

MARY PICKFORD MADE GOOD IN FIRST PART— WAS ONLY FIVE, BUT EARNED \$20 A WEEK

(This is the second chapter of Idah McGlone Gibson's interview with Mary Pickford, in which the noted movie actress tells the story of her life.)

BY IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

Chapter II.

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"It began years ago," said Mary Pickford to me, as we sat in her hotel room at Los Angeles, and after I had asked her when her stage career started. "You see, my father died when I was five years old. I had a brother and sister, both younger. My father had always taken care of his family comfortably. But he died, leaving my mother absolutely penniless. She did not know what to do.

"By some chance, the stage manager of the theatre in the Canadian town in which I was born was a friend of our family, for although both my father and mother thought that the people behind the footlights were outside the pale of society, yet we sometimes went to the theatre.

"This man came to us one day and said, 'Why don't you let little Mary go on the stage to play a child's part in my theatre?'

"My mother was horrified. 'My child an actress!' she exclaimed. 'Oh I couldn't let her do that!'

"'Come back of the stage tomorrow night,' he said, 'and I will introduce you to the people. You will find they are very human, just like the rest of us. They will neither bite you nor your babies.'

"My mother went, partly, I think, because she was quite desperate and did not know where to find food for us all. She found the stage people were quite as moral as those off the stage.

"She found that they had just as great respect for their conventions and traditions as she had for hers.

Their conventions were, perhaps, different, because their lives were different, but they held to the letter of their law as tenaciously as she did to hers.

"The next week I was engaged to play a part in 'The Silver King.' I remember my first lines very well, quite as well as I did the first night I spoke them. They were, 'Don't speak to her, girls, her father killed a man.'

"And I remember how a little cold chill ran down my back as I spoke the word 'killed.' It seemed to my childish mind such a horrible word! I must have made good, for very soon afterward I was asked to play the baby in 'Boottle's Baby' on the road.

"Before this I had been playing in a stock company in my home town.

"My mother wouldn't let me go unless the manager took the whole family, for she would not be separated from any of us. And when we started we received \$20 a week for all of us.

"Out of this my mother saved enough money very soon to buy a trunk, and I have that trunk to this day, a memento of her great sacrifice, goodness and thrift."

(To Be Continued.)

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THEN AND NOW

Courtship: Autos, bonbons, flowers,
Nice two-dollar shows,
Loving looks and golden hours,
That's the way it goes.

Marriage: Street cars, picture plays,
Now and then a tiff,
Cooking, scrubbing all her days—
Goodness, what a diff!

—Kansas City Journal.

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A DEADLOCK

Richard—Bixby's friend say he is a good fellow and his wife denies it.
Which do you believe?
Robert—Both.—Judge.