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Pauline Frederick

On and Off the Stage


With my love
Polly

Pauline Frederick

On and Off the Stage

By Muriel Elwood

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To
"Auntie Cad"
in memory of her niece
Pauline Frederick

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On and Off the Stage

The fuller we live the more we experience; the more we experience, the less vulnerable we are. — PAULINE FREDERICK

Chapter One

Childhood

IN THE career of practically every well-known actor or actress there is one rôle which each has been able to make famous and with which, henceforth, each is identified. Whenever and wherever the name PAULINE FREDERICK is mentioned, the words " Madame X " are said immediately after it, for despite the fact that others had portrayed the rôle before her and at least two others have played it since, they have never been able to dim the glory she attained in this part. Whether it be in America, England, Australia, Europe or elsewhere, the name Pauline Frederick will always remain synonymous with " Madame X."

The road which led up to that great success for Pauline was a long one — a road marked with other triumphs, marred not a little by tragedy and grief, but fortunately blessed with much happiness. Pauline's was a nature that defied tragedy to get the best of it. Anyone who had heard that deep-throated infectious laugh of hers would have known that its possessor would have the courage to brace her back against tragedies which persisted in dogging her footsteps. Of a stature not above five feet four inches — yet most surprisingly giving the illusion of several inches above that height upon the stage — she nevertheless had the courage of the lion under whose zodiacal sign she was born. Someone once remarked

that when she drove a car, she drove it with her chin, for in maneuvering through difficult traffic she would thrust out her chin with deep concentration and determination. So she did when she wove her way through the traffic problems of life — out went the chin and though it took many straight lefts that all but knocked her out, she was always up before the count of ten and fighting her way back to happiness. As she expressed it: " Get out in midstream. If the current knocks you over, pick yourself up again. That's the surest way of growing strong."

There was a haunting sadness about her face and when in repose the lines of her mouth drooped slightly, indicating things not talked of. Yet, immediately one looked up into the deep blue velvet of her eyes, they gave the lie to the mouth, for those windows to the soul were merry and defiant against all attempts to get her down. Just where originated the expression " the girl with the topaz eyes " neither she nor any of her family ever knew; for while topaz can be blue, the universal acceptance of the color is a deep amber — a shade in complete contrast to that of Pauline's eyes. The statement that when she was born her parents considered calling her " Topaz " is a fairy story invented by someone who did not know the family. The eyes of a person are naturally their most expressive feature and if those eyes happen to be unusually beautiful, will become something for which their owner is renowned and Pauline Frederick's deep blue velvet eyes were such. Her mass of dark chestnut hair was another inheritance of the Leo sign under which she was born, and combed back so that it revealed her broad intelligent forehead, became another feature for which she was remembered.

Pauline's alluring beauty was proverbial and something of which any woman would be justly proud. Yet how typical of her great simplicity was her reply when one day someone

was praising her looks and her figure. Smiling her thanks for the gracious compliment, she replied, " Yes, God has given me a beautiful house in which to live." To take credit for good looks is naturally very stupid, since we have little or nothing to do with it, except insofar as a beautiful nature or spirit reflects in the face. Perfection of feature is something to be very grateful for and Pauline never forgot to be grateful that a gracious God had so lavishly endowed her. She was, therefore, justified in being annoyed when some spiteful newspaper woman on the Coast came out with an article that Miss Pauline Frederick had had her face lifted several times! Not *once*, but several times! Pauline's manner of dealing with this ridiculous report was very typical of her. She could be extremely subtle at times, and in this instance even her closest friends were not aware that she had seen the article. Ordinarily she treated things of this kind with contempt, but in this instance it was something that no woman could be expected to ignore. Suddenly, with no explanation to anyone, she began to drag her hair back off her ears in a most unbecoming style. Everyone protested and argued — all to no avail, as was invariably the case when Pauline's mind was made up. She had an imaginary steel curtain that she would clamp down at times and one could talk until eternity, but nothing could penetrate that steel curtain once it was down! Might as well try to open the door of a vault by talking to it! So Pauline continued to scrag her hair off her ears despite the protests from everyone. She knew the style was unbecoming but not a word of the reason escaped her.

Then the day came when she revealed the reason. She waited until she was out on the Coast and in a conspicuous position where all could not fail to see. Julian Eltinge was giving a guest performance at the Orpheum in Los Angeles. Julian was an old childhood friend of hers. Way back in

Boston days she had gone to her first dances with him. Even in those days they had both had aspirations to go on the stage and this had been one of the factors that made them " sweethearts." Their different types of work had led them into different fields in the profession but both had succeeded equally well. Though chance brought them only infrequently to play in the same towns, they had kept up their friendship which, as the years added up, became a very precious possession to both of them. This night in Los Angeles being one of the rare occasions when they were both in the same town, Julian invited Pauline and some of her friends to come to his performance. It was remarkable to see how he had retained his appeal to the audience, despite the fact that he had now reached middle age and had gained in avoirdupois. His impersonations of Mae West, Greta Garbo, and his famous act as a bathing belle were still unsurpassed. That a man of his build could look so comely and graceful was something that was hard to believe.

The boxes were all filled with guest celebrities who had come to pay homage to a great artist. Pauline and her friends were in one of them. It was summer and she wore a large white hat which she removed so that others in the box could see the stage. Just before the interval, the master of ceremonies came before the curtain and introduced to the audience the various celebrities who were present. The situation in Pauline's box now became quite humorous. Her mother, who had been one of the most ardent and most consistent objectors to the new hair dress, was sitting behind Pauline. Realizing that Pauline would be introduced, she leaned forward and whispered, " Pauline, put your hat on." Pauline pretended to be very interested in something else. Again Mrs. Frederick leaned forward and, giving Pauline a poke in the back, said in a louder whisper, " Pauline, please put your

hat on! " Pauline had suddenly become stone deaf! Except for a jolt from the prod in the back, she gave no sign of having heard the command. More people were introduced and Pauline sat intent upon the proceedings, jumping intermittently at each prod in the back from her mother, but making no attempt to place her hat on her head. Then came her turn for introduction and as the spot light was turned full upon her, she stood up, bareheaded and bowing from side to side to acknowledge the tremendous applause which greeted her. Then she sat down and deliberately placed her hat on her head. In her eyes was a mocking, rather defiant smile but not because she had refused to listen to her mother. As she adjusted the hat, she remarked to those in her box, " *Now* let them say that my face has been lifted! " Only then did her friends realize the subtle reason behind her new hairdress. Standing there with that glaring light upon her face, everyone who cared could see that there were no telltale scars from a plastic operation just above the ears!

The alluring beauty with which Pauline had been endowed was no illusion of the stage nor the exaggeration of friends seeing through rosecolored glasses. Each feature of her face was as finely chiseled as though a Divine sculptor had worked with unceasing care to produce perfection. So much so, that an earthly sculptor made good use of it. This came about in a most interesting manner, and it was not until many years later that Pauline learned that she had been used as a model of perfection by the celebrated sculptor, Ulric Ellerhusen. In the early days of her career, she had been hailed by Harrison Fisher as " the embodiment of intellectual beauty and physical perfection." A picture of her by Harrison Fisher appeared in one of the magazines and when Ulric Ellerhusen was a poor boy and quite unknown, he saw this picture while searching through magazines for a model of a typical Ameri-

can girl. He needed it to execute his first commission and the figure he produced from that magazine illustration won him a prize. He decided then to continue to use the figure as the pattern for all his subsequent feminine models. Thus the face and figure of Pauline Frederick were molded in stone and bronze for several decades and appeared on many famous buildings, gracing memorial parks, state capitols and sculptured façades. She was the figure for the twenty-one life-size statues on the Chapel of the University of Chicago and the model of Wonderment on the San Francisco Palace of Fine Arts, as well as the four fifty-foot figures on the State Capitol in Louisiana. Her face was carved in stone on the Schwab Memorial fountain at Yale University and in the United States Government Memorial Building at Harrodsburg, Kentucky. And of all this she knew nothing! Not until the World's Fair in Chicago in 1933 when Mr. Ellerhusen came to that city in connection with his work on the Electrical Building on the Northerly Island of the Century of Progress Exposition. On that façade he had sculptured two immense panels in which were reproduced the face and figure of Pauline Frederick. Of course they were allegorical but still developed from the original model used by the now famous sculptor. Until that day when Mr. Ellerhusen came to Chicago in July of 1933, the sculptor and his model had never met.

The instance of their meeting was little short of dramatic. Pauline was playing at the Cort Theatre in " Her Majesty the Widow " and her manager brought Mr. Ellerhusen back to her dressing room. At first, the sculptor was so overcome at being face to face with the woman whom he had known for so many years only as a model that he could not speak. Pauline was still in ignorance of the part she had played in his life and was a little surprised at this emotion. When he had

composed himself, he related his story of how the use of her figure as his model had brought him fame and success. It was now Pauline's turn to be overcome and, as he told his story, her usual composure gave way and tears coursed down her face and mascara went into her eyes. Throwing her arms round the sculptor's neck she exclaimed: " This is the most exciting moment of my life! " and together they gave way to their emotions. The next day she went with Mr. Ellerhusen and his wife to look at herself carved upon the Chapel of the University of Chicago and on the World's Fair Building.

Life for Pauline began on August 12, 1883 in an incubator! She was in such a hurry to get started on her eventful life that she could not wait longer than seven months and came into the world weighing only four pounds! She was such a tiny little bundle that they carried her about on a small cushion. Then having rushed into the world so unceremoniously, she refused to look at it for nearly three months. She was eleven weeks old before she opened her eyes! This was the result of what might have been a very terrible tragedy. A careless nurse took her too near the light during the first days and for a time it was feared that she would never see. First it was a question whether even an incubator could make that four pounds into a person strong enough to face the world, and then the agonizing fear that she might be blind. Pauline however surprised them all. Not only did she grow into a sturdy child, but the eyes which had caused so much anxiety were as beautiful as any could be. Moreover, as she grew she developed the most extraordinary vitality. She never seemed to be physically tired and others of apparently stronger physique would wilt while she could go on hours longer showing no signs of fatigue.

Life began in Boston at No. 82 Berkeley Street. Many times it has been stated that she was a native of Roxbury,

formerly a suburb of Boston, but this was not so. Like most well-known people, her place of birth has been given as almost everywhere but where it really was. Particularly persistent in these rumors has been the state of Ohio, but though it may disappoint the Ohioans, that was not her native state, nor has she any relatives living there. Boston proper was her birth place and when she was about a year old her family moved to the suburb of Dorchester.

Two lovely women played a very important part in Pauline's life — her mother, known to all the profession as " Mumsy " and her mother's sister, known to all as " Auntie Cad " — a nickname coined from her Christian name of Carrie and one that was never less appropriate, for there is nothing of the cad in that nature. These two sisters were alike and yet very different. Both were remarkably handsome women, as one would expect from Pauline's inheritance in respect of looks. Mumsy was a very dominant figure in the life of her famous daughter. She was a queen without a kingdom to rule and so she ruled her daughter instead. In many ways Pauline owed a great deal to this powerful figure back of her. As is the way with mothers, Pauline was always a little girl to Mumsy who could never realize that her daughter had reached the age when she had a thinking mind of her own. Right up to the day when she passed away, only seven months before Pauline was called to cross the Great Divide, Mumsy ruled with an iron hand. It is not easy when one has earned his own experiences, has suffered his own tragedies and has his own life to live, to be dominated by a powerful force that will brook no interference. For years Mumsy went everywhere with Pauline and nothing could be done without her approval. She revelled in the limelight and shone in it like a queen. A stately, handsome woman, with beautiful hair that went snow white in later years, she was a personality that

never could be overlooked. She had a pair of startling, black eyes and a determined mouth that made all bow to her commands. She was a delightful, lovable lady whom all were proud to know, but few dared to oppose.

Pauline's father was Richard O. Libby, a prominent member of Back Bay society. Unfortunately, he did not play a very happy part in her life, for before she was very old he and her mother had separated. Pauline chose to champion her mother and for this she was never forgiven. Her father later took a rather mean revenge upon her for this. Also, he heartily disapproved of her going on the stage.

She was christened Pauline Beatrice Libby. Behind her stretched a distinguished line of ancestors originating in Scotland with members of the Macdonald clan. As a child she was much like any other pretty little girl. She showed no symptoms of being one of those rather tiresome products of this modern age — the child prodigy. She lived a natural, happy life with her parents in Boston and played with her dolls and other toys. Like many other children, she had an insatiable curiosity to know the whys and wherefores of things, and most of her dolls came apart early in life because of her natural inquisitiveness to see why their eyes moved or how they said certain words. So long as it was confined to her dolls and other toys nobody minded, but when she turned her attention to endeavoring to discover why the clocks ticked or how the hands moved, it wasn't so funny in the eyes of the grown ups! Being an only child, she was naturally spoiled to a considerable extent. Yet though spoiled in the way of having most everything that her childish heart could desire, Mumsy saw to it that her upbringing was very strict. Up to the time that she was fourteen years old, Pauline had to be in bed by eight o'clock, a fact which may account to some extent for the strong vitality she developed. Like any

child whose parents are strict, she would turn to one less severe in times of childish trouble, and this was usually to the much loved Auntie Cad.

There was a difference of eight years between the two sisters, so that Auntie Cad was only fifteen when Pauline was born. This difference in age coupled with a less dominating personality, naturally made her more indulgent. In point of fact, Pauline looked more like her aunt than her mother for she had the same blue eyes. In the course of time, Auntie Cad married and became Mrs. George Pettengill and lived in Boston. She, however, had no children so that Pauline remained her idol through the years. In later years she and her husband went to live in California to be near her sister and her niece. When, as the years rolled on, she too became widowed, she and her sister once more lived together, sharing Pauline's home. She alone now remains in that home.

The strictness of life in Boston where Pauline was being taught to be " a little lady " was relieved by visits to Northern New York where Grandfather Fisher had a large farm. She spent long holidays on this farm with her mother and her maternal grandparents. These days were her happiest childhood memories for she was very devoted to Grandpa Fisher. She loved Grandma too, but like Mumsy, she was very strict and inclined to be a little severe at times. But Grandpa was one of those fine, upstanding pioneers with a strong character, a love of life and an irresistible sense of humor. Perhaps it was from him that Pauline learned to laugh so merrily. She enjoyed going 'round the farm with him and listening to the many stories he had to tell. He was a man with a fine philosophy of life and as she grew older, Pauline imbibed much of this and always maintained that from him she had learned much that stood her in good stead throughout her life. As she trudged around the farm or sat proudly before him on his

horse as he went his rounds, Grandpa Fisher taught her to love and understand animals.

Everything was done to prepare her well for life. She was educated at private schools in Boston and was graduated from Miss Blanchard's Finishing School in that city. Almost as soon as she could walk she was taught to dance under the guidance of Professor Antoine. There was then no thought that she would go on the stage, though Mumsy always had a great love of the theatre. In the normal course of her education Pauline was also taught to play the piano and to sing. When it was found that she had a good voice, she was placed under the tutelage of Herbert Johnson so that she might receive the right kind of training.

Pauline Frederick will always be remembered as a dramatic actress, yet it was in quite a different sphere that she began her career — that of musical comedy. When it was discovered that her voice was developing into a beautiful mezzo soprano of no mean quality, Mumsy's mind began to turn to thoughts of Grand Opera. Pauline, however, never had any great ambition to become a singer. She liked music and enjoyed opera, but the rôle of prima donna did not appeal to her. She wanted to be an actress and perhaps this was the one and only respect in which she, not Mumsy, got her way.

Her first appearance on the stage was really the result of a " dare." At an amateur dramatic performance given for a Church benefit, Pauline scored a considerable success. Afterwards someone jokingly suggested that she ought to go down to the Boston Music Hall and get a job. Picking up the remark, she replied with flashing eyes, " All right, I will! " Everyone thought she was joking, but actually it had given her an idea. The next day she took herself down to the Music Hall and asked for an audition. A voice praised in a drawing room often receives quite a different reception when judged

by the cold criticism of outsiders. Pauline's, however, could stand the test and the result of that audition was a week's engagement at the Music Hall at a salary of $50 a week! Since her father was bitterly opposed to her going on the stage, she did not dare to appear under his name. She therefore took her own Christian name and combined it with that of the young man who was her first accompanist, and henceforth became known as Pauline Frederick. From the day of her début in Boston she never used any other name and in 1908, she had it legally changed from that of Pauline Beatrice Libby to that of Pauline Frederick. Her mother also legally assumed the name of Mrs. Frederick.

The contract with the Boston Music Hall was the first of the many she was to sign. No other ever seemed as important to her as this one, and it was one of the few things that she saved. It read, in part:

> " Agreement made and concluded this tenth day of April, A.D. 1902 by and between the Boston Music Hall Amusement Company in Boston, Mass., and Pauline Libby of the City of Boston in the State of Mass.
>
> " The party of the first part hereby engages the party of the second part to render services at the Boston Music Hall. . . . for the term of One Week, commencing Monday, April 21st, A.D. 1902. . . . and closing on Saturday, April 26th, A.D. 1902. . . . and to pay the party of the second part the sum of Fifty dollars ($50) per week. . . .
>
> " It is distinctly understood that the party of the second part shall perform two times each day if required. . . ."

This was the most precious fifty dollars she ever earned and at that time it seemed a huge sum to her. Yet the day was

to come when she would multiply that sum per week two hundred times!

This engagement at the Boston Music Hall constituted Pauline's first professional appearance and was the only time she appeared on the vaudeville stage. The songs she sang were, " Irish Love Song," " Belle Brandon " and " Carmena." She was very well received for the notices read:

> " Pauline Frederick has justified at the Boston Music Hall the expectations of her countless friends by her superb vocalism. Miss Frederick made her début on Monday and leaped at once into popular favor, scoring a distinct vocal and personal triumph. She has a superb mezzo soprano voice, untrammelled by throat affections and she sings with delightful abandon. She is unaffected and her personal charms are those of youth and fresh beauty, both of face and figure. The Boston Music Hall patrons may consider themselves fortunate in being the first to hear her." — *Boston Herald.*

At a reception given at her mother's house on the opening night friends talked excitedly. Hitherto they had considered Pauline merely as a lovely débutante who would follow the ordinary course of social life, but now they urged her mother to take her to New York that managers might hear her sing. Mrs. Frederick appeared to consider this but, by her manner, let no one suspect that she had long had the same idea in her mind.

A few weeks later saw them in New York interviewing managers on Broadway. To what would it lead?

Chapter Two

Musical Comedy

PAULINE'S exquisite beauty and her mother's imperious dignity opened those difficult doors that lead to the sancta sanctorum of the New York theatrical world. Mrs. Frederick was not one to sit and wait patiently in the crowded and depressing reception rooms of casting offices. Interviews were obtained and after talking with several managers they came to the office of Klaw and Erlanger. Abe Erlanger listened to her story and cast a rather bored eye over the notices of Pauline's début in Boston. He had interviewed thousands of such aspirants in his day, most of whom presented glowing notices from local newspapers. True, Boston was something more than a small town and its praise not to be ignored. Mr. Erlanger indicated that he would hear Pauline sing and as he listened, nodded approvingly. There was no denying that her voice had a beautiful quality and had been well trained. But he was not interested only in her voice. There were lots of good voices to be had but few were so well housed. As he studied the lines of her figure and the beauty of her features, he knew that he would be foolish to pass up such qualifications. When she had finished her songs he said nothing for a while, and then drily remarked that he would give her a place in the chorus. " The chorus! " It was Mrs. Frederick's voice exclaiming indignantly. Her daughter a chorus girl! She began raising all

kinds of objections but Mr. Erlanger was not impressed. She had had no acting experience whatsoever and he refused to engage any inexperienced girl, however beautiful, in any other capacity than in the chorus line. She must learn as everyone else had to learn. Mrs. Frederick began to expostulate again but was interrupted by Pauline who up to now had remained neutral in the argument. "Of course I expect to start in the chorus," she said quietly and directed her remark to Mr. Erlanger. "Very good. Report for rehearsal tomorrow morning," the producer replied and indicated that the interview was at an end. The new show in rehearsal was "The Rogers Brothers in Harvard." Her salary, she found, was only fifteen dollars a week — rather a comedown from the sum she had received at the Boston Music Hall, but then this was the beginning of serious business.

Pauline was very fortunate in the commencement of her career. There were no barnstorming days; no desperate situations caused by managers who absconded and left their companies stranded with only a few dollars between them and starvation; no pounding of Broadway pavements day after day with vague promises of parts and much worn out shoe leather; no living in meager lodgings with overdue rent and only sufficient money to buy one meal; no unfulfilled day dreams and longings that one day the chance would come of an opportunity to show undiscovered talents. These hardships which attend so many in the early days of careers that eventually become successful, she did not have to endure.

Yet on the other hand, there was no hereditary background with the natural following in the footsteps of successful Thespian ancestors. None of Pauline's family had ever been on the stage and none will follow in her footsteps, for she had no children. Neither was there any favoritism or social influence to help her rise to fame. She was beautiful, but then

so are thousands of others who face managers and the public. She was a natural born actress with an infinite capacity for hard work. She began her career at the bottom of the ladder and worked her way up step by step. In after years, talking of her start in the chorus line, she remarked:

> " People who think that the path of a chorus girl is one of roses, certainly have a lot to learn. I knew there would be hardships to it before I went on the stage but now I will venture to say that a man with a pick and shovel in the subway has an easier time."

Because she herself had started at the bottom, she was always willing, when fortune had favored her, to help others who were starting. Always she admonished them to first learn how to act and particularly to get their early training in a chorus if possible.

In the weeks of rehearsal which followed, she never worked so hard in her life and she learned her lessons well. No great glamor in those days. Hours of hard work rehearsing on a cold, bare stage, with routine dance steps done over and over again until she was ready to drop. The constant repetition of song numbers to the accompaniment of a piano strummed by a bored young man whose only interest in the proceedings was the pay check at the end of the week. Dressing in a crowded dressing room with rows of mirrors, bare furniture and naked lights on a stark bare wall. Dozens of girls all in one room, all wanting the mirrors at the same time. The noisy buzz of meaningless chatter and the inevitable discussion of the opposite sex, oftentimes in rather crude language. It is a hard school, and thirty-six years ago chorus provisions were far less comfortable than they are in this present day. It was life in the raw and there were many lessons that had to be learned by a girl of nineteen, reared in a sheltered atmosphere.

Pauline found, too, that she had other difficulties than getting accustomed to these rough surroundings. There was the difficulty of the girls themselves. At first her fellow workers openly showed their resentment of this " society girl," with her well furnished wardrobe and her Boston accent. " She's not one of us and we'll show her," they said, and tried to make things as unpleasant as possible for her. When she would come into the dressing room, she would frequently surprise an impromptu burlesque of herself and all around her she would hear her accent being mimicked. Each night her mother would call for her in a carriage, and when the girls found that it was not a beau but a stately lady who sat inside, this called for more caustic comment. Each night one or other of the girls would make a point of saying, " Don't delay me girls, my carriage waits," or remarks to that effect. In Pauline, however, there was nothing of hauteur or snobbishness. She took their burlesquing all in good fun. Those girls, many of them from questionable sections of society, were in almost all cases very goodhearted. When they found out that this " society girl " did not really give herself airs and was so anxious to be one of them, they warmed up to her. Before the first season had run its course, " Polly " was the most popular girl among them. She learned enough about human nature and how to handle people during those chorus days to serve her in good stead for the rest of her life.

Max and Gus Rogers were a celebrated team of comedians who had long been famous on Broadway. Since 1899 they had presented a musical comedy on Broadway, billed always as the " Rogers Bros." in some place or another. Prior to their show " Rogers Bros. in Harvard," there had previously been " Rogers Bros. in Wall Street," " Rogers Bros. in Central Park " and " Rogers Bros. in Washington." For the four consecutive seasons following 1902, the Rogers Bros. were

found in comedy; " in London," " in Paris," " in Ireland " and " in Panama," after which the death of Gus Rogers in 1908 broke up the sequence.

" Rogers Bros. in Harvard " opened at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York on September 1, 1902 and was very successful. Although Pauline was one of a sea of pretty faces in a chorus, she did not pass unnoticed, for the Rogers Brothers had the reputation of always having the most beautiful chorus on Broadway. Over two thousand girls had applied for the chorus which formed the company of 1902, and out of these fifty-six were chosen. Pauline as one of this fifty-six expected no particular notice or attention, for some of her fellow workers were gorgeous creatures. Although she had been spoiled to a great extent as an only child, she had never been pampered by Mumsy in the way of some doting mothers who constantly call attention to the beauty of their children until everyone sickens of it. In this respect, Mumsy's stern upbringing served Pauline in good stead and in a manner that lasted all her life. While Pauline, at nineteen, undoubtedly knew that she was good looking, she had no conception of the ravishing quality of her beauty. When the flood gates broke and the waters rushed over the dam, Mumsy continued to discount the ravings, though in her heart her daughter's beauty was something of which she was inordinately proud. She, however, tightened the reins and refused to allow Pauline to be spoiled and become egotistical. For this, Pauline owed her mother much, for what now happened was enough to turn the head of any young girl. The scouts spotted her and every paper in New York and the towns to which she subsequently traveled with the company, praised her in the most glowing terms. One critic remarked:

> " Klaw and Erlanger have exercised great care in their selection of young women for the Rogers Bros.

> company this season and although they have in the past presented the handsomest chorus on the stage, they have excelled their best efforts this season. One of the most beautiful and attractive of these girls this season is Miss Pauline Frederick of Boston who makes her first appearance on the stage this season with this company."

The result of this acclaim was that she was besieged by the New York photographers and in the course of the first few days that followed the opening on Broadway, she was photographed fifty-two times.

At the end of the New York run, the company went on tour and then began a new experience for Pauline. Being on tour was a very different thing from acting on Broadway with her own home to go to after the evening performance. Now came the trying experience of " one night stands," with hasty departures from one town to another in stuffy, dirty trains and nights spent in inferior lodgings. For a girl who had been brought up with every comfort in life, these experiences were hard to learn. To be a good actress one must learn to be a good " trouper," and the name " trouper Frederick," so often applied to Pauline in after years, shows that she learned these early lessons well.

While they were playing at the Alvin Theatre in Pittsburgh in the following February, Pauline received an unexpected opportunity. She was very much in earnest about her work and from the moment she went on the stage she developed the habit of hurrying over her make-up and dressing, and then going into the wings to watch the performance. Never during her entire career did Pauline rely upon " cues " to give her her lines. She always knew the entire play and most of the lines of the other characters. She never was able to understand those actors and actresses who were contented with just

their own particular parts in the play, and if asked about the play in general, would invariably know nothing about it. Of course, it is not always possible to watch the whole play if one has a part in it, for some time has necessarily to be spent in the dressing room. Pauline realized that she knew nothing about acting and she was out to learn all she could. This habit of hers proved to be most beneficial, for soon she was given the job of understudying one of the principal characters played by Clara Palmer. So when, during the run in Pittsburgh, Miss Palmer was taken ill, Pauline stepped into the rôle and played it for a week.

The play ran for the entire season, and at the end of the year the company returned to New York to begin rehearsals upon another comedy called " The Rogers Bros. in London." Pauline was delighted to find that she was now to be given a small part. This was what she had hoped would happen and she felt that her foot was on the first rung of the ladder. Alas, she soon learned how easy it was to slip off that rung and be at the very bottom again. She had yet to learn that there are days when directors' nerves are jangled, and consequently they find fault with everything and everybody during rehearsals. On this particular day, Abe Erlanger sat watching the chorus rehearsals. First the dances were not right and when one of the girls would get out of step, he would shout and storm. Over and over again they did them until he seemed better satisfied. Then came the moment when Pauline had to sing the small part assigned her.

The hard drilling through which she had been put with the rest of the chorus had probably made her tired, or perhaps the realization that the director was in a bad mood made her nervous. When people stormed and shouted, it always upset Pauline, even in later years. Consequently, she did not sing her song well and knew it. But she was hardly prepared for

the storm of angry abuse which the tired and harassed director heaped upon her. Without realizing quite what she was doing, she answered him back and that just capped the climax for Erlanger. He stormed and shouted and abused her some more. She had not yet learned to take it and, resenting his language, told him so defiantly. Everyone gasped. A member of the chorus arguing with the director! No one would have dared to talk back to the director that way, at least no one less than the leading lady herself. Erlanger was in no mood for back talk and so he shouted to Pauline to get out and stay out. Throwing back her head, she turned and strode off the stage with all the dignity she possessed, with Abe Erlanger's last words ringing in her ears: " You'll never be an actress! And you'll never get another part on Broadway as long as you live! " Those words must have sounded funny to her later and to him, too.

Pauline arrived home in a fury, but after she had blurted out the story to her mother, tears surged up and flooded her anger. Soon she was ready to crawl back on her hands and knees and apologize. " You'll do nothing of the sort," her mother told her. But all the evening long those words rang in Pauline's ears — " You'll never get another part on Broadway as long as you live." Had she ruined her whole career because she had not enough sense to take direction? She had no right to speak back, even if the language had been foul. After all she was still only a chorus girl. Despite what her mother said, she was determined to go and apologize the next day. Suppose he wouldn't see her? How humiliating that would be. Suppose she had to see him and apologize before all the others in the chorus? Her proud spirit rebelled. Her mother was right. She would *not* apologize. The man had been horrible and abusive and she didn't have to take it. But suppose she couldn't get another part — ever? The other

Age 7 Years

Age 14 Years

As Zuleika in "Joseph and His Brethren"

managers would probably hear of it and no one would give her a chance. She saw herself going from office to office and being told, " Oh yes, you're the girl who was rude to Mr. Erlanger. Sorry. We don't want you." She would be blackballed. It all seemed very great to her then, for she was deeply earnest about her career and had not gone on the stage just for something to do. She brooded all the evening about it. " You'll never get another job on Broadway as long as you live." Over and over again she heard it, and it sounded like a death sentence to her. Again she changed her mind. She *would* go and apologize tomorrow, no matter how much it hurt to do it. She must go on. She must get experience and become a great actress.

It was nearly bed time when the telephone rang. Her heart jumped. Perhaps she had been forgiven and they were calling to tell her to report for work tomorrow morning. Her mother answered the telephone and then called Pauline. With thumping heart she took up the receiver, but it was not the Erlanger office. It was, however, someone connected with the cast — the musical director. She was so relieved to be able to talk to someone about it all and began telling him how worried she was and asked what she should do. To her surprise, he told her to forget it. Erlanger had been in a bad mood and had taken it out on her. " But I'll never get another job," she said distractedly. The man told her to listen to him. There was a new show already in rehearsal at the Broadway Theatre. She was to go down there tomorrow and ask to see Mr. John C. Fisher who was producing it. The musical director had already spoken to him about her and he was sure she would get the part. Gloom soon changed to joy and Pauline poured grateful words down the telephone to this friend in need.

The next day was Friday and she kept the appointment

eagerly. Mr. Fisher received her kindly and listened to her sing. Nothing whatsoever was said about her expulsion from the show rehearsing just across the road. At the end of the interview he offered her the part of " Titania " in the new show called " The Princess of Kensington." This was a bigger and better part than she would have had in the Rogers Bros. show and she was elated. A catastrophe had turned out to be a piece of good fortune, but it had also taught her a lesson which she would not forget in a hurry. There was, however, one difficult condition in connection with her doing this new part. The show opened the following Monday which meant that she only had the week-end in which to rehearse the part and learn the songs. So great was her relief to find that her career had not been completely ruined by her fight with Erlanger, that she was ready to tackle anything. She never worked harder in her life than during that week-end. When Monday came, she felt that she knew the part and the songs she must sing. Unfortunately, something happened that she had not reckoned with and which she had not met before — stage fright. At the very moment when she must sing alone, she couldn't remember a thing! She was standing between a double row of chorus girls, singing with them. Then the two lines of the chorus divided as Pauline walked down the center, the spotlight upon her. She saw the director of the orchestra signalling her to come in, but her mind had gone blank! A few bars were repeated but still she couldn't remember the words and for a desperate second there was the dread that she had ruined the show. Then all at once she realized that a voice was singing her lines for her. Pauline opened her mouth and pantomimed as though singing, but not a word did she utter. One of the chorus girls had been quick enough to realize the situation and to pick up the lines for her. It all seemed like a nightmare and as though

eternity had passed in those few split seconds. Chagrined at her failure, she burst into tears when they reached the wings. She even expected the manager to fire her, but to her astonishment, nobody seemed to be aware that she had just passed through a minor crisis. These things happened every day on the stage, they told her, and she marked up just one more piece of experience. Her gratitude to the girl who had saved the day for her was unbounded. She made doubly sure that she never forgot the verse again!

"The Princess of Kensington" was a romantic comic-opera in two acts, with music by Edward German. It had had an enormous success in London at the Savoy Theatre. The scene was laid in Kensington Gardens, London, and the story combined the past with the present — the past introducing many of the characters of the immortal "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the present burlesquing up-to-date topics in the manner of Gilbert and Sullivan. The leading man was the celebrated actor, James T. Powers.

When the company went on tour after the New York run, Pauline took yet another step up the ladder as she was promoted to a larger and more important rôle. Evidence that she was winning favor is shown in the following:

> "The cast supporting Mr. Powers is of the best. One member deserving of especial mention is Miss Pauline Frederick who sings the part of Joy, daughter of Sir James Jellico. She was here last with Rogers Bros. She has much improved in her work. She is statuesque in appearance and her beautiful soprano voice has undeniable qualities." — *Buffalo News*

December of 1904 brought to Broadway a new play written by Glen MacDonough and set to music by Victor Herbert. It was called "It Happened in Nordland." The famous Irish-American composer had not yet reached the

full heights of his great career. " Mlle. Modiste," in which Fritzi Scheff made her triumphant success, did not come until the following season and " Naughty Marietta " was to delight the world a few years later. At this time, however, Herbert had received his great applause for " Babette " and the ever popular " Babes in Toyland."

" It Happened in Nordland " was very successful at the time it was produced and enjoyed the record of having the longest run that season of any production of its kind on Broadway, running for 175 nights at the Lew Fields' Theatre. It was a musical play which has not, however, lived through the years as have other compositions of Herbert's. The most popular songs were " Absinthe Frappé " and " The Knot of Blue." These had a considerable vogue for some years though now they are not heard as frequently as some of his others.

The opening of " It Happened in Nordland " in New York on December 5, 1904 was eventful for many reasons. It was the occasion for the opening of the new Lew Fields' Theatre on 42nd Street. This playhouse was one of the last erected by Oscar Hammerstein, and a record crowd of notables gathered to view the new structure and to see the new play. Lew Fields' career had been a notable one. From the time he was ten years old he had been on the vaudeville stage, and as one of the team of Weber and Fields made his burlesques famous throughout the country. For many years they were the proprietors of the Broadway Music Hall, but in 1904 their partnership was dissolved, and with the opening of " It Happened in Nordland," Lew Fields appeared for the first time without his partner. This new departure was hailed by everyone with delight, for Fields was regarded as a comedian of the highest quality.

" It Happened in Nordland " proved a definite milestone

in Pauline's career. In two seasons she had displayed her talents to such advantage as to make herself the most talked of actress on Broadway. This was rather more than she had expected. Except for her slight altercation with Erlanger, she had encountered no difficulties and had come forward with almost phenomenal speed. In " Nordland " she was assigned two small rôles — that of " The Countess of Pokota " and " Miss Hicks, Secretary to the American Embassy at Nordland." They were small parts calling for her to appear only in the prologue and in the last act. These parts, however, gave her an opportunity of showing what she could do and added further leaves to the laurels she was gathering. Of her they said:

> " Pauline Frederick, by her regal beauty, her commanding presence, her grace and dignity, makes a small part stand out prominently. She displays a great deal of temperament and it is safe to prophesy that she will soon be seen in rôles that will be more suited to her unquestioned ability. She possesses a powerful soprano voice with the range of three octaves. Her high tones are full and clear and wonderfully sustained."

Before the run of the play was over, this prophecy had come true and she was " seen in rôles more suited to her unquestioned ability."

Besides that of Pauline, there are other names in this cast which have since risen to the greatest heights. Particularly notable are those of May Robson and Harry Davenport. Thirty-four years have now passed since May Robson played the part of " Princess Aline," and in those years she has come to be regarded as the most beloved and most revered actress in Hollywood. She now adds up the years to past three score and ten, yet has never been more successful. Only to a few

comes the supreme gratification of finding that each year *adds* to their success instead of detracting from it.

Following is the cast of " It Happened in Nordland ":

LEW FIELDS' THEATRE

Opening Night, December 5, 1904

IT HAPPENED IN NORDLAND

A Musical Comedy in Prologue and Two Acts

Book and Lyrics by Glen MacDonough
Music by Victor Herbert

Characters in Prologue

Queen Elsa of Nordland, Prince George of Nebula, the Duke of Toxen, the Duchess Helene, the Countess of Pokota and Prince Karl.

Characters in Play

Hubert, the long lost brother of Katherine Peepfogel ..... Lew Fields
Prince George of Nebula ..... Harry Davenport
Duke of Toxen, Prime Minister of Nordland ..... Joseph Herbert
Baron Sparta, Minister of War and Police ..... Harry Fisher
Captain Slivowitz, his chief assistant ..... Joseph Carroll
Princess Aline, Queen Elsa's aunt ..... May Robson
Dr. Otto Blotz ..... Julius Steger
Parthenia Schmitt, maid to the Princess Aline ..... Bessie Clayton
Hugo von Arnim, Lieutenant ..... Charles Gotthold
Dr. Popoff, Captain Gatling ..... William Burress
Mayme Perkins, personal secretary to the American Ambassadress ..... " Billie " Norton
Rudolf, a peasant, Prince Karl ..... Frank O'Neill
Duchess Helene, Mistress of the Robes ..... Rosemary Glosz
Miss Hicks, First Secretary of the American Embassy at Nordland, Countess Pokota, Lady in Waiting to Queen Elsa ..... Pauline Frederick

and

MARIE CAHILL

as Katherine Peepfogel, American Ambassadress at the Court of Nordland

Harry Davenport is another who, though having passed the seventy mark, still retains his successful place among those who have become part of the great film world. It was to him that Pauline always gave credit for her knowledge of make-up, although he very modestly declines to take this credit. Pauline always said that it was while playing in " It Happened in Nordland " that she came to realize the importance of knowing how to apply make-up. Hitherto, it had not been such an important thing to her, for as one of a chorus she would attract much less attention than she now did when playing specific parts. She had noticed that Harry Davenport always looked so much more natural than the others on the stage and asked him to show her just how he did it. She watched carefully as he showed her and thereafter copied him.

When " It Happened in Nordland " went on tour for its second successful season, there were changes in the cast. Blanche Ring now took the leading rôle which had been played by Marie Cahill. Pauline became Miss Ring's understudy and this was to bring her to the most sensational event in her career up to the present time. After the tour, the company returned to New York for a second season, and as an additional attraction, a burlesque of " The Music Master " was added to the bill. One Saturday night trouble arose between Lew Fields and Blanche Ring. During the performance Miss Ring had interpolated matter into the play and after the curtain had fallen, was reproved by Mr. Fields. An argument ensued, during which Miss Ring's temperament got the better of her and Mr. Fields became very angry. She left the theatre and the next day, Sunday, her manager was sent to inform Mr. Fields that unless he apologized, she would not appear for the Monday performance. Mr. Fields, in the meantime, had called Pauline to rehearse the part she had

understudied. While they were rehearsing, Miss Ring's manager delivered the message. Fields sent back a message to her, " To let this be a case of forget and forgive and to consider the incident closed." Thinking that that settled the question, he dismissed the rehearsal and went away for the week-end. When he arrived at the theatre at seven o'clock on Monday night, he was met with the news that Miss Ring did not consider the message an apology and had sent her maid to remove all her costumes which she had worn in the play.

Back stage was in a turmoil. The curtain must go up in an hour and a half and they had no leading lady and no costumes! Fields sent for Pauline and asked her whether she thought she could play the lead at such short notice. He was nearly frantic but Pauline was calm, for she had known the songs for months and had watched the performances from the wings. Then came the feverish delving into the company's wardrobe for gowns to replace those that Miss Ring had removed. Fortunately, this difficulty was also overcome, and when the curtain went up on that Monday night, Pauline, for the first time, found herself a leading lady.

The next day the papers rang with the story of the débâcle and of Pauline's sudden rise to fame. Every paper carried the headline:

PAULINE FREDERICK BECOMES
PRIMA DONNA IN A NIGHT

" The brief stage career of Pauline Frederick, Lew Fields' new leading woman in ' It Happened in Nordland,' is a most striking example of what a girl can accomplish on the stage, supported by talent, determination and the foresight to be prepared to grasp opportunity. Miss Frederick has been a member of Lew Fields' company since the opening of last season,

playing a small part in which she attracted considerable attention. Blanche Ring engaged as Prima Donna for this season refused to appear because of a dispute with Lew Fields. At an hour's notice Miss Frederick was assigned the leading rôle and played it like an artist of long experience, her success creating a sensation not only in the company but in theatrical circles in general."

The next day Mr. Fields was besieged with inquiries as to whether Miss Ring would return, and more than a dozen actresses applied for the part. Fields, however, was so pleased with the public approval of his new leading lady that he informed everyone that he saw no reason to make any change. So Pauline continued in the leading rôle to the end of the run of the play.

During the many interviews which followed this overnight success and her leap into prominence at the age of twenty-two, she made the statement: " I went on the stage because it offered me a chance to escape being a nobody. It means work, lots of it, and hardships and disappointments and perhaps failure in the end, but I am trying to succeed with all the energy I possess."

" It Happened in Nordland " was the last time that Pauline ever appeared on the stage as a musical comedy singer. At the close of that play, at the end of the following year, she developed a serious throat trouble and went to the White Mountains. She spent six months there recuperating, and it was learned that she had been ordered by her doctor not to sing any more. That it was not a very serious throat trouble is proven by the fact that her speaking voice became one of her greatest assets. Nor did she ever have any kind of serious throat trouble, afterwards. Her deep resonant speaking voice, combined with her perfect diction, contributed greatly

to her success on the stage. In this order from her doctor, that she was not to sing any more, one seems to smell a rat! There had been much talk of her studying for opera and particularly since she had made the acquaintance of Lilli Lehmann, just before the beginning of " It Happened in Nordland." With her mother anxious for her to become a Prima Donna, there had been much discussion about her going to Europe to study under Madame Lehmann. But Pauline did not want a singing career — she wanted to be an actress and particularly a dramatic one. She felt that while her voice had certain fine qualities, it was not powerful enough to gain her any unusual place among operatic singers. She was ambitious and could not be content with anything but the top of the ladder. With her dramatic ability, she hoped to attain this — with her voice she knew she would not. Yet it seemed a pity after her sensational success in " It Happened in Nordland " to give it up then.

Chapter Three

Drama

PAULINE returned to Broadway in the spring of 1906. With her decision to change from musical comedy to straight plays, she had to retrace her steps to some extent. She had made a sensational success the previous season when she had stepped into the lead of " It Happened in Nordland " and she preferred to leave her singing reputation right there. She had learned a good deal about acting in these past four years but still had much to learn before she could be satisfied that she was a fully equipped artist. In this respect she received much valuable assistance from the man who played with her in her first straight play on Broadway — Edward Elsner. Edward was already a well-seasoned actor and only too willing to help. Just as Pauline always attributed to Harry Davenport her knowledge of make-up, so to Edward Elsner she always gave credit for teaching her how to act. This friendship, formed during the run of " The Little Gray Lady," was one of understanding and mutual admiration and lasted to the very end of her days.

The play " The Little Gray Lady " was presented by James K. Hackett and was written by Channing Pollock, then a rising young dramatist who was attracting much attention. Pauline appeared in the lead as the little gray lady of the title. There was a great deal of controversy on Broadway as to

whether she had been wise in leaving the musical comedy stage. Many maintained that she had gained her reputation there and that audiences would not be interested in seeing her in straight drama. There are always the wise ones who know the best about everything, and while Pauline felt certain that she had made the right move, the opening night at the Garrick in New York brought considerable anxiety, because should she fail to please or the play lack in appeal, then there would be still greater obstacles to overcome. It would not be the first time, by a long shot, that an actress had made a change such as this and had found her career all but ruined. Still Pauline never failed in courage, and at twenty-three, one can afford to take chances.

" The Little Gray Lady " was called " a play without a hero " and was based upon the life of that day in Washington — not the fashionable, political Washington, but concerning a group of government clerks mixed up in a scandal regarding a forged $100 bill. In addition to playing the lead, Edward Elsner was also the stage manager. Like Herbert Tree, he delighted in the unexpected and was always changing things so as to put the members of the cast on their mettle. He believed that too often a cast, and particularly during a long run, became automatons, coming in at a given moment, accustoming themselves to finding everybody and everything in the same place, saying their little piece and then going off at a given spot. Should something unexpected happen, they are lost. To guard against this, many good directors change things about so that the players may have to move more than so many steps here and so many there, or may find the person to whom they speak sitting instead of standing. While this may, in some respects, be disconcerting, it nevertheless makes players more natural and breaks up that stereotyped movement that is so detrimental to a play. Edward loved to place

mats or rugs in unexpected positions so that an actor or an actress upon entering, would have to step over them; or he would place chairs upside down to see if they would have sufficient *savoir-faire* to put them right. Pauline now learned to expect to find Edward anywhere on the stage except where he was supposed to be.

Like many others, Edward also loved to play jokes, and how disconcerting these could be! One night in " The Little Gray Lady," Pauline encountered one that all but stopped the show! The second act of the play was set in Anna Gray's bedroom in a Washington boarding-house. The scene reveals her seated by a table quietly sewing, and then she goes through all the motions of preparing for bed. After tidying up the room and winding up the clock, she next went to the closet to pull down the folding bed, generally adding a touch of comedy by looking under the bed, after it has been pulled down, to see if there were any burglars. On this particular night Pauline made the usual preparations, but when she went to pull down the folding bed, it would not move. Unperturbed, she gave it another tug. Nothing happened. Another wrench and this time it was getting urgent that it should come down, for she had reached the end of her lines. There was a slight titter in the audience as Pauline pulled again but to no avail. Half turning towards the bed in the hope of detecting what was wrong, she began to ad lib. lines, whilst giving the bed a determined tug. It would not budge. Obviously something was wrong and the bed would have to be given something more than a casual tug. It just must come down or the scene would be ruined. There is nothing an audience hates so much as to be left out of a joke. Just as a crowd gets a thrill when the game is stopped while a player is carried off the football or baseball field, so the audience in a theatre really gets a thrill out of the unexpected happening on

the stage. This Pauline had already learned, and now she knew the only thing to do was to take them into her confidence. Therefore, placing her hands on her hips, she gazed menacingly at the bed amidst loud applause and guffaws from the audience, who were now well aware that the bed had stuck. Then, placing a foot firmly on the bottom of the bed, she reached with both hands up to the top and, mustering all her strength, gave it a terrific tug. It came down all right that time, and with it all sorts of bric-à-brac which had been wedged in the top to hold it fast! Most of this descended upon Pauline's head, and as she dodged first one piece and then another, the audience screamed with delight. When the noise had subsided, she picked up her lines and the play went on. What happened back stage at the close of the scene can well be imagined. She was furious and they played no more jokes of that kind.

The play on the whole received good notices though it created no great sensation. Pauline's reception as a dramatic actress was likewise divided, the majority of the critics praised the quiet, dignified manner in which she portrayed the " little gray lady " and added that, " her acting will be observed with interest from this time forward." After the flattering notices that she had received in the musical comedy rôles, these notices were very mediocre and it was hard to know whether she had been right or wrong. Fortunately, she was one who could take criticism and profit by it. That she had still much to learn about dramatic art she herself realized, and she set about improving the weak points in her acting. Hitherto, she had sung to audiences; now she must talk, and that meant learning how to project her voice so that all could hear. When critics remarked that her voice at times was inaudible, she did not waste time resenting this, but instead studied carefully how to correct the fault. It was not long before she had

one of the clearest voices on the stage. This became a matter of vital importance to her, and she was always insistent that the man in the back row of the gallery had as much right to hear as the man in the front row of the main floor.

After " The Little Gray Lady " had made an extensive tour, she returned to New York and the following April again appeared under the management of James K. Hackett in a play called " The Girl in White." The previous season, audiences had watched her wearing various shades of grey, and now she had to appear wearing nothing but white! " The Girl in White " was a modern society drama dealing with the love of a married man, separated from his wife, for an unmarried girl with an unscrupulous mother. It was a somewhat old story rehashed, and being produced at the tail end of the season, was not strong enough to stand a somewhat disinterested criticism. Thus two plays were passed in review, neither of which added any laurels for Pauline.

In the next choice, she was, however, more fortunate. This time she appeared under the management of Charles Frohman in two plays — the universal favorite, " When Knights Were Bold," and following that in " Twenty Days in the Shade." Both were very successful. Pauline found herself praised for her beauty and because she wore her clothes so well, but her acting was still " spotty." She realized now that the road to real success as a dramatic actress was not an easy one and could be won only by sheer hard work and perseverance. She was fortunate in playing with leading men who had already earned their reputations — Francis Wilson in " When Knights Were Bold " and Richard Bennett in " Twenty Days in the Shade."

Following these two plays, she appeared in a farce called " Toddles," which had been adapted from the French and had already met with considerable success in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. After a week's tryout in Washington, the play

opened at the Garrick Theatre in New York on March 16th. Pauline played the leading woman's part but was not as yet a starred player. The leading man was one whose family had long made history on Broadway — John Barrymore. But not the John Barrymore of today. He was then a young man of twenty-six years and had first appeared on the New York boards only a few years previously. "Toddles" was a farce with an English setting and the comedy centered in a young, indolent Englishman, Lord Medows, an agreeable and attractive gentleman who was distinguished for his irresolution. He had an aunt, Lady Dover, who was determined to get her nephew married, while he was equally determined to remain a bachelor. The girl selected by the matchmaking aunt was an eligible young heiress, named Constance Joblyn, played by Pauline. That John had not developed into the splendid comedian we know today is shown by the caustic comments of all the reviewers. The critics seem almost to have copied each other's notes and all said:

> "The effect would have been far better if a comedian had been engaged to play the principal part. Mr. Barrymore is not a comedian, is inefficient in the part and a clog upon the action and the mirth. The company includes actors who were distinguished for ability and achievement before Mr. Barrymore was born. The appearance of a young and comparatively inexperienced performer who has not yet displayed any special natural talent for acting at the head of such a company is ludicrous. If Mr. Barrymore had done anything to warrant his appearance at the head of a theatrical company there would be no objection to it. In this period 'stars' and 'leaders' appear to be manufactured to order like boots and shoes." — *New York Tribune.*

503 Sunset Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California

PAULINE AND WILL ROGERS

The play was withdrawn after sixteen performances and further coals of fire were heaped upon Barrymore's head, with:

> " The play might have gained some measure of success if the principal part had been entrusted to a good comedian and not to Mr. Barrymore."

How times change! Certainly in the three decades which have passed, John has developed his talent for comedy to perfection. Such, also, is the passage of time that the actors in the cast, lauded by the critics as being " distinguished for ability and achievement " — Charles Wolcott and Jeffrey Lewis and others — are now nothing but scarcely remembered names, while the fame of John Barrymore, whom they damned, still continues and will eventually rest among the names of the greatest actors of this century.

" Toddles " was what must, in theatre parlance, be called a " flop." The next play in which Pauline appeared was, however, much more successful in that it brought her into contact with one who had long been famous in the theatre — William Gillette. He chose her now for his leading lady, and such was his reputation that this was considered an enviable position. Evidently, even in those days, gentlemen still preferred blondes, for most of Gillette's leading ladies had heretofore been of the lighter hue. The selection of the brunette Pauline Frederick called forth considerable comment and the remark:

> " William Gillette has a brunette for his leading lady in the new production ' Samson ' and one who is being watched with especial lively interest — Pauline Frederick. Hers has been a career of versatility, for she has been in musical productions and in emotional rôles, getting a wide experience in a variety of characters and establishing the foundation upon which ca-

reers as stars are made nowadays. Pauline Frederick is the youngest of all Mr. Gillette's leading ladies."

Gillette was at this time fifty-three years of age, yet had still many years of fame ahead of him. The play he now put into production, "Samson," was written by Henri Bernstein and translated from the French by Gillette. It had nothing whatsoever to do with the famed story of Samson and Delilah. The title was selected because the leading character, like Samson, in order to wreak vengeance upon his enemy, also ruined his own life.

The play opened at the Criterion Theatre in New York on October 19, 1908, and despite the vituperations and revilings of the press that it was an unpleasant and noxious play, it had a long run. Gillette played the part of a rich speculator who, convinced that his wife (Pauline Frederick) is unfaithful to him, takes revenge on her suspected paramour, another rich speculator, by causing a panic on the Stock Exchange, the result of which ruins both men.

Gillette had just come back from a tour abroad and his return to Broadway was heralded as a great event. The public flocked to see him and the play. In the cast which he selected were several names which have since made important places for themselves in the Thespian world. The cast was:

Cast of "SAMSON"

Maurice Brachard	William Gillette
Elsie Vernette	Pauline Frederick
Marquis d'Andeline	Frederic de Belleville
Max d'Andeline	George Probert
Francoise d'Andeline	Marie Wainwright
Jerome le Govain	Arthur Byron
Henri Deveaux	Henry Carvill
Marcel de Fontenay	H. J. Ginn
Anne Marie	Constance Collier

Jean ..... Bennett Kilpack
Josef ..... Emmett Whitney
Zambo ..... C. MacLean Savage
Clotilde ..... Kathryn Keys

Notable among this list of names are those of Arthur Byron, Constance Collier and George Probert. Constance Collier had just come over from England and this was her first appearance on Broadway. She is described as being of " the dark Egyptian type of beauty, with a capacity and power for portraying characters of the heavy melodramatic order."

At the conculsion of " Samson," Pauline went to French Lick for a rest and while there made the acquaintance of William A. Brady. Their meeting was somewhat unconventional. With some friends she wandered through the gaming rooms watching those who played at the tables. Pausing for a moment at one of the tables where the play seemed to be interesting, the man behind whose chair she was standing glanced up at her. Perhaps it was an excuse to speak to a beautiful woman whose blue eyes were twinkling with amusement, but the man asked her what number he should play. " Seventeen," she answered at random. He followed her hunch and the number won. When he turned to introduce himself, however, the lady had gone. Friends chided Pauline and insisted that she had known it was William Brady's chair behind which she had paused, but she stuck to her story that she had been quite unaware of his identity. If Brady had not recognized her, he took the trouble later to find out who she was and to make her acquaintance.

Pauline was now about twenty-five and the bloom of her beauty was at its height. Her taste in dress was exquisite and she was gradually becoming known as the best-dressed woman on the stage. Buying clothes was one of her greatest extravagances, for nothing gave her quite such a thrill. Her grace

and charm were undeniable, and no one received more homage and attention than she at this time. She had already received many proposals of marriage but had accepted none.

William Brady remembered the beautiful woman who had brought him luck at the tables, and when he cast his next production in New York, he offered her the lead. Considering their method of meeting, the title seems most appropriate — " The Dollar Mark." At the dress rehearsal Pauline's career almost came to an abrupt end. In the play there is a yachting scene, with Pauline reclining on a divan and the other players assembled around her. All of a sudden everyone began to shout and the players flew to all parts of the stage. Pauline in her recumbent position could not see what was happening and an uncanny intuition warned her to remain where she was. To this intuition she owed her life, for a heavy iron stanchion came crashing down on to the couch and fortunately only grazed her forehead. The blow stunned her for a moment and managers, stage hands, actors and others all came rushing on to the stage, terrified that she had been killed. After a few minutes, however, she recovered from the blow and insisted that they finish the rehearsal.

It was while playing in " The Dollar Mark " that she met the man who was to become her first husband.

Chapter Four

First Marriage

THE PRIVATE life of a famous person is usually the part which is most public. Therefore the fact that Pauline Frederick pledged marriage vows with five different men has always caused more comment than anything else she ever did. No press notice regarding her was ever complete unless this quintette was mentioned, and most frequently with quite incorrect details. What marvelous imaginations writers of articles have when it comes to the love life of theatrical folk!

Because she married five times, the character of Pauline has been largely misunderstood. This, of course, was quite natural, for the world in general can only judge of what it knows or sees on the surface. To those who knew her intimately, these marriage ventures were the thing least reconcilable with the rest of her character. No one would deny that it is an achievement in itself to secure five husbands. In this age when women appear generally in the majority, thousands cannot find even one man to propose to them! To explain Pauline's matrimonial ventures, no one needs to do any whitewashing or excusing. She needed none of these and would have scorned any such attempt.

Women who marry several husbands are usually of the type that is ultra-sophisticated, over-sexed, madly passionate

or fickle. Generally they live in an atmosphere of feverish excitement, with natures that crave continual change, with highly strung and overwrought nerves causing them to be bored after a few months with one mate, and to dispel the ennui, begin seeking adventures elsewhere. They are adventuresses and courtesans at heart. Pauline Frederick was not in the least reconcilable with any of these types. The reason for her many changes of mates is a rather pathetic one. She was searching for an ideal that she never found — twice she had it within her grasp but it was torn from her; in the one instance by a craving that could not be overcome, and in the second, by death which stepped in and claimed the man before she had a real chance to enjoy him. Nor in searching for this ideal was she striving for the moon. Pauline was essentially the type of woman who must have someone to lean upon. Despite all her varied experiences in life she was never able to become self-sufficient or self-reliant. Difficulties with managers are proverbial in the theatre or opera world and Pauline's experiences were of the worst. Being a very bad business woman and knowing it, she was forced to rely too much upon managers who, almost without exception, feathered their own nests and eventually brought financial ruin to her. Therefore, she sought in a husband, someone upon whose judgment she could rely; a man who would give her a home in which her intensely domestic soul could revel; a man who could advise her upon her selection of plays and, above all, take care of her financial affairs in a manner that would assure her future. It would not seem that she was asking for anything very great or unusual in her men. There are thousands of such men in the world. That she did not find a mate to fulfil these requirements was her greatest misfortune. Had she found one such, Pauline Frederick would have had but one husband.

That the men she married were entirely to blame would be an equally foolish contention. The failure was largely attributable to the force of circumstances — in fact to the force of two circumstances. One was her remarkable and irresistible beauty and the other, her theatrical profession with its glamor and its difficulties. No one will deny that a beautiful woman has a far greater problem to contend with than her plainer sisters. Men are quite naturally carried away by the intoxication of a beautiful woman and crave her as a wife even when, if they stopped to think about it, they would realize that other factors are such that a union cannot bring happiness. Beauty at times can be a heavy millstone around a woman's neck and bring with it a great deal of sadness. To Pauline it brought not only sadness but tragedy. It was particularly tragic in respect to younger men — men playing in her companies who were swept off their feet by her magnetic charms. The uncontrollable infatuation of a man little more than a boy, perhaps. Pauline loathed to make people unhappy and to see them suffer. Likewise she loathed scenes in her dressing room when she refused the gifts and the homage of these desiring youths. Their infatuation was natural and therefore the harder to contend with. But a woman certainly cannot accept the impetuous demands of every man who craves her. There is always the case of the man who will not take " No " for an answer. Pauline was faced with these problems so very many times, as, of course, is every woman of ravishing beauty. The world in its judgment is often harsh, so that when an infatuated and headstrong youth takes his life because a beautiful woman will not accept him, the woman is often blamed. To have accepted him would have been impossible; to have rejected him would have sent him to his death and left a terrible tragedy to be faced.

The second difficulty — the professional one. The ques-

tion of a woman reconciling a career with marriage is an age-old one. The failure of marriage in Hollywood, except in a few cases, is a subject that is only too familiar. To reconcile the stage with marriage, when a man is not of the profession, is at the start almost impossible. When the work of one is finished, the work of the other is just beginning. A man who marries an actress has left for his office before she is up, and when he returns home wanting the company of his wife and the comforts of his home, she is just starting out for the theatre! He has to be in his office again the next morning at an early hour and so, naturally, cannot stand the late hours after the performance is over. Might as well try to mix fire and water! Yet if both the man and the woman be of the stage profession, that horrible fiend jealousy nearly always rears its head, particularly if one or the other happens to be higher up the ladder. These difficulties are things that the layman does not have to contend with. Pauline, because of her love of domesticity, would have been willing to give up the stage for private life. But here comes another difficulty. In most cases it was the glamor of the name Pauline Frederick that had been one of the attractions. They did not want her to retire — they enjoyed basking in the light of her glory.

When a marriage goes on the rocks, there are usually faults on both sides. Pauline's fault — if such it can be termed — was that she was not the intensely passionate woman depicted in the rôles which she played on the stage. Demonstrative and affectionate, yes, but her emotions went very largely into her work. Because of her very strict upbringing, Pauline was a woman with principles that some would class as old-fashioned. She was never a woman of "affairs." Promiscuity she despised, and before she gave herself to a man she married him. It may be a strange thing to say, but this woman with five husbands was far more virtuous than many women

who pride themselves that they have only been married once but omit to mention a number of " side lines." On those rare occasions when Pauline was asked about her many marriages, she always gave but one reply, " When the beauty had gone out of my marriage — I went out of it too."

The greatest sadness in Pauline's life was that she had no children. She was passionately fond of them. An automobile accident which led to a convalescence of seventeen weeks finally prevented any such joy coming to her. Because of her longing for a child, she adored parts in plays where she was a stage mother. Her mother once remarked that if the play had a baby in it, Pauline would insist upon doing it, no matter how bad the play was. In later years when she had reached middle age, she enjoyed nothing more than the stage sons and daughters who played with her. She would introduce them with pride as " my son " or " my daughter," only adding as an afterthought, " on the stage, of course," and not even adding it then unless people appeared confused or surprised. She revelled in them and seemed quite thrilled that people should think they were her real children. This habit of hers sometimes led to misunderstandings.

A dramatic incident on this subject of children occurred once in her dressing room. A publicity woman who seemed to delight in tattling vicious or unpleasant gossip, remarked in saccharine tones that she had heard that Pauline *really* had a daughter in the cast but did not want anyone to know it. By her tone, the woman implied that Pauline was hiding the fact because she did not want people to know she was nearly fifty. Pauline's face flushed angrily and, turning to the woman with eyes blazing, she thumped her hand down on the dressing table and remarked: " If I had a daughter the WHOLE WORLD would know it! " After that, one could have heard a pin drop. Nor did Pauline turn and apolo-

gize for her outburst of temper, as was usually her way. She hastily finished her make-up and walked out of the dressing room. When she returned after the first act, the incident was not mentioned again and appeared to be closed. But it rankled with her for days and she talked of it in private. A wound will usually heal quickly on the surface but it takes a long while for it to heal underneath.

Frank Mills Andrews was the first to marry Pauline. He was a well known architect, being responsible for the Hotel McAlpin in New York, the Kentucky and Montana State Capitols and other notable buildings. Andrews was sixteen years older than Pauline but the difference between twenty-five and forty-one meant stability to her. He was a very handsome man and together they made a striking couple. They were married in New York on September 8, 1909.

Andrews wanted her to retire from the stage and she was willing to do so. It was not that he had any objection to the stage as a profession, but he did object to being known as " Pauline Frederick's husband." There is nothing that riles a man married to an actress so much as to be known as " Miss So and So's husband," or even to be addressed by the thoughtless as " Mr. So and So." Naturally, any man worth his salt prides himself on the fact that the woman takes his name. In this respect no man who married Pauline had anything to grumble about. She revelled in being called " Mrs. So and So " when off the stage and signed everything except professional matters with her married name. It was characteristic of Pauline that whatever she did she did thoroughly, with no minute detail overlooked. It was the same when she married. She kept the Pauline Frederick for the stage and, out of the theatre, entered wholeheartedly into her married state. She took the man's name even down to the detail of having every

monogram changed from " P. F." to whatever her married initials were.

Frank Andrews was a man well able to supply her with the luxuries of life, and the early days of her marriage were filled with excitement as she satisfied the cravings of her domestic soul in furnishing a luxurious apartment at 449 Park Avenue in New York.

She played once more before retiring from the stage — in a play called " The Fourth Estate." Her leading man was Charles Waldron, that fine actor who in recent years is remembered so well for his brilliant performance as Edward Barrett in Katharine Cornell's " Barretts of Wimpole Street." Perhaps no better evidence is needed of the lovable character of Pauline Frederick, the woman, than the fact that so many of those who played with her in her early days became her lifelong friends. To the names previously mentioned in this respect can now be added that of Charlie Waldron.

As though tempting Pauline not to forsake the stage, the " Fourth Estate " proved to be the greatest success she had yet had. The part of Judith Bartelmy, which she portrayed, was not an easy one. She considered it the most difficult rôle she had yet tackled, for it was a subtle part and its subtlety had to be felt by the audience if the play was to be a success. This was not an easy thing to do for, on an average, audiences are prone to miss subtleties that come over the footlights. In years to come Pauline was to play many such parts. Her facial expressions, the clever manner in which she used her hands, and the inflections of her fine voice made her a master in the art of conveying to those watching her the fine points of emphasis in a play.

Shortly after the close of " The Fourth Estate " an incident occurred which showed the feelings of the public

towards Pauline. One of the big annual events in New York during the summer is the Actor's Fund Fair, organized to raise funds for the needy in the profession. Always a gala occasion, the one held in May of 1910 was even more celebrated by the fact that President Taft himself opened it. This was the first time a President had so honored the occasion and the Armory of the 71st Regiment was packed to the roof. A committee composed of the best known women of the stage and of New York's society was formed to welcome President Taft. At that time the celebrated English actress, Marie Tempest, was paying her second visit to the United States, appearing at the Empire Theatre, New York, in "Caste." Miss Tempest was a well known figure for she had spent five years touring the United States some years previously. She was therefore elected as chairman of the welcoming committee and no woman, on or off the stage, has more regal charm and graciousness than Marie Tempest, who today, at seventy-five, is the undisputed queen of the British stage.

Booths run by the different actors and actresses were the chief centers of attraction as people fought to buy things from these distinguished salespeople. Actresses at the Fair became everything from waitresses and saleswomen to auctioneers. John Barrymore, assisted by Mary Ryan, ran a soda fountain and made a gay attendant upon the thirst of the crowd. The quantities of ice cream sodas that people devoured in order to get a look at that famous Barrymore profile! Anna Held was there with her daughter Liane, and spent over five hundred dollars, attracting attention to her lavishness by having the money in one dollar bills, a wad of which she held in her hand so all could see!

The highest spot of all was the prize awarded to the most popular actor and actress. These were chosen by votes costing ten cents each, and this portion of the Fair was one of the

greatest money-making ideas there. For many years Pauline had been active in the work for the Fair and this year she led the votes for the most popular actress, while H. B. Warner led the men. The Fair was scheduled to run six days but it was so popular that it was held over for three more days. The voting contest brought all the excitement of an election day. Each night the votes were counted, and the contest was close enough to add intense excitement and speculation as to who would finally be elected the most popular. Among the women, those in the final race were Pauline Frederick, Billie Burke, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, Marie Tempest, Maxine Elliott and Mrs. Fiske. Among the men — H. B. Warner, Robert Hilliard, Roy Atwell, Francis Wilson and Norman Haskett. On the Saturday night — three days before the Fair closed — competition was at white heat. Pauline had led the race all the week, but that night Billie Burke had passed her by one hundred votes. H. B. Warner and Robert Hilliard were fluctuating, and at times Francis Wilson had more than a head start. The friends of each of the favorite actors and actresses worked furiously to sell more votes, and the artists themselves conducted individual auction booths. When finally the Fair came to an end on the ninth day, Pauline was well in the lead with 18,975 votes and was awarded a beautiful necklace consisting of a fine platinum chain set with thirty-three diamonds. H. B. Warner finished the favorite among the men with 6,308 votes and received a watch that had once belonged to the celebrated Lester Wallack. The finish of the Fair was a hilarious night, and after all the stock in the different booths had been disposed of, the actors and actresses joined in one of the largest Virginia reels ever staged — Pauline and H. B. Warner, as the most popular couple, leading off.

Despite all this acclaim, Pauline kept to the promise she had

made her husband and retired from the stage. A large part of the next three years were spent in traveling abroad, something which she had always longed to do but up to now she had been too busy with her career. Her retirement from the stage was a great disappointment to Broadway. Although she was not yet what is called " a star," she had been a leading lady for some years and her career was being very carefully watched by Broadway managers. Just as she was ready for stardom, she brought her career to an end. They gave her no rest. Hardly a week passed that she was not made an enticing offer. It was not easy to resist them for she had taken her career very seriously. She had not yet risen to the heights that she felt herself capable of; she was not ready to sink into oblivion. Merely to taste the juice of delicious fruit is to make one yearn to consume the whole.

Had Andrews' love been such that it filled her life completely, perhaps the story would have been different and resistance to persuasion of theatre people easier. But he became jealous of her popularity and they began to drift apart. As the glamor of her marriage died down, a restless urge began to torment her. After all she was a natural born actress. The fever could not be stilled. Every time she went to a theatre she would sit through several hours of misery.

One day when she was lunching at the Ritz Hotel in New York, Fate decreed that George Tyler, the producer, should also be lunching there. He came over to her table and they talked theatre. She besieged him with questions, like a starving woman asking for food. He noticed it and began urging her to return to the stage. Immediately she tried to cover up her hunger and insisted that she would never come back. She had retired and that was that. But Tyler was not deceived. He talked of a new production he was planning, called " The Paper Chase." He was going to try it out in Toronto and

then bring it to Broadway. There was a part in it — " The Marchioness of Joyeuse." He remarked casually that she would be lovely in it. It was a costume play and he was having the most gorgeous costumes made. Too bad she had to miss it. Pauline did not reply for she did not dare. The struggle inside her was becoming almost unbearable. A few minutes later she left the Ritz.

That night the script of " The Paper Chase " was sent over to her apartment with a note from Tyler asking her, " to read it anyway." She pounced upon it like a hungry wolf and ran with it to her bedroom. For the next three hours she was lost and thus Andrews found her, so absorbed in the play that she had not heard him come in. The argument, home versus career, began. He was, after all, a business man and certainly did not want a wife who was always just going out when he came in. It was no good. A power she could not resist had taken possession of her. When " The Paper Chase " opened in Toronto, the " Marchioness of Joyeuse " was played by Pauline Frederick.

Pauline and Frank Andrews now separated, but it was not really her return to the stage that broke up her marriage. Andrews had become involved with another woman and to return to the stage was Pauline's most graceful way out of the triangle. Two years later, in 1914, they were divorced and finis was written to the first chapter of marriage.

Her return to the stage, after an absence of nearly three years, was hailed with delight. " The Paper Chase " opened in New York at the end of November, 1912, and had a good run. Mme. Simone and Pauline shared the leading rôles and Julian L'Estrange and Pedro de Cordoba played the important male parts. These two men were later to be closely associated with Pauline in her film work.

Following " The Paper Chase," Pauline starred in a pro-

duction which was to give her an opportunity of displaying her full dramatic powers and raise her to heights as yet unexplored. This was another production under George Tyler and was written by the same author as " The Paper Chase " — Louis N. Parker, the author of many outstanding successes. The play was called " Joseph and His Brethren " and was based on the well known Biblical story. It opened at the Century Theatre in New York on January 11, 1913. It was a kind of play new to Broadway — a pageant play. It was described as " the largest dramatic production ever in the world " and had thirteen scenes and more than five hundred people in the cast. Pauline played the part of " Zuleika," the wife of Potiphar. At first this rôle worried her considerably for she so disliked the woman she had to portray. " Zuleika," it will be remembered, is a deceiving, sinister character who tries to lure Joseph into becoming her lover during her husband's absence, and when Joseph scorns her advances, she takes a mean revenge upon him by falsely accusing him in the hope of ruining his character in the eyes of his master. Pauline remarked at the time of the rehearsal, " I felt I could not play ' Zuleika ' and keep my sanity. I began to imagine myself as something vile and unclean. It seemed to me irreverence, sacrilege. But eventually the beauty of the settings and the poetry of Mr. Parker's lines permeated me and I was able to complete the task."

The rôle proved to be one of her greatest triumphs. Never had New York audiences witnessed anything so spectacular as the settings and the costuming of this play. In the first big scene several horses and camels were used, making a marvelous spectacle. Pauline's entry was upon one of the camels, and how she disliked that odoriferous animal with a hump! But as a piece of staging it was a grand entry. The camel was magnificently caparisoned, with a beautifully embroidered

basourah from which she later emerged. Her dark, ravishing beauty made her a most seductive Egyptian. She wore a wig of long black hair that reached below her waist. Her beautifully designed costumes displayed her wonderful figure with all its grace and charm. One of these gowns, however, caused her a great deal of discomfort. It was the one she wore in the Temptation Scene in Act II. For this scene she wore a long, transparent gown of silver tissue, heavily embroidered with crystal beads. The dress weighed over forty pounds and to move gracefully in it was a task in itself, but to *fall* gracefully in it was still worse, for every time she did so the beads cut into her bare legs. Each night as Joseph resisted her temptations, she had to throw herself at his feet and tear from his shoulders the cloak which she later used to betray him. It was in doing this that the beads cut her legs and each night she had to find a new way to fall!

Brandon Tynan played the part of " Joseph " and Frank Losee was " Potiphar." James O'Neill doubled in the parts of " Jacob " and " Pharaoh." Pedro de Cordoba, who was with her in " The Paper Chase," played the part of " Heru," one of the officers in Potiphar's household. Among those who played the brothers of " Joseph " was one who today occupies a prominent place in the film world — Franklin Pangborn. In those days Franklin's métier as a comedian had not yet been discovered and he was a very serious young actor. This was the first time he had played with Pauline Frederick and he regarded her with the awe which a beginner naturally feels for one who is already at the top of the ladder. In addition to his rôle of " Asher," he also understudied the part of " Joseph." So often understudies go the entire run of a play without having an opportunity of performing in the larger rôle, for which they must, nevertheless, always be prepared. Franklin, however, was more fortunate. After the

New York run, the company went on tour and while they were in Syracuse, New York, Brandon Tynan developed laryngitis and Franklin had to go on in his place. This was to prove a milestone in his life, for through it he and Pauline became lifelong friends.

In connection with this opportunity, Franklin tells an amusing story on himself. Although he had frequently rehearsed the part of " Joseph," to make sure that he was at ease in the rôle, Pauline invited him to come to her hotel after the evening performance, so that they could go over the big scenes. It was a gesture for which Pauline was to become noted, for having trod the mill herself, she always wanted to help others when their chance came. At the top now, she ever had her eyes open for the lesser ones in the cast.

That night she and Franklin went over and over the big scenes until they felt sure that they had mastered all the details. Then Pauline sank into the nearest armchair and called to Mumsy that they all needed some supper. Franklin was thrilled. It had been a new and interesting experience, this evening of rehearsing with the star of the play, and now to be invited to have supper with her and her mother was just a grand climax. He was in awe of Pauline but he was *terrified* of her stately, dignified mother! He was very anxious to appear at his best and tried to be nonchalant about it all. Alas, this was not made any easier when he found that they were ordering alligator pears for supper! He had never tasted one! Seeing that a quarter of a century ago they had only just appeared on the market and were far beyond the means of a struggling actor, this was not surprising. But Franklin had not the courage to let them know that he had never tasted them, so he pretended to be quite unconcerned. Little did he know then that not so many years hence, they would be growing in his own back garden in California.

Quickly he debated a question. Should he refuse the alligator pears and ask for a ham sandwich, or should he go through it bravely? He decided on the latter and replied with seeming indifference, that he, too, would like the alligator pear. Then came the next difficulty. "What dressing do you like?" Pauline asked him. Now what on earth did one eat with the wretched fruit? Why couldn't they have ordered bread and cheese!

"Whatever you're having," he replied and hoped that this would suffice.

"I like French," Pauline told him and from that he took his cue. He, too, would have French dressing.

"We'll have a bottle of champagne, to go with it." This was Mumsy's voice. "You're both very tired and it will refresh you."

Franklin could have gulped. He had never tasted champagne either! How difficult it all was for a young man who was trying so hard to appear at his best. But when supper came, it wasn't so difficult after all. Although Mumsy was always rather formal, Pauline was so very natural and her ease and simplicity made him feel quite like an old friend. Before they started eating he hit one more snag. There were spoons and forks before him and he didn't know which one should be used with an alligator pear! Fortunately, he had one advantage in being a man because he could wait for the ladies to start. He straightened his tie, smoothed the back of his hair and took a sip of champagne. It tingled as it went down and after a few more sips, his nervousness melted away and everything in the world was grand. All his life Franklin remembered that first alligator pear and his first glass of champagne. Later, when he came to know Pauline better, he reminded her of the evening and told her of his discomfort. How they both laughed. Evidently his nonchalance had not

seemed assumed, for she had been quite unaware that he was suffering any uneasiness. To the end of her days Pauline always had a weakness for alligator pears, so it was as well that she went to live in California.

The success which she made as " Zuleika " opened a new world to her — the films. At first she was reluctant to change from the stage to the screen. There were several good reasons for this reluctance. Some years before, just as she had hit new heights, she had changed from musical comedy to drama. It had meant, in many respects, sliding down several rungs of the ladder and only by sheer hard work and perseverance had she been able to regain those steps. Now she had corrected the faults in her acting and had once again won her laurels. Should she now do the same thing again, just when she had arrived at the top? Would an entry into the film world mean that once again her star would be dimmed, and were those who made her enticing film offers right when they said that they would star her in films that would make her name known not only on Broadway but all over the world?

Chapter Five

Films

A QUARTER of a century ago, the film world was an infant struggling very hard for expression. The idea that talking pictures would come to revolutionize the industry was quite unthought of. In these silent days, language, tone of voice and diction were things that played no important part. So far has the film world advanced today, that it is even rather difficult to remember just what the silent films were like, and yet how much enjoyment they gave. Hollywood had not grown into the immense and heartbreaking world that it has now become. Salaries had not skyrocketed to the fabulous figures to which one is accustomed today, and $7,500 a week was considered a colossal earning for any " star." This was to be the comfortable salary which Pauline enjoyed for some years in the silent films.

Until the year 1912, films for the most part appeared under the mask of anonymity, but as certain actors and actresses appeared with recurring frequency, the public began to anticipate them in future pictures. Favorites were created and thus resulted what are known as " stars." The pioneer leaders in the film industry were Adolph Zukor and Daniel Frohman. They conceived the idea of bringing famous names to the screen in well known plays, and for this purpose they formed the Famous Players Film Company with studios in

New York. Their first venture was so successful that it made a fortune for them, as well as placing the Famous Players Company in the first rank of film producers. This first film starred Sarah Bernhardt in the rôle of " Queen Elizabeth," with her leading man, Lou Tellegen, as the Earl of Essex. The play had been especially written for the " Divine Sarah " and she had performed it with unique success many times on the stage in France and in the United States. Frohman and Zukor followed up this initial success with the production of other famous plays and players — Sienkiewicz's " Quo Vadis "; " The Prisoner of Zenda " with James K. Hackett; " Tess of the D'Urbervilles " with Mrs. Fiske; " The Bishop's Carriage " with Mary Pickford; and so on. Such pictures revolutionized the film industry and soon many famous actors and actresses were under contract to Zukor.

The film which Zukor selected for Pauline Frederick's first appearance on the screen was Hall Caine's immortal story " The Eternal City." The screen story which they built from Caine's novel was a magnificent production. In order to get the correct atmosphere, Pauline and the cast were taken to Rome and actual scenes were shot in the Coliseum, the Vatican gardens and in the streets of Rome. It was a new and thrilling experience. No detail was spared to make this the most outstanding spectacle yet accomplished. Pauline was fortunate that such a fine story had been selected for her first appearance on the screen. The part of " Donna Roma," the heroine of the novel, was in every way suited to her talents. Attired in magnificent clothes, she appeared as a gay and very beautiful woman in the opening scenes and as the story progressed was called upon to run the gamut of every emotion. Her beauty was then at its height and lent itself most advantageously to the photographic art.

The story of " The Eternal City " was wrapped around

the political intrigues in Rome at the beginning of the twentieth century. In typical Hall Caine fashion, the lives of all the characters are inextricably entwined with one another. The Prime Minister of Rome, a scheming and worldly man named Baron Bonelli; Pope Pius, a man with a fine and noble character; and the young hero, David Rossi, wrongly believed to be an anarchist — all three men play a vital part in the life of the beautiful woman, Donna Roma, who is torn by conflicting emotions and forced to choose between the financial security and position offered by the unscrupulous Baron, or the poverty and inspiring love of young David Rossi.

The grand spectacles to which the screen so ably lends itself were shown in all their magnificence as the winding religious procession of the Pope's Jubilee passed before the eyes; and a mass political meeting in the Coliseum astonished audiences who had not yet come to the years when Hollywood productions were built on such grand scales. The story called for several scenes inside the Vatican, scenes of peace and beauty between Donna Roma and the Pope. In the intricacies of the story is unfolded the fact that the young political agitator, David Rossi, is actually the legitimate son of the Pope before he had reached that exalted position. The shooting of scenes inside the Vatican could not be permitted and the present day method of making replicas of famous interiors had not yet been perfected. Therefore, a compromise was reached with the authorities, and the Film Company was allowed to make the scenes in the Vatican gardens, the story being changed to meet these requirements. There is much to be said for those days when scenery and situations could not be so magnificently faked within studio walls, when the actors and actresses had the thrill of performing in the actual surroundings and the audiences could feast their eyes upon the authentic scenery.

During the filming of the Vatican scenes, Pauline and the whole company almost landed themselves in an Italian jail! The final shots were being made on that memorable month of August, 1914, and the declaration of the Great European War placed an entirely different color upon these filming activities. The director, Hugh Ford, was informed that he must cease work at once and, like all other foreigners in Europe, the members of the company must leave immediately for their own countries. Fortunately, the Famous Players had practically concluded the shooting of their scenes, and working overtime, obtained all essential photographs, except one important shot. The script called for a shot of Pauline as "Donna Roma," walking up the Vatican steps. Hugh Ford did not know whether he dared attempt this. He talked it over with Pauline and she was game to try. It would have to be done very quickly if they were to get it at all. Making their preparations with as little to do as possible, the cameras were placed in position and the moment they were ready, Pauline appeared and, while the others watched for trouble, she walked apparently nonchalantly up those sacred steps. She came down much more quickly, and the shots of her being practically chased down by the guards were not included when the film was shown! Much excited chatter followed, and only with difficulty were they able to explain in their most inadequate Italian, that Pauline was not a spy. It ended all right but they were all under suspicion and without further delay made their way to the ship which waited to take them to the United States. And with them went the precious shot for which they had nearly spent months in an Italian jail!

As a matter of fact, the outbreak of war at this particular moment added considerably to the film. Rome was in a turmoil and the Film Company took advantage of this to

make shots of the actual crowds. Thus a scene of strikers marching between walls of armed soldiers to the Coliseum, bearing swaying banners and smoking flambeaux, was not made with a crowd of extras but was an actual scene of the excited people in Rome during that turbulent August. Likewise, a shot inside the Coliseum with crowds of agitated people packed closely around a speaker on the rostrum, their arms waving and their faces illuminated with the inspiration of the gathering, was entirely authentic.

The cast supporting Pauline was excellent — Thomas Holding playing the part of the inspired David Rossi; Frank Losee, the scheming Baron; and Fuller Melish portraying the part of Pope Pius in a manner that inspired everyone with awe, for in his face was a beauty of expression that commanded reverence.

When " The Eternal City " had its premier at the Astor Theatre in New York the following April, it was a gala occasion. It was not only a triumph for Zukor and Frohman as a production, but was a great personal triumph for Pauline. The acclaim accorded her showed that she had made no mistake this time. In most of her plays she had appeared as a scheming and rather unpleasant character. Now, as " Donna Roma," the public saw her in a sympathetic rôle and much of her success in this film was due to the fact that the audiences could really love her. It called for no sinister expressions or crafty movements. It was a relief to her as well as to the public.

So successful was " The Eternal City " that three years later Zukor reissued it and again it met with equal success. Now came the question of further films. The Famous Players Film Company was anxious to secure Pauline's exclusive services and offered her a two-year contract at a most attractive figure. By the terms of the contract, she would be one of

the highest paid screen stars. It was a very tempting offer but one that she did not accept without considerable thought. She was having a terrific internal struggle. She was reluctant to desert her first love — the stage, and yet could not do both. On the one hand, was the vastly increased income to be earned in the films, plus the fact that they reached a far greater audience, and on the other hand, was the fact that she enjoyed stage work much more than film work. So much that was important to the actress was lacking before the camera. She missed the " feel " of the audience and the encouragement that is derived from its reactions. Then, too, it was so much more satisfactory to take a story and act it in its entirety, gradually working up to its emotions and climax, than it was to act portions of disconnected scenes that had no reference whatsoever to each other. Yet there was no doubt that films had a great future and so, finally, she signed the contract with the Famous Players.

Pauline did not, however, entirely desert the stage in that first year. While she was waiting for " The Eternal City " to be released, she accepted the leading rôle in a play called " Innocent," under the management of Al Woods. As the film had not yet appeared, she still had to rely upon her reputation as a stage actress. She had not been seen on Broadway since her success in " Joseph and His Brethren " at the beginning of the previous season. At that time she had won great applause, and though " Innocent " was an entirely different kind of play, it met with an equally good reception. The critic of The *Times* applauded with:

> " As a cold hearted, calculating but supremely beautiful ' Innocent,' Pauline Frederick as an actress proved a real surprise. First as a girl in her earliest teens and later as a full fledged courtesan, she played with a

poise, a reserve and a variety which she has never shown. Throughout she was a picture of loveliness."

In " Innocent," Pauline's voice was again heard. She sang a song called " Towsee Mongalay," especially written for her by Grahame Jones. It became one of the popular songs of the day.

For her second picture, the Famous Players Company selected a play called " Sold," a rather daring story but one calculated to display her beauty in all its effectiveness. " Sold " was a story originally written in Russian by George Erastov and was melodrama with all the punch enjoyed by audiences two decades ago. It was the drama of the young and beautiful wife of a very poor artist, who in order to obtain funds to pay her husband's debts, poses in the nude for a wealthy rival. All the usual complications and misunderstandings follow. Mr. Hays' office was not in existence then and apparently those of this past generation were not so easily shocked. Actually there was nothing shocking in it, for the subject was very delicately handled by the Famous Players Company. They overcame the difficulties showing the nude portrait being painted, by having Pauline draped in diaphanous material and revealing to the camera's eye only a very beautiful bare back that was partly concealed by her long black hair. The part of her husband, for whom she makes the sacrifice, was played by Thomas Holding who had supported her in " The Eternal City," and the rival was played by Julian L'Estrange who had appeared with her on the stage in " The Paper Chase."

This second film followed up the success of the first and now firmly established her upon the top rung of the ladder of fame. Zukor continued his skill in selecting the right subjects for her, and as her third vehicle chose the already fa-

mous " Zaza." On the stage, names had already been made in this play and Pauline was the first to do it in the films. This somewhat ribald story of a French Music Hall favorite was created by two Frenchmen, Pierre Berton and Charles Simon. When first produced in Paris in 1890 it was a failure. The star was the great French actress, Gabrielle Réjane. She, however, so loved the rôle that she revived it again in 1904, and this time made it one of the greatest successes of her career. In the meantime, it had appealed to the great David Belasco who bought the story and produced it in New York in 1898 with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the rôle. It became a dramatic sensation and brought Mrs. Carter undying fame. From that time on, " Zaza " became a legend, and in 1905, Nazimova played it in Russian at Orleneffs's Lyceum on East Third Street in New York. Then came the first silent film in 1915, with Pauline in the rôle. In 1920, Geraldine Farrar appeared in an operatic version at the Metropolitan Opera House and shocked the diamond-glinting audience by stripping to the waist in the first act — but with her back to the audience! Eight years after Pauline's silent version of the film, Gloria Swanson appeared in the second silent edition of " Zaza." Then in 1938, the story was once more unearthed and made into a talking film starring Claudette Colbert. In 1915, Claudette was still a little girl of twelve, living in Paris and with presumably few thoughts of Hollywood. Since the first appearance of " Zaza," it has undergone many changes. In Pauline's film, " Zaza " appeared more sinned against than sinning, and by the time it had reached Gloria Swanson still further purges had been applied. Now in 1938, the delicate minds of audiences must witness a new " Zaza " who is hardly recognizable, she has been so " cleaned up."

Pauline loved the rôle of " Zaza " and into it she put all the emotions of which she was capable. Probably the fact

that a little child is an important factor in the story had much to do with her enjoyment of the rôle. It is, of course, the little daughter of Zaza's lover, Bernard, who saves him from being denounced by his mistress. The sweet simplicity of the child and her ingenuousness so touch the grief stricken Zaza that she cannot find it in her heart to crush the child under the weight of the scandal that would have ensued had she carried out her intention of denouncing her lover to his wife. It was one of those rôles that gives the actress unlimited possibilities. Pauline was a Zaza as intense in her hate and in her desire for revenge, as she was demonstrative in her love. When the film appeared it was accorded an even greater reception than "The Eternal City." In this instance also, Zukor repeated his policy with her first film and reissued it three years later.

The company had just finished making "Zaza" when a disaster befell the Famous Players Company. A fire broke out in their studio at 213 West 26th Street and destroyed the entire building. When the news spread through New York that the film company's studio was burning, everyone rushed down to the scene. While firemen worked hard to quench its fury, directors and members of the company stood in awe, wondering whether all of the valuable films would be destroyed. Thousands of dollars of finished and partly finished films were in the vault, but so terrific was the conflagration that it seemed ridiculous to hope that anything could be saved. Everyone connected with the company literally wrung his hands as he watched. For hours the flames enveloped the huge vault and ate away the floor upon which it rested. The roof caved in and carried away every floor that obstructed its pathway. All night they watched, and the next morning when there was nothing but dying embers left, the vault was dragged out. Charred and twisted by the ter-

rific heat, everyone held his breath as it was opened. What then happened seemed to everyone little short of a miracle. " ZAZA " WAS INTACT, and the *only* film that was not ruined. Pauline was almost overcome when the discovery was made. " I can't tell you how glad I am," she said. " Never in my life have I felt so utterly miserable as when I arrived at the fire and realized that ' Zaza ' was in the building. I had put my whole heart and soul into the enactment of the great character and I am sure that if it had been necessary to repeat the entire production, I should never have done so well again. ' Zaza ' is to me one of the most marvelous characters that has ever appeared on the stage. I looked forward to playing the rôle with the keenest anticipation, and when we began the filming of it for the first time, I had worked myself up to a nervous tension that enabled me to put all my force into the rôle. But with this tension gone, as it inevitably would be, it would have been practically impossible for me to have put the same spirit into a repetition of ' Zaza ' which I did before."

With other films, they were not so fortunate. " The Foundling," which Mary Pickford had just completed, and " The Red Widow," starring John Barrymore, were completely destroyed. Also " Bella Donna," the new film which Pauline was making and which was more than half finished, was destroyed. This meant that the entire work had to be begun over again.

It had originally been planned to take Pauline and the company to Egypt to make this famous Robert Hichens' story, but owing to the war in Europe, this treat was denied them. Therefore the desert scenes, for which Hichens is so noted, were made with the aid of the sandy wastes of Florida.

" Bella Donna " as a play had already made Nazimova fa-

mous. Pauline made the first silent version of the play, and with her acted the two men who had appeared with her in her previous successes — Thomas Holding and Julian L'Estrange. The rôle of " Bella Donna " was a supreme test of an actress' ability, for she must be hateful, cruel, savage and treacherous, yet at the same time so fascinating that she will grip the audience and hold their attention to the end. And, what is still more difficult, towards the conclusion of the plot, she must win the sympathy of the audience so as to make her final punishment, however just, appear cruelly tragic. The last scene in this film was a masterpiece of photography — as developed in that era. It showed Pauline slowly making her way with faltering steps across the desert sands which eventually would engulf her. It was a magnificent story admirably portrayed and the ravings of the critics and the tumultuous applause of the audiences sent her upwards and onwards.

She worked terrifically hard during these years, making several major pictures each year. The standard of success was maintained as she appeared in " La Tosca "; " Resurrection "; " Her Final Reckoning "; " Fedora "; " Mrs. Dane's Defense "; " Sapho "; " Sleeping Fires "; " The World's Greatest Snare "; " The Slave Market "; " The Woman in the Case "; " Ashes of Embers "; etc., etc. All these were made under the able guidance of the Famous Players Film Company with Hugh Ford as the director and Edwin Porter as the cameraman.

At the beginning of 1916, a new director joined the Famous Players Company. His name was Robert G. Vignola, and in the next few years he was to become one of the leading directors of that " silent " era. His parents came from Italy, though he was born and educated in America. For seven years he had been with the Kalem Company, both as an actor

and as a director. He was only a young man, in his early thirties, and with his promotion as a director of the leading film company, he was put on his mettle. It was, therefore, not a little alarming to find that his first assignment was to direct the Famous Players leading star. At first the new arrangement was not easy for either of them. Although "Bob" was delighted with the opportunity it gave him, he was terribly nervous about it. Pauline was always under a nervous tension with a new director and for the first two days nerves got in the way of both of them. Then what happened, neither of them could actually define, but barriers went down and from that day on the two became the closest of friends and remained so always. Once Pauline had "thawed," as it were, she realized the splendid qualities in her director. He was not a very tall man, rather thick set, with an olive complexion that gave him almost an Oriental look, dark hair and a pair of very kind eyes. It was undoubtedly the last that Pauline read, and in them saw that there was the understanding she as an artist needed. At the time that disaster threatened "Zaza," she had made the remark: "I had worked myself up to a nervous tension that enabled me to put all my force into the rôle." This was no mere statement with her. When Pauline played a part she gave everything that was in her. If she had to do a scene over and over again, it suffered, because with the constant repetition her emotional acting declined. The very first "shot" was the finest that she could ever do; the second time it would be a little less so; after doing it several times, something of the timbre had gone out of it. Bob Vignola realized this at once and so never wore down her power by having her do a scene many times. In those days of course there were no "stand-ins." The stars did all their own work. So Vignola saw to it that all of the preliminary details were in order and either read her

lines himself or had someone else read them while the incidentals to the scene were being made ready. Pauline would then come in and invariably went through the entire scene without a flaw. Many famous artists subsequently came under Vignola's direction, including Marion Davies, Marguerite Clark, Louise Huff, Owen Moore and others. Of Pauline's acting he said: " Many times in the course of some big dramatic scene, Miss Frederick has made an impulsive expression or gesture which has far exceeded in effectiveness anything that could be devised by hours of rehearsing. It is because she does this that she is always fresh and interesting upon the screen and never gives the impression of studied dramatic action. She is a remarkable example of the impetuous actress who is, at the same time, highly intellectual."

This first picture under Bob Vignola's direction was " The Spider." As usual, Pauline was called upon to play a woman who was a very unpleasant character. In this instance, however, it was considerably softened by the fact that she played a dual rôle — a situation so much beloved in those silent days. Thus in " The Spider," she played the part of the mother *and* the daughter — two rôles so different that at times it was difficult to believe they were being played by one and the same person. She was supported again by two men who had played so many times with her in previous pictures — Thomas Holding and Frank Losee. The result was a triumph for both director and actress, and being Bob's first assignment, it placed new laurels 'round his neck.

The Famous Players Company was successful in its selections for Pauline because it was wise enough not to have her appear always in the same type of part. While the majority of her films showed her as a siren, adventuress and all such ultra-sophisticated types of women, dressed in the most beautiful gowns, they frequently changed the rôle so

that audiences saw her as a gypsy, scrubwoman or a child of nature, with tawdry clothes and unkempt hair. Her second picture under Vignola followed this course and in " Audrey " she appeared as a carefree, simple girl of the woods, running about barefooted and with her hair down her back. In no part that she ever played was she more appealing than in " Audrey," with its sweet simplicity. Moreover, she was supported in this by her old friend Charlie Waldron, who played the rôle of her hero and benefactor.

" Audrey " was made in Florida, as were so many of the films in those days when studios were in New York. For the majority of the play Pauline had to act with her feet bare and this presented unforeseen difficulties. The ground in Florida was covered with little burrs which not only stuck to her flesh but imbedded themselves deep into it, causing her considerable pain. But the part could not very well be played with shoes on for they would have entirely spoiled the portrayal. So the difficulty was overcome by means of court plaster with which she covered the soles of her feet. Even then it was not too comfortable, for those nasty little burrs could not be avoided.

Of all the pictures which she made under Vignola's direction, the one which caused the most controversy was " The Love that Lives." For in this, the beautiful Pauline Frederick was entirely divested of glamor and disguised herself as an ordinary scrubwoman. Here is where her artistry showed itself, for she insisted upon looking like a scrubwoman, smearing her face with grease so as to give her that shiny look and wearing her hair bedraggled in accordance with the type of woman she was portraying. This was one of Pauline's strongest points. She never minded sacrificing her looks to play a part. On the contrary, she seemed to revel in it, for it gave her an opportunity of proving to herself and to her audiences

that it was her acting as well as her looks that made her a success. She firmly believed that an artist should play every kind of part and play it the right way, even if it did completely disguise the artist's own personality. Nothing exasperated her so much as those artists who go through a blizzard, shipwreck, or snowstorm and emerge still looking as immaculate as though they had been to a tea party.

" The Love that Lives " called for very able direction, for at the end of the picture, the audiences were given the thrill of a rescue from a burning building. In those days studios were not, of course, equipped as they are today, and audiences had not the advantage of witnessing the magnificence of earthquakes, hurricanes and whole towns in flames, all done within studio walls. Nor, as mentioned before, were there doubles and stand-ins to bear the brunt of the hard work.

The taking of this fire scene provided plenty of excitement and not a little danger to the players. Pauline, as the scrubwoman, perishes in the flames as she sacrifices her life that the younger woman — played by Violet Palmer — can be saved by the hero fireman, played by Pat O'Malley. During the scene quantities of yellow smoke were used, and in addition to belching from the burning building as it was required to do, the wind carried it all over the lot so that everybody choked. The players had to make their way through this suffocating smoke and real flames — Pauline, to all intents and purposes, perishing in the burning building while the others were being rescued. Actually, of course, the cameras stopped to give her time to emerge, and the white-haired, haggard woman in rags, with eyes red and streaming, who staggered from the building would certainly never have been recognized as the " glamorous Pauline Frederick." It took her some time to recover from the effects of the clouds of smoke.

Then to add further to her discomfort, one of the machines which made the flames blew up right under her nose, and only by an adroit leap backwards did she save herself from having all her hair removed! But she did not get the worst of it. While Pat O'Malley was rescuing Violet Palmer out of a window, the flames became so hot that he had to yell for water to be played on to them. If, when the picture was shown, their acting in this scene was highly applauded, it was because it was not acting but realism. Miss Palmer was really overcome by the smoke and flames and when O'Malley finally laid her on the ground she had already fainted. Pauline, realizing that this was no play-acting, rushed to the rescue and took charge of the first aid that was administered to the young actress. At the same time O'Malley had to be rushed to the nearest doctor, for his hands and wrists were badly burned and the lower part of his face scorched. They certainly earned their money in those days and had to have plenty of endurance. Yet it all had a thrill that is often lacking in these more progressive days. They put heart and soul into the parts and took the rough with the smooth.

Pauline made eight pictures under the direction of Robert Vignola. The last of these was again outstanding by being different. It was called "Madame Jealousy," and she was supported in it by Thomas Meighan and Frank Losee. It was an allegorical play and a type of drama which audiences had not witnessed before. The players represented the different characteristics in human nature and the havoc which they can play upon life. Thus, in addition to Jealousy, played by Pauline, there was Charm, Valor, Pride, Mischief, Treachery, Good Nature, and Display. Charm and Valor are married. Madame Jealousy sends Mischief to their home and eventually the couple are separated by Rumor. Jealousy, with her aid Treachery, advises Finance to ruin Commerce

and a run on the bank is started by Rumor. The various elements were cleverly woven into the story. Naturally, the opinions of audiences were divided, as they must necessarily be over a new departure. Some of the critics condemned it wholeheartedly and others praised it as being most ingenious.

While Pauline was making these last films, a change had taken place in her life. She had met and married the man who was the ideal for which she had been searching.

Chapter Six

Second Marriage

AFTER her divorce from Frank Andrews, Pauline had taken an apartment on Park Avenue and her mother came to live with her again. " Mumsy " had accompanied her on the trip to Rome, during the making of " The Eternal City," and was still the controlling factor in her daughter's life. The war was now raging furiously across the water and America was preparing to enter actively into the onslaught. Pauline joined the vast army of knitters — and never afterwards lost the habit — and like many other women, worked hard in the Liberty Loan campaigns. She enjoyed her fame to the full. Her days were filled with excitement and contentment. She was rich, beautiful and successful.

In the fall of 1917, it seemed as though this already full cup of happiness was to be filled to overflowing, for it was then that she met Charles W. McLaughlin, better known as Willard Mack, the famous playwright and actor. It was inevitable that two people such as Pauline and Willard should fall in love soon after their paths had crossed. Their careers had been similar and both were not only well known to the public but exceedingly popular. Behind him, Mack had a long list of successes in the plays he had written. Most notable were his " King, Queen and Jack," " Broadway and But-

termilk," and " A Double Exposure." Before him, for many years to come, were to be other successes both as a playwright and as an actor.

At the time he and Pauline met, he had just separated from his second wife, Marjorie Rambeau. He had also just finished writing one of the most successful of his plays — " Tiger Rose." It was produced first in Washington in September of 1917, and while they were there for the opening, he and Pauline were married. They were two people very much in love. What is more, the odds were all in their favor. Both were of the same profession, with about the same measure of success to their credit. Willard was a charming and most personable man, five years her senior. In him, Pauline found what she had been seeking, for no man was more admirably qualified to read and advise her on plays, and their emotions and reactions to things were the same.

She and Willard took an apartment facing Central Park and they also purchased a magnificent house at Darien, Connecticut. This large and spacious house stood in beautiful grounds, and during weekends or whenever Pauline was not playing, they would motor out there. It was the first real home of her own that she had possessed, and sharing it with the man whom she loved with her whole being and who in return worshipped her, life took on a glamorous hue she had never known before.

In the same apartment building at 50 Central Park South, lived another well-known couple — Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen. The two couples became acquainted and made a most interesting foursome. Lou had severed his connection with Sarah Bernhardt some time previously and had been living in America for several years. Of this foursome, it was Lou and Pauline who were to go through the remainder

of life as very close friends. Only a few weeks before Lou's tragic suicide their paths crossed again. Both had then reached middle age, both had been married several times and both had passed through many tragedies in their lives. Lou, at fifty, had gradually rolled down the hill and was then on his way to Hollywood to try and make a comeback. No man ever lived a fuller life, as was inevitable with a man with the face of an angel and the body of an athlete. Yes, " Women Have Been Kind," was what he himself said and laughed when he said it — a laugh in which there was a little bitterness and much sadness. He could not resist them and why should he, when most of them threw themselves at his feet. Of his five years of marriage with Geraldine Farrar, no one can better his own words when he said, " No human being has the right to judge our five years of married life, though many have tried. After all, no one can really know except we two. So, regardless of the events which brought about the severing of that intimate tie, I owe life gratitude for having allowed me to be the husband of a genius of her grandeur."

Lou was devoted to Pauline and theirs was a friendship based on sympathy and understanding. They saw much of each other during these early years in New York, living in the same apartment building. Lou and Willard were soon collaborating on a play together. This was the play " Blind Youth " which Lou had written in French. Willard translated it and Americanized it. It was produced in 1917, with Lou playing the lead, and it became one of the greatest Broadway successes.

As always, Pauline who never did things by halves, threw herself wholeheartedly into this new marriage of hers. Monograms were all changed to " P.F.M " and everywhere she

liked to be addressed as " Mrs. Mack." All her affairs she turned over to her husband's care. Alas, that she should do so! Willard was no better a manager than she, and instead of making sane investments to take care of the future years, they both spent money in the most lavish manner. Pauline also turned over her career to his management. When Pauline loved anyone, everything he said was right. She would listen to advice from no one else, and so long as this was good advice it was all right. Unfortunately, so often it was not. But there was that stubborn streak in her and it would have been quite useless for anyone to tell her that the loved one's advice was not good.

Accordingly, when Willard told her that when her contract with the Famous Players Company expired she should form her own production company with him as the manager, she was wildly enthusiastic about the idea. She gave notice to the Famous Players Company that she intended to sever her connection with them when her contract expired. Everyone was astonished. She had made more than twenty-five films in the past three years, and under the Famous Players guidance, she had become the greatest actress on the screen. It seemed foolish to drop such a connection and enter in a new management.

It is always easy to be wise *after* the event. Looking back, there is doubt that Pauline would have been better advised to continue under the guidance of Adolph Zukor and his associates. Through the years, Zukor's name has remained associated with some of the best productions on the screen. But twenty years ago, who could have foreseen that this would be so? There are other names which were equally prominent at that time yet today have passed into oblivion. Had Zukor's name been one of those now only remembered in connection with the silent films, then everyone would have

commended Pauline for her foresight. So it was that she made the change and in the light of subsequent developments, often regretted it. Yet, it was not with Zukor that she reached her greatest heights three years later in " Madame X."

Willard Mack's plan for her was the formation of the Frederick Feature Film Company. Mack was at that time in charge of the scenario department of the Goldwyn studios at Fort Lee, New Jersey, and his plan was to distribute the pictures which Pauline made through the Goldwyn studio. These pictures were to be made under Mack's personal supervision. Such a plan was a sound one, for Mack's experience in the film world was quite extensive. Besides the many Broadway successes to his credit, he already had more than twenty-seven plays which had been " picturized." It was an arrangement which could have resulted in an ideal partnership.

Pauline had still one or two more films to make under her Famous Players contract and in some of these Willard played opposite her. The last one which she did for them was a story which Willard wrote for her, called " Nanette of the Wilds." It was built upon the life of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. Mack played the part of the hero and Pauline was again seen as an untamed gypsy girl. She was a wild, uncouth creature dressed in rags and lacking all the feminine touches and adornments to give her glamor.

She had an innate love of the outdoors, and when the company went up into the wilds of the Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, to make some of the outdoor scenes, she was in her element. Although she adored beautiful clothes and all the luxuries of life, upon the slightest excuse she was ready to discard them and revel in the freedom of overalls or slacks. Up there in the mountains, those with her saw an entirely different side of her character. She could rough it as well

as anyone, and what is more, could make a camp fire and cook over it. And how she could cook! Also, she surprised them by her prowess as a marksman. As there was considerable gunplay in the picture, this achievement of hers became very useful.

So much did she enjoy those days spent in the woods while on location, that when the picture was finished, she and Mack went off for a few days' hunting. Her career had taken up so much of her time during these last few years that she had had no opportunity to " get next to nature." When not on the set, dressed in gorgeous clothes and being dignified and beautiful, there were always the social demands upon a famous person and she had to appear at this or that place and always had to look her very best. But the simplicity in her nature found this tiring, and now a few days' tramping through the woods with the man she loved made a most heavenly interlude. This was one of the few times during her marriage to Willard Mack when they were able to be on their own. Popularity has its drawbacks. In many ways the attraction between these two people was surprising. While their careers were a parallel and their temperaments were alike, their natures were quite opposite. Willard was rough and brusque in his manner and lacked the gentility and refinement with which Pauline had always been surrounded. He loved her in a vicious way and the deference and care which men had usually shown her were completely absent. Yet this is perhaps why she loved him.

This was in April of 1919, by which time Pauline had been married to Mack about eighteen months. During that time they had lived in a mad whirl. Both were working so hard and both were making money so fast that they had no time to think about anything. And they spent it as fast as it came

in. It was a gay, exotic, intense world in which they lived. Perhaps, had the public and professional demands upon them not been so great, they might have been able to pause and catch up with themselves. Unfortunately, soon after her marriage to Willard, Pauline discovered something that was terrifying to her. Her husband had a craving that he could not overcome — drink. When under the influence of liquor he became a different man. His love had always been intense and almost brutal, and when he had been drinking, the brutality became enhanced. Several times during these eighteen months, when under the influence of liquor, he had been unable to control himself and had done her physical harm. But afterwards he would be so repentant and so humble, that she had to forgive him as he knelt beside her, his head buried in her lap. She loved him, and a woman in love will forgive so much. She tried to understand these spells and to help him. It seemed hopeless to plead with him to give it up, for he maintained that he could only write under this stimulation. In his writing, Willard Mack was little short of a genius. Shut up in a room with a stenographer, he would pace the floor dictating his plays. An act a day for three successive days, and at the end of those three days, scarcely a word had to be altered! During this period he would not stop for food. Pauline would place it on a table where he could reach it, but mostly it remained untouched. The table, however, would be littered with several empty bottles. When the play was finished there came the awful aftermath, for the drinking spell continued for several days and the charming man who was the real Willard Mack was unrecognizable. Had these spells been confined to writing periods, it might possibly have been a thing that could have been endured. But, unfortunately, it was a growing habit, and when

Pauline found that an addiction to drugs was being added, it all but broke her heart. What to do? She fought against letting this menace break up their marriage. She had found her ideal and strove to retain it. In every other way their marriage was successful. She talked with Willard, she reasoned with him, she pleaded with him. For short periods he would reform but inevitably he would return to it until it became a disease. Then one day he came in very intoxicated and in a particularly violent mood. Pauline tried to humor him but he was determined to quarrel, and, in the unpleasant scene which followed, seized her by the throat and tried to force her out of a window. After that she feared for her life and there was nothing to do but leave him. She was broken-hearted, for despite everything she loved Willard Mack as she had never loved before. But for this tragic weakness of his, Pauline would have remained his wife and the number of her marriages would have ended at two. No man ever took the place of Willard Mack in her life.

To the end of her days Pauline hated intoxicants and the harm that they can do. She had seen their menace in the theatre and was to continue to see it. More than one fine career has been ruined because an actor or actress has believed that he or she could not carry on without a stimulant, either of drink or drugs. Pauline's experience with Willard was enough to make her narrow on the subject of drink, but it didn't. She had no objection to people drinking if they knew when to stop, and *after* the performance, she occasionally took one herself. But *before* the show nothing in the wide world would have persuaded her to do so.

Willard and Pauline parted in 1919. Mack had just finished writing a play for her called " Lady Tony," in which she planned to return to the stage. The play was produced but Pauline did not play the lead. It ran for only a short time.

Mack had written it expressly for her, and in so doing had put so much that was her into the part, that no one else could play it the way he wanted.

One memorable day, eight years later, when Pauline and Mack both happened to be in New York, the Fates decreed that they should both arrive at the Waldorf-Astoria at the same moment. Pauline stepped out of one taxi, Willard out of another. Neither had been aware that the other was in New York until they alighted from their respective cabs. Then they saw each other, and to the astonishment of the doorman outside the Waldorf, the next moment Pauline was enveloped in Willard's arms. She was so excited and so overcome that tears streamed down her face. All that day they were together and the next day when they met again they had decided to remarry. Pauline was in the clouds again. The menace of drink and drugs was forgotten. This man whom she loved beyond all else was with her again. This time they would make a success of it. But when Willard arrived the next day, his face was grave. He had done some serious thinking. He loved Pauline more than anyone and he was too fine a man, when sober, to bring further unhappiness on her. In answer to her query as to his gravity, he told her to sit down. Then pulling up his sleeve he showed her the marks on his arm — marks of the hypodermic needle. The hold upon him was too strong. " It's no good Pauline, I cannot resist it," he told her. " I can't ruin your life again."

With that, he got up and walked from the room and out of her life, leaving her stunned and alone. It is so easy to blame and say that people should be strong and resist these things, but for some it is literally impossible. Willard could not resist that temptation and was man enough to admit it. Pauline knew that, like the ostrich, she was burying her head in the sand. She had tried to tell herself that Willard was no

longer a prey to these vices, that all would be different the second time, but all those hours she had known that she was fooling herself. It would only have meant further heartbreaks and another inevitable separation. But her love for Willard Mack lasted until he died in 1934.

Chapter Seven

California

EARLY in 1920, Pauline moved out to California, taking her mother with her, and thereafter the West Coast became her real home. Her separation from Mack changed her plans and the proposal to form the Frederick Feature Film Company was abandoned. She did, however, continue to make films for the Goldwyn Company and under contract to them became one of their foremost stars.

This was a great era in the development of the silent films. Enormous strides had been made in methods of production and talking films were one of the expectations of the future. Everywhere new film companies were springing up like mushrooms. Mary Pickford was being acclaimed everywhere as "America's Sweetheart" and had just divorced Owen Moore to marry Douglas Fairbanks; Charlie Chaplin was the most loved comedian and his pathos was making tears mingle with the laughter; the Talmadge sisters, Corinne Griffith, Elsie Ferguson, Wallace Reid, Will Rogers and many others were the favorites of the day. Hollywood had been steadily growing in importance as cinema producers came to realize the value of the wide open spaces and the adaptable scenery which California affords. Studios were now moving their activities from the East to the West Coast, and when the Goldwyn Company opened its studio at Culver City, Pauline came there to make pictures.

As it was evident that the next several years would be spent in California, she began looking for a place to establish a permanent home. After much careful searching, she finally settled upon a house on Sunset Boulevard, in Beverly Hills. At that time, everyone was surprised that she should want to go " so far out," for when she bought her house it was the only one upon that now vastly developed boulevard. She chose this house because it stood alone, with a fine view over Hollywood. She bought, also, the lot next to it and proceeded to make the estate into one of the show places of the film colony. Her ideas were, however, more comfortable than palatial. She built a huge barbecue pit so that she could entertain her many friends at outdoor parties. The house itself was not one of those " miniature hotels " that stars so often live in today, but a charming two-story house painted in the customary California white and surrounded with flowers, shrubs and trees. It became a house with a history, and if those walls could talk they could tell some interesting stories! Apart from the many interesting people who visited Pauline there, others with great names have since owned or rented it. Among them, Hollywood's most charming actress, Norma Shearer, was married there to Irving Thalberg. George Burns and Gracie Allen, Ethel Levey and Graham White, and Harpo Marx have also dwelt in that house at different times. Another person, subsequently to gain immortal fame, was first introduced to Hollywood in that house — Rudolph Valentino. Although it is now scarcely remembered, it was through a dinner party which Pauline gave, that Valentino became known. At that time, his reputation rested solely on the fact that he was a superb dancer and he had reached Hollywood in that profession. Pauline was a beautiful dancer, too, and they made such a perfect couple as they danced after dinner, that everyone stopped to

watch them. Pauline was then at the height of her fame, and her interest was one of the factors which led him to a position, which has never been replaced in the annals of film history. It was also at Pauline's home that Valentino met his first wife, Jean Acker.

This move from the East to the West Coast brought changes into the life of Pauline that were far more important than a change of location. Up to this time, she had moved entirely in a sophisticated atmosphere as represented by Park Avenue and Long Island. Through her success and her beauty, she had been the pampered and spoiled darling of the fashionable world. Glamorous, beautiful, superbly dressed and rich, her life was entirely artificial. When she came to the West Coast, the lure of nature made her realize how extremely shallow her existence had been. Having all her life worshipped the sun, she was now in her element. Immediately she began to lose interest in the world of the bright lights and to revel in outdoor life. Hitherto, she had taken merely a spectator's interest in the sports world, except for swimming in which she excelled. Now, the call of the open took possession of her and one of her chief interests was in horses. She took up riding and soon her stables were filled with fine horses. This new interest began in connection with her film work and then developed into her favorite pastime. In one of the pictures that she was making, a horse played a considerable part in the story. As she could not ride, the studio suggested that they get a double to do the galloping scenes, while she posed gracefully with a tame, quiet horse. This, however, seemed to her to be unsportsmanlike and she at once began to take lessons. She engaged a real " bronco buster " for the job — a cowboy named Buddy. One fine morning they started out for the first lesson. She managed to mount and everything went along beautifully for a while as she sat

gracefully in the western saddle. Then, just what happened she never knew, but she found herself sitting on the ground. She was too surprised and too startled for a moment to get up. Looking up at " Buddy," she found him grinning down at her and thoroughly enjoying the spectacle. That made her so angry she could have cried. Only a few minutes before she had been telling herself that riding was very simple and wondering why people made such a fuss about it, and now she knew! Scrambling up from the ground and gathering as much of her dignity as was left, she turned angrily upon the cowboy, and berated him for laughing at her and declared that she never wanted to see him or a horse again. He could take the horse home! She would walk! In fact, she had already started on foot towards home, but Buddy followed after her with the two horses, saying coaxingly: " Aw now miss, don't take on like that. Get up again in the middle of him and have another try."

When she had begun to walk she had found it wasn't only her dignity that was hurt! She would dearly have liked to rub a certain very numb portion! She walked on a little farther, soreness and her stiff riding boots making progress rather difficult. Buddy still followed and coaxed. There was nothing she hated so much as to be laughed at and called " a quitter," and she knew that was what would happen if she returned home walking. Presently she began to see the funny side of things. So she turned around and looked at Buddy and then began to laugh, and before long they were both laughing heartily. Once more she mounted and the rest of that first lesson continued without any further casualties. Soon she was able to ride well enough to do her own " stunts " in the films. Buddy was forgiven for having laughed at her and they became the best of friends. As long as she kept her own horses, Buddy was her foreman. Every morning she

took her exercise by riding through the picturesque cañons which surrounded her home, the roads through which were then unpaved and merely dirt trails over which it was such fun to roam on horseback.

The Hollywood of 1919 was a very different place from that of this decade. Only partially developed, it still retained the aroma of the West, with ranches that were not glorified country homes using the name, but the real thing where cowboys plied their trade. The surrounding country was wild and sparsely settled. Pauline's interest in western life was far more than superficial, and the most important thing of all was the change that it made in her mental outlook. The lives of those around her became a matter of vital importance to her, and through the simple natures of those she now associated with, she learned much that contributed towards making her a more lovable woman. The hard outer bark of the tree had been pierced and the pure sweet sap within had a chance to seep through. Something latent within her was aroused. It came at a very vital moment in her life, for those who have the world at their feet, as she had at this period, so easily come to look upon themselves as omnipotent. She had only to ask for a thing and it was done; her every whim and fancy was catered to. There are few natures, if any, that in such an atmosphere do not become selfish and intolerant. It was the West that saved Pauline from becoming so. Her newfound interest in horses and western life in general drew her to every rodeo or roundup that was held for miles around. She made the acquaintance of all the best known rodeo men and their simple natures touched some chord in her heart. She preferred their company to that of anyone else. They did not flatter and court her because she was a leading film star. These things had little interest for them. They were blunt, honest men whose interests centered entirely in bull-

dogging, roping, busting and so on. By associating with them, Pauline learned the difference between these honest natures and those of most of the sophisticated people who had hitherto surrounded her. She learned the codes of these more simple folk and profited by them in the way she most needed. She became the patron saint of the rodeo men. Should a boy pawn a saddle or some other prized possession, it would immediately be returned to him with the debt paid. When he tried to find out who his benefactor was, the name was never revealed, for Pauline employed an " under cover man " to do these jobs for her. Strangely enough, she seemed more at home in the company of these people than with the finer-bred people with whom she had been living all her life. She seemed to expand in their company and to close up like a clam when with the more worldly-wise. Somehow she could naturally speak the language of these western men. When she went among them they never resented her; instead they were instinctively drawn towards her as one of their kind. And the secret of it was that she shared with them one essential quality — an innate honesty. But for them, it might have been strangled until it died, but, fortunately, their association developed it so that it became one of her finest characteristics.

It was not long before most of the rodeo men regarded her as their friend. When the annual rodeo was held at Bakersfield, the year after she came to California, she was invited to be the guest of honor. She accepted with alacrity. Like everyone else, she was dressed in regulation cowboy costume, with flannel shirt, chaps, riding boots and broadbrimmed hat. That she looked the part and not as though she had donned a fancy dress for the occasion, is shown by an amusing incident that happened at this rodeo. From miles around

the cowboys and cowgirls had been riding in for days, to take part in the contests. Among them was a famous character known as "Prairie Annie." Annie was one of the toughest people in those parts and a match for any man. All her life had been lived in the mountains and she was as strong as an ox. And this was how she dealt with men who annoyed her! During the festivities there was dancing in the streets of Bakersfield and a cowboy forgot that he had a date to dance with Prairie Annie. When he didn't show up, she went in search of him. She found him standing, talking to a pal, and without a word of warning she strode up to him. The next minute he was lying cold on the ground, from a "sock on the jaw" administered by Prairie Annie. "That'll teach you to keep me waiting," she said, and strode off.

Later in the day, Annie came up to where Pauline was standing, talking to some of the boys. Pauline Frederick meant nothing to Annie. She had never seen her before and probably had never been to a film in her life. With her hands on her hips, she scrutinized Pauline from head to foot, taking in every detail of her cowboy equipment. Then, with a rough nudge she said in her crude manner, "What outfit do you ride for?" That was the greatest compliment Pauline ever had paid to her. If Prairie Annie mistook her for one of the regulars, then she must look all right. Thereafter began one of the strangest friendships, for the most dignified and best-dressed woman on the stage became Prairie Annie's closest friend! Pauline bought her a new outfit and gave her most of her own possessions. For the rest of the time in Bakersfield they were inseparable.

On the opening day, when contests were about to begin, Pauline could not be found. She had come down with her manager and some of the organizers of the rodeo, but all of

a sudden she was missing. A search began among the dressing rooms, wash rooms, eating places and so on, but she wasn't there. Everyone was waiting to begin, and as Pauline was to do some of the judging, she must be found. Everyone became excited — except her manager. He merely grinned, for he knew Pauline very well by now. This manager of hers, Allen Boone, came to know more about the workings of Pauline's mind than anyone during her entire lifetime. His reply to the agitation that she could not be found was to inquire where the cowboys' hangout was. He made his way there and saw a large circle gathered around a group on the floor. He grinned again, and pushing his way through the crowd, discovered the guest of honor kneeling on the floor and shooting craps! And how she could shoot 'em! They would change the dice on her again and again but those deft fingers never failed. They were tough, hard men, those boys with whom she played on the floor of their quarters, and as her merry laugh rang out each time she beat them, there was nary a note of resentment among them. How was it that she could so easily enter into their spirit, a gentle-bred woman among the roughest of men? Most women who would have tried to do such a thing would have seemed entirely out of place and would have given the impression of trying to be patronizing or clever. Not Pauline — because she had those qualities of simplicity and naturalness that people anywhere recognize. It was Allen Boone who first introduced her into these cowboy circles. There is no man who has a keener perception of human nature than Allen. His task at first was not easy, not because of Pauline but because of Mumsy. She had kept Pauline in the stricter, more formal circles of life and she most heartily disapproved of these rough western homes into which Pauline loved to go. It

became a battle between Allen Boone and Mumsy, with Pauline being torn from one side to the other. Allen had seen the strangulation that was going on inside Pauline and he worked to loosen the cords. Bit by bit, inch by inch, he showed her that it was not what people had, but what they were, that mattered. It was not difficult with her for she wanted to get away from the stranglehold. And so in these early California days, time and again she turned down a fashionable party because she knew that there was some fun going on in a home where a Winchester rifle stood in the corner. It was this that turned her into the fine understanding woman who came to be so universally loved.

It was only natural that Pauline should be drawn to one of the best known cowboys in the world — the great Will Rogers. From the moment that they met, they became friends and remained the greatest admirers of each other until the day of Will's ill-fated death. They contrasted vividly in so many ways and yet had so much in common. Many a happy day they spent together in each other's company, speaking a language of simple philosophy.

One of the most memorable parties in Hollywood was one that Pauline gave on her estate on Sunset Boulevard. This was a rodeo party organized in July of 1921, to aid the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital for Crippled Children. A few weeks before, she had learned that the hospital was badly in need of funds to enable it to carry on its work for these little cripples. With her great love for children, Pauline had always taken a keen interest in the work of this institution. She volunteered to stage a benefit on her estate and sent out word to all her many friends asking them to help. Their response to her call surprised even her, for it was far greater than she had dared hope. Will Rogers offered to superintend

the rodeo display for her and for weeks they both worked hard to make the occasion a great success.

The day set was Sunday afternoon, July 10th, and on that day it seemed as though the whole world and his wife were wending their way to 503 Sunset Boulevard. Nearly two thousand people came. Pauline had part of her estate turned into a rodeo ring. Seats for the public were arranged on one side, while directly opposite was a stand to hold as many of the little cripples as could be brought there for the occasion.

The majority of the stars of the stage and screen volunteered their services, and her many friends among the rodeo people sent word that they would all be there to take part in the contests. Roscoe Arbuckle and Buster Keaton came and devoted most of the day to giving the little crippled children the time of their lives. Ben Turpin entered into most of the contests. Snowy Baker, the well known Australian sportsman, with his famous horse, Boomerang, was another attraction. A special exhibition of trick riding was given by Marietta Gregory and Grace Teed, and a performing mule owned by Dan Dix gave those little unfortunates all the fun of a circus. Pauline acted as ring master and the beloved Will Rogers, with his children, then quite young, gave an exhibition of rodeo and lariat twirling that no one could ever equal.

One of the high lights of the afternoon was the auctioning of a program which had been autographed by all the stars present. The bidding started off quickly and soon reached concert pitch. Finally it went to Mabel Normand who paid five hundred dollars for it, making a generous contribution to the fund being raised. Approximately $7,500 was collected that afternoon and turned over to the hospital deficit. Apart from the good cause for which the occasion was organized, it gave everybody an opportunity to have a good time. Pau-

line never worked harder in her life and never had more fun doing it.

A few years later she purchased another home — a beach-house near Malibu Beach. This was a very unique place as it was built in the shape of a lighthouse. She designed it herself and windows, doors, furniture and everything had to be made to special dimensions to fit the peculiar shape of the rooms. The uppermost room was her own bedroom, and in order to accommodate a bathroom, the door leading to it had to be so small that one had almost to enter sideways. Pauline was of quite small dimensions herself so experienced no difficulties, but later, when Lew Cody purchased the house, everyone wondered just how he managed, for at that time he was assuming somewhat wide proportions! Above the bedroom, Pauline built her own solarium so that she could indulge in her favorite pastime of basking in the warm, soothing caresses of the sun. This solarium was approached by a small staircase leading from her bedroom. The staircase could be pulled up after mounting, so as to insure absolute privacy and freedom from interruption from those in the house. She discovered, however, that in order to gain complete privacy it was necessary to cut off interruptions not only from those below but also from those above. Just as she was enjoying herself to the full, getting a beautiful coat of California tan and clothed just as Mother Nature made her, some airplanes flew over at a rather low altitude. The pilots evidently were not blind either, for they came back again a few minutes later, but this time they were disappointed — the sun bather had flown!

Pauline and her friends had some of the most memorable beach parties at this house. Laura La Plante and Lois Wilson were her nearest neighbors, and large groups of friends frequently drove in from nearby Hollywood. Those friends

who came down on the off-chance of finding her in, always knew whether or not she was receiving guests, for she had a signal. When she was at home to friends, the beacon on the top of " Strandlight," as she called the house, shone landward; when she was away or wished to be alone, the beacon shone out to sea.

Chapter Eight

Madame X

THE NEXT picture which Pauline made under the Goldwyn banner was a mystery drama called " The Paliser Case," and the reviews upon it showed that she was continuing the reputation which she had made with the Famous Players Film Company. To wit:

> " Pauline Frederick, listed among the most distinguished of screen artists, gives a performance remarkable in its reality and picturesqueness. Sensitive, vital and magnetic, this Goldwyn star fulfills every requirement of the rôle."

Other successful films followed, including " The Loves of Letty " by the celebrated English dramatist, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, and then " The Woman in Room 13." In making the latter film she formed a lasting friendship with that distinguished director, Frank Lloyd, whose star seems never to grow dimmer. " The Woman in Room 13," a domestic drama involving the eternal triangle, gave her an opportunity to do some good acting and was very well received. But it was in the next picture under Frank Lloyd's direction that she made her greatest of all successes and wrote her name indelibly on the scroll of fame — " MADAME X." It was Frank Lloyd's direction of this melodrama which helped her to make it the finest performance of her career, for

" Madame X " was a story that could have been easily overplayed if it had not been handled by a competent director.

Alexandre Bisson's play, " Madame X," was not by any means one of the finest written but the part of " Jacqueline Floriot," or " Madame X," was such that it enhanced the reputation of anyone who played it. It called for the finest acting ability and gave the actress so many opportunities to display her talents. Pauline was not the first actress to play the part on the stage, but she was the first to portray it on the screen. The play was first produced on the stage in New York in September of 1909, when Dorothy Donnelly played the part. So successful was her portrayal that the attention of Sarah Bernhardt's manager was drawn to it. He persuaded Madame to include it in the repertoire of plays with which she was touring the States at that time. Madame Bernhardt, of course, played it in French, the language in which it was originally written, but it had to be translated and produced in another country before the playwright's own countrymen appreciated it. Lou Tellegen, as Madame's leading man, played the part of the son, Raymond Floriot. It was not until after her film version had made such a phenomenal success that Pauline played it on the stage. To the list of " Madame X's " must now be added the names of Ruth Chatterton and Gladys George, in a second silent version and a talking version.

There are several reasons why Pauline Frederick's name remained synonymous with " Madame X " despite the fact that several others have portrayed the rôle. First, of course, is the fact that as an emotional actress she was unsurpassed. Chiefly, however, was the fact that she never overlooked a very important point in the portrayal of the character of Jacqueline Floriot (" Madame X "). Here is a woman of high birth wrongly suspected of infidelity by her husband

and banished from her home. As the years go on, left without friends and money, she sinks into degradation. She becomes a drug addict, falls into the wrong company and kills the man who attempts to blackmail the husband who had cast her out. In the scenes where she is utterly degraded, Pauline did not forget that Jacqueline had originally been a lady of position and that even though circumstances had reduced her to such a low degree, she would still retain some of these marks of breeding. She would not behave like a woman who had never known anything better.

Another point in Pauline's favor was, as already mentioned before, that she cared enough about artistry to make herself up to look the part, even though it made her unattractive. To get the haggard, drawn look of " Madame X," she used practically no make-up at all, except deep shadows under the eyes and streaks of grey in her hair which she wore undressed.

" Madame X " was sheer melodrama and did not even have a happy ending to recommend it, for after all her unjust privations and the agony of a trial with her own son as her attorney, at the moment that she is reconciled with both husband and son, Jacqueline expires in the latter's arms. Audiences in those silent days were, of course, less exacting than today, as is witnessed by the recent reception of the revival of " Madame X " with Gladys George in the title rôle. In 1920, they ate up this " dramy " and when, towards the close of the play, Pauline's face expressed all the beauty of sublimation that sorrow and suffering had brought, the audiences wept with her. They were not afraid of their emotions then.

In their reviews, the critics surpassed themselves as they wrote:

> " So nearly does the Goldwyn screen version in its emotional intensity approach human experiences that the audience forgot art and forgot drama, in the face

> of absolute realism. Nothing more gripping, more heartbreaking, more poignant in its appeal has been shown in motion pictures for a long while. In the rôle of Jacqueline Floriot, Pauline Frederick has at last found a part important enough for her splendid abilities as an actress. Her performance places her in the front rank of motion picture actresses. With an unerring touch she plays upon the whole gamut of human emotions — in love, hate, despair and revenge — and through it all runs the piercing human note of mother love willing to sacrifice life itself for a son's happiness and honor. In this portrayal, Miss Frederick rises to the greatest heights of inspiration and her artistry is flawless."

On the opening night in New York, over fourteen thousand persons attended and on the West Coast the film shattered all attendance records. Every state in which it was shown received it with acclaim, and in all the countries abroad, the reception was the same. For weeks the favorite topic of conversation was " Madame X " and the woman who had portrayed the rôle so magnificently. Half a dozen years later Pauline repeated the triumph on the stage in America and in England and, by so doing, placed on record some of the most memorable years of her career.

While Pauline was making " Madame X," an announcement appeared in the newspapers and caused much controversy in the film world. It read:

> " One of the best known Goldwyn stars, Pauline Frederick, has severed her connection with that corporation and has signed up with another."

Just which other company she had contracted with was unknown for some weeks, and among those interested there was much discussion. Eventually, the matter was made public

and it was revealed that she would make films under the Robertson and Cole banner in the future. As yet, " Madame X " had not appeared to create such a sensation. To her, then, it was just another film which she had made and there was no reason why she should not accept the exceptional offer of Robertson and Cole when her Goldwyn contract expired. The new arrangement not only gave her a greatly increased salary, making her the highest paid star in the industry, but her contract also gave her the right to select her own stories, her own directors, cameramen and the cast supporting her. Never yet had an actress received such a contract. Also, Robertson and Cole built a new studio for her, with the most luxurious quarters yet seen, and in addition, she was the first to have a portable dressing room that could be drawn to any part of the lot. Robertson and Cole were one of the newer companies in the industry, and they had under contract names which meant a great deal in those silent days, some of whom still continue to hold their place among the famous. Among these last, the name of Zasu Pitts stands out, for the waving hands and dumbly surprised expressions of that inimitable actress have continued to appeal to the public for many years. Others under the Robertson and Cole banner were Lew Cody, now passed away into memory; Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese boy whose career the talkies changed; Marjorie Rambeau, who was the second Mrs. Willard Mack; Georges Carpentier; and others.

Pauline was now sitting on top of the world surrounded by every luxury, a beautiful home, financial independence and with fame and beauty at her feet. She made one more picture for the Goldwyn Company, also under Frank Lloyd's direction — " The Road of Destiny." It was an adaptation from Channing Pollock's stage play taken from O. Henry's book. In it she played four different types of women —

ranging from a society woman to a gambler's assistant in a western dance hall. The story, however, was so far fetched that, despite good acting, it failed in its appeal and so " Road of Destiny " passed into the realm of forgotten films. Coming as it did, immediately upon the success of " Madame X," made its task of success more difficult.

The first film which Pauline made for the Robertson and Cole Company was called " A Slave of Vanity " — another Pinero story based upon his book " Iris." Unlimited money and time were spent in making this film outstanding in every way. The settings were on a most elaborate scale and the clothes were exceedingly expensive. It was a society story in an English setting, of a girl born in the leisure class and brought up in every luxury. This love of luxury brings her to the brink of ruin and the heroine fights for happiness in scenes of tremendous force. It called for fine acting and Pauline was happy in the part, as she could give full vent to her emotions and, according to the notices, " rose gloriously above her achievements in the past."

The first few pictures made under the Robertson and Cole banner kept up previous standards. Three of them — " The Mistress of Shenstone," a war story founded on Florence L. Barclay's book; " Salvage," in which she played a dual rôle and was supported by Milton Sills; and " The Sting of the Lash," with Clyde Fillmore in the male lead. These were made under the direction of Henry King, at that time just at the beginning of his career. Both he and Frank Lloyd were to come into Pauline's professional life again when moving pictures had been revolutionized by sound.

As one looks into this past of the " silents," nearly two decades ago, there is the feeling of ghosts walking. The percentage of players who have maintained their standing is, regrettably, only too small. Some names disappeared for a

while and then fought their way back. Others are, at the moment, making a sort of " Custer's last stand," in the hope of winning back recognition in the hardest and cruelest world there is. So many, however, have disappeared altogether, and of these, perhaps those who went on to the next world are the happiest. The film world so soon forgets and not many of those who were forced by circumstances to retire, were able to do so gracefully, content and in a position to enjoy the quota of fame meted out to them. While it lasted, it was a life of gilt and glitter but, alas, gilt so soon tarnishes and is not pretty in its dullness.

The hunt for good stories for the leading stars is one of the greatest problems of Hollywood today. In 1914 there was not this difficulty for the industry was young and had the wide world to select from. Ten years later the field had narrowed down considerably and to find good stories was beginning to be a trying matter. A succession of bad films can do a great deal of harm to a career. For the past eight years the public had seen Pauline in films of the highest standards. Then came the period when she appeared in films of poor quality. Yet Robertson and Cole had the first pick of the best stories. Some of the fault undoubtedly lay in the fact that under her new contract, Pauline had the right to select her own stories. It is a strange but, nevertheless, well-established fact, that few actors or actresses are really qualified to choose their own acting vehicles. They think they are and usually claim this prerogative. Somehow their vision is too narrow and they are unable to see the thing as a whole. It is one of those insoluble questions as to who really knows best. So it was that the stories now selected for Pauline's films were, for the most part, unconvincing, and while people flocked to see them because of the reputation she had built up, the films did not live. Here and there she would be fortunate

in getting a story up to the old standards. Two such were " Lure of Jade " and " The Glory of Clementina." Some of the success of these two pictures was due to the exquisite costuming. As already mentioned, Pauline's contract gave her the right to choose everything in connection with her pictures. When it came to the choice of clothes that she would wear in her films, her selection could not be bettered, for her taste was faultless. Also, her insistence that all details be correct was another point in her favor. At this time she discovered a young man — Walter Bruce — who had a great flair for costume designing, and so intrigued was she with the sketches that he showed her, that she at once took him down to the Robertson and Cole studio and insisted that they place him under contract to design all her dresses. It was he who was thus responsible for the costuming of " Lure of Jade " and " The Glory of Clementina," and they proved that Pauline's judgment had not been wrong. From this start which Pauline gave him, Walter Bruce became one of the best known designers for the stage and screen. He was responsible for more than twenty-five New York productions, including " Shanghai Gesture " and other successes. Nor has his star yet set.

" The Glory of Clementina " was the better film, being based upon William J. Locke's book. In this film another well known woman made her film début — Louise Dresser. For many years Louise had been famous as a musical comedy star and was one of the most successful actresses on the stage. It was Pauline who persuaded her to go into films and her début in " The Glory of Clementina " led her to many fine successes in the moving picture world. Who will ever forget Louise Dresser's magnificent acting in " The Goose Woman "? It was one of the masterpieces of the silent days.

Louise Dresser remained one of Pauline's closest and most cherished friends for the remainder of her life.

But this good film was followed by several others that were poor in quality. Whereas Pauline had hitherto made several fine films each year, now she only made about one a year, for she turned down story after story. Was her less frequent appearance on the screen due to lack of box-office appeal? Had her ability to act lessened and, if so, why? Her fans clamored to know, and so loud and so persistent did this clamor become that an answer to the question was sought. The number of inquiries for more pictures starring Pauline Frederick was proof in itself that she had not, by any means, lost her appeal to the public. To find an answer to the question, one of the best known film magazines sent one of its writers to interview Pauline. The answer was contained in an article which that able writer, Adela Rogers St. Johns, wrote for the Photoplay Magazine. It speaks for itself:

> " Pauline Frederick's fame was not founded upon mere beauty, nor upon a dazzling personality, though she had both. Public and critics considered her one of the finest actresses the silver sheet had ever known, many considered her the finest. Some of the pictures Pauline Frederick made, directed by Robert Vignola, have never been topped by anybody."
>
> " From tremendous popularity and acclaim on the stage, she brought with her into pictures a breadth of training, a poised and distinguished manner, a warm love of acting, that no one else has ever given us. Then, suddenly, at the very height of her success, in the very prime of her beauty and genius, she slipped into a series of unworthy and inadequate pictures and has practically disappeared from the screen.

" The fans still clamor for her. In no way do they forget her. What happened to Pauline Frederick? So many people asked me that question that I decided to go and ask Pauline herself. You can always ask Pauline anything. She is a straight-shooter. And she is too big a woman for any petty vanities. You don't have to fret and worry about what you say for fear it might be wrong and hurt her feelings. She is so *real.* She is so *natural.* No posing, no affectation, no languid boredom about her. She sparkles with life. She glows with enthusiasm. Her voice is rich, vibrant, entrancing. And she has the nicest handshake of any woman I have ever known — strong, firm, cordial, sweet.

" We sat in a long, lovely sun porch and when I told her what I had come to ask her and why, she looked at me a long, long time in silence and her eyes filled up with tears.

" ' It goes right to the old heart, that does,' she said. And she sat thinking. Then she threw out her hands, palms up.

" ' I don't know how it all happened,' she said. ' Life is like that. The smallest things turn your whole course one way or the other. Did you ever look at the switches on a railroad track? Only have to turn them half an inch and they swing a great, big train in another direction entirely. That's the way little things change your life and its purpose. Especially with a woman like me. We act on feeling, on impulse, on emotion. A human contract, a mood, having to wait for something — those are the little switches that turn the lives of women. That is why

women in my profession are often not good at business. I haven't been a good business woman. Of course, if you have a really great mission, a tremendous purpose, you can't be turned from it. But I never felt like that about motion pictures.'

" There we came to the first real reason for Pauline Frederick's desertion. Her deep, passionate, vital love for the stage. I don't think she herself has realized sometimes how powerful a force it is.

" ' You do love the stage best? ' I asked her and she admitted it.

" ' Oh yes,' she said, ' I love the stage much the best. You see it was my first love and a woman always has a secret tenderness for her first love, doesn't she? I like acting on the stage better than before the camera. I learned to act on the stage, under stage conditions, with my voice as a great asset and with audiences and footlights. Yes, I must admit I like it best. But — there's another thing about the difference between stage and screen acting, another more powerful thing even than my love of the stage.'

" And that brought us squarely to the second thing. Pauline Frederick's unconquerable idealism about her work. Her artistic conscience is still intact after much battering. Her unshakable determination to do what is worthy, to give only her best, has kept her an idealist in a commercial age and profession. Some people call that being a darn fool — others call it being a great artist.

" Pauline Frederick has had bad luck. She has had some terribly unfortunate breaks in her picture experience. That comes, as she says, from not being a

good business woman. And in consequence, she is afraid of motion pictures. Her disappointments have hurt her.

" ' It isn't that they don't make great motion pictures,' she said, sitting on the very edge of her chair and leaning over to convince me. ' They do — but mostly they are by chance. Just let me tell you what happened to me the other night. I made a picture not long ago — I won't tell you its name. That wouldn't be fair. I made it because I loved the story. It had tremendous dramatic possibilities. It was sound, honest, big. The woman was a fine woman, a big part. I loved her. I understood her. I don't think I ever worked so hard in my life. I always work too hard. I don't mind telling you that I gave my very heart and soul to that picture. I used to crawl home at night, crawl into bed and sleep like a child.

" ' And the other night, I saw that picture. And I came home and cried for three hours. That's the difference between pictures and the stage, for a star. On the stage, you know what you're doing. You read the play. Any changes made at rehearsal are made in your presence, you sit in on them, talk them over. The opening night, you know just what the public will see — at least, you can give them your best.

" ' In pictures, it is entirely different. You do your work as well as you know how and then it leaves your hands. When you see it again — of course I may be all wrong. Perhaps the people who change it all around know better than I about pictures. But they don't know better than I about Pauline Frederick. For instance, when you've played a scene from a care-

ful beginning, when you've worked it up through the middle part and built to what you believe is a climax, then to go and find the beginning and the end cut off, rather hurts your feelings. Or to find the character of a society woman you were playing changed by titles to an adventuress from the Canadian wilds, makes your characterization a bit of a disappointment to you.'

" She gave me a gallant grin, without bitterness, without malice.

" ' What I'm trying to say is that there are too many angles to the motion picture business for a lone woman to combat. If I'd been a better picker, had a husband who was a big producer or a fine director, or even a good sound business man, who could look after my stories, my casts, my releases — I should feel safe. When I left Goldwyn some years ago, I ran into bad luck. I was influenced to do the wrong thing. I didn't see what it would lead to, didn't understand. But I found myself with no one to advise me, no one to give me the surrounding support that I needed. I am an actress — I'm not a director, not a story writer, not a salesman. And — well I just didn't do the right thing. And since I've never found the right stories in the companies where they wanted me to work, and I haven't found any companies that wanted to make the stories I wanted to do.

" ' That's why it touched me so when you told me that the fans really wanted me back on the screen. That love is the only thing about success that's worth while. And that's why if I can't make the kind of pictures they want — things like " Madame X " and

her equals I'd rather make nothing. I won't disappoint them. I can't seem now to make the pictures I want to and I won't make anything less.'

"So now you know what happened to Pauline Frederick — her love for the stage, a lot of bad breaks and her own idealism."

The appearance of this interview in "Photoplay" brought letters from all over the world, clamoring for more films with Pauline. The majority of the letters came from the United States, but a vast number were also received from England, Australia and Sweden.

It is the true answer to the question most often asked in relation to Pauline Frederick — why did she quit films?

There is yet another story in regard to Pauline's popularity as a film actress. This one came to light in the year 1935 — more than ten years after her most popular years on the screen. It is particularly interesting because it was brought to her notice by a perfect stranger who was so impressed by the incident that he had to write her, although he was not customarily a writer of "fan letters." Unfortunately, the letter itself has been mislaid so it cannot be quoted verbatim. It came from the president of a large corporation in the United States. He and his family were traveling around the world and in the course of their journey stopped at Madagascar. The arrival of the boat there was always an event to the natives and when they saw the well-groomed American girls coming down the gangplank, they jumped to the erroneous conclusion that they must be film stars, since the natives' chief knowledge of American girls was derived from the films. In their excitement, the natives began calling out the names of their favorite stars and the one most often called was that of "Pauline Frederick." Yet in this interval, there had been the advent of the talking pictures and many new

names had come to the forefront. But, apparently, Pauline had made an impression on these natives which they did not forget.

Thus it was that when Pauline's contract expired with Robertson and Cole, she did not renew it. She had earned a peak salary while with them, but that did not make up for poor pictures. She had made up her mind now to return again to the legitimate stage and began negotiations in this respect.

Chapter Nine

Third Marriage—Return to Stage

THREE YEARS had now elapsed since Pauline's divorce from Willard Mack. Although after their parting she had risen to her greatest heights with the Goldwyn Company and the making of " Madame X," the heartache over Mack had not lessened. She felt that, had she had his expert advice to rely upon, those inferior pictures would never have been made. In all probability she would never have left the Goldwyn Company — a step which she now regarded as one of the bad mistakes she had made.

On the surface, she had everything a woman could desire and was very happy, for Pauline never wore her heart on her sleeve. With those around her, she was gay and carefree and only the more discerning knew that she still suffered over Mack. More than ever, now that she felt herself slipping, did she long for someone on whom she could lean and turn to for advice. There was, also, something else gnawing at her vitals; something from which she could not escape and yet it was crushing her beneath its weight. This was the almost hypnotic influence of her mother. Mrs. Frederick had her in a grip that was strangling. At the beginning of her career this autocratic rule had been all right, but it had so developed in its intensity that Mumsy had to have a say in everything that Pauline did. Not for one moment was Pau-

line allowed a will of her own and though she fought against this stranglehold, eventually she had to give way under the force of that dominance. No one can live under a hypnotic condition of this kind without being visibly affected. It had taken away all her self-reliance. Had Mumsy's judgment been such that it helped Pauline in her career, then she could have asked for nothing more. But Mumsy's judgment was not; it was too narrow, for it was based on a social and financial standard that was not by any means the most beneficial. Pauline had a much broader outlook and liked to associate with people in all strata of life, yet this crushing influence of Mumsy had so affected her, that she had lost the courage to trust her own judgment in many things. It began to wear Pauline down to such a degree that sometimes, in order to escape it, she would do the craziest things. Thus it was that in 1922 she did the most foolish thing that she had ever done.

At this time, a man whom she had known many years before crossed her path. He was her second cousin, Doctor C. A. Rutherford. They had been near-neighbors in Boston when children, and Rutherford had always wanted her to marry him. He had now become a prominent physician in Seattle. He chose this moment to take a vacation and came to visit Pauline and her mother in California. At forty, Pauline had lost none of her magnetic charm. The doctor found it even more alluring than the fresh beauty of youth that had appealed to him years ago. He fell completely under the spell and she was quite fascinated by this striking, successful professional man. They went for long drives together so that she could show him the captivating scenery of the mountains and deserts. They went to the high spots of Hollywood and dined and danced, and she gave interesting parties for her guest. It was a new kind of life to the

doctor, one that he had not before known. He was dazzled by it and hypnotized by the glamor of the woman with him. Pauline knew that she could never hope to find again the satisfaction of a love such as Willard Mack had given her, but she hoped for a haven that would bring peace.

One week-end she and Rutherford, accompanied by Louise Dresser and her husband, Jack Gardner, went for a drive to Santa Ana. When they returned — Pauline had become Mrs. Rutherford. This was on February 4, 1922. She had acted upon an impulse, carried away by the glamor of the moment and the longing to fill that gap in her heart and to escape the stifling influence of her mother. She was her happiest, gayest and most alluring self and it would have been hard for any man to resist such an offering. Yet the ink was hardly dry on that third marriage certificate before she began to regret her impetuosity. The exciting, mad gaiety that had made up the days of his visit must now settle down into everyday life. Within a few days Pauline was to find that her husband did not understand her in the least. The emotions and the cravings of theatrical life were foreign to him. When she talked excitedly of her aims and ambitions, now that she was returning to the stage, he did not understand her language. Nevertheless, he at once gave up his surgical work to become her manager. Why a successful physician should imagine he could become a successful theatrical manager is one of those unanswerable questions. Pauline soon learned, with some bitterness, that instead of having acquired a husband upon whom she could lean, she had merely assumed another responsibility. Her husband enjoyed basking in the sunshine of her fame and instead of taking care of her interests and advising her upon safe investments, his management resulted in a large number of

increased bills. Less than four months later they had separated. She refused to discuss the matter beyond saying, " There was no misunderstanding between us. I think — incompatibility is what they call it." They remained apart for two years and then were divorced. It was one of those unpleasant experiences that leave a very bad taste in the mouth.

Troubles never come singly. The month that she separated from Rutherford also brought news of her father. He had died in September of that year. When his will was probated, the news that he had cut his daughter entirely out of his will was made public. This was no surprise to her as she had not really expected any inheritance. She had not seen her father for many years and she knew that he had never forgiven her for championing her mother against him, nor had he forgiven her for going on the stage, despite the success she had made of it. She had plenty of money of her own at this time, so it was no financial loss. But what she did resent was that he should have aired the matter in public by putting in his will this clause: " I give and devise to my daughter, Pauline Beatrice (known as Pauline Frederick) nothing, and I mention this omission to show that the same is intentional and not by mistake."

This vindictive clause would in itself have meant very little to her, except for the amount of controversy and conjecture which it aroused. She was now so well known that everything she did was news. Up to now, this particular part of her personal life had remained private. In fact, most people were under the impression that her father had been dead for years, for when she first went on the stage, an erroneous report had been circulated, derived from the imagination of some newspaper reporter, that her father was John R. Frederick, of Boston, and had died in 1901. There had been no

point in publicly contradicting this at the time, and so it had been allowed to remain.

It is, unfortunately, natural for the public to pounce upon a piece of scandal relating to a well known person, and after this clause in the will had been made known, life became insufferable for a time. Actually there was nothing to it, but those extraordinary rumors which masquerade as facts soon had all sorts of unpleasant reasons as to why Richard O. Libby had disinherited his daughter. In order to still these, there was only one thing to do — to air the whole matter publicly and to contest the will. The estate had been left to Mr. Libby's second wife, but as she had predeceased him, it now passed to nieces and nephews of this second wife. Early in 1923, the case came up at Norwich, Connecticut, and though Pauline lost the suit, as she had expected, it at least cleared the air and closed the mouths of the busybodies.

Pauline returned to the stage in March of 1923, under the direction of Al Woods. This was in accordance with a promise which she had made to him many years before. At the time she last appeared on the stage, in " Innocent," she was under a five-year contract to Mr. Woods. Her contract guaranteed her $400 a week for the first year, $500 a week for the second two years and $600 for the last year. Then came the film offer from Mr. Zukor at $1000 a week for a fifty-two week year. Pauline discussed the matter with Al Woods and he was willing to release her from her contract, but advised her to, " Tell Zukor that you want $2000 a week for the first year, $3000 a week for the second year and $4000 a week for the third year." " He'll never pay it," Pauline exclaimed, but after some argument agreed that it was worth trying. To her surprise, she got her terms from Mr. Zukor. Out of gratitude, she went at once and asked Al Woods what she could do for him in return. " After your contract

is over, give me a chance to put you in a play on the same terms as our former contract," he replied. " That's a bargain," Pauline agreed at once.

Nearly ten years had passed since this conversation and Pauline had earned weekly salaries that she had never dreamed of in 1913. But she had made a bargain and she was one who always kept her word. So one day in 1922 she walked into Al Woods' office in New York and told him she was ready to keep her promise. Al was astonished. He was, however, as good a sportsman as she and refused to hold her to her bargain. Again they argued. A promise was a promise and but for his good advice, she would never have started at that high figure. Finally they compromised and the new contract read — $1000 a week and 50 per cent of the profits. Her reputation in the past decade had increased so tremendously that between them that year, they made $200,000.

The play which Al Woods produced for Pauline was " The Guilty One," and once again Charlie Waldron played with her. It opened at the Selwyn, and although critics described it as " an ingenuous essay on wife training " and a rather weak play for her return, the reputation which she had made on the screen was such that they played every night to packed houses. The increased public which had come to know her so well through her films was now anxious to see her in person. The play, therefore, had a successful run in New York and then went on an extensive tour.

When the " Guilty One " closed, she returned once again to California to reconsider the question of making further films. She was now a free-lance player and hoped, thereby, to find some director who would display the same intuition in the selection of her pictures as she had experienced with Zukor and Goldwyn. The first of these which she made for the Vitagraph Company was called " Let No Man Put

Asunder," and Lou Tellegen played opposite her. Lou had also met with considerable success in the United States and had built himself a " Spanish Castle " on a hill in Hollywood. Perhaps the funniest story in connection with the making of this film, is one which Lou used to tell on himself. Though born in Holland, Lou had spent most of his life (that is, when he was still in one place for any length of time) in Paris and French had become his native tongue. When he learned to speak English in later years, it was only with a view to playing parts in plays and he knew very little of the grammar. He always spoke with an attractive French-English accent and would frequently inquire, " What does that mean? " Of course, in the Vitagraph film he did not have to speak for it was the silent version. But the title puzzled him. One day he came to Pauline and asked, " What is a *sunder?* " Pauline looked at him with a rather puzzled expression and asked him what he meant. " A sunder," he repeated, " the title of our film says ' Let no man put a sunder.' " Then Pauline realized what he meant and tried to explain that the word was " asunder " and not " sunder." Poor Lou had been puzzling for days as to what the man put!

This film was well received, but chiefly because the leading man and woman were very well liked. Pauline still felt that it was far below the old standard of her pictures. Then came an offer from the Universal Studios to do a picture called " Smouldering Fires." The story appealed to her and early in 1924 she began work on it. Clarence Brown directed it, and under his able guidance, she recaptured some of her old enthusiasm for the work. It was a story of a woman of forty in love with a young man, and the dramatic situations are created when he falls in love with the woman's younger sister. The part of the younger sister was played by Laura La Plante, that brilliant young actress who eventually went

to England for a full appreciation of her talents. At this time she was just twenty-years old and had been in films for about five years. The universal opinion was that " though Pauline lost her lover to the younger woman, she won her audience."

Encouraged by this picture, she next made one for Warner Brothers, and this was not only chosen as one of the best six pictures of the year but her performance in it was acclaimed as one of the six finest. This film was called " Three Women," written and directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The theme was much the same as that of " Smouldering Fires," except that in this case, the struggle over the same man was between mother and daughter. It lifted Pauline from the doldrums into which she had fallen, for the performance which she gave as the mother was one of the best she had ever given.

At the same time that she was finishing this film, she was rehearsing another play that was to have results which were quite unforeseen. The play was " Spring Cleaning," written by Frederick Lonsdale and already enjoying a successful run in New York. It was a comedy with rather a broad theme, since it centered around a small circle of people in London to whom conventional moral life was merely " oldfashioned." Some of those in the audiences found it shocking but most found it entertaining.

During rehearsals of this play an amusing incident occurred. It was in connection with Pauline's great love of dogs and, in particular, for that magnificent dog " Strongheart," who will always be remembered as one of the earliest of dog film stars. " Strongheart " and Pauline knew each other very well and were the very best of friends. At this time, " Strongheart " was in the keeping of Allen Boone (author of " Letters to Strongheart "), the man who had been Pauline's

manager during the time she was with Robertson and Cole. One day Allen came down to watch the rehearsals of " Spring Cleaning " and he had " Strongheart " with him. At the word of command, the well-trained dog lay down in the aisle, with his aristocratic nose stretched between his paws. But the moment that Pauline came on to the stage and he heard her voice, his ears pricked up, but beyond this he made no movement. The rehearsals progressed until they came to a part where Pauline was roughly handled by one of the cast and her voice was raised in defense. This was too much for " Strongheart." Believing that his friend was in difficulties, he jumped to his feet, and before Allen quite realized what was happening, the dog had bounded down the main floor of the theatre and was over the footlights in one leap. Allen was so taken by surprise that for a moment he was speechless. In another second there would have been an actor sprawling on the floor with a dog at his throat. In the nick of time Allen shouted a loud " Halt! " The well-trained dog heard the command and, planting his feet firmly, halted. The actors had scattered in all directions, all except Pauline, who, recognizing the dog, hurried over to where he stood quivering with excitement. She caressed him, and as soon as he realized she was all right, he lay down again quietly.

" Spring Cleaning " opened at the new Playhouse in Los Angeles and due to Pauline's enormous popularity there, had a record run. From there the play was taken to San Francisco. Of all towns in the United States in which Pauline played, San Francisco was always her favorite for the people there loved her in a way that was unequaled. Always they turned out in their hundreds to welcome her to their theatres, and the warmth of their reception made her play to the fullest extent of her ability. Therefore, when she opened at

the Curran Theatre on July 22, 1924, the San Francisco *Examiner* said:

> " The first glimpse of her at the opening of the play occasioned a prolonged demonstration. Most of the people in that vast audience knew her best as a motion picture actress. As her natural self on the stage she is even more beautiful than on the screen. Her voice carries an unforgettable charm and her costumes were exquisite. At the end of the performance the applause was loud and long."

It was not only the warm welcome that she received in San Francisco which made " Spring Cleaning " memorable in her career. It was the wide field which now opened up to her, for in the following years she went to Australia and London and there was accorded a reception that was beyond anything she could have imagined.

Chapter Ten

Australia

IT IS the unexpected in theatre life that makes it so thrilling and interesting. One night during the playing of "Spring Cleaning," there sat in the audience a man who watched the play and the acting very intently. He had sent his card back to Pauline telling her that he wished to see her about a very important matter at the close of the performance. He was E. J. Carroll, the well-known Australian impresario. At the end of the performance, he went to Pauline's dressing room and there they had a very serious talk. She had supper with him, and as they supped, he presented a very interesting proposition to her. He wished to take her and some of the company to Australia for a tour in the play that they were now doing. His offer was a very enticing one and Pauline was quite thrilled at the idea. Moreover, she had taken an immense liking to Mr. Carroll as a manager, and as it afterwards turned out, he was the one manager in all her career who really took care of her interests in every way. It was unfortunate that he died a few years later.

Days were now filled with exciting preparations for the trip, for in addition to "Spring Cleaning," Mr. Carroll had secured the rights of another play called "The Lady." The cast had to be picked and rehearsals sufficiently under way so that they could be completed during the voyage. Pauline

and the company sailed on the " Ventura " early in 1925 and landed in Sydney on March 24th of that year. The journey was not without incident. As they neared their destination, they struck the end of a typhoon and the force of it was so terrific that a woman was swept overboard. Every attempt was made to recover her but to no avail. One rather beautiful gesture was made in regard to this tragic incident. Two stowaways had been discovered on the ship, and immediately they heard of the accident, they volunteered to go over the side in an attempt to find the unfortunate woman. In such weather, this would only have meant the loss of three lives instead of one, and the officers of the " Ventura " declined the heroic offer of the stowaways though commending their conduct.

Apart from this, the journey was a very gay and pleasant one. Pauline submitted to an introduction to Father Neptune as they crossed the Equator, this being her first trip across. Her sportsmanship during this customary performance delighted everyone. This was particularly noticeable in view of the fact that there were other notables aboard who refused to submit to the procedure.

Pauline had never before appeared on the Australian stage and her reputation rested entirely upon her success as a film star. Mr. Carroll warned her to expect a rather demonstrative welcome, but even her greatest imaginings could not have visualized what awaited her when the " Ventura " docked at Oceanic Wharf, Sydney. Across the wharf was stretched a huge banner with the words:

AUSTRALIA WELCOMES PAULINE FREDERICK

The dock below was a seething mass of people, but then so are most docks when a large liner makes port. But this was something quite out of the ordinary and the crowds ex-

tended farther than the eye could see. Binoculars swept the line of passengers leaning over the rail, cameras clicked and people cheered. In breathless expectation they waited for Pauline to appear, and when she came down the gangway, she felt the full force of popular enthusiasm. "Women rushed to greet her as she landed. Notwithstanding the efforts of the police, the laneway was broken in the struggle and Miss Frederick, who had begun her journey to the motor-car with smiles and handshakes, found herself fighting to make her way through with the assistance of the police and some friends who accompanied her. The excitement continued all the way to the car."

This was her first experience of being mobbed and it was rather terrifying. The bouquet of flowers which had been presented to her was reduced to nothing, and when she finally scrambled into the car, though she was laughing, she was shaking from head to foot.

And that was not all. "Various organizations connected with the film industry had banded together a sort of triumphal procession made up of motor-cars bearing many-colored laurel wreaths on their radiators and banners either on their sides or on poles upheld by their occupants. With a tremendous sounding of sirens, these vehicles moved off and proceeded slowly along Pitt, Bathurst and George Streets to the Town Hall. People rushed to the edge of the footpath to see what it was all about. Shop assistants paused in their work and crowded to the upper windows. Miss Frederick smiled and waved her hand. Traffic was temporarily disorganized. It was the visit of the Prince of Wales over again, on a smaller scale."

When they arrived at the Town Hall she received a royal welcome from the Lord Mayor (Alderman Stokes) and the Lady Mayoress. Speeches of welcome were made and Mr.

Carroll replied on Pauline's behalf. Speech making was one thing that terrified Pauline beyond all else and it was literally impossible for her to make one. All she could say was, " I thank you, but that is all I can possibly say." She was so overcome at this unexpected ovation that it was all she could do not to break down. " Never in Sydney's history had an actress been so tumultuously welcomed," according to the Sydney *Morning Herald.*

After this, she was driven to the Australia Hotel and there found her suite massed with flowers from every cinema house in the city and from hundreds of admirers. At last she was able to catch her breath and to make an attempt to calm herself down. The warmth of this reception had exceeded her wildest dreams. It had left her limp and exhausted but terribly grateful. Among those who accompanied her on this trip, was Snowy Baker, the Australian sportsman, who had remained a close friend since the days of her famous rodeo party for the Los Angeles Hospital.

So often a favorite film star can be so disappointing when seen in real life, for the camera frequently creates a type of person who does not exist except in photography. Pauline was one who did not disappoint, and this contributed to the wild enthusiasm which her appearance in Australia created. She lived up to expectations, her beauty was real and she dressed to perfection.

After such a reception upon arrival, Pauline was prepared for anything on the night of her opening. The first week they played " Spring Cleaning " and then followed with " The Lady." The audience, made up largely of film devotees anxious to see their favorite in person, could hardly restrain their excitement as they waited for the curtain to go up. When it did, there was a moment or two of tense silence until Pauline appeared and then there was a long, continued

demonstration of cheering and other forms of applause. Several times she held up her hand and several times she began her lines, and only with difficulty was the excitement subdued so that the play could continue to the end. The demonstration at the final curtain was similar to that at the beginning. The audience went wild, standing on seats, waving hats and programs and shouting and yelling. Flowers, hats, programs, gloves, and anything else handy to throw, were showered on the stage. Besides these, gorgeous bouquets were handed over the footlights until half of the stage was taken up with them. Pauline bowed and laughed as she bent again and again to receive these floral tributes, assisted by the other members of the cast. It seemed as though the line of ushers presenting these flowers would never come to an end and Pauline's smiles and laughter turned to tears of gratitude. Never had she received such an ovation, not even in the days when her film career was at its height.

To get her to her hotel from the theatre each night required a special police escort who had its work cut out to keep the people from tearing the very clothes off her back. Nor was there much rest to be had between performances, for her presence was required at teas, bazaars, and every other kind of function. Many of these she would gladly have refused, but after such a welcome it seemed so ungrateful not to do her part.

The Sydney audiences liked the plays. As a matter of fact, they would have liked anything that she had chosen to appear in. She was a queen who could do no wrong. Simultaneously with her appearance on the Australian stage, her last picture, " Smouldering Fires," was being shown, and as this was one of the best that she had made in late years, it increased her reputation. Whatever she wore was immediately copied by the leading designers not only in Sydney but

in all the leading Australian cities. " Pauline Frederick hats," " Pauline Frederick gowns," gloves, shoes, bags, coats, everything, were on display in all the shop windows. She was besieged by interviewers wanting to know what she used to retain her beauty, how she kept her figure, etc., now that she was past forty. Everywhere hair styles were changed so as to copy hers. At this time she wore her hair without a parting, combed back off the face and cut at the back with " a combination of a shingle with the fluffy charms of the bob."

In Australia, as well as in England, there is a custom not found in the United States — that of " queueing " up for the less expensive seats. The main floor of the theatre is divided into two sections, the front portion being known as " the stalls " and the back portion as " the pit." How many rows are left for " the pit " depends entirely upon the sale of the more expensive " stalls." Originally the pit was merely a space reserved at the back where people crowded in and stood during the performance, but in the progress of modern times it has graduated from standing room to benches, and from benches to upholstered seats. The queues for the pit and gallery form an hour or more before the opening time on the day of the performance, and if the show is a popular one, people stand for hours in the hope of obtaining these more popular priced seats that cannot be reserved in advance. Some managements, when they see that the queues outside are more than enough to fill the allotted seats, will let the people inside about an hour before the performance so that they can take their places and sit down, particularly if the weather is bad. The length of the queues outside a theatre and the earlier the line begins to form, is an indication of the popularity of a show. Incidentally, those waiting in the queues are frequently entertained by a free vaudeville show

from itinerant actors who cannot get a job on the boards. One by one they appear and as soon as one has finished his show along comes another. The first to arrive sometimes gets a few coins in the bag he passes around, and if he should be good, the collection is oftentimes quite a good one. The performers are usually contortionists who come with their little piece of matting and then proceed to twist themselves into all kinds of gruesome shapes; or violinists and singers who can find no better public for their talents; or the inevitable mimic who will often give a very good imitation of the very star the " queuers " are waiting to see inside the theatre; and so on. Most of the streets where these queues form are quiet side streets, but sometimes they are in busy thoroughfares and then one has the added excitement of wondering whether the contortionist will be able to get himself untied before the next motor-car comes along and nearly runs him over!

Australia was Pauline's first introduction to this queueing system and she found it very interesting, particularly as sometimes the queues formed up outside her dressing room window and she could hear the chatter of those waiting to see her. And usually the queuers were unaware of whose window was above them, so she could hear many things about herself and their expectations. Pauline's sympathies in all things were always with the less fortunate, and it was to these people who thought it worth while to spend hours standing to see her play, that her heart went out in all its warmth.

Both " Spring Cleaning " and " The Lady " received an enthusiastic reception in Sydney. The run there concluded with a grand ball given by the officers of a portion of the United States Fleet which happened to be in Sydney Harbor at this time. By means of a handsomely engraved invitation, Pauline was invited to be the Guest of Honor at the ball,

accompanied by Mr. Carroll and other members of the cast. It was a brilliant occasion with all the gold-braided officers presenting such a colorful background. Pauline wore a silver gown that was dazzling in its simplicity and carried a large ostrich feather fan of a jade green shade. One of her hobbies was collecting these exquisite ostrich feather fans, and she had them in every beautiful shade. The most valuable part about them was the exquisite settings, many of which were pure ivory or tortoise shell and sometimes inlaid with precious stones.

The ball was a sumptuous occasion and Pauline a very popular guest of honor. In the midst of the ball, however, she surprised them all. She asked permission to go below and see the " gobs." She was one of those whom Kipling had in mind when he wrote, " If you can walk with Kings and never lose the common touch." So now she thought of those below deck, those who had done most of the work to make this occasion so brilliant and yet could not share in all the excitement. So down below she went and danced with the sailors. The natural simplicity of her nature soon overcame any awkwardness displayed at first by the boys. From the look on her face as she danced, she was having just as good a time down below as she had had upstairs.

There was a sequel to this party. On the last night that she played in Sydney, as she drove up to the stage entrance to prepare for the performance, she saw two of these American " gobs " near the entrance. One of them was very drunk and the other, not quite so inebriated, was trying to persuade him to come away. The intoxicated one, however, was obsessed with one idea — he would *not* go back to the ship until he had seen Pauline Frederick again! Not knowing quite what was going on but seeing two of her countrymen obviously in difficulties, she walked over to them and inquired

what was the trouble. The more sober one, recognizing her, saluted and stammered, " He's drunk." Before he could say more, the inebriated friend, too bleary to recognize Pauline, pushed against her and blubbered, " I won' go home. I wanna see Pauline Frederick." Pauline laughed and telling the now very sober one to wait, went to the box office and got two tickets. These she handed to the astonished sailor and told him to take his friend inside and let him " sleep it off." Fortunately, he did sleep and did not, as the management feared, make any kind of demonstration. Sleep did its work and some three hours later, the inebriated one wakened quite sober, having, however, missed the entire performance. Astonished to find where he was, he asked for an explanation and was told what had happened. As Pauline left the theatre, two repentant sailors waited for her and she received profuse thanks from the recently inebriated one. With a friendly admonition to " take more water next time," she sent them back to their ship and at least two American " gobs " remembered her with kindness.

From Sydney, Pauline went to Melbourne to fulfil an engagement there. Her reception paralleled that received in Sydney. At the Spencer Street Station thousands of people of all ages awaited her arrival. " So densely was the platform packed that the services of a large body of police were necessary to clear a way to the waiting motor-car, where the policemen took charge, riding on the running board to the Oriental Hotel."

They opened at the Theatre Royal in Melbourne on Saturday, April 11, in " Spring Cleaning." The ovations and demonstrations were a repetition of those during the run in Sydney. On her opening night she received one very beautiful floral tribute among the masses of flowers presented to her over the footlights. This was a ladder made entirely

of flowers surrounded by a laurel wreath. As Pauline looked at this tribute to her success, she was deeply touched and as she passed her hands over it in admiration, the tears coursed down her face.

To get from the theatre to her hotel was again an ordeal. On the opening night in Melbourne, " remarkable scenes were witnessed as she left the theatre at the conclusion of the play. Hundreds of people who were waiting pressed forward in all directions and it became necessary for the police to clear a passage for the actress. Eventually they had to pick her up and carry her to the waiting car." In order to avoid the exhaustion of these kindly but disturbing demonstrations, on matinee days she remained in the theatre between performances. She could rest in her dressing room and have her dinner sent in to her. These intervals twice a week were about her only opportunities to be alone and they became precious, for the exhaustion of the past weeks was beginning to tell upon her. The theatre management cooperated and kept everyone from disturbing her. An effort was made to keep it a secret that she remained in the theatre, but such a thing could not long remain unknown. Then one day the management, with the intention of being kind, found, to their cost, that they had made rather a grave error.

It happened to be a very rainy day and the crowd waiting outside for the evening performance was so dense that it was decided to let them come in and take their seats instead of remaining in the rain. Hardly had all the seats in the gallery been filled, however, when a group of Pauline's most ardent fans began a kind of chant: " We — want — Pauline, we — want — Pauline." Apparently they had learned that she remained in the theatre after a matinee and were making the most of this opportunity. Thinking that in a moment the

"MADAME X"

As "Queen Elizabeth"

noise would subside, the manager took no notice, but when the chant continued intermittently and was now taken up by all the people in the pit as well as in the gallery, it was obvious that something must be done. Coming before the curtain, the manager told them sternly that unless they remained quiet he would have to clear the theatre. To this he received the answer: " We — want — Pauline, we — want — Pauline." Again he tried, this time more persuasively, and pointed out to them that out of kindness he had let them come in and take their seats so that they would not have to remain in the rain and it wasn't fair that they should repay his kindness by making themselves a nuisance. The answer was a round of applause but then immediately it was followed with " We — want — Pauline, we — want — Pauline." Once more he tried. Miss Frederick was resting for the evening performance. Surely they would not want to disturb her and all this noise would certainly do so. Again the reply was the same: " We — want — Pauline, we — want — Pauline."

In despair, the manager left the stage to confer with his confreres as to what should be done. He met Pauline standing outside her dressing room which was just off the stage. She had heard all the noise and what they were saying. The manager apologized to her very profusely, looking most terribly embarrassed. He would have the theatre cleared immediately he told her; such a thing would never happen again. But to his surprise she merely laughed. " Don't turn them out," she said. " Do you think if I go out front, just for a moment, they will be quiet? " The manager said that he thought they would. His expression was one of the utmost relief for he had expected her to be angry. So the curtain was gradually raised and Pauline, dressed in a negligée, walked on to the stage. Immediately they clapped and whistled and

yelled. She bowed and bowed to them, and threw kisses, bowed again and again and held out her arms as though she would envelope them all. Then they roared, "Speech, speech," and she held up her hand to silence them. Stepping to the front of the stage she said: "You are dears. Now will you be quiet and let me go and finish my dinner?"

They were satisfied now. Pauline stepped back again and the curtain was lowered. The hand clapping continued for a while but gradually subsided, and from then until the performance they were all as well behaved as Sundayschool children.

The group of fans who had led this tumult were six girls who named themselves her "Pie Crust Six." They had formed what amounts to a fan club and called themselves by this unusual name because one of their favorite films was one in which Pauline was seen making pie crust. They came to see the play over and over again, always viewing it from the gallery, and every time Pauline would receive some gift indicating that they were there. She became intensely curious to know who they were and had the management endeavor to locate them. This the management did and the six girls were invited to come back to the dressing room after the performance. They were terribly excited and a little timid when the moment arrived, but Pauline's warm greeting soon overcame this and in a few moments they were all chattering like magpies. Before Pauline left Melbourne this "Pie Crust Six" presented her with a boomerang on which was a silver plate bearing the inscription, "To Pauline Frederick from her Pie Crust Six." The boomerang symbolized the fact that they hoped she, too, would bound back to Australia. It remained always among her most cherished possessions.

Melbourne audiences are always conservative in their taste

for plays and " The Lady " which the company played after " Spring Cleaning " rather shocked, the critics at least. According to the Melbourne *Argus:* " Personal success for Miss Pauline Frederick and her company at the Theatre Royal could not disguise the fact that the drama in which they appeared was crude and sordid and that parts of it were unfit for presentation. No artistic purpose is served in this introduction to gutter life and considered as entertainment it is disgusting. If any are attracted by such a scene many others are repelled. The play was certainly well acted. Miss Frederick showed striking ability in all the dramatic scenes and dealt expertly with the quieter episodes. Her work did much to improve a too wordy part. It said a great deal for Miss Frederick's skill that she could make such scenes acceptable."

Even though " The Lady " was not a particularly pleasant play, this was not a case of " the play's the thing." As in the case of the audiences in Sydney, the people had not come to see a play, they had come to see a person, and so despite the scathing criticisms upon the plays themselves, the house was packed every night. Yet again, what Pauline wore was a matter of prime importance to the people of Melbourne and the *Argus* describes her costumes at length:

> " Pauline Frederick came with the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women on the screen and her first appearance justified her title. She is slender and has extraordinary vivacity of expression. Her frocks were well calculated to enhance her charm and also to appeal irresistibly to the women of her audience. Her first negligée in the play is practically a ball gown and presents a lovely color scheme of dull marrow yellow veiled with azalea rose georgette and burnished gold lace. The inner robe is fashioned of superimposed layers of pleated and plain georgette

finished in front by a graceful sash drapery falling Egyptian fashion from the waist to below the van-dyked hem. Over this is a mantle train of azalea rose georgette and gold lace sewn with rose flowers, which has simulated sleeves of rose color and a center panel of vivid Chinese green. This robe is exchanged for a slender dinner gown of chalk white georgette traced with lines and medallions of shimmering silver. Sleeveless and ankle length the straight line unbroken except by an inlet godet panel in the center front, which falls in rippling silver lines from a diamond waist clasp."

The visit to Australia touched Pauline so much and instead of making her conceited, all this homage made her feel so humble for she knew that it was very genuine. It seemed to make up for so many of the heartaches that fame had brought her. All her disappointments over poor pictures in recent years, seemed now to be compensated for. It had healed a wound and removed all bitterness from her heart so that she would not mind whatever might come in the future, for the memory of this Australian tour would always remain. It concluded as it had begun, with demonstrations that went right to her heart. She hated to leave those hospitable shores but with her went so many mementoes, for she had been showered with gifts. The journey home gave her a welcome and much needed rest which it is as well that she took, for there were further triumphs ahead.

Chapter Eleven

"Madame X" Again — London

UPON HER triumphal return from Australia, Pauline was again approached by several of the film companies to make further pictures. The first of these was for Goldwyn now merged into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. To entice her back to the screen they offered her her old director, Robert Vignola. It had been several years since they had worked together and both were happy to renew the old association. The picture was called " Married Flirts." Conrad Nagel starred with her in it. Into this film they introduced something that was rather unique. The story called for Pauline to give a large dinner party to a group of film stars, and instead of using " extras " as the dinner guests, many of the motion picture celebrities of the day were invited to appear. Thus, in addition to the stars of the play, the audiences had the added attraction of seeing Norma Shearer, Mae Murray, John Gilbert, May McAvoy and others in the film for this one scene. They formed a group of very high salaried " extras " and this innovation added much to the appeal of the picture. The film had originally been called " Mrs. Paramour " but was subsequently changed to " Married Flirts."

Other films followed this — " The Nest," for the Whitman Bennett Company; " Devil's Island," for the Chadwick

Picture Corporation; and " Josselyn's Wife," for the Tiffany Production Company.

At the same time Pauline continued her stage work. She was now approached by Louis O. Macloon with the idea of reviving " Madame X " on the stage. So far as she was personally concerned there was nothing that she would rather do, but would the audiences of 1926 enjoy a play that had first been produced on the stage seventeen years ago? It was melodrama with all the force which they had enjoyed in previous generations, but as the years had gone on audiences had become more exacting. This, however, was not Mr. Macloon's argument. Pauline as the " Madame X " of 1920 had not been forgotten — in fact the memory had very recently been revived by another version of the silent film made during Pauline's absence in Australia and starring Ruth Chatterton.

It was decided to try it out and see what kind of reception it would have. A cast was assembled in Los Angeles and the date of the opening set for December. The critics said just what had been expected: " What! That old dramy! " But the audiences apparently thought differently. They shed buckets of tears and at the close of the play on the first night in Los Angeles, Pauline was literally deluged with flowers. The matinees during the run of the play were packed to overflowing, all audiences coming well armed with good-sized handkerchiefs for the anticipated " weep-fest." It was one of those occasions when people left the theatre with glistening eyes and shining noses and murmured in faltering tones, " We've had such a good time," and then blew their noses violently! The critics said, " Everybody raved for days over Pauline Frederick's deeply affecting emotion and over the magnetic impression she made garbed in a clinging black gown in the trial scene. She was veritably a symbol

of mystic tragedy and her sobs were the most poignant ever heard in the theatre."

From Los Angeles they went to San Francisco. Again the critics were sceptical but curious. Would the critical audiences be interested in this revival? Were they? This is what they said the next day: "From the very outset the old timers knew their fears were baseless. And the youngsters began to learn at once just why they'd heard their elders say so often, 'Oh, but you should have seen Pauline Frederick as Madame X.'" The thunder of applause which she received at the final curtain swept even Pauline off her feet. Fresh from her triumphs in Australia and with those other triumphant years behind her, she was by now accustomed to prolonged applause when she did a good part, but it was something which never ceased to affect her. This San Francisco audience shouted, it hurrahed, and the gallery whistled until it was dry. *Thirty-one* curtain calls she took! And then she broke down and cried from sheer happiness and the whole audience cried with her! Who says that modern audiences aren't as emotional as their grandmothers? It was one of those moments that Pauline never forgot. She tried to speak to them but couldn't. All she could say — and that was in a little weak voice hardly more than a whisper — "I know I ought to say something but I simply can't. I — I — there's just no audience in the world like you."

Nor did her triumph end there — but before going into that, just a word about the cast supporting her, for among them was one who was then quite unknown but who today, if he appeared in person on a San Francisco stage, would himself be mobbed. He played one of the lesser parts — that of Valmorin, the public prosecutor. His name was CLARK GABLE. At that time he was still several years away from Hollywood and stardom. And what a different looking man

he was from the immaculate screen lover of today! He was just a big " husky " from Ohio, wearing a tweed suit that somehow seemed to be almost yellow! But the same frankness and the same disarming smile were there. This boy from the Oklahoma oil fields had had a hard row to hoe, but with the fever of acting burning in his blood he had persevered. Not very long back he had changed his name from Billy Gable to Clark Gable. When he came to play in " Madame X " some of the sparkle in him was lacking for he had just been bitterly disillusioned. Before he boarded the train for the West Coast he and his wife, Josephine Dillon, came to the parting of the ways. They had somehow outgrown each other and life together had become impossible. He was a small boy who had been bitterly hurt — hurt the more intensely because it didn't seem to be his fault and it wasn't Josephine's. It was just one of those things that happen to people in life. He and Josephine had worked and struggled together and these things form a bond between people who are made of the right material. Josephine had been lovely and gracious, a few years older than he, and she had always been such a good sport when times were hard. Now though, it was inevitable that they should both go their separate ways. Pauline had a way of seeing beneath the outer surface of people and she sensed that something was troubling this boy in her company. She was forty-four, he was twenty-six. She had been married three times and had suffered; she was a famous star; he was a struggling actor. She summed up Gable and knew that he was not the kind of chap who would fall foolishly in love with her and make trouble for them both. She had had too much of that with young men, had been deeply hurt by the results, but instinctively she felt that Gable would not be foolish. Moreover,

she felt that he needed help, for the undisguised pain in his eyes troubled her.

One night she was having a little supper party in her apartment after the theatre and she invited Clark to join it. He was thrilled that she, in his eyes a star of very great magnitude, should ask him. At that little party he saw a different woman, one who was "just Polly" with her friends and was perfectly natural and untheatrical. After that they were often together when off duty from the theatre. To this woman of experience, he could pour out his heart over the disillusionment of his marriage. Pauline knew what that meant and could talk his language. More than that, she gave him understanding and some good sound advice upon the subject of the heart. They took long drives together and talked about life. Gable talked of his stage ambitions and there was no one better to whom he could have talked on this subject. Pauline was a gay, beautiful and understanding companion and if Clark fell in love with her it was as a friend, for he had never before met a woman to whom he could talk so freely. She taught him to rise above his failure as a husband and to look life bravely in the face. As she laughed her deep-throated laugh, he caught its infection and soon was joining in and forgetting his disillusionment. That innate dignity and charm; that unspoiled sophistication in her; that ability to enjoy the quiet peace of a simple fireside as well as the glitter of the bright lights; that undeniable *joie de vivre* that she never lost — these things appealed to him and taught him many lessons. Though, now in the tumult of success, he may have forgotten how he felt when he played in "Madame X," he will remember that at the moment when life had hit him hard, he found sympathy and understanding in the woman who was the star of the play when he was an

unknown. Some years after the San Francisco episode, the paths of Pauline and Clark crossed again in New York. By that time he had made his name in Hollywood. He called to see her at the New York hotel where she was staying. The " husky " from Oklahoma was hardly recognizable beneath the immaculately tailored clothes that Hollywood had taught him how to wear. Everything about him looked different though his ears still stuck out from his head and there was the same sensitive twitch of his mouth. At first when he entered Pauline's suite he obviously was saying to her, though not in words, " Look at me now. I am a success. See how I have progressed with the years." Pauline had met so many people that she at once recognized this attitude and did not blame him. Anyone likes to be proud that he has gone up the ladder. She asked him to sit down and they talked, but it was not until she said to him naïvely, " Remember the l'il ole yellow suit, Clark? " that he relaxed and became himself. That irresistible grin crossed his face and as it broadened Pauline laughed, and soon they were both laughing — laughing at all the things that had happened to each of them. Both were innately natural people whom success could never spoil.

The production of " Madame X " on the West Coast was a tryout for larger fields that Mr. Carroll, still Pauline's manager, had in mind. He wanted to take her to London in it. She had never appeared there in person but had always longed to. Now that ambition was to be realized and early in the new year of 1927 she crossed the Atlantic. Her reception when she landed was less grandiose than in Australia but there was nothing lacking in its cordiality.

She stayed at the Savoy Hotel in the Strand, but a stone's throw from the Lyceum Theatre, that grand old house of

drama but recently razed, where " Madame X " was to be presented. On the night before her opening as she left from the dress rehearsal, she saw lines of people formed outside the entrances marked " Gallery " and " Pit." She had become accustomed to this " queueing " system while in Australia but was astonished to see the people standing at an hour that was approaching midnight. She inquired the meaning of it.

" For your opening tomorrow," she was told.

" Tomorrow! " she exclaimed. " But surely they are not going to wait in line *all night!* "

" Of course, they always do for a popular opening," she was told casually.

" But — that's terrible! " she cried, and was so visibly affected that these dear people should endure all the cold of a March night just to see her perform, that at first friends thought she was going to break down. They tried to change the conversation to something else but when Pauline had something on her mind it stayed there until she was ready to release it.

" Can't I send them over coffee and doughnuts? " she pleaded, but the idea was strongly vetoed. " Well then, tea and biscuits — or whatever they eat here," she pleaded again, thinking that perhaps the American love of coffee would not be appreciated. (Nor would the doughnuts!) Again the idea was firmly vetoed. Pauline was strongly tempted to take the law into her own hands and send over some sort of refreshment and only a fear that perhaps the English reserve would not understand, deterred her.

She retired to bed so as to be ready for the ordeal of her first opening night in London, but as she snuggled under the warm covers she could not help thinking of those long lines of people waiting in the cold. She determined that tomorrow

night she would give the best performance she had ever done as a reward to those beloved " queuers " for their tedious vigil.

That opening night at the Lyceum Theatre in London on March 2, 1927, was an exciting occasion. Pauline's dressing room looked like an overstocked florist's shop, and this was a matter of much greater significance in London for the people there do not have the delightful American habit of sending flowers on the slightest pretext. Even to the most experienced actor or actress, an opening night is always accompanied by a bad attack of the jitters. This is something which few, if any, ever get over, no matter how long their experience. The atmosphere in the Lyceum that night was tense, not only back stage but out front as well as outside the theatre itself. Not all in those long waiting queues were able to get seats and the back of the pit and the gallery were crowded with standees. When the curtain went up, the air was pregnant with expectation to see the woman who was so familiar on the screen to most everybody but had never actually been seen in person in this city. The moment Pauline appeared she received such a tremendous ovation that for several minutes the play could not proceed. At first, she merely stood waiting for the applause to subside so that she could speak her lines. When it did not subside, she held up her hand, but that had no effect; so for a brief moment she stepped out of the character of Jacqueline Floriot and made a deep bow to the audience. This bow of Pauline's had become one of her best loved characteristics. It was not just a jerk at the knees or a bob of the head but a deep bow from the waist in generous acknowledgment of the audience's homage. When she first bowed in this manner her dignified mother had expressed much disapproval, preferring the orthodox curtsey of the dancing school or court type. Mumsy

sat in a box that night looking as distinguished as a queen. She did not even then approve the bow, feeling that in London where there was a Royal Court of much importance, the bow should have been courtly. But Pauline disagreed. "If they are going to express their approval of my acting by generous applause, then I am going to give them a generous bow in acknowledgment," she persisted, and continued to make her deep obeisance.

The deep emotions which the story of "Madame X" required took a great deal out of the actress and at the end of each performance Pauline was practically exhausted. On this momentous night there was no chance of relaxing when the curtain came down. In the first place, at the finish of the play there were no less than twenty-eight curtain calls and the stage was literally strewn with flowers thrown over the footlights by an enthusiastic audience. The usually phlegmatic critic of the *Observer* remarked that: "It looked as though the neighboring Covent Garden had been raided and completely divested of every flower in the market. Never have I seen such an exhibition of hysteria as greeted the American actress at the Lyceum Theatre on Wednesday night."

Back in her dressing room there were photographers and reporters and hundreds of others clamoring for a word with her. Nor did the excitement end there. When Pauline emerged from the stage entrance there was such a throng waiting that a special police cordon had to be formed. The tawdry clothes and make-up of Jacqueline Floriot now discarded, she made a pleasing contrast as she appeared in a simple evening dress and cloak. This was what the crowds had waited for — all anxious to see what the film star looked like out of character. Mrs. Frederick stood behind her and as word was passed from one to another that this stately lady

was her mother, Mumsy came in for her share of the laurels, and nothing ever pleased Mumsy more than that. Pauline was rather overcome at the enormous crowds waiting for her. Her arms were full of flowers and some of these she threw to the crowds. Autograph books were thrust at her from all sides and she scribbled her name as fast as she could. In its excitement the throng pressed in upon her despite the efforts of the good-natured policemen. At last it became impossible, and only with difficulty could the police extricate her from the throng and bundle her and her mother into the waiting car. It was all most terribly exciting and very exhausting.

Though the reviews the next day were unenthusiastic about the play, damning it with faint praise as " too melodramatic," they all agreed that as a matter of personal triumph the evening was exceptional. It was the same thing that she had met in Australia. The majority of the people in that large theatre had not come to see a play, they had come to see a person. It probably would not have mattered very much what play had been chosen so long as she acted it well, for despite the competition of the films with the legitimate theatre, the public will always be curious to see how film stars look " in the flesh," if only to see whether the camera lies or how much make-up disguises. Of course, the fact that Pauline appeared in the stage version of her greatest film success, added to her triumph. All of the company doing " Madame X " was English except Pauline, her leading man being Ian Fleming. Pauline was a little dubious at first as to how the company would accept her, the only American in their midst. The early lessons in teamwork which she had learned back in the chorus days, now stood her in good stead. Since stardom had come to her, she had always made a point of being on the very best of terms with her fellow actors, believing

that a much better performance can be given when all are "like one happy family." With her, there was never that aloofness that is common with many stage stars who require that even the members of the company shall make an appointment before they venture to pass beneath the portal marked with a star. Pauline's dressing room door invariably stood open, and as the members of the cast arrived to get ready for the performance they usually poked their heads inside to greet her. To all of them she was just "Polly." So it was that within a very short time she was on the best of terms with the reserved English who were her fellow players in "Madame X."

The play continued at the Lyceum until May 7th and every night it played to packed houses. On no night were there less than fourteen curtain calls. The play so moved the audience that on more than one occasion their emotions were audible. The worst instance of this occurred one night when a woman in the top gallery was so overcome during the agonies of the trial scene that she became hysterical. On the stage the atmosphere was tense and quiet as Raymond Floriot, as "Madame X's" attorney, strove in vain to get her to reveal her identity. In the midst of this tense quietness came the most piercing shrieks from the hysterical lady in the gallery. Immediately the attention of the entire audience was directed towards the disturbance, and people began to murmur audibly so that the lines of the players could not be heard. To this was added the efforts of those who, with the very best of intentions, kept murmuring "Shush," and "Quiet." Ushers carried the screaming woman out, and as they proceeded with her down the stairs from the gallery to the upper circle and from the upper circle to the dress circle, until they reached the main floor, the screams became worse, until they were finally able to get her outside the

theatre where she could not be heard. Who knows, perhaps she herself was a "Madame X" in real life and had known some of the agonies being enacted upon the stage? History has a strange way of repeating itself.

For those few minutes which seem like hours to the players on the stage, it looked as though the final scene of the play would be ruined. They had had to stop saying their lines and the stage remained deadly silent while they all waited. Pauline was upset by the screams and for a fraction of a moment did not know what to do. Then she remembered that if you stare hard at a person something irresistible always makes them look at you. She happened to be at the front of the stage facing the audience and with all the force of her will power she focused her eyes steadily upon that audience. Not for one moment did her glance flinch. Gradually they became aware of that fixed glance and soon all eyes were directed upon the motionless figure at the front of the stage. The play was then able to proceed to its final curtain but when it dropped, Pauline fainted dead away; her nerves had snapped from the tension of drawing back that immense crowd.

On her closing night in London she received another great ovation. As she went on for the final act, Mr. Carroll told her to be sure to stand well back when the final curtain came down. She inquired why, but with an amused smile he told her just to do what she was told. "Yes, sir," she replied with a jerk of the head and a grin. As soon as the curtain went up again after the final scene had finished, Pauline remembered her instructions and stood well back. As she did so, not only were masses of flowers thrown at her but from every part of the house came masses of paper streamers, etc., until the Lyceum Theatre looked like Fifth Avenue after a Legion parade. Up and down went the curtain as Pauline and the

PAULINE AND DUDLEY DIGGES IN "MASQUE OF KINGS"

In "Ramona"

cast took their bows. Finally all went to their dressing rooms but the audience would not go home. They kept applauding and calling loudly for Pauline until in order to satisfy them, Mr. Carroll came to Pauline's dressing room and asked her to take one more bow. She had already removed her dress and was in a negligée. "Like this!" she exclaimed. "Just as you are," he urged. So once more Pauline stood before the footlights in the dressing gown which she wore off stage.

From London the company went on a tour of the Provinces and Scotland and Ireland. In Leeds, Pauline experienced something that was quite unique for her. The Theatre Royal was built in the days when they had boxes on the stage. It does not need a great deal of imagination to realize how an American girl would feel when she found herself being viewed at such close range through a pair of opera glasses! There was another rather disconcerting experience for her while in Leeds. She had been warned not to expect too much in the way of applause from the people in these Midland towns. Leeds has always had the reputation of being one of the hardest towns to play, for the people there, like those in Manchester, take their theatre very seriously and are supercritical when it comes to plays. Frequently managers try out plays in these towns for just this reason, for if *they* like a play it is almost certain to be a success in London. In the case of "Madame X" the procedure was, of course, reversed and, therefore, after the grand reception at the Lyceum it was apt to be disappointing. Pauline schooled herself not to expect very much but when the curtain came down on that opening night and there was not one single clap, it was almost too disconcerting! But that silence was only for a minute, though it seemed a year. Then there was a sound as though the roof had fallen in. The Leeds audience had so entered

into the intensity of the play that most of them were too busy wiping their eyes and blowing their noses to be able to spare a hand to clap! When they did, the applause was so startling after that pregnant moment of silence that the entire cast jumped. Moreover, the applause, so late in starting, continued through twenty-six curtain calls.

On her arrival in Dublin, Pauline found herself once more mobbed, for where can you find anyone more emotional than an Irishman! At the station a bevy of admirers had collected and presented her with a lovely bouquet of roses. Pauline smiled and waved her hand and signed autographs, good-naturedly allowing herself to be jostled here and there. To try and make her way through this seething mass of humanity to the waiting car looked almost impossible. Mr. Carroll took the roses from her so as to leave her as free as possible and he made a valiant attempt to clear a way for her. Struggling ahead of her through the crowd, he held the bouquet above his head in the hope of preventing the roses from being crushed. The next time Pauline looked in his direction, all she saw was this dignified impresario holding aloft a bunch of spikes! Every rose had been stripped from the supporting wires, and when finally they sank breathless into the car, he presented Pauline with something that more closely resembled the back of a hedgehog than a bouquet!

The tour of the British Isles lasted ten months and they played in more than sixteen towns. During her visit in England, she also made a film at Twickenham under the direction of Herbert Wilcox. Herbert Marshall was her leading man and the well known British actor, Nelson Keys, was in the cast. The film was called " Mumsie " and was her first and only British film. This film was Herbert Marshall's first appearance before a motion picture camera and he says he was terrified. To make one's début with an actress from an-

other country, and one with thirteen years film experience behind her, would have been an ordeal for anyone. The first time Herbert Marshall met her was on the set. Of this he says: "I shall never forget her kindliness and helpfulness to someone of whom she had almost certainly never heard but whose bewilderment and fright must have been apparent. She eased me through my first day's work and I loved her for it." Pauline left England almost immediately after that and they never met again until eleven years later when she was playing in Santa Barbara. In the interim, Herbert Marshall had become one of the finest and most-liked film actors and one for whom Pauline always retained the greatest regard.

Pauline never realized her cherished hope of returning to England to play there again. The British public, however, never forgot her, and at the time of her death negotiations were under way for a return engagement there. Undemonstrative and unemotional by nature, yet the English are far more loyal to their stage favorites than the people in America. Once they have taken an actor or actress to their hearts, they will loyally go to see them even though age may dim the star's magnitude and power of acting. There is none of that fading of interest when a star passes the age of fifty. To them there is no age limit. So long as they are able to act, the public in England will flock to see them. Perhaps they have learned to take their cue from the immortal Marie Tempest who, though past seventy, is still one of the most perfect of actresses and the crowds flock to do her homage whenever she appears. The incessant clamor for new faces does not exist to the same degree. For this reason, of course, it is harder for a new actor or actress to get a hold upon the public's interest, but once they do, they are assured of a loyalty that is unsurpassed.

A friend of Pauline's, visiting London ten years after she had appeared there in " Madame X," tells this story. She had a portrait of Pauline on her bureau. It was not signed " Pauline Frederick " and there was nothing on it to identify the picture. While the butler in the service flat where she was staying was serving lunch he asked if that was Pauline Frederick. The friend replied that it was but expressed surprise that he should have recognized it.

" I saw her in ' Madame X,' ma'am," he replied, " and have never forgotten it. Me and my pals often talk about her."

Yet that was ten years after her appearance in London.

Chapter Twelve

Talking Pictures—Fourth Marriage

UPON HER return from her London success, Pauline went back to California and almost immediately began rehearsals for "The Scarlet Woman," a play written by Zelda Sears and Reita Lambert. It opened in San Francisco in February of 1928 and toured across the continent, reaching New York in the Fall.

No doubt one of the chief reasons why Pauline chose this play was because of the important part that a baby plays in it. When casting began on the play, a call was sent out for a baby four months old. The result can well be imagined, even though in 1928 every mother did not have ambitions for her child to become a second Shirley Temple. Mothers of every kind, caste, creed, nationality and color appeared and Pauline had the amusing job of selecting the baby. Needless to say, she loved the task because of the great appeal which children had for her. If she had had time she probably would have played with each one of them! Finally her selection rested with a little mite of only three months named Mary Margaret Reid. She stayed with the cast until she was nine months old and had grown too big to be any longer disguised as an infant of four months.

It was, of course, necessary for Pauline and the baby to become accustomed to each other and for the next several

weeks Mrs. Reid, Pauline and the baby were inseparable companions. What joys those days were to Pauline and how that baby grew to love her! Before every performance Pauline was at the theatre one hour earlier than usual and, as soon as she had completed her make-up, would walk up and down, talking and singing to the baby. The little mite became the real star of the play and Pauline reveled in the thrill it gave the audience. From the moment she came on the stage with the bundle in her arms, the audience would begin to murmur, and when they found that it was a real baby in the blanket, there was great excitement. Immediately Mary Margaret heard the orchestra play before the opening curtain, she would begin to gurgle, and never once did she cry during the performance. Pauline taught her tricks and as soon as they made their appearance before the footlights, she would begin to make pat-a-cake with her tiny hands. The audience went wild. Then one day she cooed a lullaby to the baby and ever after that nothing would satisfy this exacting little actress except Pauline singing to her. When Pauline sat down on the divan on the stage she would jump the baby up and down and if at any time, through concentration on her lines, Pauline did not at once proceed to jiggle her knees, Mary Margaret would begin pushing her own tiny legs in an effort to jump up and down.

Mary Margaret became so accustomed to being "an actress" that every night when it came near time to go to the theatre she would begin to gurgle and fret to get there. One day she had a slight cold and Pauline told Mrs. Reid not to bring her to the drafty theatre for fear that it might lead to something more serious. For that one performance they would make use of a doll even though it disappointed the audience. When the time at which they usually went to the theatre approached, Mary Margaret began to be restless and

when her mother didn't take her out, she tossed about and howled so desperately that her mother was afraid she would have convulsions. So Mrs. Reid bundled her up and went to the theatre. When Pauline saw her she was cross at first and remonstrated with the mother. Explanations followed, however, and Pauline realized that the baby's health would probably be better off if they gave way to that determined little will, than if they let her work herself into a fever by fretting. Pauline took the baby in her arms and sang to her and immediately she was all smiles and cooings.

" The Scarlet Woman " centered around a woman named Agatha Marley, who, after her long-sick father finally dies, goes to New York for a well-earned spree and returns with a baby which she has adopted from an orphanage. The gossips of the little town spread the story via the grapevine trail that the baby is really Agatha's own and she has the time of her life refusing to deny the gossip. When asked a number of searching questions by the dear ladies of the village she is aggravatingly noncommittal and when, in reply to a question as to the name of the father, she remarks casually, " I really haven't the remotest idea," the ladies of the sewing circle almost have convulsions. Henceforth Agatha Marley is labeled a " scarlet woman." During the scenes with the baby, most of the time it was not Pauline Frederick playing " Agatha Marley " but Pauline Frederick have the time of her life playing the part of a mother. Mary Margaret Reid was the real star of the play, " The Scarlet Woman."

The year 1928 ushered in the talking pictures and with the improvements made in this decade, it is difficult to realize how silent pictures could have been so enjoyable, with the lips of the players moving but making no sound and only subtitles to suggest the words. The advent of the " talkie " revolutionized the film world. Careers began to be shuffled

like packs of cards, for many stars, famous in the silent versions, had now to give up their careers because their voices did not record well or because they spoke with a foreign accent. Hollywood at once became " speech conscious " and actors and actresses flocked to teachers who could correct their speech. Since films reached both sides of the Atlantic, dialogue had to be such that their English cousins could understand it equally well. Hollywood was in a turmoil.

One of Pauline's greatest assets had always been her clear speaking voice and perfect diction. Negotiations with her to make talking pictures for Warner Brothers now began and she signed a contract with them to return to Hollywood at the conclusion of the run of " The Scarlet Woman."

She was now forty-five and it was necessary to select more mature rôles for her starring vehicles. The first two films which she made for Warner Brothers, " On Trial " and " Evidence," both had law courts as their theme. Since her success in " Madame X," trial scenes were considered her forte. " On Trial " was written by Elmer Rice and directed by Archie Mayo. With Pauline played Lois Wilson, Bert Lytell and Franklin Pangborn. She and Franklin had not played together since the days of " Joseph and His Brethren." During those intervening years they had both gone far and this renewal of their early association cemented the friendship which had begun in 1913. " On Trial " was Franklin's first " talkie " as well as being Pauline's first, and they enjoyed together this new experience of hearing their voices recorded. The dramatic critic of the Los Angeles Times wrote: " A star who was gone but never forgotten left Hollywood more in sorrow than anger and toured the world. Thanks to the ' talkies ' this beautiful woman — Pauline Frederick — is back on the screen. She made a triumphant return in ' On Trial.' "

In " Evidence " Pauline sang two songs — the first time her singing voice had been heard on the screen. One of these — called " Little Cavalier " — became a popular hit for some time. Since few people in 1929 knew that a quarter of a century ago she had begun her career in musical comedy, her singing was a surprise to all. Lowell Sherman and Conway Tearle were the men supporting her. In the cast of this picture was also another name 'way down in the list, that of a young actress who played the part of a " native girl " but attracted no particular attention at that time. She had a saucy little retroussé nose and was made up with dark skin and an oriental cast to her features, while her movements were somewhat sinuous. Her name — MYRNA LOY. How different then from the glamorous girl of today, with the wicked twinkle in her eye and the air of bonne camaraderie that projects right through the screen! Yes, it was a big jump from the native girl in " Evidence " to " Mrs. Thin Man."

Neither of these pictures was particularly good from the story point of view. Then too, sound still being in its infancy, the voices did not project so well, and instead of the fine vibrancy with which Pauline spoke on the stage, her voice seemed to have a sepulchral tone. But sound was improving every week and by the time she made her next picture for Warner's, the voice recording had been perfected so that the criticisms read: " Miss Frederick's voice is as lifelike as it is when heard on the stage and her acting is a joy to contemplate." This next picture was " The Sacred Flame," an adaptation from W. Somerset Maugham's play. It was directed by Archie Mayo, and Conrad Nagel and Lila Lee played with her. It was the story of a young aviator crippled for life on his wedding day and Pauline played the part of his mother.

Without a doubt, one of the best talking pictures which Pauline made was that in which she took the part of Joan Crawford's mother — " The Modern Age " — made for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Beneath this lies the story of " way back when " and is one of those odd twists and turns which are so prevalent in the theatrical world. In the days when Pauline was at the top of the ladder, Joan was just beginning to attract attention as a " jazz baby " type. Pauline had always been one of Joan's idols. In fact, strange though it must now seem to Joan with her own daily batch of letters, she had once written Pauline a fan letter. This was long before she came to filmdom and took the name of Joan Crawford. The letter was signed by her real name and read:

" Kansas City, Mo.
January 3, 1917

Dear Miss Frederick:

You are my favorite of all actresses. I think that you are wonderful.

Will you please, please send me a picture of yourself.

Lovingly,
(Signed) LUCILE LE SUEUR "

Pauline and Joan first met when the former was playing at a Los Angeles theatre. A mutual friend brought Joan to the star's dressing room. With her large eyes larger than ever, Joan regarded Pauline with awe but relaxed after they had talked for a few minutes and Pauline's natural simplicity had put her at her ease. From that day on, Joan always had one ambition — to be able to act like Pauline Frederick and also the hope that one day she would act with her. " Miss Frederick has been my guiding star and throughout my career she has been my idol. Her great artistry has always inspired me," Joan went on record as saying.

Then came the day when directors were searching for a woman enough like Joan to play her mother. Attention was called to her extraordinary resemblance to Pauline Frederick and immediately Pauline was called in by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Photographs were taken, profile to profile, and there was no denying that there could be no better choice for mother and daughter. The tables had, however, turned somewhat. Joan Crawford was one of the new and rising stars now. Just one of those funny little quirks — Joan was the star of the picture and Pauline, her idol, was billed next. For a brief span Joan had rather resented being labeled " a second Pauline Frederick " — a " first Joan Crawford " was good enough for her as her reputation grew. But there is no finer trouper than Joan Crawford and soon this temporary resentment faded, and by the time they were playing together in " The Modern Age " her old admiration for her idol had returned twofold.

In commenting upon the likeness between Joan and Pauline and in making the obvious comparisons between their work and experience, a critic very aptly summed up Pauline Frederick in these words: " She is the most all-round attractive woman of this generation. Her clean-cut beauty; her fine mentality; her rare sense of humor; the bigness and sweetness of her nature, combined to give her a depth of charm not often found in one woman. Add to that a dramatic talent of a high order and it isn't hard to understand why Pauline topped her field for years. In short — she has everything."

Because Pauline had been so lavishly endowed and had had everything that life could offer, the waning years had few regrets for her. She had earned and enjoyed her fame and she was not greedy. She could now afford to be generous to those who were coming up and she was willing to

stand back and let them have the limelight. In the opinion of some, freshness and youth might prove eclipsing, but to others there is as much, if not more, beauty in maturity and experience.

On the set of "The Modern Age" the situation was almost amusing at times. Pauline holding back because, after all, Joan was the star of the picture and had prior rights; Joan holding back because of Pauline's greater experience and her admiration for the work Pauline had done in the past. As mother and daughter they were ideal, for honest-to-goodness admiration existed between them. Pauline enjoyed making that picture more than any she had done for a long while. Again the mother instinct could be given full play and she had a daughter of her own for a while. Whenever in after years Joan's name was mentioned, Pauline's face would soften as she said: "If they will give the child a chance she'll do big things. That girl's a fighter." *If* they will give her a chance — how much there is in those words! Will she get it or is she going to be one of those whose careers have been ruined by poor vehicles? Joan, in turn, was always equally enthusiastic about Pauline. When asked about her she would reply: "Pauline Frederick? I adore her! Her sincerity and her tremendous magnetic power sweep me into dumb admiration." No wonder then that "The Modern Age" was a triumph for both of them and was rated among the best pictures and performances of the month.

There is nothing new in the statement that actors and actresses, whether of the screen or the stage, are usually unable to save money. The very life which they must necessarily live — to say nothing of the amount Uncle Sam deprives them of — leads them into all kinds of extravagances. Only those who happen to be blessed with exceptionally good business heads or are fortunate in having good advisers,

manage to invest their money in such a manner as to take care of the lean days. When she was earning a fortune each year Pauline made investments but, unfortunately, on unsound advice. She did not understand business at all, and she was generous to a fault, besides having an infinite capacity for trusting the wrong people. Whenever she married she turned over her financial affairs without restraint to her husband and he managed them for her — that is, managed to spend the money for her. Then when she wasn't placing infinite and ill-advised trust in some husband, it was a manager to whose schemes she listened, and this advice also was so poor as to lead her into bankruptcy a few years hence. Of course, people who take poor advice have no one to blame but themselves and there is no truer axiom than " a fool and his money are soon parted." Pauline's frank admission that she was a poor business woman laid her wide open to those who think nothing of playing fast and loose with other people's money. It is pathetic that such people cannot, once in a while, find some honest advice.

Thus, in 1929, most of her vast fortune had diminished, and what was left went, as did most everyone else's, in the calamities of that fatal year. This really did not worry Pauline very much, for with her abilities she quickly made money again. But it did worry her mother who, for all her loving qualities, was the world's best spender. She had never known what it was not to have a large income, and all during the heights of Pauline's career, Mumsy had lived like the queen she was. Town cars with sable rugs, several other cars, luxurious homes, a staff of servants, exquisite clothes and jewels — these were life to Mumsy and she knew not how to economize when fortunes diminished. Harassed by this atmosphere in her home life, Pauline now made the greatest of all the mistakes in her life. She married Hugh C. Leigh-

ton. He was a hotel man and President of the Interstate News Company. He was connected with the Beverly Hills Hotel and here it was that they had met. Pauline liked him but was not in the least in love with him and had refused his proposal of marriage. Unfortunately, there was the dominating influence of Mumsy to be reckoned with. She considered that a marriage with Leighton would be most beneficial to her daughter.

Mumsy worked with the very best of intentions, believing that her superior years made her a better judge than her daughter, whose choice of husbands had not hitherto been so successful. Dripping water will wear away a rock and Pauline was no rock. It was another instance when she found it impossible to stand up to her mother's domination. They argued and they fought over the matter but, finally, it was Mumsy who won the day. On April 19, 1930, Pauline and Leighton were married in New York City. Before doing this, however, she had told him that she was not in love with him and that he must take her on her own terms which were rather more those of friendship than of marriage. Of course, here Pauline showed the utmost foolishness for she must have known that no man could live with a creature as glamorous as she and not want to possess her in every sense of the word. So much that is unpleasant has been said about this marriage, and so many lies were broadcast at the time, that it needs some clarification. The whole thing was wrong from the start. Pauline left Leighton within a few months. He sued for an annulment in December of the same year on the grounds that he had been a husband in name only. Because of this statement in the papers, many people, for some inexplicable reason, jumped to all kinds of unpleasant conclusions and the wildest tales were circulated. There was nothing in Pauline's behavior at any

time in her life to suggest that she did not lead a normal life. There was one very important reason why she never became a wife to Hugh Leighton and it is contained in these words in the report of the case — " Leighton was suffering from a nervous ailment." The unpleasant matter is best left where it is with those words. She drained another bitter cup. She had faced four divorces and took her medicine. She had made two very bad and very foolish mistakes but at least there is this to be said: When things didn't go right with her marriages she walked out, but in all four instances she did not collect one penny in alimony.

Chapter Thirteen

Elizabeth

OF ALL the rôles which Pauline played, the one she loved the most was that of "Elizabeth of England." The character of this great Queen had a fascination for her and if the rôle had been but a few lines in a play she would have wanted to play it. When portraying an historical character, Pauline was thoroughness itself. She cared nothing that the part might disguise her own beauty. She strove in every way to appear as a reproduction of that personage and when she played the rôle of Queen Elizabeth for the first time in Maxwell Anderson's great play, on the Pacific Coast, she purchased and read every book written about Elizabeth. More than that, she studied every detail of the costume and even had handkerchiefs made which were exact copies of those used by Elizabeth. Also, the ring which Elizabeth gives Essex as an assurance of forgiveness was a replica of the real one and a fan which she used was a duplicate copied from the original. Pauline studied the way Elizabeth walked and talked and particularly the unusual way the English Queen had of holding her hands. It will be remembered that Elizabeth was very proud of her hands, considering them her finest feature, and because of this, she held them in a most conspicuous position with the fingers together and stretched straight out.

There is perhaps no more difficult character to portray than Elizabeth of England. Pauline discovered this as soon as the play went into rehearsal in Los Angeles. At first, she simply could not project herself into the character of the woman. She knew her lines perfectly but somehow they did not seem right when she said them. The matter nearly drove her frantic and so worried was she, the night before the dress rehearsal, that she could not sleep. She had always wanted to play this character and now it just would not come. After she had tossed for an hour or more in bed, she got up and dressed and, going outside, walked up and down for hours. At the end of that time Elizabeth "came through." She has said that it was as though the spirit of Elizabeth entered into her and took possession of her. Because of this, the cynics have sneered that Pauline Frederick had had "hallucinations" and could not play a historical character until the spirit of the departed entered into her. One New York critic even went so far as to say that Pauline Frederick imagined herself a reincarnation of royalty and that was why she liked playing queenly parts. Those who make such statements condemn themselves by their own ignorance. Perhaps to the sceptical, the idea that a past character can have any influence upon one who attempts to portray them may sound foolish. We all have our own ideas as to the influence of departed spirits. But Pauline Frederick was not by any means the only one who felt this peculiar influence of Elizabeth of England. Blanche Yurka, who portrayed the rôle of Elizabeth in a play called "Gloriana," stated:

> "Elizabeth is one of those great personalities that take hold of the actress and own her. What vitality there is in a woman who can rise up out of old records and stand before you with all her brusqueness, her

wit, her craftiness, and her brain! She has put me in my place! It isn't my house that I'm living in — it is hers! "

What Blanche Yurka felt, Pauline several years previously felt also. Elizabeth seemed to take possession of her and of her house. Her mother said that during the time she was rehearsing and playing the part she was almost impossible to live with. It was as though Elizabeth of England had come to live in Beverly Hills and she was never a very peaceful person to live with!

Whenever a well known person makes a statement, it is invariably enlarged upon by the time it has been passed on from one to another. Therefore, upon this question of Elizabeth's presence being felt by those who portrayed her and particularly in reference to her influence being felt by Pauline, the most extraordinary fabrications have been written. For instance, when she made the statement that it was as though Elizabeth controlled the movements of her arms and legs, this was enlarged upon to the extent of saying that " while under the control of Elizabeth " she slapped one of the cast in the face and kicked another in the stomach. Now, while there may be times when an emotional actress may be somewhat temperamental, never in her entire career did Pauline kick or slap anyone, for she was not given to tantrums at any time, not even under " influence." There is always a reason behind these fabrications. The success of others seems to have a way of annoying some people and so at once they begin to see how they can tear down. Thus, if a singer makes a great success on the screen, immediately these " tearer downers " will assert that his or her voice isn't really that good; that the high notes were taken by someone else and, still further, that they " *know* the person who took the high notes." Again, if a dancer comes to the forefront and

makes a singular success in a picture, at once these " tearer downers " will assert that her legs are padded to make them look a good shape or if a close-up is shown on the screen, then it was " someone else's " legs which were photographed for this close-up! But what can be expected when even Will Shakespeare was not allowed to enjoy the authorship of his own works! So because Pauline Frederick was as fine a " Queen Elizabeth " as has ever been seen before the footlights, the " tearer downers " had to look for something to mar the praise if they could. She played the part of Elizabeth in " Elizabeth the Queen " and in " Mary of Scotland " and there were those in the cast who resented her success and did what they could to detract from it. Pauline would have shrugged her shoulders and smiled a rather sad smile over such statements, particularly those regarding the tantrums. Very often the best way to treat lies is to ignore them. After all, as she so very often remarked, there is room for all of us in this world to have our own special quota of success, so why resent the other fellow's.

The west coast tour in " Elizabeth the Queen " opened first at the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles and then went to the Curran in San Francisco. On the night of the dress rehearsal, a professional make-up artist was hired from one of the film studios. He worked upon Pauline first, but when he had finished she was not satisfied. To her way of thinking she looked too much like Pauline Frederick and not enough like Queen Elizabeth. She commented upon this to the artist who replied that it was not necessary to completely disguise her beautiful features; the audience would want to see Pauline Frederick. Well, after all, when we consider how much Disraeli, Rothschild, Richelieu and Voltaire were all like George Arliss, this point of view from a film make-up expert can be understood!

With a half-smile, Pauline nodded to the man and he left to do the rest of the cast. She heartily disagreed with the artist's point of view but said nothing. If she was going to do Elizabeth she was going to look as much like her as possible. Her maid came in to dress her but she sent her away again. For some time she sat and looked at herself, becoming more and more dissatisfied. As she stared fixedly into the mirror, she gradually projected her emotions until she could almost imagine that Elizabeth stood behind her chair. She didn't — and Pauline *never believed* that Elizabeth in spirit came down to help her with her make-up. With her intense imagination and the knowledge she had gained from studying pictures of Elizabeth very closely, she conjured up an imaginary picture and held it there while she made herself up to her own satisfaction. Digging her hand deep into the jar of cleansing cream, she removed all the make-up that had been so carefully put on by the expert and completely cleaned her face. Then, still holding to her mental vision, she began to re-do her face. Something seemed to suggest mauve powder and so digging the puff into this shade of powder she applied it. The result was beginning to look better. Then came the difficult job of imitating that beak-like nose, which was achieved with some putty, carefully molded into shape, and the application of make-up so as to leave a light line down the center of the nose to give it length. The lines of the mouth were hardened and lip rouge applied heavily so as to make the lower lip appear much thicker than the upper. Once more she stared at herself for some time, not yet perfectly satisfied. Something still seemed to be lacking. At last she discovered what it was. Taking up a razor she shaved off her own eyebrows completely. Then with a pencil she drew in the thin lines shown on Elizabeth's brow, with the ends slightly elevated. That last touch com-

pleted the picture and when her own dark hair was hidden beneath the red wig, not a trace of Pauline Frederick remained. So good was her disguise that even the members of the cast did not recognize her and her own friends out front would never have known her, except for her name on the program. The hawk-like face and the hard raucous voice with which she spoke, left absolutely no trace of her own self. Those who came to see Pauline Frederick were disappointed; those who came to see her as Elizabeth were delighted. Throughout the performance she felt as receptive as a radio and it seemed almost as though some hidden force controlled her movements as she moved so successfully through the comedies and tragedies of Maxwell Anderson's play.

The cast assembled for this west coast production of "Elizabeth the Queen" was a very able one. Ian Keith played opposite Pauline as "Essex" and earned high honors for his fine portrayal of the character of the Virgin Queen's lover. As the San Francisco *Examiner* remarks: "Pauline Frederick and Ian Keith dominated every scene in which they appeared. They made the quarrels and jealousies and conflicting ambitions of that lordly yet all too human pair matters of deep concern to the audience and the end of each of their scenes brought ringing tributes of applause." John Craig played "Francis Bacon," Wyndham Standing was "Lord Burghley" and George Bassett was "Sir Walter Raleigh."

Some four years later Pauline again played the part of "Elizabeth" in another of Maxwell Anderson's plays, "Mary of Scotland." In this, she was co-starred with Helen Hayes as "Mary Stuart" and Philip Merivale as "Bothwell," but after Merivale returned to England, Ian Keith took

over the part during the remaining tour of the play. In this play the vicious, cunning side of the character of Queen Elizabeth is emphasized, without the softer side ever showing through as it did in the love scenes which she had with Essex in the former play. To play a part in which the audience must hate you or you have failed in your portrayal, is not easy nor pleasant. Pauline felt that the more the audience loathed her, the better she had succeeded, and when she came on to take her curtain calls, if the gallery hissed and booed, she knew she had done a good job. When, after several curtain calls, she finally broke away from the character of Elizabeth and smiled, the contrast was so definite that oh's and ah's could be heard all through the audience.

Following " Elizabeth the Queen," Pauline made a film for Paramount entitled " Wayward." In this she was a thoroughly unpleasant mother-in-law. It was the story of a chorus girl — played by Nancy Carroll — who marries the son of a haughty dowager and becomes the focal point for a considerable amount of domestic misunderstanding. Richard Arlen played the son. Pauline wore a white wig in this production to give her the age and severity necessary for the portrayal of the cold, calculating mother-in-law. Also, one suspects, this wearing of the white wig was a concession to her longing to have white hair like her mother's! It was not a pleasant part and while her histrionic ability enabled her to portray it to the full, it, unfortunately, placed upon her the worst curse of Hollywood — that of typing actors and actresses. From now on she was invariably cast as a scheming mother or mother-in-law. Nor did it rest with Hollywood but followed her to the stage also, and the same year she played a similar rôle in " When the Bough Breaks " in New York. It was neither a good play nor a good part.

She doted upon playing " mother " parts now that she had reached maturity but it would have seemed that directors could have found some pleasant mothers!

There is probably not a successful actor or actress living who does not yearn to direct. Most of them eventually do and Pauline was no exception. With her many years' experience she made a most able director and watching her, one learned the enormous power there is in words. The playwright can give lines only, and for all the cleverness that there may be in the dialogue, whether or not those lines are going to carry weight depends entirely upon their handling by the players. So often in life it is not *what* is said but *how* it is said. The same applies to the stage. There was a line in one play that Pauline was directing that was such an apt example of this. It was " The moon is up." In rehearsal the actor said it with practically no feeling and therefore it made no impression whatsoever. One really didn't care whether the moon was up or down. But that same line, said with meaning and emphasis, made one want to rush out and look at it and linger beneath the tender caresses of its rays.

Pauline was a tactful director for she understood people so well. She did not rant or storm but got what she wanted by speaking quietly but decisively. They called her a new kind of director on Broadway and wrote columns about it under the heading " Pauline wins 'em by praise," or " Pauline employs flattery as Play Director. Suggests improvements to her cast, prefaced by Dear or Darling." Theatre folk have a habit of peppering their conversation with an ample supply of endearing terms. Pauline maintained that she could get better results from her cast by using kindness, so instead of screaming at them (there was nothing she hated more herself than being screamed at) she would go up to a young actress and say: " Darling, you are doing beautifully

but try the lines this way." She got the results and that is the " proof of the pudding."

At this time Pauline made yet another departure. Having had a quarter of a century of drama she yearned to play comedy. It never fails! Every comedian yearns to play " Hamlet " and every tragedian wants to be funny! In an argument upon the subject, Pauline declared that actors and actresses should be versatile and not be bound down to one type of part. Of course, she was right. She usually was in her arguments. But when the public is used to seeing their favorites in dramatic rôles, they are not so keenly interested when they are being light and flippant. It was not that Pauline could not play comedy well. She could — and after all she had started her career in that lighter field. But all the time the audience was waiting for the dramatic moments to come, and when they didn't, they were disappointed.

Her first comedy was Rachel Crothers', " As Husbands Go." Pauline played the rôle of a mid-western widow seeking culture in Europe. She wore gaudy dresses that were not in good taste, finger-nails that were too red and shoes that were too small. All very funny when played by someone whom audiences are accustomed to seeing perform such antics, but when it comes to an actress who is renowned for her dignity and charm, it wasn't so funny.

Her next attempt at comedy was rather better, for in this play she was not grotesque. She chose John Charles Brownell's, " Her Majesty the Widow," and directed the play as well as playing the leading rôle. Beginning on the West Coast, they played across the continent, having a very long run. In this, at least, she appeared elegantly gowned and her usual charming and dignified self. The appeal of the play to the public was for a rather unexpected reason. It is the story of a charming widow whose son and heir becomes

mixed up with an adventuress. In order to save her son from this woman's clutches, the mother invites her to the house and not only shows her up in vivid contrast to the girl she wants the boy to marry, but also manages to expose some of the adventuress' past. In the story, hundreds of women saw a solution to their own problems with sons mixed up with the wrong women, and thousands of letters poured into Pauline thanking her for having helped to solve their domestic problems! It was a sophisticated comedy that had an undeniable appeal, and even though the dramatic situations were few, it showed Pauline as the kind of woman the public favored — charming, graceful, glamorous. In it she was ably supported by Grayce Hampton who played the part of a very understanding housekeeper, and by Laura Bullivant and Carlyle Moore in the juvenile parts, with Isabel Withers making a most convincing "adventuress."

Chapter Fourteen

Half-Century Mark

ON AUGUST 12, 1933, Pauline Frederick reached the half-century mark. She had been on the stage for thirty years and during those years had received as much acclaim as any who have trodden the boards. The approaching years had no fear for her. She did not, as do so many beautiful women, worry over the fact that beauty fades with age. Perhaps this was the reason why hers faded so much less than many. Naturally, the fresh and ravishing bloom that had been so intoxicating at twenty-five had now toned down to a more mature beauty. There were lines in her face and neck, there was grey in her hair. But these she took no trouble to conceal. She liked the fact that her dark chestnut hair was now liberally peppered with grey. Always so very natural in every way, she scorned the suggestion that she should touch-up her hair. On the contrary, as mentioned before, she always hoped that it would go completely white like her mother's. Nor would she submit to spending hours at beauty parlors or on massage tables, trying by artificial methods to remove lines and wrinkles. In fact, all her life she had been rather a disappointment to the hordes of beauticians who invaded her dressing room, wanting her to endorse face creams, powder, etc. Off the stage she wore very little make-up, except the usual lipstick, powder and mascara worn

by the majority of women. The many beauty treatments intended to improve the looks, found very little space on her dressing table. She had neither the time nor the inclination to dabble with half a dozen different kinds of creams before going to bed. This idea of using one mixture to open the pores, another to close them, a third to make the skin dry and another to make it oily, and so forth — was to her just a waste of time. In fact, a mixture of olive oil and lanoline, made up by herself, was the sole treatment her skin received. Not every skin, of course, could stand this but Pauline's was of a strong texture and a pimple or blemish was completely alien to it.

On the question of maturity she had one reply for all: " Everyone knows that I have been on the stage for thirty years, so why should I try to disguise my age. I don't care that people know I am fifty." She flatly refused to play parts of a young woman, not even on the radio which was now a new field that had opened to her. " I'm going to keep just one jump ahead of them," she would say. With the example of Mumsy and Auntie Cad before her, she knew the art of growing old gracefully though she was never to reach beyond middle age.

One of Pauline's pet aversions was clipping books and she never kept any. She felt that they were to be as much dreaded as family albums which are invariably brought out at the wrong moment. Then too, there is the temptation to turn the pages and recall the past, and when one begins to look back, one starts to grow old. Pauline loved life and enjoyed it to the full, despite the many heartaches and disappointments. She had the good sense to count the blessings instead of crying over the misfortunes. No one who ever knew her, ever heard her talk sadly or regretfully of the days that had gone. If she did speak of them, it was with an en-

thusiasm for the fun they had been but she never regretted them as past.

As a friend who knew her very well once remarked: " No one has made more mistakes in her life than Polly — and really bad mistakes, too — yet has managed with all to retain the love of people." Probably this was because she was the first to admit she was wrong. She had so much sincerity in her nature that usually people loved her even after they had met her only once. She gave out so much. So often people have said how much she inspired them. There was an inner glow that penetrated to all who came in contact with her. Without putting it into words at all, she inspired people to go on and succeed in whatever field they had chosen; she inspired them to give of the very best that was in them, and more than one man has said that after seeing her he was inspired to go and propose to the woman with whom he was in love. Everywhere she went she left a happier feeling behind her. She frankly admitted that she wanted people to love her and was unhappy if they did not. Perhaps one of the most interesting things is that women liked her as much as men. So many beautiful women are attracted only to the opposite sex and have little time for their own sex. Not so with Pauline. She always had many women friends and by that is meant real friends and not just the fair weather variety. To her, friendship was something very sacred. Her greatest fault — if such it can be called — was that she trusted everyone, often to her own detriment. Yet, despite some heartrending experiences of broken trust, the hardest thing in the world was to make her believe ill of anyone. Her reply was always something about turning the other cheek and even when that other cheek got slapped also, she still could seem to see that in some instances it is better to turn the back.

The treatment we receive from people can become a habit that we grow to expect. From the time she was seventeen she had been courted and praised, and what people did was always in deference to *her* wishes. Thus, naturally, she became accustomed to having her own way. She was a born leader and those around her were always willing to follow. Such a situation can have a tendency to make people very self-willed and at times Pauline was. She had a stubborn streak that sometimes made her difficult. There were those who considered her hard to manage and there were others who said that she was the easiest person in the world. It was all a matter of knowing how. All great actors or actresses are temperamental to a degree, otherwise they would not be able to give the fine performances that they do. With Pauline, to assume the tactics of storming a portal was fatal, for she would immediately drop the portcullis. The way with her was to enter quietly by the back door. She was like a child who will be fractious and difficult if told it *must* do something, but immediately sane and sensible reasons are given as to *why* such a thing should be done, will be as amenable as a lamb.

Pauline's was an impulsive nature, so that when she had made up her mind to do something, it had to be done at once. Thus, for instance, if she had made up her mind to read a play that very night, she would do so, even if it were three o'clock in the morning when she began. Often the dawn would come up before it was finished. She, with her extraordinary vitality, would still appear fresh, while those with her would be wilting and hollow-eyed. A hint or two that the play could be read much better the next morning, would be either received in stony silence or with a determined answer that she was going to read it then. Her mind

was made up and arguments only resulted in the " steel curtain " coming down with a clamp. At another time she would decide to go up to the desert or some such place, and the idea would occur to her to start at once, even if it happened to be the wee small hours of the morning. She did not ask anyone to come with her but, naturally, they did. It was nothing to find her sitting up sewing when the dawn arose or finishing a cross-word puzzle that she had started earlier in the evening! How she loved those wretched cross-word puzzles! Just as one was dozing off into a beautiful sleep, consciousness would be jerked back abruptly by a voice saying: " What's a four letter word for sea eagle beginning with E? "

One would have liked to reply: " I know a four letter word beginning with H and ending with L! " But for some extraordinary reason one never did; instead you began searching your brain for that wretched " sea eagle "!

To some people who have every door open to them, later life becomes a bore. Plenty of money, success and her natural charm had enabled Pauline to go everywhere and do everything, but she was never bored. Having tasted so much of the glittering side of life, it made her appreciate the simple things. The lesson she had learned in those early days out West served her throughout life and made such a much finer woman of her. An admirer once called her charm " glamorous simplicity " — two words that do not usually find themselves in the same company, yet nothing so well described her. All the stir that she had created for so many years and in so many places could never change that simplicity. While others liked, after a performance, to go into the bright lights and the gay places and be seen and admired, her greatest delight was to ask a few friends back to her apartment and cook

the supper herself. She much preferred to put on an apron and go into the kitchen, than to don sables and diamonds and eat supper in fashionable places.

Pauline's domesticity was not a pose with her — it was an essential part of her life. The moment she entered an hotel room, even if she were going to stay only a few days, the furniture would be placed in a different way so as to suit her more artistic taste, and immediately little nicknacks that she carried with her would be put here and there to make the suite look more homelike. Although she had her own maid to help her dress in the theatre and to attend to her personal wants, she invariably took care of her things herself. Perhaps it was a realization that the best way to have things done the way you like them is to do them yourself. Therefore, from her bags would be unearthed the inevitable box of Lux and a traveling line, and each night her " personals " would be washed out and hung up on the line in the bathroom to dry. That box of Lux and that line became as much a part of Pauline's equipment as her toothbrush!

She must have been brought up on the slogan: " The devil makes mischief for idle hands," for hers were never idle. She would always have half a dozen pieces of needlework going at the same time, ranging from knitted dresses to the huge task of making a crocheted bedspread. She loved, too, to make her own dresses though she seldom had the leisure to do so. But if she wanted a particular type of dress for a certain part in a play and could not get it, without more ado she would get the material and make it herself. Many a person seeking an interview has been astonished upon being ushered into the room, expecting to be greeted by an aloof and formal actress, to find that woman on her hands and knees busy cutting out a dress on the floor! The interview was often given through a mouth filled with pins! This uncon-

ventional reception was often the more surprising to interviewers because usually they expected to find her " rather high hat." Being regarded as one of the most stately and dignified ladies of the stage, she often gave the impression across the footlights of being aloof and perhaps keeping people at arm's length, so that when people meeting her for the first time found her so completely the opposite, they were quite disarmed.

As a matter of fact, this stately and dignified lady of the stage was a regular tomboy! It was a childhood trait that she had never outgrown. Those who were fortunate in being admitted to her intimate life were at first surprised to find this quality, which in public was so well hidden. But she loved nothing so much as a good romp on the floor and, despite her small stature, she could hold her own in any " rough and tumble." She was surprisingly strong and many a teaser who has pulled her off a chair, expecting a reproof or an easy prey, has found he had his hands full as she made reprisals! It was these things which balanced her character so well. To her, they were a refreshing relief from the more ordered outward life that she must necessarily lead.

Because she was aware that the rôles she played gave out the impression that she might be upstage, Pauline was really terrified of being considered " snooty." She therefore never refused to see anyone unless she was too tired or not feeling well. One instance of her fear of " snooting " people came one day when a card was sent to her dressing room. The name on it seemed familiar but she couldn't remember whether it was someone she knew or not. So she sent word that she would see the lady after the performance. What happened was rather amusing and also very human. The sender was a young girl who for years had been one of Pauline's most ardent admirers but had never met her. Many

times she had been in cities where Pauline was playing but, because of this aloofness which she expected to meet, had not had the courage to come back and see her. Finally, on this day she had taken her courage in both hands and had sent back a card. When she entered the dressing room, Pauline realized that they had never met before but she came forward with a cordial smile and a warm handshake. It was then that the unexpected happened. The young girl was so shaken by the warmth of her reception that she burst into tears! It was now Pauline's turn to be surprised. Quickly she put her arms round the girl and comforted her. This was almost too much for the girl! She began to apologize brokenly and then tried to explain herself. Pauline, thinking that she must be in some desperate trouble or something, listened quietly. But it was not any trouble. Merely that this girl had all these years been wanting to meet her and then had been completely overcome by finding her a nice, kind human like anyone else, instead of a haughty woman much aware of her own greatness. As Pauline listened, she laughed that deep-throated laugh of hers and asked: " Why what did you expect to find? Am I so terrifying on the stage? " To this the girl replied, " No . . . not at all . . . but you put your arms around me! " Again Pauline laughed. " You needed comfort didn't you? Anyway you're a sweet child. Come back and see me any time you want to." And with that she kissed the girl and sent her on her way. Not an important matter, such an incident as this. There had been many such in Pauline's life, as there are in the lives of all public persons, but in these days when people take themselves so seriously, it was rather refreshing.

These sentimental interludes in the life of a public figure seem to many, no doubt, to be stupid and irritating. Perhaps they are — it depends upon how life has treated you.

Those who have never known the emotional depths can never appreciate the emotional heights. At least there is this to be said for such incidents — they bring happiness to those who experience the glow, and to give happiness even though in small quantities as life is traversed, is something to be grateful for. Neither money nor position can buy it. It is so often the little unimportant things in life that build up a feast of happy memories that console when troubles pile up. Never having placed herself upon a pedestal, Pauline herself loved these little deeds of homage from her public, believing that so often in their spontaneity there was a great depth of sincerity.

There are, of course, those who seek autographs and photographs merely to add them to a rather stupid collection and flatter their own ego before their friends. There are others, however, who are irresistibly drawn towards certain personages upon the stage. Sometimes these things go very deep and bring the very breath of life to someone. There was one such incident in Pauline's life that came to mean something very beautiful to her because it was an example of such unselfish loyalty. It concerned a little school teacher living in the East. For over twenty years she had had such a deep admiration for Pauline that she followed every movement of her career. Perhaps it began as a hobby that brought a certain brightness into a life that was rather monotonous. But it grew into something that was far greater. Not until the last few years of her life did Pauline know anything about it. Her first intimation of it was on an opening night when she received a card with a very beautiful sentiment on it and inside was a four-leaf clover. As all artists are superstitious to a certain extent, she regarded this as a good omen. The card bore no signature but just the words: " From your spirit friend." Thereafter, on every opening night or anniversary

of some kind, a similar message came, always accompanied by a four-leaf clover. Pauline began to look for them and no matter what part of the country she was playing in, they never failed to arrive. Eventually, when Pauline was playing in the East one time, the identity of the sender was disclosed and the " spirit friend " developed into a very loyal friend. Into the life of the little lady it brought a glow that for several years was something of the greatest depth and reality. When Pauline passed on, no one felt it more deeply than this " spirit friend," for over such a long period Pauline had been a radiant star casting a glow over a life that might have been boring in its daily routine of school classes and school children. It was beautiful in its loyalty because the association was not used to boost the ego of the school teacher among her friends. To her, this friendship with Pauline Frederick was too sacred to be chattered about or boasted of to those who might have sneered to themselves over such an incident. Untiring devotion and sincere loyalty are not things that come in vast numbers into the lives of people and, therefore, when they are found, are to be cherished. They are as rare as the four-leaf clovers that most of us never succeed in finding.

A stage life necessarily means frequent separations from those who are near and dear. If a play is successful, those in the cast are thrown constantly into the company of each other during the long run, and friendships are made. But, at the end of the run of the play, the cast is disbanded and the members go in various directions, often not to have an opportunity of meeting again for many years. Herein is found one of the reasons why so many theatre people have a pet dog which they take everywhere with them. What is there more touching than the loyal greeting of a dog, especially when one is far away from all who are near to the heart.

Since she was a child on her grandfather's farm, Pauline had adored animals and throughout her life was seldom without a dog. These pets played an important part in her life. They brought that personal touch without which life had no meaning for her.

Many of her dogs are well remembered and, in later years, particularly a small sable pomeranian which she called " Tudor Wench " because at the time she was playing the part of " Elizabeth." " Tudie," as the name became abbreviated, was well named for she could be so sweet and gentle and yet a veritable spitfire like the Queen after whom she was named. The little lady was a toy pomeranian, and when Pauline bought her could be held in the palm of the hand. Just a ball of fluff weighing less than one pound! She was carried about in a knitting bag and many a restaurant would have been surprised had the contents of that knitting bag been revealed. Not a peep would there be out of " Miss Tudie " as she lay on the lap of her mistress while the meal was being eaten. It was as though she understood that she must remain under the guise of a ball of knitting wool. But, when it came to brushing the lady — a task that had to be performed each day — there was anything but silence, for " Tudie " detested this operation. The spittings, splutterings, growls and other protests could be heard halfway down the street!

Then there was another pomeranian that Pauline bought in England. This gentleman was an autocrat to his toe-nails and had won many prizes at shows. His name was Champion Erimus Bijue but they called him " Buzz Buzz." So finely bred was he, that he required the greatest care and attention. On the journey back to the United States he almost died of pneumonia. Between trains they stopped in Chicago and wee " Buzz Buzz " was placed in a pneumonia jacket. He was given brandy by means of an eye dropper and after

hours of anxiety the crisis was reached and passed. Patience was rewarded and Champion Erimus Bijue lived for seven years.

Pauline did not always have little dogs. As a matter of fact she preferred them large, but the smaller breeds were the only ones that she could handle in traveling. Police dogs, boxers, spaniels, setters, Bostons, and many others she had as pets, but these had to be kept at home. She owned one of the finest boxers, Von Bausen, but he was rather difficult for her to manage so she gave him to Will Rogers. Unfortunately, some years later Von Bausen got in the way of a truck and was killed.

Her last large dog was a Kerry Blue from the O'Shea Kennels. He was called "Shaun" and despite his size never ceased to think that he was a lap dog. He belongs now to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Prato of Beverly Hills, California, to whom Pauline gave him when she found him too hard for her to handle. When she first saw him, he was no larger than a wire-haired terrier and quite black. As he grew to his full size his hair, of course, turned curly and blue grey. His greatest trick was "shadow boxing" — a trick which I believe is exclusive to Kerry Blues. The shadow of an arm or of some object moving on the floor would make him go crazy as he bounced about trying to catch it with his huge paws. Despite his size and clumsiness, like most dogs, he was gentle at heart and his latest playmate is a tiny, grey Persian kitten!

Although Pauline had so many dogs, she was not a good trainer. With the little ones it was more simple but with the bigger ones, they always got the best of her. She was so soft-hearted that a moment or two after she had whacked one end, she was kissing the other! "This hurts me more

than it does you," as our mothers told us, was certainly Pauline's motto when it came to thrashing a dog.

That Pauline retained so much of her magnetic beauty was due to a considerable extent to her inner spirit. She was not a religious woman in that she followed the creed of any particular denomination, but she had a deep spiritual knowledge. She read a great deal about the after-life and was particularly interested in all teachings based upon the power of the mind. Every night before turning out her light she read parts of her Bible and knew that Book far better than most people. With it, too, she would also study some book pertaining to thought, and this belief sustained her in many a difficulty that she had to face in these last years. Yet, she adhered to the teaching of no one particular sect. She was a student of psychology and enjoyed studying any of the teachings based on this subject. In the pocket of the slacks she was wearing the day before she passed, was a slip of paper in her own handwriting, and on it were these words copied from one of her books: " I am working in harmony with God and all of my affairs are adjusted in Divine order and prosperity." As she painted the furniture of her roof garden she repeated this phrase to herself.

On the occasion of her fiftieth birthday an incident occurred which illustrated several things — the love of those who worked with her, the spiritual understanding which surrounded her, and the remarkable vitality she possessed. At the time, she was playing in Chicago in " Her Majesty the Widow." The day — August 12, 1933. It was a matinee day but as the time approached for the curtain, she was so ill that it looked as though it would not go up. The night before she had been a guest at a Russian dinner and had contracted ptomaine poisoning. Three doctors worked over

her back stage, and so ill was she that they suggested the matinee be canceled. But she had lived for years on the slogan, "The show must go on," and she tried to rally again and again. It was a sold-out house and she fought against turning the people away. The doctors continued to work over her and she did everything she could to respond. Those out front were getting impatient because the curtain was so late in going up, little realizing the drama that was being played *behind* the curtain. Those standing around back stage biting their fingers, however, witnessed another scene that was rather beautiful. There were three stage hands for that show — all rough, coarse men who at most times were as hard-boiled as they make them. But while they waited for their orders to raise the curtain, those tough men showed a very different side to their characters. All three were believers in Christian Science. On a crate in one corner sat one man earnestly reading from a little black book; on another part of the stage a second man read from another book and the third, standing apart elsewhere, was in a brown study as he concentrated his thoughts upon the truth that he had been taught. Three rough characters whose faces never shone so brightly as they worked separately and collectively because of the woman upstairs who had been such a pal to them. She had never come into the theatre and she never left it without a kind or cheering word to each of them and knew their family and personal troubles as her own.

The remarkable vitality that Pauline possessed won out. This was one of the many instances to come, when she would seemingly be almost at death's door and yet would pull through so remarkably that an hour or two later it was hard to believe that it had not all been a bad dream. With seemingly superhuman strength she pulled herself together, completed her make-up and the order went out to raise the curtain.

She was still very weak and had to be helped to her position back stage.

Another incident typical of Pauline now occurred. One of the doctors told her maid to put some hot water into a teapot and put it on the stage where Pauline could reach it easily and take a sip if she felt the pains coming on again. Although up to now Pauline seemed scarcely to know what was going on around her, she heard the doctor's order and immediately countermanded it with a firm " No! " Friends began to remonstrate with her but later learned how good a reason she had for this negative. Everyone on the stage is at some time labeled with some vice — either drink or drugs or some other unpleasant habit. Usually it is drink of which they are accused. Pauline knew only too well how frequently actresses are accused of this and there were some cases where it was justified. With her, such an accusation would have been funny, since she scarcely ever touched intoxicants even after the theatre and particularly since her experience with Mack. But this the public could not know. Her reason for refusing the hot water in a teapot was because she realized the audience would have no way of knowing that it was hot water. Many an addict to drink has disguised alcohol in this way on the stage. Had she, on this particular occasion, swayed or faltered because of the sickness from which she was suffering, there were those in the audience who would undoubtedly have said immediately — drink. After all, gin and water are the same color! So, she went without the hot water and fortunately did not need it. The moment she stepped on to the stage, her subconsciousness took possession of her and she went through her part without a falter, the only indication to those who watched her behind the scenes being the fact that she sat down as much as possible during the performance. At each exit a chair

was placed for her and the moment she came off, she sank into it, gathering strength for her next entrance.

When the matinee was over she remained in the theatre resting upon a divan on the stage. It was a terribly hot day and the stage was the only cool place. She slept until it was time for the evening performance and when she awakened from the sleep, the sickness had passed. What is more, she was able to go to a birthday party that had been planned for her. As she sat on the floor some hours later, opening her birthday packages with the glee of a child, it was hard to believe that this woman, surrounded by tissue paper and boxes and eating ice cream and cake, was the same one who less than twelve hours before had almost succumbed to poisoning.

Chapter Fifteen

Last Marriage

ONE OF the best rôles that Pauline portrayed in her later years was that of Lady Lebanon in " The Criminal at Large," an Edgar Wallace thriller. It was one of those tensely dramatic rôles for which she was so admirably suited. She seemed to glide rather than walk about the stage in her sinister efforts to thwart the Scotland Yard Inspector who was trying to solve a murder mystery. Lady Lebanon knows that the murderer is her own son who is subject to fits of madness, and in order to save the Lebanon name, she tries in every way to conceal the culprit. Through most of the play Pauline wore a black velvet gown with a short flowing train which she herself had designed. The soft clinging material helped further to create the sinuous character of the woman. A streak of grey in her dark hair was used to suggest the fact that the Lebanon family had traditions in which insanity had, at times, played a too prominent part.

The play opened on the West Coast and Pauline was supported by an able cast, including Crane Wilbur as the Inspector, and Dwight Frye as the weak and demented son. Dwight Frye, that brilliant young actor whose métier for portraying weird and rather gruesome parts has not yet been fully appreciated, was shudderingly realistic in the part. He

has a gift for conveying a naïve charm of manner and yet, at the same time, of sending shudders down your back! In his final speech in the play — a speech that is practically a monologue on his life — he gave one of the finest readings of his career. From the Pacific Coast they toured with the play across country, finishing up in Boston, Pauline's "home town," where, contrary to tradition, she was always given a grand ovation.

Towards the end of 1933, Pauline went to New York to be nearer the center of stage activities. She took an apartment there and furnished it. For some time now Mumsy had given up traveling with her, for her advancing years were unable to stand the strenuous life of the theatre. So Mumsy and Auntie Cad (now widowed) lived together in happy companionship in Beverly Hills, California.

It was during the late autumn of this year that Pauline met the man who was to become her last husband. Colonel Joseph A. Marmon was at that time in command of the 16th Infantry at Governor's Island, New York. His career had been a distinguished one and at the age of fifty-eight he was a man of the finest caliber. Tall, with a distinguished military bearing, a strong face and personality. In appearance he very much resembled Herbert Marshall. Perhaps it was this likeness that first drew Pauline's attention to him, for Pauline and "Bart" Marshall were great admirers of each other. Pauline met "Colonel Joe," as she always called him, at the home of some friends and they were immediately drawn together, because although he was a military man, the theatre had always been his hobby. In his house on Governor's Island he had a very fine library in which was almost every play that had ever been published — and he was very particular that copies should be first editions. His interest in the theatre was second only to his interest in military affairs

— in fact, in his youth he had seriously considered a stage career instead of an army one. A grand host, a charming and very popular man, yet he had never married. The reason — the usual disappointments that keep a man of his type a bachelor. Their friendship grew and it became obvious that this confirmed bachelor was falling under the spell of this woman who, at fifty, had lost none of her magnetism. He towered above her in height and as she would look up at him, he was to her a pillar of strength and security. Yet, now with her mature experience, she hesitated for she was a badly burned child where marriage was concerned.

As the weeks went on she reveled in the strength of this man's character, combined with the fact that his knowledge of the theatre made him an excellent judge of plays. They began reading scripts together, sitting 'round the warm, crackling log fire that dispelled the bitter cold of that New York winter and the biting winds that seemed to blow right through the wooden house on the Island.

Soon after Christmas when Pauline went to Boston to play in " The Criminal at Large," the influence and impression that Colonel Joe had made on her were obvious. Though she knew that she was now more in love than she had ever been since the days of Willard Mack, she held herself back. Colonel Joe had all the reserve of an army man and the hesitancy of one who has long remained a bachelor. Therefore his proposal was made in a not too romantic manner — over the long distance telephone from New York to Boston. Pauline did not give her answer right away, for the thing that worried her was whether she had the right to subject him to all the publicity that must inevitably be faced because it was her fifth marriage. This time she thought matters over more carefully than she had ever done — in fact sat up till dawn weighing the matter carefully in discussion with inti-

mate friends. At the end of that discussion she had decided to risk it and to endeavor to keep it a secret as long as possible. Her method of advising her close friends that she had become Mrs. Marmon was rather unique if not comical. One of the nicknames given her by a friend years ago in fun was " Annie Zucchini." At this time there was a popular song using the name Annie and so the telegram advising that she had made her fifth marriage read:

" Annie doesn't live here any more.

(Signed) Pauline Marmon."

Pauline and Colonel Marmon were married secretly at Scarsdale, New York, on Sunday, January 21, 1934. For the best part of a week it was kept secret but upon their return to New York it had to come out, for Colonel Marmon could not return to his post on Governor's Island with a wife without it being known. Their reception there, however, took them both by surprise. Marmon was very popular with the regiment and everyone on the Island was thrilled with the wife he had chosen. They returned to the Island the following Friday. As the ferry neared the dock, Pauline heard an exclamation from her husband that sounded very much like an oath. Looking at him in surprise, he then pointed towards the landing stage and there she saw the whole regiment lined up to greet them! A guard of honor had formed all the way from the dock to the Colonel's house and as the bride and bridegroom came on shore, bugles, drums, salutes and bands greeted them. They had come across the ferry in their car and as they drove through the lines of cheering men and officers, they were given a traditional military welcome. The band played them home to the tune of " *She's* in the army now." It was one of the most thrilling moments of Pauline's life. As she stood on the steps waving to them all, her heart was very full. Inside the house, there awaited

another reception in which the officers' wives participated, for they were welcomed with wedding cake, champagne and all the trimmings.

Once again Pauline had found her ideal and for the next few months she was as happy as she could be. They made plans. Colonel Joe was due to retire very shortly and then they planned to travel together, first going to California to visit her mother and then to places abroad which they both wanted to see again. In the meantime, Colonel Joe was detained with military duties and Pauline was going on with her acting. Even after her husband retired, he did not want her to leave the stage entirely. They planned that she would do a play whenever she found a script that appealed to her. Now, with his able advice, the selection of the right plays would be much easier.

In those months that followed, Pauline made herself much loved on the Island, for there was nothing theatrical in her private life. She fitted right into their lives there and, at the same time, turned the rather stark bachelor's house into a home with warmth and comfort.

Alas, the jinx had not finished playing tricks on Pauline. At the time Colonel Joe asked her to marry him he had told her that he was having trouble with arthritis but beyond that, he was in good health. The report that was later published, that she knew he was a dying man when she married him, was not only quite untrue but unnecessarily vicious. Neither Pauline nor Colonel Joe had any idea whatsoever that he was suffering from a fatal malady at the time they married.

In the following May, the arthritis which was troubling him became worse and he was sent to Hot Springs in the hope that a cure could be effected. Unfortunately, he grew worse instead of better and was transferred to the Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, for observation. Pauline at

once went to Washington to be near him. She was in the middle of negotiations for a play and became practically a commuter between New York and Washington. After a few weeks the doctors sent for her to come to the hospital for a conference. That day she left New York for Washington with a fearful premonition that she was going to hear bad news. When she returned to New York late that night, one look at her face revealed that this premonition had been correct. The doctors had sent for her to tell her that Colonel Marmon had cancer and could live only a few months. Fate had struck again, and all the wonderful castles that they had built for their future lay in a heap at her feet. When she came in she could not speak, and only after she had completely broken down could she tell the awful news.

The next few months were a living nightmare, enhanced by the fact that it had been decided not to tell the Colonel what he was suffering from. This meant that Pauline had to act as she had never acted before. She had to pretend to be cheerful and gay and talk of the days when he would be well. They made plans for Christmas and talked gaily of their trip to California together. And all the time she knew that he would never leave that room. Days went into weeks and weeks into months and the horrible farce continued. Those who have ever had the misfortune to watch the ravages of cancer know the story. The man who had been such a fine, strong specimen shrank to a living skeleton. Gradually, the truth that he would not get well dawned upon him but he did not tell his wife. He thought she didn't know and she thought that he didn't know, and so they both played their parts. As the end grew nearer and his sufferings were such that he could no longer hide them, and had to be given opiates, the game could no longer continue. He did not say that he knew that he was dying, not in so many words, but

merely asked that a certain uniform be brought to the hospital. Neither of them spoke, but two pairs of blue eyes met in agonized understanding. That was the only time Pauline broke down before him. In the long drawn out days that followed, she acted the greatest melodrama of real life, sitting by his bed and with superhuman control talking of everyday things.

The strain of these visits upon her was terrific. They would have been even easier had she not been so well known, but besides having to keep up before her husband, she had to control herself as she walked the long corridors of the hospital and even to endure being asked for autographs at such a time. Only when she got into her car could she let go, and whatever may have been considered to be her sins, they certainly were atoned during this trial. The effect upon her nerves can be imagined and her naturally emotional temperament made her own sufferings worse. Every time the telephone rang she dreaded that it was the hospital calling, and when it did not ring, she was in agonies that something was happening that she did not know. It became unbearable. Several times there were false alarms that he was sinking and she would be called only to find that he had rallied. Times out of number she raced in her car between New York and Washington, but the driving was soothing to her nerves. Sometimes she would make three trips in less than forty hours and only her marvelous vitality enabled her to withstand the fatigue.

Colonel Marmon died on December 4, 1934. He was buried with military honors in Arlington Cemetery in Washington. They had been married less than a year and out of that they had been able to snatch only a few months together. Because the world's judgment is harsh, perhaps the greatest blessing was that Colonel Marmon left only about

$3000 of insurance (and that was borrowed from her so that she never received it) so that, at least, she was spared being labeled with the statement that she had married him for his money, knowing that he was a dying man. His death was a terrible blow to her and it took many months for her to get over it. Only that innate courage of hers enabled her to pull out of this great disappointment. She weighed less than one hundred pounds and had never looked so ill and drawn.

Life sometimes plays strange tricks. While Colonel Marmon lay dying, the only other man whom she had really loved — Willard Mack — also died.

Chapter Sixteen

Sunset

IT TOOK Pauline several months to recover from the shock of Colonel Marmon's death. Besides the terrible strain of those long months of illness and the consequent drain upon her physical strength, there was the disappointment of once again having been deprived of the love that she needed. Her nerves were frayed to the breaking point so that it was difficult for her to get rest. Had she been able to go to some far away spot of beauty and rest, probably her taut nerves would have relaxed. But this she could not now afford to do. Owing to Marmon's illness, she had missed a whole season of the theatre and this had drained her resources. It seemed to her too that the best way to forget her troubles was to bury herself in work, and so in the spring of 1935 she accepted the rôle of Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland." Working did help her to forget and it also made her very tired, for she had not regained the weight she had lost and her resistance was very low.

While she was playing "Mary of Scotland," in Philadelphia, an accident occurred which had very serious effects upon her health later. From the motor accident which she had had many years ago, she had retained many very bad scars across the abdomen. Sometimes she would laughingly say that this portion of her anatomy looked more like a map

than a stomach! In the hotel where she stayed in Philadelphia, there were self-operated elevators and as she was leaving for the theatre one evening, with her usual impulsiveness, she went ahead and pulled open the elevator door. It was one of those very heavy doors that take all one's strength to pull back and as she did this, she felt something in her side split. For a moment she was doubled up with pain, and when she went back to her room to see what had happened, she found that one of the scars had opened about an inch. Everyone urged her to call a doctor but this would have made her late for the theatre and so she padded the wound and went on her way. Unfortunately, the Elizabethan clothes did not help matters. The skirt of one of her dresses weighed over forty pounds and every night two of the men had to lift it up so that it could be fastened to the bodice. This weight on an open scar was very painful and dangerous. From the opened incision pus oozed and yet she refused to see a doctor. This was not however entirely stubbornness. She knew, only too well, that a doctor would immediately put her in hospital, which would mean her retirement from the cast, and financial conditions being somewhat lean at the time, she did not want this. So she continued to play every night during the run of "Mary of Scotland," doctoring the wound with cotton wool and adhesive and saying nothing of the pain caused when she wore the heavy dresses. After a time, the wound healed over and a scab formed but it was only a superficial healing and a few days later it would break out again.

At the conclusion of the play, she went out to her home in California to seek a well-needed rest and with the intention of consulting a doctor with regard to the trouble in her side. Before she had been out there very long, however, her mother was stricken with an illness and confined to her bed from

which she never rose again. Naturally, Pauline gave up all thoughts of herself and devoted all her attention to her mother. But the matter could not be ignored any longer and a few weeks later Pauline collapsed. She was rushed to a hospital in Hollywood and it was found that an immediate operation was necessary. Examination had disclosed an intestinal obstruction, partly linked with the burst side, and for twenty-four hours her condition was so critical that it was feared the operation had been fatal. In fact, one of the New York papers even gave out that she had died. Bulletins on the radio were given out each hour and everyone waited anxiously for the crisis to pass.

The marvelous vitality which she had shown all her life did not fail her. Once again she had been up to death's door and had been turned back in the nick of time. Moreover, within two weeks she was convalescing. Doctors and nurses marveled at so speedy a recovery but she had a resistance that few are blessed with. All during her life she had had hardly a sickness except an occasional cold and other such slight ailments.

Her mother's sickness continued and, day and night, nurses had to be in constant attendance. As Pauline had done all her life, she gave Mumsy every comfort and every attention during this time. For the next two years, life in the house in Beverly Hills revolved entirely around that sickroom. Fortunately for Pauline she had Auntie Cad, who bore the brunt of the burden at this time, for she was always there. Pauline was the bread-earner and had to be away, and it was now, more than ever, necessary that she should keep playing in order to meet the staggering accounts from that sickroom.

The last important film which Pauline made was "Ramona," in which she gave a magnificent portrayal as "Señora

Moreno." This famous story by Helen Hunt Jackson had been filmed twice before in the silent days, first with Mary Pickford and then with Dolores del Rio, as the half-breed Indian girl. This new version was in color and Loretta Young, in a straight black wig, portrayed the title rôle. In this picture Don Ameche did the finest work of his career in the part of " Alessandro." Ameche is one of those natural people that no amount of fame can spoil and he was popular with all the cast, from the lowest to the highest.

For Pauline, the making of " Ramona " brought much enjoyment. In the first place, it renewed an old association with Henry King who had directed her in some of her silent pictures. There were, also, other old associates in the cast of this film — Charlie Waldron, who played the part of a doctor and Pedro de Cordoba who was cast as " Father Salvierderra." Pedro, it will be remembered, had played with her in " Joseph and His Brethren " and also in many of her silent pictures. The renewal of this old association brought her much happiness for she and Pedro had always been very close friends. While they were playing in " Ramona " he made a remark to her that was amusing, yet at the same time very gracious. In this film she had to kneel to him in his rôle of " Father Salvierderra." When the scene was finished he said to her with a smile: " All my life I have been kneeling at your feet and now for the first time you have to kneel at mine."

Pauline played the rôle of " Señora Moreno." Although once again it was a part in which she is a hard-hearted and unrelenting mother — this time a foster mother — the rôle appealed to her. Her clothes were magnificent and again she wore her hair grey and piled high on her head.

" Ramona " was made up in the San Jacinto Mountains, about one hundred and fifty miles from Hollywood. The location was ideally suited to the story, the natural back-

ground of the mountains and the trees lending the right atmosphere. More than three thousand people took part in this film. The Twentieth-Century-Fox Company took over the only hotel at Warner Hot Springs and converted it into comfortable living quarters for the principals, directors, etc. Others lived in cabins and tents or their own private trailers. They all had a very good time during the making of these outdoor scenes for riding, tennis and swimming were easily accessible.

Pauline's last appearance on the New York stage was in "The Masque of Kings," another work from the pen of Maxwell Anderson, written upon the famous Mayerling story. She went to New York just before Christmas of 1936 and began rehearsals. By this time she knew that her mother would never recover and lived in constant fear that the fatal moment would come while she was away from home. The operation which Pauline had undergone at the beginning of the year had left her with a very bad cough which the doctors diagnosed as asthma. This meant sleepless nights disturbed by the cough and the difficulty of breathing.

Despite all her personal troubles at this time Pauline enjoyed playing in the "Masque of Kings" and much of this happiness was due to the man who played opposite her — Dudley Digges. They had played together many years previously in "Twenty Days in the Shade," and now as two veterans of the stage they had much in common. Dudley was making his return to the New York stage after an absence of several years in Hollywood. His portrayal of "Franz Josef" was a masterpiece. From the moment he entered the stage, he dominated it and the excellence of his make-up gave the impression that the Hapsburg Emperor had stepped from one of the famous paintings, so well known, of him. In person, there is no more lovable character than

Dudley Digges and his kindheartedness at this time endeared him forever to the heart of Pauline.

Henry Hull played "Rudolf" and Margo was "Marie Vetsera." This was Margo's largest part and at first she was a little afraid of it. Except for a previous appearance in "Winterset" — in which she gave such an excellent performance — her professional experience had been entirely as a dancer. Margo was not a little worried about the large task she had undertaken, but no young actress ever worked harder to make it a success. She was like a naïve child, so willing to listen to what she was told and so anxious to learn. At first, she said, she was terrified of Pauline. She had had so little experience and Pauline so much. As Pauline would sit quietly knitting, waiting for her turn to rehearse, Margo would watch her from a distance. "After a time," Margo said, "I got up enough courage to go nearer and then found that I had been frightened about nothing." Pauline gave her a warm smile and words of encouragement and in a few minutes they were friends. "Although at first she never said anything about my acting," Margo went on, "somehow having her just sitting near gave me so much encouragement and strength. She's *so* kind to beginners like myself." Pauline never gave advice under circumstances like this, unless asked, for there are many young and coming actresses who would resent it. But Margo was not that kind. She talked over her difficulties with Pauline and according to her own words, received a great deal of help. Such situations are not easy for either party and need a great deal of tact on both sides. It was rather like the time Pauline played with Joan Crawford. Naturally, with progress, it must be youth to the fore and when the lesser experienced is playing in a place above the more experienced, there can be difficulties if the older woman is nursing resentments against life and the turn-

ing of the wheels of time. Pauline had had her day — she did not want it over again — and to help younger folks burning with ambition, gave her more joy than anything. So Margo and Pauline got along beautifully and when on tour frequently shared the same dressing room.

Pauline's part in the " Masque of Kings " was that of the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth of Austria. It was a small part but a vital one. The remarkable thing was Pauline's extraordinary likeness to the Empress Elizabeth, insofar as features and coloring were concerned. The Empress, of course, had very long and beautiful hair of which she was inordinately proud and for this, Pauline wore a wig. Her naturally regal manner gave her just the right touch for the rôle and as the critics remarked: " She brings so much dignity and fine trouper instinct to the play that the rôle stands out."

After " The Masque of Kings " had completed its tour, Pauline returned to New York. She had promised for some time to appear as guest star at some of the summer theatres. The asthmatical condition was still bothering her and she really should have returned home to California. But with her a promise was a promise and she would not disappoint. Unfortunately, the conditions at summer theatres are not always of the best. In this particular instance they were of the worst. The theatre was an old barn in the middle of a meadow and rehearsals had to take place in a damp, cold atmosphere. Moreover, in order to stay with the cast and be a " good fellow," Pauline slept in unaired and damp beds instead of going to the good hotel nearby. Her cough grew worse daily but in spite of the protests of her friends, she would not give up. She managed to get through the week, thanks to her superhuman strength and trouping spirit. But when she went on to Providence to complete another engagement, she collapsed. The rest of the tour had to be

canceled and she was put on a train bound for California. Her appearance at this time shocked everyone, for she had grown so thin that a good breath of wind would have blown her over. This was largely due to the fact that most foods seemed to aggravate the asthmatical condition and so she was living on practically nothing.

Yet, again she made another of her rapid recoveries and soon put on some more weight. The haggard look left her face and she seemed to be on top of the world again. Negotiations were under way for a play under the management of that able director, Arthur J. Beckhard, of " Another Language " fame. Rehearsals were started on the play called " Suspect," by Edward Percy and Reginald Denham, which had had a great success in London but had not yet reached the American stage. The plan was to try the play out in Santa Barbara, and after a trial run in San Francisco, to take it to New York if well received. The three day run in Santa Barbara at the Lobera Theatre made them hopeful and the reception which followed in San Francisco confirmed the fact that they had a hit.

As already mentioned, Pauline was always a great favorite in San Francisco and this mystery drama was exactly the kind of play they loved to see her in. Every paper in that city praised Pauline, the cast, and the play to the skies.

The tone of all was the same. The San Francisco *News* under a full page heading said:

PAULINE FREDERICK
MAKES TRIUMPHAL RETURN
TO LOCAL STAGE

" It must indeed be a real thrill to an actress to get a welcome home such as Pauline Frederick received at the Curran Theatre last night where she opened in

an engagement of 'Suspect.' It had a thrill for the audience too. The curtain rose on a big and comfortable garden room, with wide windows through which billowed a thick Cornish mist. Miss Frederick came in and went to the fireplace and the audience which seemed to hold its breath, broke into a barrage of applause that would not still.

"No Fontanne, Cornell or Claire has ever received the welcome she got, for this is Polly Frederick's bailiwick. Finally, she capitulated and rose to give that unique Frederick bow, that deep bend at the waist that is her trademark.

"Pauline Frederick is an actress of infinite phases and she can pack real drama into a rôle without ranting about the stage. As always she uses her hands to perfection.

"Her voice is full and rich. Miss Frederick is a female Mantell when it comes to bouncing a voice off the back wall of the topmost gallery. At the end, she took a round dozen curtain calls."

Could any actress ask for anything more on what proved to be her final curtain, for that run in San Francisco was the last time Pauline Frederick stood upon the stage and took a bow. It seems fitting that her "swan song" should have been in San Francisco, the town which loved her more than any other.

A couple of days before the San Francisco engagement came to an end, Pauline collapsed again and was rushed to the hospital. An oxygen tent had to be used to revive her and pull her through a crisis. Yet, the next day she was back on the stage for the final performance! How she did it, no one knew. When she was informed that the house was sold out for the last night, she smiled valiantly and said: "I'll be

there." The nurses smiled too, very knowing smiles, but they never believed that she would. She was; they didn't know Pauline Frederick. Once again she had stood in the shadow of death's doorway and had laughed and come back.

A few days later she returned to Beverly Hills, just in time to see her mother breathe her last. For some months now Mumsy had been living on borrowed time. When Pauline had returned from New York in the autumn, Mumsy did not recognize her. Her mind had returned to the past and she talked of Polly as a little girl with pink bows on her hair and frilly white dresses. No one was ever more reluctant to give up life than Mumsy. That vital force that had dominated her daughter's life for more than fifty years, wanted so much to continue. Mumsy had never regretted anything so much as having to give up traveling with Pauline. She labored so strongly under the impression that Pauline could do nothing without her. Never did she realize that this domination was so strangling that at times it all but choked the very life out of her daughter. There are some who have to be goaded on if they are to do good works; others merely stumble under such goadings, and Pauline was in this latter class. Mumsy loved the limelight far more than her famous daughter ever did. Pauline was immensely proud of her stately, handsome mother and no daughter ever contributed more towards the happiness and comfort of a parent. Never a day passed when she was on tour that she did not write her mother and this was really an achievement for Pauline, who loathed writing letters and scarcely ever wrote to anyone else.

Mumsy Frederick abdicated her throne on February 17th, 1938.

Pauline made one more film — "Thank You Mr. Moto," with Peter Lorre. The Chinese part suited her for she had always had an intense interest in anything Chinese. She was

amused on the lot one day because in the scene where Lorre had to slap her face, he was so reluctant to do so. Only by much encouragement from her was he finally persuaded to strike her. It is strange the funny tricks life plays — in this, the last film which audiences saw her in, she dies before them.

For the next few months Pauline seemed better than she had for years. Looking back, it is evident that she hid her sufferings. For a time the asthmatical condition seemed to clear up, except for occasional spasms. She made light of that oxygen tent in San Francisco and said that it had been entirely unnecessary. Others, however, knew better. In August she had another bad attack and again inhalators had to be used. Even then, she was only in bed for a day or two and acted as though there was nothing unusual in having to call for the aid of artificial respiration. She made fun of it, probably because she did not want to scare her Auntie Cad. In her heart there is no doubt now that she believed it to be more serious than she would admit. She seemed gay and happy and to be enjoying the California sunshine that she loved so much. With friends, she went on trips to the desert and looked marvelously well. But watching closely, however, one could detect that something was troubling her and though it never became apparent, it is revealed now in the light of subsequent events. Pauline was worried over these attacks which she kept having, for they made her fearful of taking another play, lest she should collapse in the middle of it.

On Friday, September 16th, she went out to dinner with some friends. She was feeling very well. She put on a beautiful white lace dinner dress with a red belt and a red corsage. Coming into the living room she asked lightly, " How do I look? " Everyone agreed she had never looked nicer or more beautiful. Shortly afterwards, however, when she returned

to the room she had changed, having decided that the white dress was too conspicuous for the occasion. " I'll leave it for another time," she said.

When she returned from the dinner party she had apparently had a good time but was fighting for breath. She used the spray which she always kept handy for her asthma and it gave her some relief. Then she went to bed and stayed there the next day as she was " not feeling too good." On the Monday morning she had not improved and was fighting so hard for breath that the doctor sent for inhalators. When the inhalator squad arrived — it was too late. This time, Pauline had gone up to Death's door and it had opened so that she could pass inside. No one could believe it. So many times she had seemed so much worse and had quickly recovered. Now it had all happened in less than fifteen minutes.

Pauline Frederick crossed the Great Divide at two o'clock on September 19th, 1938. This was the " other time " that she wore the white lace dress with the red belt and the red corsage. At her own request she was interred very simply, only her closest personal friends being present. Permission was granted to perform an autopsy because the doctors were convinced that she had not been suffering from asthma. The cause of her death, it was thus revealed, was an internal obstruction — a condition which had not been entirely cleared up when she had been operated upon two years previously.

A few weeks after her death, her small sable Pekinese dog followed her. This last of her canine pets worshipped the ground its mistress walked on. Again, it was one of the smallest dogs of its kind, weighing only two and a half pounds. It was very suitably called " Little Bit," with the more dignified kennel name of " Su Lin." " Little Bit " mourned the passing of her mistress and never ceased to watch

for her. Though every persuasion was used, she refused to eat and finally went to seek her mistress in the Happy Hunting Ground.

Pauline Frederick was such a vital, live person that no one could say she had died, for that spirit could never die. The moment she entered a room it began to vibrate. She went the way she had always wanted to go, " with her boots on," as she so often expressed it. Contracts for a series of radio programs, a new play and a new film were waiting for her to sign.

The most beautiful of all the many tributes paid to her was an editorial in the Chicago *Daily News* written by Donald Douglas. It was as follows:

FREDERICK THE GREAT

" When, as the wife of the Egyptian Potiphar, she wooed Joseph with a voice sweeter than brook's ripple, and more imperious than storm's command, every man in the audience would gladly have replaced the stone-blind prig who spurned her blandishments. And later, when Pauline Frederick moved from the stage to the silent motion picture, her pantomime of gracious form and enamoring gesture sufficed to invoke romance even without the bewitchment of her voice.

" Only the other day she died, and thereby passed into that shadow world where the ghosts of dramatic art inhabit cloud castles and haunted groves more actual to the remembering mind than the harsh chaos which is too often reality. Therein she shall abide, not so much as herself, but as Elizabeth of England, Lady Rowena, Madame X, and the other parts she

played — not, perhaps, with the divine fire, but with an enchantment answerable only to the sorcery of make-believe."

So, it can never be goodbye, but just "Farewell Polly." Memory will live on.

Stage and Screen Appearances of Pauline Frederick

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Stage

Musical Comedy

Rogers Bros. in Harvard
Princess of Kensington
It Happened in Nordland

Plays

Little Gray Lady
The Girl in White
When Knights Were Bold
Twenty Days in the Shade
Toddles
Samson
Dollar Mark
The Fourth Estate
The Paper Chase
Joseph and His Brethren
Innocent
Don't Shoot
The Guilty One
Spring Cleaning
Madame X
The Scarlet Woman
Elizabeth the Queen
When the Bough Breaks
The Queen Was in the Parlor
Housewarming
As Husbands Go
Criminal at Large

Her Majesty the Widow
Mary of Scotland
Masque of Kings
Suspect

IN AUSTRALIA
Spring Cleaning
The Lady

IN ENGLAND
Madame X

SCREEN

Silent

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM COMPANY
The Eternal City
Sold
Bella Donna
Zaza
La Tosca
Mrs. Dane's Defence
Resurrection
Her Final Reckoning
Fedora
Ashes of Embers
The World's Greatest Snare
The Woman in the Case
The Slave Market
Sapho
Sleeping Fires
Lydia Gilmore
The Spider
Audrey

The Moment Before
Her Better Self
The Love That Lives
Double Crossed
The Hungry Heart
Madame Jealousy
Daughter of the Old South
Paid in Full
Out of the Shadow
Nanette of the Wilds

GOLDWYN COMPANY
The Woman on the Index
One Week of Life
Bonds of Love
Loves of Letty
Paliser Case
The Woman in Room 13
Madame X
Roads of Destiny

ROBERTSON AND COLE
A Slave of Vanity
The Mistress of Shenstone
Salvage
The Sting of the Lash
The Lure of Jade
The Glory of Clementina

VITAGRAPH COMPANY
Let No Man Put Asunder

UNIVERSAL FILM COMPANY
Smouldering Fires

WARNER BROTHERS
Three Women

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
Married Flirts

WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO
The Nest

CHADWICK PICTURE CORPORATION
Devil's Island

TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS
Josselyn's Wife

(In London, England)
HERBERT WILCOX PRODUCTIONS
Mumsie

Talking

WARNER BROTHERS
On Trial
Evidence
The Sacred Flame

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
The Modern Age

PARAMOUNT
Wayward
Self Defense
The Phantom of Crestwood

TWENTIETH-CENTURY-FOX
My Marriage
Ramona
Thank You Mr. Moto

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