are two things responsible for the famous and rich Pearl White of today.

Moving pictures.

And Pearl White.

Success needs only two things: ability and opportunity. The early years of the twentieth century brought to American women the same vast, almost fabulous chances that came to their grandfathers in the middle of the century preceding. What the expansion of the West and the great organization of industry opened up to many a young man, the motion picture spread before such young girls as were alert enough, and husky enough, and apt enough to take advantage of it. With the exception of Mary Pickford, I can think of no girl who has reaped her field of chance so completely, opulently, securely, as Pearl White.

On a January evening we were sitting at Miss White's dining-table in the right wing of her great house near Bayside, a Long Island suburb of the metropolis, thirty-five minutes from Broadway by train, and less than that by motor. Yet for seclusion we might have been in the Canadian woods or the Florida Everglades. In the front of the house a great lawn ends in a garden edged with a grove of towering trees, and only beyond them runs the road. Back of the house are fields; at the side, a private beach and the quiet waters of Long Island



Here's sauce for the gander, if we are any judge of lip-reading. The fowl is part of her Long Island sovereignty.

plest of blue frocks; her hair was brushed straight back; around her lips and eyes and on her cheeks not a trace of make-up or even of powder or rouge remained. In the *salon*, across a wide hall, a tall clock with a low voice chimed eight. A light from a shaded lamp fell across a grand piano, and bathed a library table, heavy with books and manuscripts, like an author's work-bench, in a soft reverie of light. It was a quiet place for luxurious dreams, and somehow, it was a little melancholy. The girl-woman at the table's end put her cup gently back into its saucer, and it seemed to me that even that made too much noise. As I looked at her I thought of a female Alexander, with no more worlds to conquer.

I had in mind several questions, any one of which I might have asked. I had ready several observations, more or less philosophic, and all of them, questions and answers, rather inappropos.

I was saved from asking or stupidly remarking by the butler, who came back to ask a question of his own.

"The letters, ma'am. There are four hampers of them now. Hadn't you better—"

"Why, yes! Thanks for reminding me." And to me: "Want to see my mail?"

It was with no particular thrill that I followed her into a white chamber adjoining the dark-paneled Department of Food. I had seen the correspondence of a movie actress on sundry occasions, and had always wondered, thereafter, if the world were worth making safe for democracy.

But I had never seen such an enormous, cosmopolitan, world-wide representation of attention. My first thought was that a stamp-collector would have paid her a hat-checker's privilege

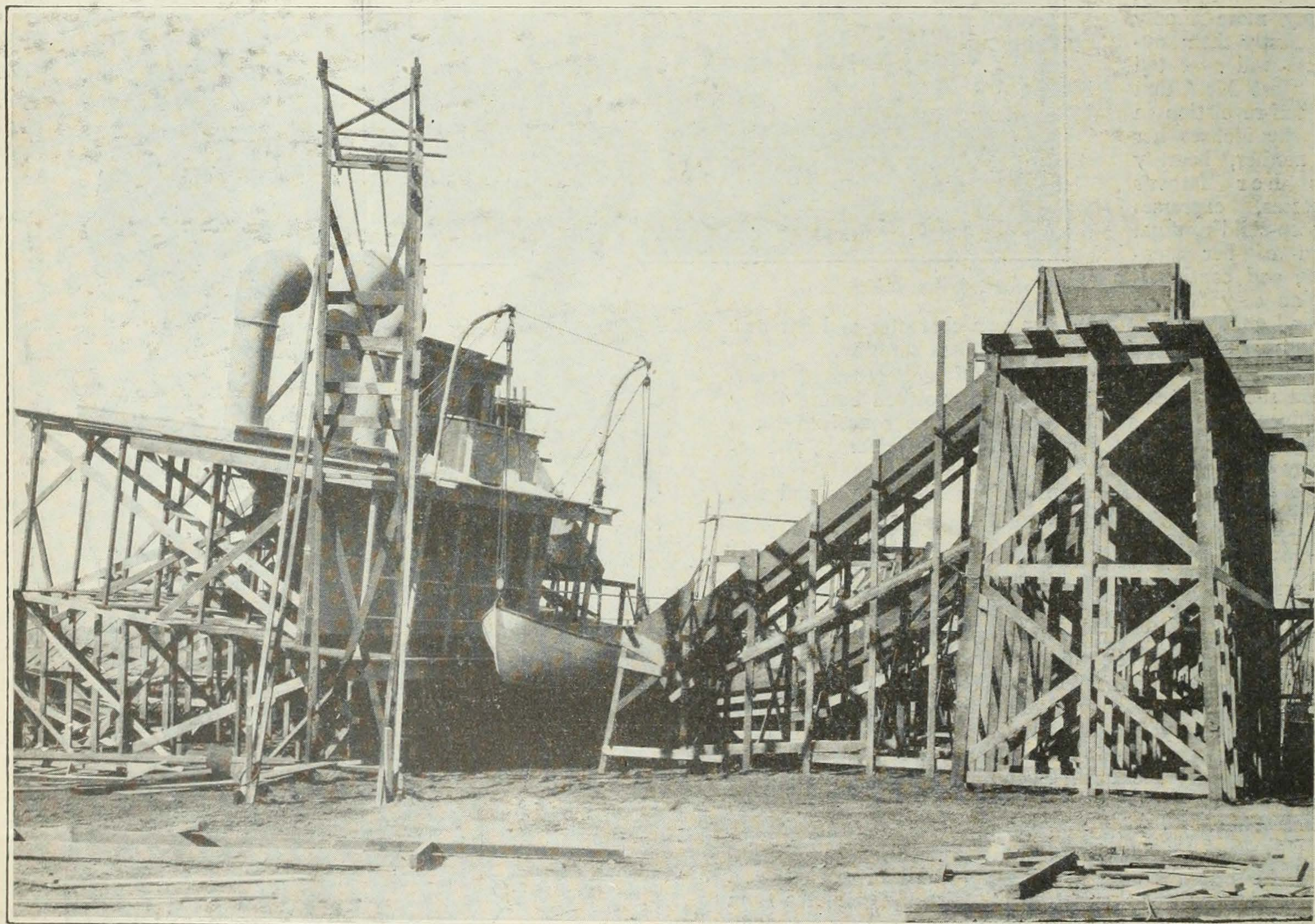
price merely for a secretaryship. There were letters bearing the stamps of countries I had never heard of—commonwealths given birth by the Peace Commission in Paris. All of the older governments were in Congress assembled by their postage. There were postal cards from Annam and Java and Czecho-Slovakia and Duquoin, Ill. Mostly from women. There were few mash notes. The letters from boys were merely the hopeful ebullitions of the stage-struck, or respectful solicitations for photographs.

"Since New Year's," said the recipient. January was at that moment two weeks and a half old.

And so they pile, until, every two or three weeks, a bevy of stenographers is carted out from town, and they are respectfully and appreciatively acknowledged. If *you* are a letter-writer, do not expect to get a genuinely personal note from Pearl White unless you have genuine business upon which to write her.

Pearl White has her splendid home at Bayside not solely because she is a movie queen, highly in demand and marvellously paid, but because she possesses that which is really the quality of few men: the true financial instinct. She began saving her pennies when she sold papers, at the age of eight, in Springfield, Mo., and though she spent these savings many times over, and was generally, in her independent early career, upon the verge of walking to save an eighty-cent railway fare, she saved money whenever she had a job strong enough to hold together for more than a few weeks, and on the second of July, 1913, had banked enough from tank shows and primitive movies to sum up, in several deposits, six thousand dollars—which she promptly

(Continued on page 115)



Who Put The Ocean So Far From the Shore?

THOSE clever film directors, of course. Now we know where they get that nautical phrase, "quarter deck." But so long as the finished picture provides all the thrills of a real ship in a real storm at sea, what are a few port bows and mizzenmasts among friends. This shows how many of those exciting sea pictures are arranged when there isn't an ocean handy. Here you see the ship built for "The Tower of Ivory." Note the rain machine at the left—the falsework—from whence tons of water were discharged while a wind machine blew it down the chutes, dashing it across the finished side of the deck.

The Girl on the Cover

(Concluded)

same way—and found that the attraction was not dynamite sanctuary, but a Pearl White serial. He laughed so heartily, he says, that he almost forgot to look at the screen, but he resolved that he ought to know any foreign woman who could so occupy the minds of people in jeopardy. And now that they do know each other, Ibanez, with his customary energy, is plotting a novel of his own that shall have as its base that marvellous mushroom of the arts, the *cinema*, and I believe that a transcription of Pearl White will be the heroine.

She welcomed her Fox affiliation because it should, thoretically, give her a real chance to play real parts. She deplored it because it removed her from the kindly and pleasant associations of many years at Pathe. But in the Pathe organization she was bound to the wheel of the serial, and as long as she remained a Pathette there seemed to be no escape.

She went into the movies, first, because her voice failed on the melodramatic stage, but her voice returned to her, long ago. So I asked her if she had any ambition to return to the footlights.

"You bet I have. It is a question of the play—and the money. But I do want to play a human part—a real part—a real American woman—on the stage. And I shall."

As the stage and the screen are affiliating, now and rapidly, this should not be difficult of accomplishment.

Pearl White's motion picture career is entirely encompassed between the year 1912 and now. In that year, playing with a stock company in South Norwalk, Conn., she abandoned a none too lucrative profession which had been unkind to her throat, and came to New York. Two studios had no work for her, but she finally found a small part at the Powers' filmery, at 241st street and Broadway, and was carefully instructed in her first scene by Joseph A. Golden. She was an indifferent success, and afterward, for more money, she went to Lubin's, in Philadelphia, where she played briefly with Florence Lawrence and the late Arthur Johnson—and was let out, finally, because Lubin could not see her as an actress. Then, a brief visit to the Pathe studios, where she was leading woman for Henry Walthall, and a longer session as a pie-slinger in the old Crystal comedies, after which came her self-made trip to Europe, and on her return, the first of her serials: "The Perils of Pauline." This was the first of her "always-in-danger" pictures which have become known in every town and hamlet in the world.

Believe It Or Not—

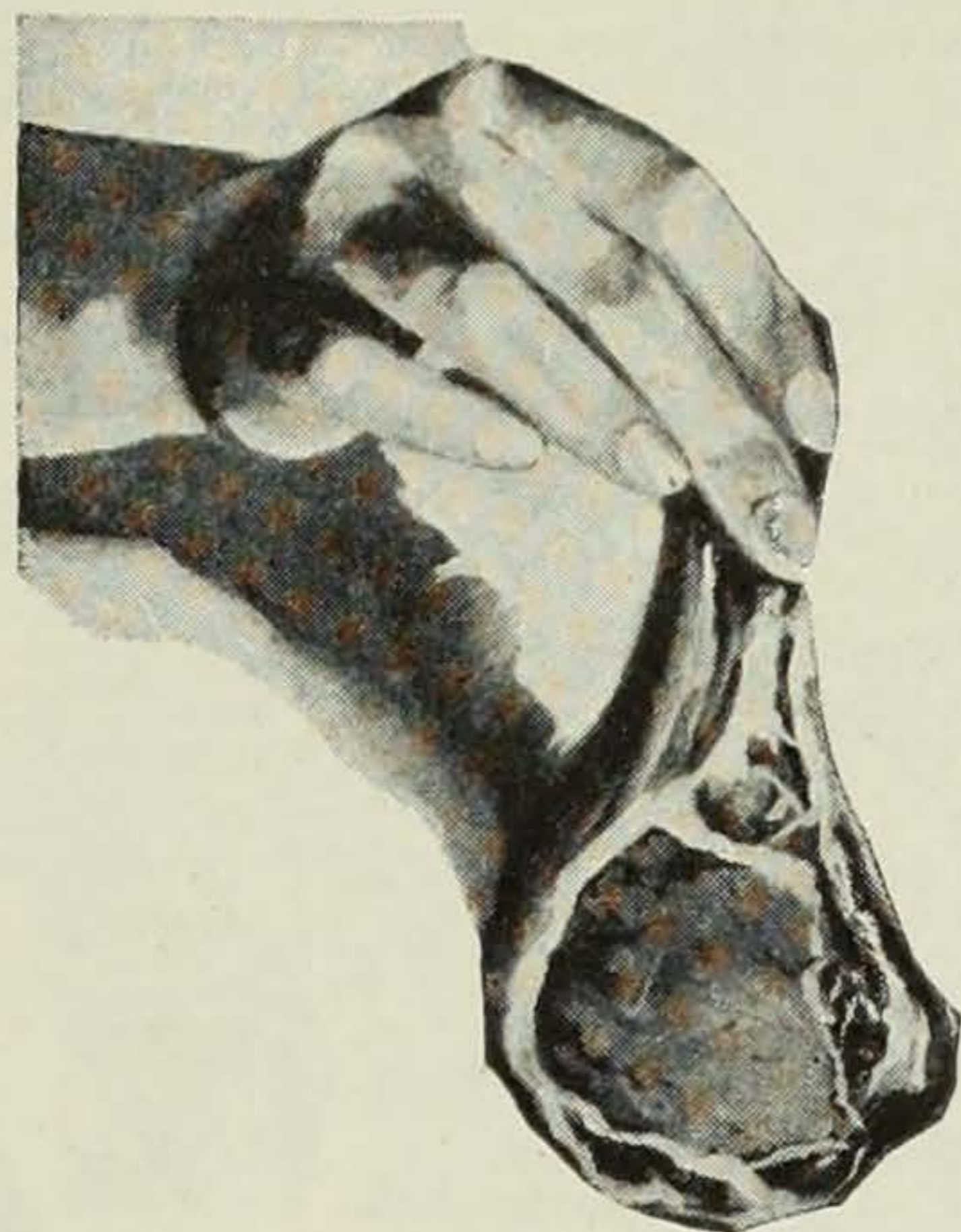
CHARLES M. HUGO, a representative of the Outing-Chester Company, writes of a new kind of alarm clock he has discovered in the wilds of China.

It seems that Mr. Hugo stayed over night in some little inn in the interior of China. He wanted to be on his way about 5:30 the next morning, so he left a call for 5 o'clock. Imagine his distress when the proprietor, bell boy, chambermaid, cook, waiter—all in one—came up to his room as he was retiring and set a rooster inside the door. He rebelled. "This ees five o'clock rooster," they said. And sure enough, at four minutes before five the next morning, the big bird flapped his wings and crowed until Mr. Hugo got up.

It seems that at this hotel they kept three, four and five o'clock roosters. A six o'clock one isn't necessary for every one is up by that time.

Well—anyhow—there it is.

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You get an ideal food—almost a complete food.

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Note how much \$1 buys in Quaker Oats. It will serve a hundred breakfasts.

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What \$1 Buys At This Writing in Calories	
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In Average Meats . . .	2,200 "
In Average Fish . . .	2,000 "
In Hen's Eggs . . .	1,400 "
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That is the food which everybody needs. And its trifling cost will average up your food bills.

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