

The World's Sweetheart

By
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THERE lived early in the nineties in a section of Toronto, noted neither for its exclusiveness nor wealth, a family by the very ordinary name of Smith. There were the father, mother, and three children—Gladys, Lottie and Jack; and there was a maternal grandmother. They were poor, but managed to keep their heads above water until the death of the father and wage-earner, when the youngest child was but a babe in arms and the oldest child was four.

At the age of five this oldest child, Gladys, was going to heaven every night as "Little Eva," and supporting the family. Though young, she soon learned enough to appreciate the value of a name that hadn't a relative in every block, and she became to her world (which grew rapidly from the

became actors, all of them except Mrs. Smith, continuing with marked success their stage careers until the present time. Just recently, Lottie married and retired temporarily to play the noblest role of all—that of mother, and Jack gave up a prince's income to do his bit in the Army, while Mary, the best known of the Pickfords, is working hard making speeches for the third Liberty Loan, and taking a short vacation from her work for the screen.

"The World's Sweetheart," as a London paper calls her, was with Belasco in "A Good Little Devil," when given an opportunity to go into the movies. Frail of physique, and with a voice of childish treble that could not long have stood the

her own. If the weather suits the director, she may be called at daylight, and if the puppets in his hands are playing to suit him, and he is in the mood for work, he may keep every actor in the cast from Miss Pickford down to the lowest-paid person in the mob scene, at work in the studio far into the night hours after the shop girl's day has ended.

She has had little time for the type of learning which is acquired from books, but she has had much time and many opportunities for learning human nature. She seldom reads; she cares little for novels except as they may hold the possibilities of a scenario between their covers, reads only the moving picture magazines, and never reads the papers. She could not be classed among the well-educated, but she is very intelligent, and very, very shrewd. Thrifty? Yes. She has been thrifty all her life, unlike many who did not know thrift till the war came, and the trait is the more



As Unity Blake in "Stella Maris"



"Rebecca—of Sunnybrook Farm"



In "How could you, Jean?"

neighborhood of a cheap theatre in Toronto to embrace all the lands of the earth), MARY PICKFORD. By this name she is still known; the world will recognize her under no other, though she changed it to become the wife of Owen Moore ten years ago.

"I can't remember when I didn't want to be an actress," she said; "I used to run off as soon as I could walk, and sit on the steps of a theatre close by, just to watch a certain actress come out. My father's death, and our financial plight, gave me the desired opportunity. I began my stage career before I was five; I have been on the stage ever since."

She is now twenty-seven. She did not ask to retain a penny of her earnings in those days. She merely asked her mother for the privilege of holding her salary a few moments, and it is suspected she still asks for that privilege, for Moving Picture Theatre gossip says that her mother remains the family treasurer.

For a time the child travelled alone, and then her sister, Lottie, joined her, not only as a "protection" but an understudy. "She used to get down on her knees and pray that I would get sick, so as to play my part," laughed Mary Pickford, "but I was frightfully healthy and it was not until she was given a part of her own that she had the chance to go on the stage. I tremble now when I think of the dangers to which we were subjected—two little girls under ten years of age and travelling with a company which took no interest in us at all. Oh, I could write a book on the unhappy experiences we have had."

At the death of her mother, Mrs. Smith joined her daughters, and the whole family

strain of the legitimate stage, the film offered her an opportunity that better fitted her talents, and she was quick to grasp it. She made a success from the start—how great, may be judged by the fact that she was recently offered a salary of a million dollars a year by one of the best-known film companies, and refused it, knowing that she can make more in her own company!

Of all her film plays she likes best "Tess of the Storm Country," because "Tess" is a character that "offers so many varied emotions. She is so wilful, so strong, so noble, so brave, and so natural. I love the girl, and consequently, I love the part."

MISS PICKFORD likes best all those plays which have the greatest influence on the tear ducts of the audience, she enjoys those parts the most in which she is abused, neglected, beaten, starved; she so completely lives the part she is acting that for at least one-fourth of her life she is vicariously tasting all the sorrows and shames of the poor and forsaken.

She is very hard working; few girls work harder, and her days and her nights are never



"In Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley"

surprising because of her Irish ancestry.

There seems to have been little in her career that would adorn a copy book for other little girls, and point a way to wealth and fame. The copy-book tells them that punctuality is the foundation of success; Miss Pickford was never on time in her life. She was always late at school, having inherited an antipathy for the clock from her maternal grandmother, who was always late to Mass, much to the humiliation of her soul, and she has been late for every thing ever since!

Her elopement at the age of seventeen, holds all the elements of romance, particularly as her mother strongly objected to the man of her choice. But none of the punishment threatened for such offence seems to have held good in her case. She is very happy with Owen Moore, in spite of reports to the contrary, and when their contracts permit, they live joyously together.

But to peer more intimately and therefore more interestedly, behind the screen of public life, when with her husband, Mary Pickford must forego the

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