

# It's the Women Who Pick the Cinema Heroes



Maurice Costello, popular in the day when stars courted contact with their devotees.



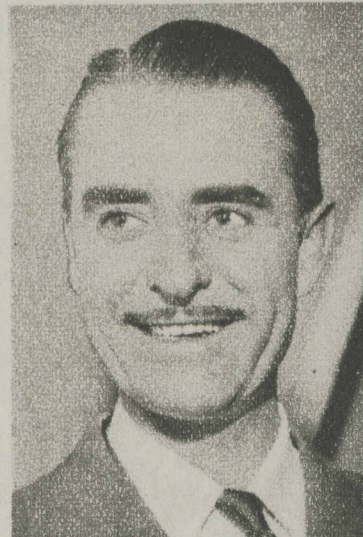
Francis X. Bushman, old-time idol of the films and once called king of the screen.



When Wallace Reid was the rage sophisticated flappers were demanding subtlety in their screen men.



Feminine cinema fans went for Conway Tearle in a big way.



And John Gilbert made many a love-starved heart flutter.

## Screen Idol Styles Ever Changing

By MAE TINEE

THE time is 1911—or thereabouts. The motion picture has just recently hopped over the horizon and the girls are just cr-r-r-razy about a large blond—or maybe he is a brunette—gentleman with a radiant smile, a comelike eye, and ever-yeering arms that clasp flickery femmes of the silver sheet to an unbelievably strapping breast.

Smile, eyes, arms, breast, sonorous and emotional delivery—all these has the screen idol of the days when the movies are new. And believe him, he knows it! And how he treasures them and pampers them! BUT not one-tenth as much as he nurses what he considers his most important asset—His MYSTERY.

It shrouds him like a veil. Like seven veils. And whither he goeth his press agent anxiously trips along, keeping the diaphanous folds pinned together.

Fan letters stream in—to be answered with a coo in every envelope. The recipient sleeps on her missive, for her hero in it has inferred that he's been waiting for such as she all his life.

She doesn't wot that he's married and perhaps the father of five children—for herein lies his mystery. Marriage and offspring must be kept a deep, dark secret. Should news of either leak out, why—pouf!—good-by movie idol. At least, so the pioneer screen heroes believed. And dire wrath was visited by them on movie editors who ventured to say—not liking to be complete liars even for the good of a cause—in answer to inquiries, "He says he isn't married."

In this category came Francis X. Bushman, Maurice Costello, Arthur Johnson, J. Warren Kerrigan, the chap who was "so good to his mother" in all press notices. Here were men who courted personal contact with their devotees. They loved to appear at movie balls, squeeze soft hands—just a little—and murmur in eager ears dulcet words that were encouraging—but never compromising.

The World war brought about a change in taste. Slim, sophisticated flappers craved subtlety in their screen men. And in a big way went for Wallace Reid, Milton Sills, Bert Lytell, Thomas Meighan, Conway Tearle, Eugene O'Brien, John Gilbert.

Then along came Rudolph Valentino to fill a niche all his own. He not only brought romance into every woman's life; he aroused the mother instinct in every woman. In vain did rival producers try to introduce somebody who would be "just as good." They advanced their Ramon Novarros and their George Rafts all to no account. "WE WANT VALENTINO!" cried the ladies. And they're still crying. For up to date nobody has come along with that special appeal which made the Italian boy so dear to the hearts of everybody.

A day dawned when feminine movie fans turned a cool shoulder on pretty fellows and charlotte russe tactics. It was a changing



One of those perpetually popular is Warner Baxter.



And another popular perennial is Ronald Colman.

world and the girls wanted ugly, progressive men who had what it took to buck what came along. And so the tough boys came in for their fling.

Witness, then, as ladies' delights, Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe. James Cagney smacked his screen tomatoes down. Edward G.



One of the tough boys of the screen, James Cagney.

Robinson crushed 'em to earth, and, unlike Truth, they never rose again. Lee Tracy called them by their right names and made 'em like it.

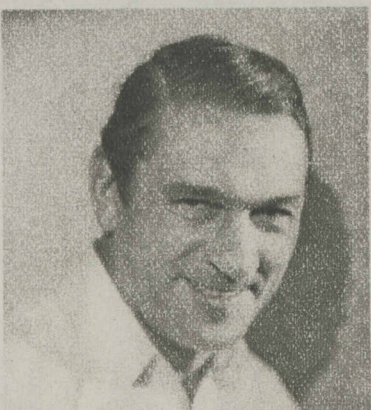
Clark Gable proved a fascinating combination of handsomeness and pugnacity.

Sweet and tough! I guess right here we can list Robert Montgomery, Fredric March, Richard Arlen, James Dunn, and Pat O'Brien.

Of course, there are the "perpetuals," too. Those ever bloomers like Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, and John Barrymore. Their "infinite variety" keeps them eternally on the crest of popularity.

Which brings us up to today. And what will you have today, madame, in the way of cinema heroes?

Well, madame says, she would like something fresh, young, and progressive. No collar ad type, thank you. Just a nice up-and-coming male such as she might meet in most any walk of life. She would like him healthy, well groomed, and smiling. He must be kind—but not too kind. Sympa-



Victor McLaglen, rough but delightful.



Edward G. Robinson simply crushes 'em.



Fresh, young, and progressive, Robert Taylor meets the present-day choice of women. Here he is with Jean Harlow in "Personal Property."



Rudolph Valentino aroused the mother instinct in every woman. "We want Valentino!" the women cried.



Clark Gable, handsome and pugnacious.



Tyrone Power, clean cut and boyish.

thetic, but not slushy. Quick on the come-back.

And so right off the reel, quick! she picks Robert Taylor, six feet tall, blue eyes, brown hair, and Pomona college. Player of tennis. Reader of psychology—and almost idiotically devoted to a collie dog

named Sport that howls under his window each morning to wake him up.

Also—give her Tyrone Power, good-looking son of the late Shakespeare actor whose name he bears. This is the boy-looking clean-cut chap who made his first movie hit in "Lloyds of London," scored a hit in "Love Is News," and is now working in "Café Metropole." He has zip, poise, and a general air of being to the man born.

Edward Norris is the son of a doctor and a graduate of Culver Military academy. The ladies have held thumbs up for him ever since they saw him in "Queen Christina," "Murder in the Fleet," and "Small Town Girl."

Then, of course, there's James Stewart, whom we all loved in "Born to Dance" and whose most recent film is "Seventh Heaven." A tall, lean, drawing fellow who to quote him, "was born in a small town and lived right there till he went to college. My experiences were the same as those of a million average boys. The only difference between me and any of the rest of them is that instead of going into my father's hardware business I got sidetracked into the theater."

We've all got our hair down these days. We're demanding facts seasoned with fiction rather than the fiction tintured with facts which once satisfied us.

And the movie idol of today is the chap who, by not too long a stretch of her imagination, a lady could imagine singing in her own bathroom.

## Voice of the Movie Fan

Letters published in this department should be written on one side of the paper. If you wish a personal reply please inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Dear Miss Tinee: For once and for all, why can't an end be made to all this argument over who should be who in "Gone with the Wind"? It seems to me that when Miss Mitchell wrote the book she had a definite actor or actress in her mind for each part. The inevitable choice for the heroine, the one Hollywood female capable of heading the cast of so great a story, is Margaret Sullavan. She is a real actress, not a Hollywood-trained emoteur. Her stage experience has developed those intricacies of her personality which go to make a real actress.



MARGARET SULLAVAN Nominated for lead in "Gone with the Wind."

My other choices are: Clark Gable for Rhett Butler (although his actual histrionic ability is very much void). The ideal cast would be:

- Scarlett.....Margaret Sullavan
- Rhett.....Clark Gable
- Melanie.....Frances Dee
- Ashley.....Leslie Howard
- Mammy.....Hattie McDaniel
- Gerald.....Edmund Gwenn

- Ellen.....Spring Byington
- Charles.....Eric Linden
- Pitty Pat.....Laura Hope Crews
- .....Helen Westley
- .....Billie Burke
- Frank.....Grant Mitchell
- India.....Gale Sondergaard

Thank you for your indulgence. Now I'll be gone with the wind, too. RICHARD G.

Editor's note: Well, that's a thoughtfully selected cast, anyway. I wish somebody would page Miss Mitchell and get her ideas on the subject, don't you? Blow in again some time.—Mae Tinee.

Dear Mae Tinee: What a surprise and pleasure it was to see Tom Moore in the cast of "Reunion," and with quite a prominent part. His speaking voice is grand, with just a touch of brogue. I sincerely hope to see more of him in pictures. Please tell me something about him—what he has been doing since he played in "silents" with Alice Joyce. Sincerely, ADRIENNE MACK.

Editor's note: Mr. Moore has appeared in minor roles from time to time. He married Eleanor Merry in 1931. Yes, it's like coming home to see old-timers making good in the talkies!

Dear Mae: Why do the theaters put on double features so persistently? Do they think they are doing a good deed? For one thing, it is hard on the eyes; secondly, two idle hours are wasted when a person could indulge in something of more practical value to him. Also, why do the movie people specialize so in feature pictures alone? Let's have more comedies, cartoons, etc. A FAN.

Editor's note: There are some questions only the "movie people" can answer.

Dear Miss Tinee: I disagree one hundred per cent with your review of "Quality Street" appearing in The Tribune. In my opinion, it is one of Katharine Hepburn's best pictures since "Little Women." The picture was a delightful comedy and I found it very witty and refreshing. What gets me is when you praise a picture like "Women of Glamour," which in my opinion, if I may be permitted to say so, was lousy.



KATHARINE HEPBURN A Hepburn fan says a word for "Quality Street."

Sincerely yours, MARGARET JEAN BURKE. "One of Hepburn's many fans."

Editor's note: The thing that gets me about people who disagree with me is that they may be right. Come again.

Dear Mae Tinee: After reading your review of the talking picture "Seventh Heaven" I can't resist the temptation of writing this letter of criticism. I have witnessed both the silent and sound versions and can truthfully say that the "talkie" was without doubt the more disappointing. Why Simon Simone was ever chosen for the part of Diane after Janet Gaynor's excellent work in the same role is beyond me.



JANET GAYNOR Her "Seventh Heaven" wins a reader's praise.

The only outstanding actor was Jean Hersholt, whose acting is always sincere. The sound version lacked depth and certainly could not be compared with the silent movie.

This is my first letter to you, Miss Tinee. I hope you won't mind my being so disagreeable.

Sincerely, ADELIN HAYES.

Editor's note: You're not been "disagreeable," and I'm glad of the interest which caused you to write me. Do it often!