

over a dozen times or more before it was satisfactorily shot.

The next scene was where Harry Myers acts as "barker" for Alice Lake's booth, and the extras were supposed to crowd around him when he gets up and shouts, "Come and buy a homemade kiss—sweet as the girl who makes them!"

This scene didn't go very well. We didn't seem to be doing it right no matter what we did. Too many would get around the booth and leave the foreground empty, or just the opposite. About the sixth time, Maxwell Karger lost his patience and exploded.

"For Heaven's sake, *wake up*, you people!" he roared. "Don't be afraid to work—you're getting paid for it! Pay attention to what you're doing—all I hear is, 'See you again at six o'clock!'" And I heard him say to one of his assistants, "All they're doing is making dates! It's a good-looking crowd, but you can't get anything out of them."

"Well, you said you wanted a bunch of young people," said the assistant, "and now you've got 'em."

"Perhaps if the orchestra was kept playing it might liven them up a bit," suggested June Mathis, the well-known scenario writer, who seemed to be the only calm person around. So they struck up "Ain't We Got Fun." Only nobody seemed to be having so much fun—but me. Every one was tired. I would have been, too, if it hadn't been for the novelty of it. The day was unseasonably hot, and the lights added to it. Even the stars were not spared, as Alice Lake and Mr. Myers had to go through their action every time we did. One o'clock came and only two or three scenes had been taken. Perspiring assistant directors were racing around,

and Mr. Karger was fairly tearing his hair and yelling like mad. Then some notes of a previous scene were lost, and every one had forgotten what the numbers were of the extras who had been standing around the booth! Even the extras themselves didn't remember if they had been standing there. If they took the next scene without being certain, it would make a bad mix-up when the scenes were put together. As it was past noon, Alice Lake suggested that maybe we could all work better if we had something to eat. So we all trailed off to luncheon at a tiny little restaurant across the way, where every one in the studio eats. It seemed so queer to see people out in the street in evening gowns, walking along complacently.

The restaurant was tiny and jammed full of people, and I felt so confused I was terribly relieved when Alice Lake beckoned me over to sit by her. There wasn't much variety in the menu; just frankfurters, ham, potato salad, and things like that. It was so warm and smoky I couldn't eat much, but Alice's spirits weren't dampened any, and she ate heartily. Apparently, she is used to it. She seems the last one you'd think would play such heavy dramatic rôles in pictures, she's so gay and happy-go-lucky herself. "Gracious, do you always have to work in such hot weather as this?" I asked.

"Do we!" She fell back in her seat. "Well, I should say so and when it's much hotter, too. You can imagine what it's like in summer."

Even my hitherto unquenchable enthusiasm for movie acting was beginning to waver.

"Hello, Vi!" shouted Alice, and who should come dancing up to our table but Viola Dana, Alice's best

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Pat is at the superlative age of seventeen; she longs for sensations.



Soda Pop—Plus

Not a very dignified characterization for a young woman of Patsy Ruth Miller's attainments, but a true one.

By Myrtle Gebhart

TO begin with, I was prejudiced against Patsy Ruth Miller more than a year ago because her father bought the white stucco bungalow I wanted my mother to buy. However, we settled down across the street from each other and became friends in spite of it, for nobody could resist "Pat," with her impish humor.

I remember when Patsy Ruth had just started in pictures and I took her to a preview at the Ambassador. She was just as thrilled at seeing all the celebrities as any one in the crowd. When Enid Bennett passed us, Patsy reached out a bold hand.

"I touched Enid Bennett!" she said, as thrilled as any fan.

And we took the wrong car going home and got lost and when we finally reached there, after dark, her father was doing a Marathon up and down the street, had called out the cops, and had a murderous look in his eyes. Soon after that we moved to another part of town, and I hadn't seen Patsy since she became a Goldwyn leading lady.

Brother Winston opened the door, a saucy voice bade me enter, and I perceived what appeared to be a duet of mother and daughter on the bench before the grand piano—but it proved to be Patsy getting sewed into a new blouse.

"I've got the lace on the collar and one cuff, but this child won't be still," Mother Miller laughed; "I have to catch her on the fly, trailing along behind with my needle."

After Patsy Ruth had got sewed up respectably, dinner was served. Patsy's Aunt Catherine was there from New York with her small son. Then there was Mother and Father Miller, Brother Winston, Pat, and me. Also Rags, a new addition to the family—a wire-haired canine with a face that would never get him in the movies.

"Will you kindly be less frivolous?" Patsy inquired pertly of the laughing family. "This is an interview—a serious proposition. But," turning to me, "I can't put anything over on *you*—you know too darn much about me!"

You may remember her as Ruth Miller in "Camille;" but there is another Ruth Miller in pictures, so it behooved our Ruth to change her name. Her full equipment is Patricia Ruth Miller, obviously too big a mouthful, so she abbreviated it to "Patsy Ruth."

Pat is at the superlative age of seventeen; she longs for sensations from which she may experience a thrill—and she gets one out of everything—a new boy friend or a new summer frock. And she thinks she is very, *very* cynical!

"I *adore* H. L. Mencken, and his writing," she exclaimed, after I had turned the conversation toward her likes and dislikes. And while she didn't overlook doing justice to the fish and potatoes and biscuits she went on, "and I love to look him up in the dictionary—I get a great kick out of Webster." Which I knew was true. I've seen Pat sitting on the floor, poring over the dictionary for hours at a stretch, hunting for great big *cynical* words. She wants to grow up quickly, you see.

"I've just finished two pictures with Tom Mix—farmed out, you know, while Goldwyn was closed," her irresistible treble rippled on, "Western stuff—red-corpuscle stuff. I thought my life wasn't complete because I'd never done a wild-West heroine with two guns in my hands and fire in my eye. We had excitement all right—Tom rescued me sixty-one times, I braved a forest fire and the buggy turned over. I was *praying* that buggy would turn over—I long for something to happen to find out how the sensation will affect me. But, as we hung there on the brink of the ditch, I kept thinking 'How tame! No thrill at all!' I sat right on Tom's face and wasn't hurt a bit. Life is terribly disappointing, isn't it?" She focused the battery of her big brown eyes on me.

I choked on a biscuit and pondered this marvelous quality of youth from the peak of my jaded score of years. Pat is striving very hard to appear sophisticated—I had a good laugh over an interview with her that I read the other day, in which the writer made her out so very cynical, not knowing from his brief meet-



Photo by Evans

She is really an adorable bit of femininity, but she thinks she is cynical.



For all his boasted gruffness Patsy Ruth Miller winds her father right around her little finger.

ing with her, that it is the dress Pat wears when she wants most to impress strangers.

"And nobody will give me credit for having any opinions," is her complaint. "Just because I'm only seventeen! Of course, I change my opinions about once a week—have a mental house cleaning. But while I have 'em I like to air 'em—and nobody pays any attention to me around here!"

Patsy Ruth's frothy Goldwyn comedy dramas have made her quite a following—and I shall have to tell you about her latest fan, though she'll probably murder me in cold blood for telling. Her kid brother, Winston, had a great disdain for her interviews in the fan magazines. "Ah, you ain't so much," he scoffed. "You've never had your picture in the *Police Gazette*." Then her picture did appear in that noted publication

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Soda Pop—Plus

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—a snapshot showing her presenting a gift to the bootblack at the Goldwyn studio who was embarking upon matrimonial seas. The lighting was poor and Patsy's olive complexion appeared much darker than it is. A little later a letter came from West Point, and she opened it eagerly, with a girl's admiration for a uniform. The writer explained his infatuation for her and ended: "I hope you're a nice saffron color—I'm a good chocolate!" It was from a stable boy at the Academy.

Dinner over, we had an orchestra, with Pat playing, mother singing, and father and Winston beating the drum. Then the family departed to the neighborhood theater to see Pat and Cullen Landis in "Watch Your Step." A long line forms early at each of our two shows. "And you needn't think, young lady," said Father Miller, "that we're going to stand in line to get to see you." Incidentally, Patsy has to watch her step around home, where Father Miller is boss. She is allowed to go out only on Saturday evening, with boys whom he approves.

"I'm dying to smoke a cigarette, to get the 'thrill.' I never have," she said in an awed voice when we were curled up on a comfy couch. "But I don't dare—I hesitate to think what daddy would do to me!"

She made an adorable piece of femininity, cuddled there on the sofa, in her brown-and-green-striped sport skirt, brown sweater with snowy collar and cuffs—all nicely laced—and her tousled hair. Pat's hair is always frankly tousled and she likes to sprawl around; she is never, thank Heaven, prim and precise and starchy. We proceeded to select her favorite color. It happens to be brown, but that would never do in an interview, so we decided on cerise.

She wants to do big, serious things, modeled a bit after Nazimova, for the gifted Russian is her idol.

"The public doesn't know the real Nazimova," she said warmly. "They distort her into an inhuman creature of temperament and it hurts her. She has a marvelous mind and knows everything about everything—I get more from her in one day than from most other people in a year. And she's just an adorable kid—we call her 'Naz.'"

And Nazimova, in her impish, delightful play ways, calls Patsy "Mamma." A framed photo of the exotic Russian bore this autograph: "Love to my darling mamma from her troublesome child, Nazimova."

Patsy is all girl: vivacious, impul-

sive, a saucy minx longing for thrills, an ardent sportswoman, equally good at tennis, horseback riding, or driving the family car. She has a very sympathetic nature and is easily hurt by chance words. She has had so little criticism in her life that I imagine it would go ill with her. Acting is her life; she loves the land of Make-believe, where youth can "pretend"—and get away with it. She has life at her finger tips and is occupied with getting the most out of it. Among her other ambitions is to become a—prize fighter! But, knowing Pat as I do, I don't take that one very seriously.

The family is a Patsy Ruth affair and just as eager for her advancement as she is herself. And my, how proud they were the other evening at the Wampas Frolic, when Pat, in her gold-brocaded frock, held the stage in company with the other stars of to-morrow in whose honor the party was given! They hail from St. Louis and are not ashamed to show it. With Patsy Ruth fresh from convent, they came to California a little over a year ago, bent on travel; but a director saw her on the beach and offered her a part in his picture. Father Miller said "No!" in that distressing manner fathers have when they think they mean it. But he finally succumbed to her pleading—she winds him right around her finger for all his boasted gruffness—and her career began. Small parts led to a rôle with Nazimova in "Camille;" then followed a lead in a Rockett comedy drama, another in "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" then "Watch Your Step" with Cullen. "Remembrance," Rupert Hughes' personally directed story, in which she plays the leading girl rôle, will soon be released. She will return shortly to the Goldwyn fold and big things are predicted for her, for she has tenfold that chameleon thing called personality.

The family returned from the show, enthusiastic because they had seen May McAvoy and other notables standing in line to see *their* Pat, with her kid brother as usual taking the starch out of her by his caustic comments. She was due at Nazimova's, where she was to spend the night, so they brought me home first, hurrying back to the drug store to get some medicine for my mother, solicitous, eager to help, in the way that characterizes "real folks." And Pat's voice, with its infectious gayety, sang back to me from the dark, threatening to beat me "all hollow" at tennis.

She's a Soda Pop girl—plus.