

ZaSu Goes Home

Every one who ever dreamed of some day achieving fame and fortune has thought, "And then *wouldn't* it be great to come back to the old home town and hear what folks would say!" ZaSu Pitts did just that, and this is the story of how the "old home town" received her.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

I WAS on my way to Santa Cruz for a week's vacation. I had changed cars from the luxurious Limited to a funny little jerkwater train that stopped amiably to let cows get off the track and waited while drummers bade their small-town sweethearts a lingering farewell. The conductor was a friendly old man who knew most of the passengers by their first names, and who paused at my seat to inquire hospitably if I was comfortable and if I liked the country.

"Goin' to Santa Cruz?" he asked conversationally, as the little train trundled placidly ahead. "Nice town," he volunteered; "lots of celebrities come from there. ZaSu Pitts is there now on a visit—she came up yesterday. She's a high-up fillum actress now, and they do say she gets a whopping lot of money——"

I knew ZaSu Pitts, and told the conductor so. He seemed much impressed, and when I told him the exact figures of the salary that ZaSu is to receive now that she is to be starred he blinked with amazement and no little pride.

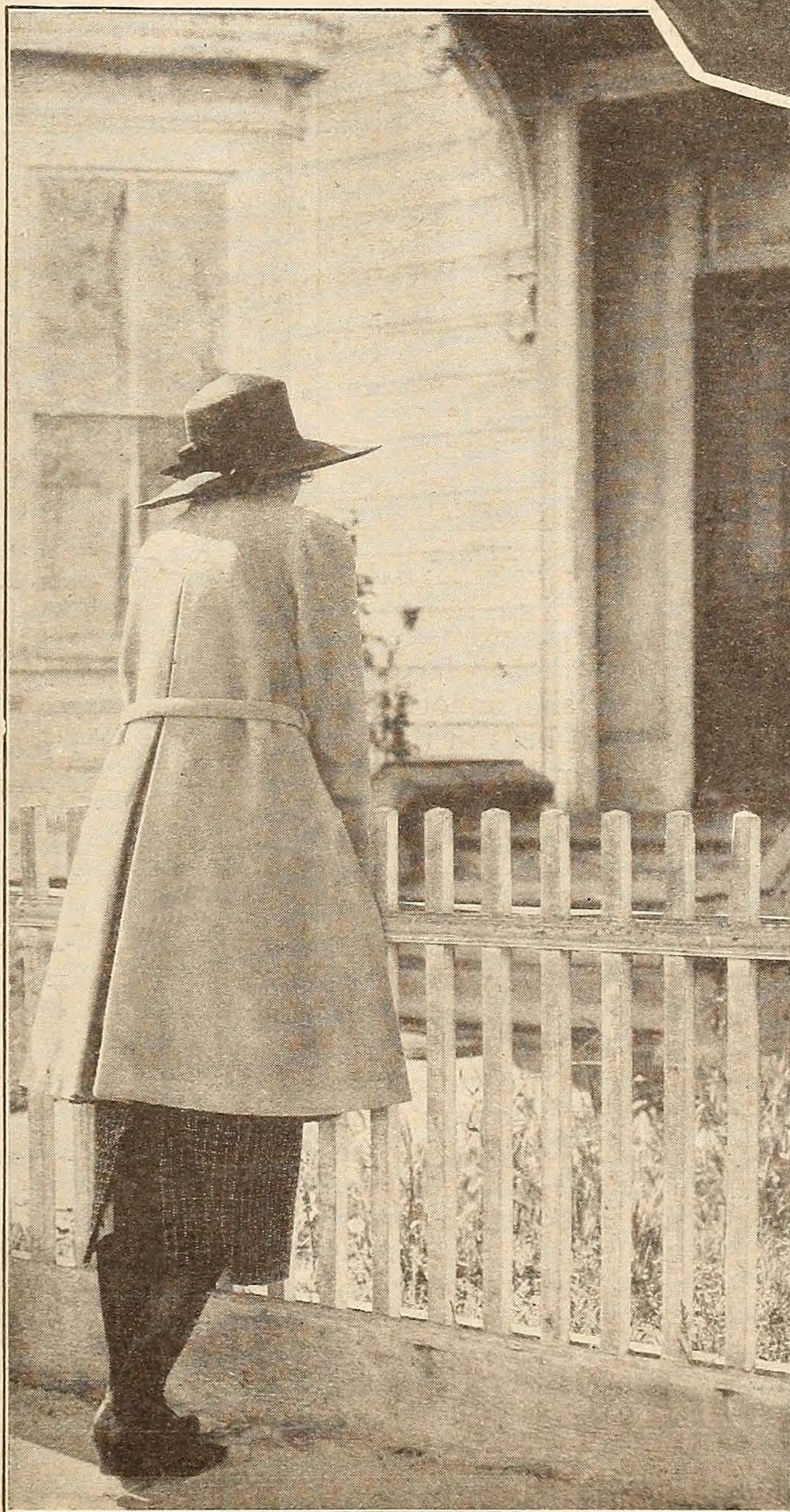
"I knowed she'd do something big," he assured me. "She had it in her. Why, I mind the day—it seems like yesterday — when she boarded this very train to change cars for Los Angeles. That was four years ago—just sixteen she was then—a little mite of a thing, with big eyes and a little round hat set up on top of her head that was always sliding over on one ear. She had on a funny-looking suit, too, with sleeves that were too short, and her arms were full of bundles that kept dropping, first one and then another.

"I mind that I set down by her and she told me she was goin' to be a fillum star. Not a bit afraid—not her! She wa'n't pretty, either, and her arms and legs were awful long, but say, she *knowed* she was goin' to win out—and she's done it! ZaSu leaned over

"Yesterday she come back for the first time since she used to have such a pretty garden," she said.



She was kept talking and laughing every minute.



went away, and say, she certainly looked nice. And she knowed me, too. Wasn't the least bit stuck up—asked about my wife and if our old dog was still alive—not a word about her being a star or makin' loads of money——"

The train stopped with a jerk.

"Cow on the track," explained the friendly conductor, and hurried away to assist Mrs. Cow to safety.

Santa Cruz, I found, was a sleepy, early California town set in a crescent around the blue waters of Monterey Bay. A town with funny, old-fashioned houses and a main street where hitching posts still survive and are used. Somehow it seemed just the place for ZaSu's home town and was like her in many ways; unpretentious but wholesome, possessed of a quaint, distinctive charm, entirely unsophisticated and perfectly contented with life.

I was registering at the St. George Hotel, preparatory to hunting up ZaSu, when suddenly, at my elbow, was ZaSu herself, her shade hat over one ear—her hats never *do* stay on straight—a brown braid of hair threat-



"I certainly gave you a splurge in the paper," said the editor.

ening to uncoil from around her ear, and her gray eyes looking larger than ever against the creamy oval of her face.

"You're coming right up to my room," she announced, taking the pen out of my hand. "I have twin beds in it, and I was wondering how I was going to use them both unless I took turns sleeping in each of them——"

It's perfectly useless to argue with ZaSu. I imagine casting directors found that out when they tried to discourage her from becoming a film star. Her wide, almost mournful, eyes belie the iron will that is behind them. So, in a few minutes more, my bags were deposited in her room, and we were chattering away for dear life trying to tell each other everything of interest in a single breath.

"I came up yesterday," ZaSu explained, as we curled up on our respective twin beds. "This is my first vacation since I started in pictures, and 'Roulie' and I"—Roulie is her eldest brother—"came up for a month. He is going to fish, and I'm going to rest until time for my first picture under my new contract.

"I've always dreamed of this," she sighed contentedly, stretching out her long, slender arms; "of coming back to my home town—I lived here twelve years you know, and went through high school; and of staying in the best room of the best hotel in town——"

There were hours of aimless but thrilling conversation. Then came brother Roulie,

ZaSu's visit included a call on Mrs. Josephine McCracken, Mary Pickford's god-mother.

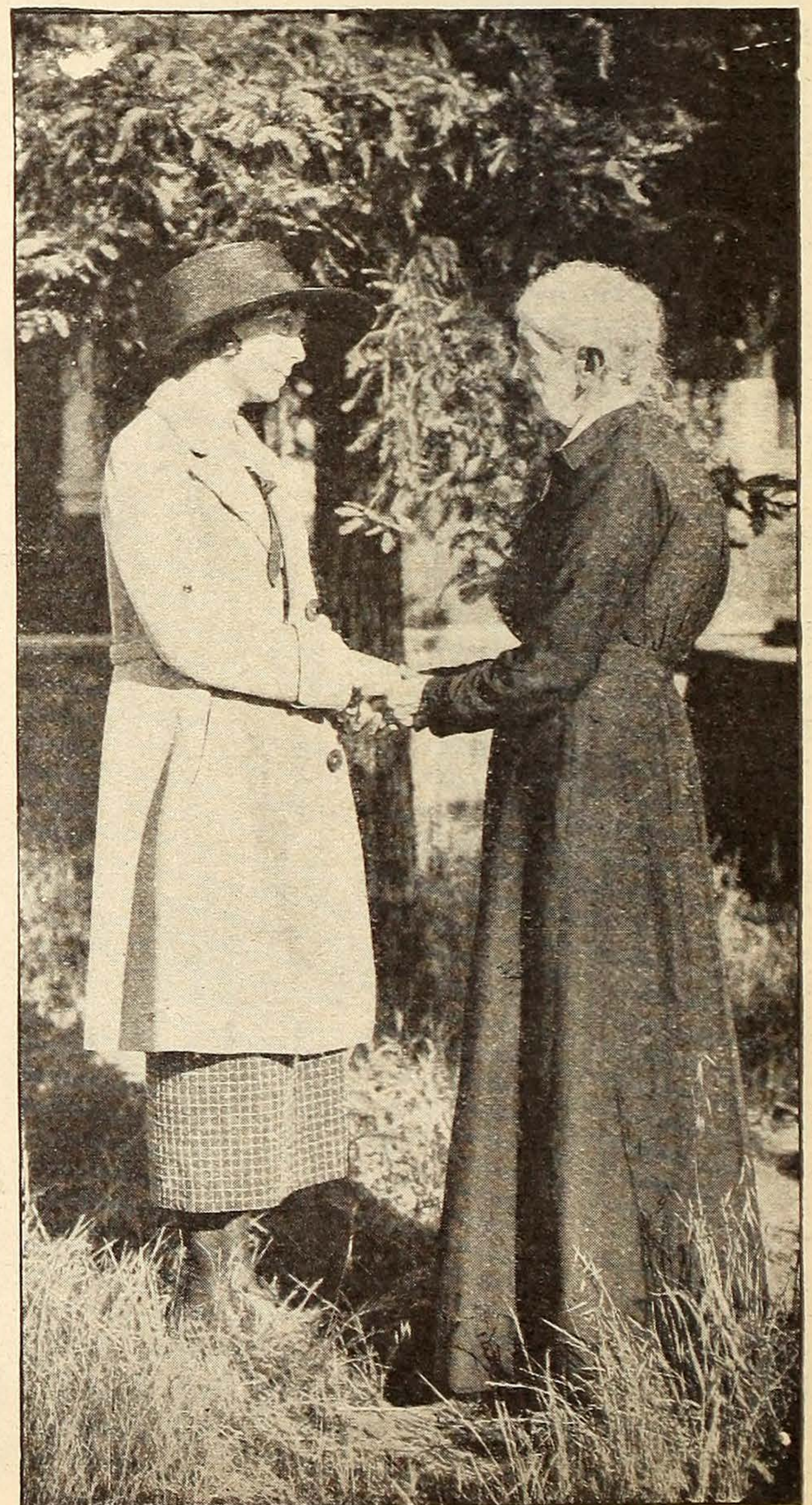
with a string of fish, which were cooked especially for us at lunch, with a celebrity-worshipping waitress attentively near. Afterward, ZaSu volunteered to show me the sights of the town.

But it transpired that ZaSu herself was the main sight of the day. Old-time friends waylaid her at every step. She was kept talking and laughing every minute. Well, if here wasn't little ZaSu Pitts, home again! A real star now, wasn't she—well, they always knew she'd make the town famous—how was her ma, and wouldn't she come around and see the folks while she was in town? Then the questions would begin. How did she like being a movie star? How did it seem to be so famous? Did the old town look about the same?

There was the grocery man who hailed ZaSu delightedly. He recalled the day, four years ago, when she had come into his store to buy currants. She was in a great hurry, and was worried for fear she wouldn't have time to make the currants into jelly before leaving for Los Angeles to become a movie star. to

Then there was the mistress of the dancing school, who beamed as she told ZaSu she hadn't changed a bit, and that she certainly used to be an imp of Satan!

"ZaSu was always up to some kind of mischief," she told me. "A regular Topsy she was.



I remember the day when her teacher was going to whip her, and she ran out of the building and down the hill with the teacher after her—ZaSu was laughing, fit to kill, she thought it was the biggest joke in the world.

"But bashful, say, she was the funniest girl—she couldn't bear to have a boy near her. She used to come to my dancing school, and if she could dance with the girls she was all right, but let a boy try to put his arm around her, and she'd wriggle away like an eel.

"Even when she took the lead in the high-school plays, she always tried to make them cut out the love scenes. And once when a boy wanted to carry her books home, ZaSu slammed them into his arms and said, 'Oh, all right, come on'—and stalked ahead of him, never letting him catch up with her or walk beside her."

We met the editor of the evening paper, a hardy old-timer who had come across the plains to Santa Cruz with an ox team, and who owns half the town. He was a perfect type of editor of the old school.

"ZaSu has certainly made us proud of her!" he boomed in his best oratorical style. "I always expected it, too. She took the lead in school exhibitions ever since she was a little girl, and whenever she came upon the stage, you knew at once that she was master of the situation!

"When they told me about the big salary you were to get from now on, I didn't believe it until I saw the contract," he continued apologetically, "but when I *did* see it, I certainly gave you a splurge in the paper!"

"You certainly did!"



Friends stopped her at every step. The lady holding the flowers was ZaSu's school-teacher who chased her down the hill.

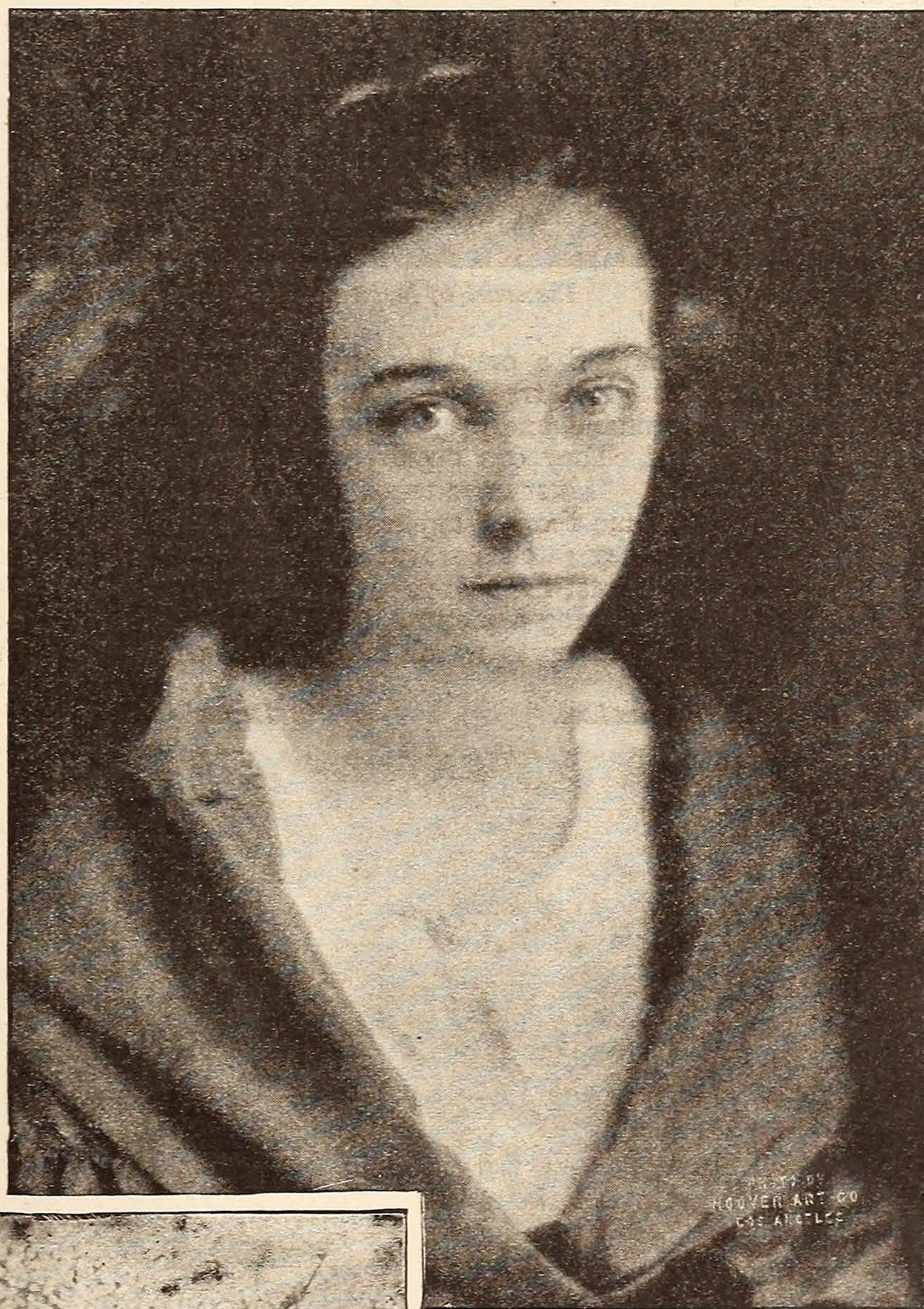


Photo by Hoover

ZaSu was just a small-town girl, who was loved by friends and neighbors for herself alone.

agreed ZaSu gratefully, and I happen to know that of all the printed praise she has ever received, that item from her hometown paper was nearest and dearest to her heart.

We walked up the street to the Pitts homestead, where ZaSu had spent her childhood. It was a white, frame house, with bay windows, and the yard was overgrown with weeds and unkempt grass. ZaSu leaned over the fence and regarded it sadly.

"You'd never know by the way it looks now that I had one of the prettiest gardens in town," she sighed. "Raising flowers was my hobby, and I had them in little beds, all neatly arranged—one of the neighbors used to tease me by telling me the yard looked like a cemetery."

That night we went to the movies, and the proprietor of the theater told ZaSu that he had booked every picture he could find in which she appeared, even for the briefest moment.

When he advertised "The Little Princess," in which ZaSu had her first big part, he had featured her name instead of Mary Pickford's. Such is fame in one's home town.

We were two tired girls that night. ZaSu's progressive welcome-home reception had been rather strenuous for both of us. As I watched



A chat with the county sheriff.

Continued on page 91

ZaSu Goes Home

Continued from page 29

ZaSu take down her long hair, which reaches below her hips, I couldn't help thinking how beautifully she and Santa Cruz fitted together. At no time during the day had I seen the slightest trace of self-consciousness in her. She was not a star with a fabulous salary just ahead of her, she was just a small-town girl who was loved by friends and neighbors for herself alone; for her droll personality, her wholesome candor, and her blithe spirit.

She is still a small-town girl, you see. She doesn't smoke or drink, and she disapproves of swearing. She likes to ride in a buggy, and even in the privacy of her room, she wears—not filmy negligees—but neatly scalloped flannel "wrappers."

ZaSu was still brushing her hair when it suddenly occurred to me that I knew nothing of her early work in pictures.

"Oh, that isn't much of a story," she said. "Mother was willing for me to try my luck in Los Angeles because she had almost as much confidence in me as I had in myself.

"When I got into town, I registered at the Lankershim Hotel—all alone, mind you—and then I started in trying to get work. But at first they wouldn't even give me extra bits. Directors would take one look at me and then tell me kindly to go home to mother.

"But one little comedy company thought I looked funny enough to be funny, if you know what I mean, and they gave me a trial. Then Marshall Neilan gave me a part with Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess," and after that it wasn't so hard. Directors called me a 'type,' and used me for all sorts of parts where awkwardness was required. I played with Florence Vidor in several of her pictures, and then Brentwood featured me in two productions, 'Seeing It Through' and 'Better Times.' But my big chance is just ahead—and do you know why I want to make a great big success?"

I yawned, and hazarded a guess about world fame and greater fortune. ZaSu shook her head and prepared to turn out the light. I was fast sinking into dreamless slumber, and I heard her voice as from a great distance.

"I want to see a great, big headline on the front page of the Santa Cruz paper that says, 'Local Girl Makes Good!'"

I murmured a sleepy assent. ZaSu asserts that it was a snore.

6-P. P.



GLORIA SWANSON
Cecil B. DeMille Artcraft Player

WALLACE REID
Paramount Star

Hermo "Hair-Lustr"

(Keeps the Hair Dressed)

For Men, Women and Children

The hair will stay dressed after Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" has been applied. No more mussed, untidy looking hair. Adds a charming sheen and luster, insuring the life of the hair, as well as its beauty. Dress it in any of the prevailing styles, and it will stay that way. Gives the hair that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance so becoming to the stars of the stage and screen. Guaranteed harmless, greaseless and stainless.

Two Sizes—50c and \$1

AT YOUR DEALER or Direct

\$1 size three times the quantity of 50c size. SEND FOR JAR TODAY. Use it 5 days, if dissatisfied return what is left, and we will REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL. Once you use Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" you will never be without it.

HERMO CO., 542 E. 63rd St., Dept. 610, CHICAGO

Write the Words For a Song

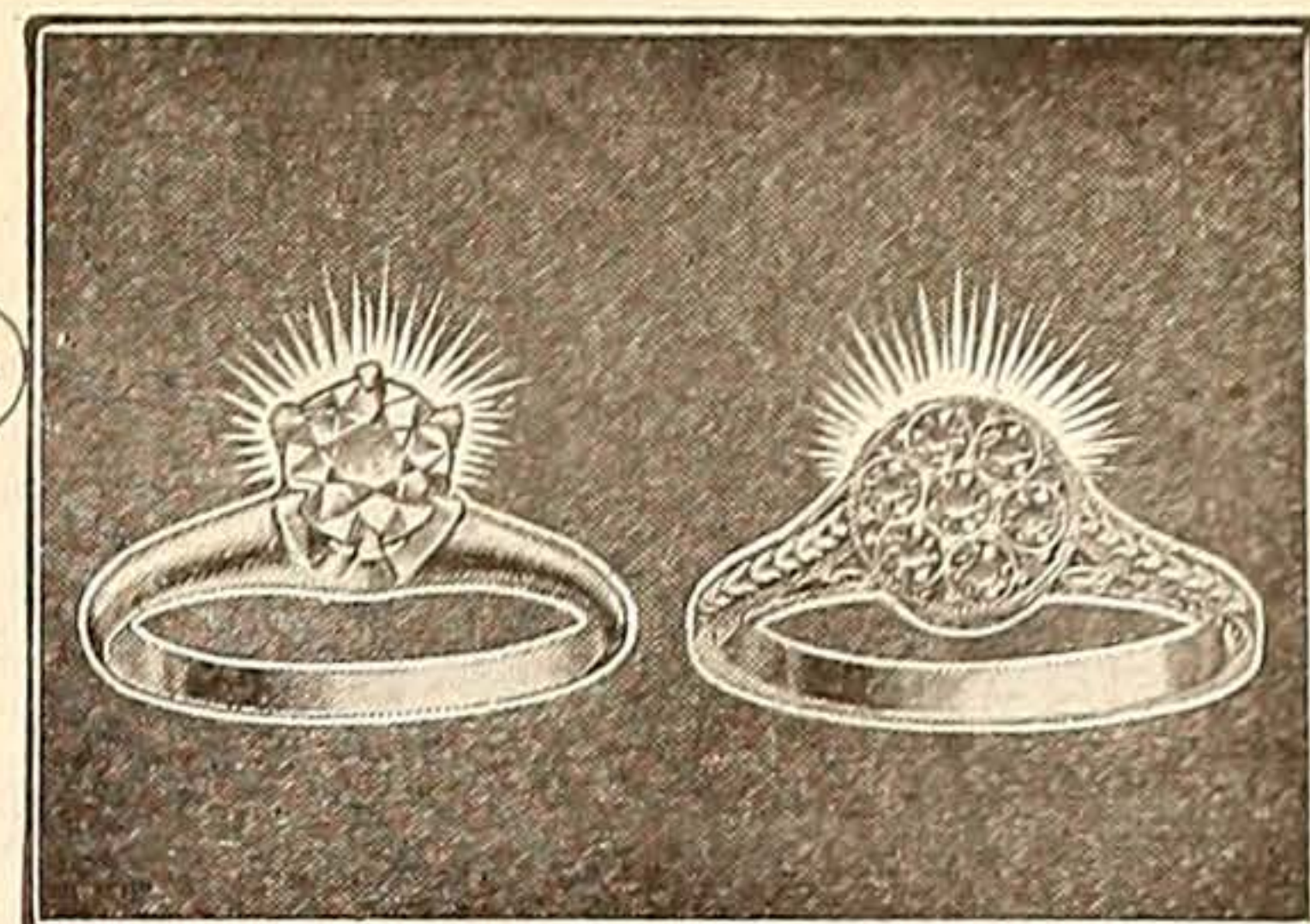
Write the words for a song. We revise song-poems, compose music for them, and guarantee to secure publication on a royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Mail your song-poem on love, peace, victory or any other subject to us today. Poems submitted are examined free.

BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS

104 F Fitzgerald Bldg., Broadway at Times Square, NEW YORK

1/2 Price \$2.50
SEND NO MONEY
If You Can Tell it from a
GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove that our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely resembles the finest genuine South African Diamond (costing 50 times as much), with same DAZZLING RAINBOW-FIRE, (Guaranteed 20 yrs.) we will send this Ladies Solitaire Ring with one carat gem, (Catalogue price \$4.98) for Half Price to introduce, \$2.50, plus War Tax 13c. Same thing but Gents. Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring, (Catalogue price \$6.26) for \$3.10, plus War Tax 15c. Mountings are our finest 12 karat gold file. Mexican Diamonds are GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail postcard or this ad., state size and we will mail at once C. O. D. If not fully pleased, return in 2 days for MONEY BACK, less handling charges. Act quick; offer limited; only one to a customer. Write for FREE Catalog. AGENTS WANTED.
MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO.
Dept. CD2 Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)



DIAMONDS

For a Few Cents a Day

SEND your name and address and we will send you our 128-page book of diamond bargains. It is the result of nearly 100 years' experience and shows you millions of dollars' worth of jewelry to choose from—and pay for at the rate of only a few cents a day.

No Money Down

The diamond you select will be sent upon your simple request—without a penny down. Then if you do not think it the greatest bargain you have ever seen, send it back at our expense. If you decide to keep it, your credit is good.

8% Yearly Dividends

You are guaranteed an 8 per cent yearly increase in value on all exchanges. You can also earn a 5 per cent bonus. The book tells how.

Write Today

Send your name and address today—NOW. You will be under no obligation. You will receive our 128-page diamond book by the next mail. Send your name and address NOW to Dept. 90H

J. M. LYON & CO.

1 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.

Free Book Easy to Play Easy to Pay
Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

SAXOPHONE

This book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.

You can learn to play the scale in one hour's practice, and soon be playing popular airs. You can double your income, your pleasure, and your popularity. Easy to pay by our easy payment plan.

MAKES AN IDEAL PRESENT

Send for free Saxophone book and catalog of everything in True-Tone band and orchestra instruments.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
244 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.



IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE

WRINKLES ON YOUR FOREHEAD OR BETWEEN YOUR EYEBROWS

"No matter how small" are deceitful marks that make you look weak, ugly and many years older. WHY NOT REMOVE THEM—can be done in a few nights by using a FOREHEAD WRINKLE REMOVER which elastically press and smooth the skin of the forehead to its original form—Order One To-Day PRICE "Post Paid" \$2.00. Send for FREE BOOK FACIAL SPECIALTY CO., 66 Warrenton Street BOSTON, MASS

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE!

In this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks." therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1420 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.