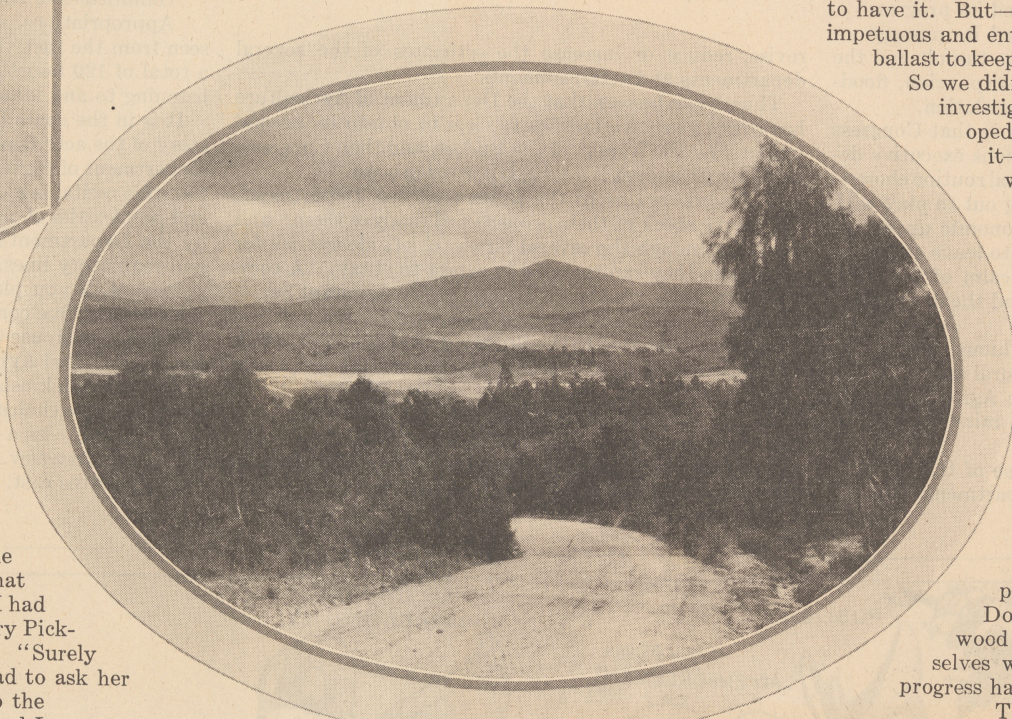


Mary Pickford, Homemaker

By CAROLINE B. KING



A NEW PICTURE



PICKFAIR, THE BEVERLY HILLS HOME OF MARY PICKFORD AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS. IN OVAL—THE APPROACH TO RANCHO ZORRO, THE 3000-ACRE RANCH THEY ARE DEVELOPING

"Tell me about your ranch, how and why and all about it," I entreated.

"It is such a wonderful place that it is hard to know where to start," she replied. "Well, to begin at the beginning, we were camping in a canyon we love, down along the coast, a little more than a year ago, and as we roamed about one day we came suddenly upon a most beautiful spot, with mountain peaks to the north and south of it, the sea on one side—and rolling hilly country, green and brown and purple, between. We fairly held our breaths with the beauty of it all. Then Douglas cried:

"I want that," and of course I knew that he was going to have it. But—well, you know how husbands are, so impetuous and enthusiastic; wives have to be a sort of ballast to keep them from floating right off into space.

So we didn't buy it that day, but after we had investigated, made sure that it could be developed, we bought it—three thousand acres of it—and some day before so very long, when we have our crops in and doing well and have built our house, then we are going to make our permanent home there.

"We don't intend to make our ranch a mere amusement for idle hours; it is going to be an actual business with us. Our place must be self-supporting, and our fruit raised as carefully and marketed as exactly as that of every other ranch. But to lay out three thousand acres is a work of time, so it may be two years before we are ready to take up our residence there.

"We've made a good start already, we think, building roads, planting trees, putting in our irrigation lake and planning our improvements. Every time Douglas and I can steal away from Holly wood we run down there to encourage ourselves with a peep at it and to see what progress has been made."

Then she told me the story of the ranch. Part of it was included in the original grant made by the King of Spain to Don Juan Maria Osuna in 1790.

Osuna's Stronghold

HERE Osuna built himself a great stronghold of a house, with thick adobe walls, and set up his goods and chattels. All the country round as far as the eye could see was his—the San Dieguito Grant—and Don Juan Maria Osuna lived out his days here in happiness and plenty.

Generations of Osunas lived in the old adobe house on a high bench of land overlooking the south. They were prosperous

(Continued on Page 94)

MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS ON THE PORCH AT PICKFAIR



IT WAS a golden California day when I motored out to visit Mary Pickford. The calendar said it was winter, but Beverly Hills was green and beautiful, all terraced lawns, blossomy borders, graceful palms and pepper trees.

When she came to greet me, the first thing I noticed about her was that her eyes did not seem to be the blue I had expected with her golden hair. "Mary Pickford with brown eyes," thought I. "Surely that can't be possible." I simply had to ask her about them. She laughed, turned to the light and opened them very wide, and I saw her eyes were of a deep chameleon-hazel—brown in the shadow, blue in the light, and so veiled and shadowed by the long lashes that one might almost at times declare them to be black.

When that momentous question was decided we settled ourselves for a comfortable chat on the things that interested us both so much, the things that pertain to homemaking. For I hadn't come to talk about her success on the stage and on the screen, but about the home for which she had longed since she was a little girl, so little she must stand on a box to reach the sink in which she washed the dishes. There were two other children and her mother was poor; Mary was the cheerful helper.

She was naturally gay and light-hearted, but she used to think a great deal about all the work there was to be done in the world, particularly the dishes that needed washing three times every day in the year, and she said to herself:

"When I'm all grown up, even if I'm very, very poor, I'll have pretty dishes. I'll be too poor to have ugly ones; if I have to wash them three times every day they must be lovely no matter how I skimp and save. I just won't have hideous china."

The World's Debt to Children

AND then she scraped the plates of thick white china sprinkled over with violets, and shuddered. She loved violets, this golden-haired child, and it made her sorry to see them half buried in cold grease on the ugly platters and plates she washed every day.

Home to Mary Pickford now does not mean merely the four walls of the house in which she lives, with the greenward about them, it means the architectural aspect of the entire community, the sanitary condition of her city, the beauty of its buildings, the structure of the roads—everything that helps toward the making of a city beautiful and prosperous, and a healthful place in which to bring up children.

"Children do something to me," she said. "When I am with them I feel a sort of tightness around my heart. You know I always have children in my plays, or else I take the part of the child; that is because I love them I guess. I feel that all the children in the

world belong to me in a way, that somehow I'm responsible for them. Perhaps it is because I helped mother care for Jack and Lottie.

"I was just thinking about it this morning. We give a check when we are asked for a contribution to some home or asylum for children, and think that ends the matter. But it really isn't anything; we should give so much more, we should give love and tenderness, we should cherish these pitiful little people. Some day I want to go to an orphanage and pick out the ugliest, most forlorn little boy there and make him know I love him, care for him. I want to go to see him—not just at Christmastime, but regularly so that he can wake up in the morning and think that today I will be there, and that I'm coming to see him again and again.

"My mother has meant so much to me I just can't think of a world without mothers, can't think of children growing up without the love that mothers alone can give. And so I hope that when we get to our ranch to live I can make a place there for children who are motherless, or unhappy, or poor or ailing to come to and play and grow strong."

Gentlewoman Jingles

THE future of a country,
Its happiness and wealth,
Depend upon the children
And keeping them in health.

—J. B.