The Heroines of Fiction

By W. E. Hill

February 16, 1930

The heroine of the small town story Thaisie Perkins lives with her ma and pa in a small Iowa community where everybody is very rude and unfriendly. Night after night, with no one to love her but her parents, who are napping in their chairs, Thaisie sits in the parlor longing for life and love and beauty. When she can stand it no longer, she walks out to the Lutheran cemetery and buries her face in the rich upturned loam and wonders why she was born, and if it would be all right to pass the time of day with the big, hairy garage helper at the Kline gas station on Main street, seeing that they have never been introduced. Very tragic.

The biography. “A Queen of Deception” is really a true story, because the jacket blurb says it is based on the tragic lives of Louisea, deceased queen of Ichthlum-Bilchtones, and mistress of the reigning king of Badberg from 1831 to 1888. The book is full of choice anecdotes that have to do with the historically great. Once, on a hearth-fire party in the woods of Nusset, Louise met Alfred the Fingertip, incognito. “Wouldn’t you be afraid to ride with me, kiddie?” said Alfred. “Hein,” said Louise. “I’ve never walked home yet!” It was Louise who is said to have remarked on her death bed, “Love is certainly the bunk!”

The mystery story. Things certainly did look black for Lady Diana Dalrymple-Croft when she was discovered by Jimmy Rocketton, the cleverest man in Scotland Yard, riding the pockets and safe of the murdered assimilator of Ashtar. Inspector Rocketton knew that Lady Diana must be innocent, even though there was the reck of exploded cordite in her curls, and he set out to prove it. It all comes out right, and the big-fat prime minister of Tunisia confesses to the murder.

The Scandinavian prize novel. Ingberg, the beautiful Finn, works in a barnyard and meets Olaf among the pigs, heifers, fertilizer, and such. Of course, it is love in the end, but at the same time Ingberg pretends to love no one but the pig, Helma, and Olaf is mad with jealous rage. Very literary. Not so hot for those who like their girl heroines in Hollywood.

The juvenile tale. Little Roberts Bear, heroine of “How Vermay Bear Saved Was Wex the Otter from a Bad Build- ing,” is out with her granny. They are going to call on Uncle Roy Bear.

Where the west begins. The boys who do pictures for the western stories love dearly to show the heroine looking out over the canyons and the arroyos, while the wind does the prettiest things to her curls. Just for a change, here’s a heroine with her curls blowing all the wrong way. Wild west girls are usually named Vaught, or Shirley, or Dawn, and they usually marry strong, grim, determined men who are tender as the three undernuth hard exteriors.

The serial heroine. “With a catch in his throat, Larry gaspedancelessly as the vision of Diana Bellingham slowly descending the ocker stairway. ‘Diana must have paint- ed her. The room was in darkness and she is as white as a sheet,” and Diana Bellingham are the high lights in “Diamond Class,” one of those serials of the expensive, higher society type. Everybody is very beautiful and fearlessly rich, and there are Palm Beach kissing parties, yachts, cocktails, bridge, dudes, and Park avenue pent houses. The swell heroine, be- coming bored with the rich wasters, marries a poor man with only ten million, and they live happily in a forty room bungalow at Piping Rock.