

Biograf- *Theatret*

Vimmelskiftet 47



PROGRAM



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Søen ved Bourget og dens Omgivelser.

En Serie smukke og interessante Billeder fra det naturskønne Frankrig.

Vi befinder os i Egnen ved Bourget, en af de mange Landsdele i Frankrig, hvor Naturen i rigt Maal har ødslet med alle sine Gaver. Vi kommer kørende dertil pr. Bil, og Vejen fører os gennem golde og mørke Klippeegne, men er vi passeret Klipperne, breder Landskabet sig frodigt for vort Blik.

Særlig Indsøen er dejlig.

Paa en Tur med Søens Motorbaad — for naturligvis er al moderne Teknik taget i Brug — forlader vi Søen og slaar et lille Slag gennem Floden, som paa sin Vej mod Havet gaar igennem Søen. Og det lønner sig! Mage til Vandfald findes ikke mange Steder i Verden.

Bedst af det alt sammen er dog en Flok hvide Lam, som vækket af deres søde Morgensøvn løber og tumler og triller om Kap for at være den første, der indtager sin Morgendrik ved Bourget-Søen.

Kærlighed tilgiver alt.

Den Elskedes Ære.

Moderne amerikansk Skuespil, rigt paa spændende og gribende Optrin.

De er ansat paa samme Kontor, *Louis Clark* og den smukke *Ethel*.

De er bleven fortrolige gennem det daglige fælles Arbejde, og efterhaanden gaar det op for dem, at de ikke kan leve uden at være sammen. De forlover sig.

Men med Giftermaal har det lange Udsigter, thi Gagen er knap; det er med Nød og Næppe, at *Louis* kan klare sig selv. Han er ofte bedrøvet derover, men *Ethel* har altid et lyst Smil og en munter Trøst paa Læben. Hun tror saa sikkert, at den dygtige nok skal komme frem — og de er jo dygtige og samvittighedsfulde begge to.

Et Par af *Louis* Bekendte benytter sig en Dag ved et lille Glas af hans Utaalmodighed, og foreslaar ham et udplyndre Chefen, den rige gamle *Mac*.

Men *Louis* afslaar det fortørnet.

Da han næste Morgen sidder paa Kontoret, faar han et bønligt Brev om Hjælp af sin gamle Fader — han er i en fortvivlet Situation og maa have Penge straks. *Louis* vakler, men i næste Nu er Beslutningen taget: han skriver til sine to Venner, at han har skiftet Sind, han vil gerne være med til at plyndre Chefen. Han og *Mac* skal samme Dag afhente en stor Sum Penge i Banken; han opgiver Vennerne Tiden, for at de kan passe Vognen op, naar den paa Hjemvejen passerer en lille Skov.

I Byen piller han de skarpe Patroner ud af *Macs* Revolver, mens denne er inde i Banken. De to Mænd er nu værgeløse.

Hjemme paa Kontoret sidder *Ethel* i mørke Tanker.

Hun har lagt Mærke til *Louis'* underlige Adfærd og til, at han har afsendt et Privatbrev. Paa hans Skrivebord finder hun Kladden til Brevet, og forstaar med Forfærdelse, at hendes Kæreste er ved at begaa en Forbrydelse.

Det maa hindres!

Forsynet med en Revolver rider hun i rasende Hast ad den Vej, som *Mac* og *Louis* skal komme tilbage, og hun møder dem i rette Øjeblik, saarer den ene Røver med en Revolverkugle, men bliver selv saaret i Armen.

Pengene er frelst! Men hvad der for *Ethel* er endnu bedre: *Louis* er frelst fra Forbryderbanen.

Og da han Dagen efter skamfuld og rødmendø aflægger Besøg ved hendes Sygeleje, skænker hun ham af et godt Hjerte sin Tilgivelse.

Kærlighed taaler alt og tilgiver alt.

Snustobaksdaasen.

Samlermaniens Offer. Dansk Lystspil.

Bibliotekar *Ranckel* kan glæde sig ved at besidde en enestaaende Samling af *Snustobaksdaaser*. Han har i sin Samling *Cæsars* og *Napoleons* og endnu flere Berømteders *Snustobaksdaaser*. Derimod har han ofte forgæves søgt at faa Fingre i *Peter XVII's*.

Tilfældet vil, at hans gode Ven, *Rentier Holck*, hvis Nevø *Alexander* er hemmeligt forlovet med *Ranckels* Datter, *Diana*, bringer ham den interessante Nyhed, at *Peter XVII's* *Snustobaksdaase* bortsælges ved Auktion samme Dag. *Holck*, som selv samler paa Oldsager, skal netop derhen. *Ranckel* gør sig øjeblikkelig parat til at følge ham, og de to gamle Venner kommer helt i Fyr og Flamme ved Tanken om, at en af dem skal gaa hjem med det kostbare Klenodie i Lommen.

Ved Auktionen byder de hinanden over, indtil *Holck* gaar af med Sejren. *Ranckel* tager sig det meget nær, Vennen synker betydeligt i hans Agtelse, og der etableres Krigstilstand mellem de to gamle Venner.

Under disse Forhold er det selvfølgelig højst uheldigt, at *Alexander* drister sig til at anmode *Ranckel* om Datterens Haand. Svaret, han faar, maatte han have kunnet ventet. Den gamle lover sit Samtykke paa den Betingelse, at *Alexander* kan faa sin Onkel til at udlevere den sjældne *Snustobaksdaase*.

Den unge Mand spekulerer længe over dette Problem. Heldigvis kommer en Ven af ham, Student *Høg*, ham til Hjælp med

sin Opfindsomhed. Han ved, at Rentier Holck er meget overtrøisk, og heraf benytter han sig.

— — —
En Nat vækkēs Holck af et Spøgelse i lange, hvide Klæder og med en Krone paa Hovedet — Peter XVII, der med hul Gravrøst tiltaler den forfærdede Samler:

— Giv mig min Snustobaksdaase tilbage. Graven skænker mig ikke Fred, før jeg igen har den!

Det frygtelige Syn gør et saa stærkt Indtryk paa Holck, at han, bare for at blive af med den ulykkesbringende Genstand, forærer den til Alexander, som ikke er sen til at overgive den i sin tilkommende Svigerfaders Hænder.

Den kommer hurtigt under en Lup.

Det viser sig, at den er en tarvelig Efterligning af den ægte!

Derfor finder den selvfølgelig ikke Naade for den kritiske Rancckels Øjne. Han skænker den til de to unge, der beslutter at gemme den omhyggelig til Erindring om Forelskelsens skønne Minder.



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FRIEDRICH'S STRASSE 13



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Die Schnupftabaksdose.

Der Pravatier Holck und der Bibliothekar Rankler waren bis zu dem Tage gute Freunde, an dem aus Milners Nachlass die Schnupftabaksdose Peters XVII. versteigerte. Sie sind nämlich begeisterte Bewunderer schöner alter Schnupftabaksdosen, von denen Holck schon eine stattliche Anzahl besitzt. Auf der erwähnten Auktion nun hat Holck seinen Freund Rankler überboten, und seitdem ist die Freundschaft aus. Alexander, der Neffe des Rentiers, liebt die schöne Diana, die Tochter des Bibliothekars, und bittet den Papa mutig um ihre Hand. Rankler will sie ihm geben, wenn er ihm die Dose Peters XVII. verschafft. Ein gerader Weg führt bei dem Onkel nicht zum Ziel, also verkleidet sich ein Jugendfreund Alexanders als Peter XVII. und verlangt nächtlicherweil von dem abergläubischen Holck die Schnupftabaksdose zurück, ohne die er im Grabe keine Ruhe habe.

Am nächsten Tag tritt der Freier Dianens strahlenden Auges vor Rankler hin, übergibt ihm die Schnupftabaksdose und erhält die Hand seiner Tochter. Während die beiden Jungen noch mit den Verlobungsküssen beschäftigt sind, bricht der Bibliothekar plötzlich in lautes Lachen aus. Er hat die Dose untersucht und mit Kennerblick erkannt, dass es sich um eine plumpe Fälschung handelt. Er bringt sie Holck zurück, klärt ihn auf und die Freundschaft wird neu begründet.

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Heft. Er bringt sie Holck zurück, kiert ihn auf um die Freund-
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Verlobungsklassen beschäftigt sind, bricht der Bibliothekar plötz-
Hand seiner Tor, Wehrd die beiden Jungen noch mit den
vor Rantier hin, sperrt die Schnupftabakdose und erhält die
Ankloster, trit der Freier Dinnens strahlenden Auges
die nicht umhin, verheißt. Ein gerader Weg führt bei dem
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nun hat Holck seinen Freund dankbar umarmt, und verlassen ist



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te Bewunderer schöner alter Schnupftabakdosen, von denen Holck
tabakdose Peters XVII. verstiegerte+ sie sind nämlich begister-
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Der Privatier Holck und der Bibliothekar Rantier waren die
Die Schnupftabakdose.

La Tabatière.

Le bibliothécaire Ranchel se réjouit de posséder une collection unique de tabatières. Dans cette collection il a des tabatières ayant appartenu à César, Napoléon et plusieurs autres célébrités. Par contre il a souvent essayé en vain de s'en procurer une de Pierre XVIII.

Le hasard veut que son bon ami le rentier Hardouin dont le neveu Alexandre est secrètement fiancé à Diana la fille de Ranchel lui apporte cette intéressante nouvelle que la tabatière de Pierre XVIII sera justement mise à l'encan le même jour. Hardouin qui lui-même collectionne des antiquités doit justement se rendre à cette vente. Ranchel se prépare immédiatement à l'accompagner. Les deux vieux amis sont très excités à la pensée que l'un d'eux rentrera chez lui avec l'objet précieux dans la poche.

A la vente l'un et l'autre surenchère mais enfin Hardouin est vainqueur. Ranchel prend cela à coeur, et son amitié s'en ressent considérablement. L'état de guerre est établi entre les deux vieux amis. Sous ces circonstances il est naturellement très malheureux qu'Alexandre se décide à demander la main de Diana. Il pouvait s'attendre lui-même à la réponse. Le vieux Ranchel promet son consentement à la condition qu'Alexandre obtiendra de son oncle de se départir de la précieuse tabatière au profit de Ranchel.

Le jeune homme réfléchit longtemps à ce problème. Heureusement un de ses amis, l'étudiant Blanc lui vient en aide. Il sait que le rentier Hardouin est très superstitieux, et il veut mettre cela à profit.

Une nuit Hardouin est réveillé par un fantôme, vêtu d'un long drap blanc, avec une couronne sur la tête - Pierre XVIII.

qui avec une profonde voix d'outre tombe lui dit: - Rends-moi ma tabatière! La tombe ne me laisse pas de repos avant que je ne l'aie!

Cette vue terrible fait une si forte impression sur Hardouin, que le lendemain, seulement pour se débarrasser de l'objet fatal, il le donne à Alexandre, qui ne tarde pas à le remettre entre les mains de son futur beau-père. Celui-ci l'examine bien vite à la loupe, et il reconnaît que ce n'est qu'une grossière imitation de la vraie.

Le critique Ranchel n'en fait en conséquence aucun cas. Il en fait présent aux deux jeunes gens qui décident de la conserver précieusement en souvenir de leur bonheur.

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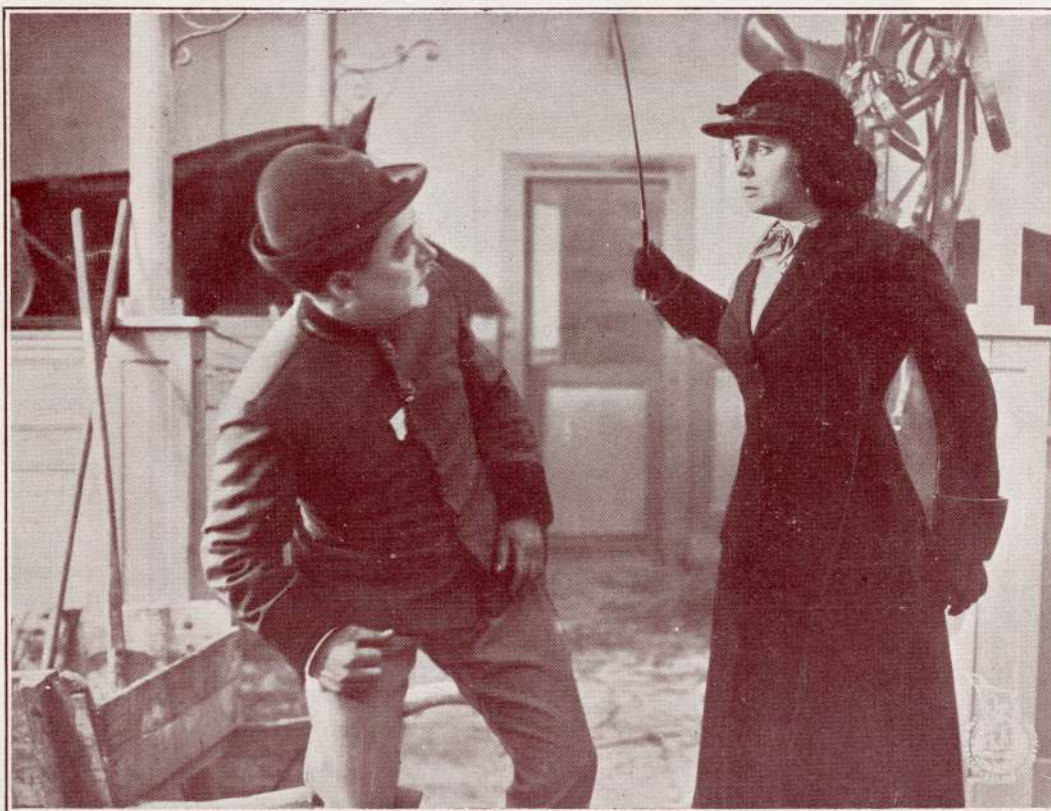
25 CECIL COURT, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

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THE CHINESE VASE.



HE PROPOSES A BARGAIN . . . SHE SLASHES HIS FACE WITH HER RIDING CROP.

Re-awakened Conscience saves a Husband's Honour.

Released Feb. 16th.

Length 2600 feet.

For full synopsis, see following pages.



The Chinese Vase.

RE-AWAKENED CONSCIENCE SAVES A HUSBAND'S HONOUR.



"THE CHINESE VASE" is the peculiar title of a domestic drama charmingly conceived and charmingly visualised, in which a woman's re-awakened conscience saves her husband's honour when she is tempted in the caprice of a moment. The title has a distinct bearing on the *motif* of the play, however, for it is a Chinese vase which serves as the receptacle for the compromising note that forms the mainspring of the story, and while the shattering of it sends the note into the hands of a despicable creature, who has designs of trading upon the information contained in this note, there is a good deal that is symbolical in it.

The woman in the case is Ulla, the young and attractive wife of Gregor Marcher, a quiet, easy-going man, whose happy life is largely wrapped up in his wife and their country home. The other man in the case is Eric Dale, a rather prepossessing individual, who arrives at the Marcher's estate with numerous other guests in response to an invitation to a shooting party. We see the arrival of the guests and observe that Ulla and Eric mutually recognise each other, for the latter was one of the girl's admirers before her marriage to Marcher.

Eric, clearly of an impressionable type, is enamoured at once of Ulla, and like all women, she is pleased to be selected as the object of special attention and courtesies in a crowd, and does not discourage him when he seeks to monopolise as much of her company as he can without attracting undue notice at the shoot. The evening brings with it a dance, and Eric continually hovers near Ulla, following her every movement with jealous eyes. When the dance he has booked comes round, instead of going with the rest, Eric leads Ulla into the sitting room annexed to that in which the dancing is proceeding, and here recalls many of the happy times they enjoyed in the past. His ardour grows, but he is

rudely interrupted by Ulla's next partner arriving. Eric takes a scrap of paper from his pocket as Ulla is leaving the room, and pointing to it, motions towards a large vase standing on the mantel piece. She looks a little bewildered for the moment, then apparently understanding, nods her head, and with a crisp little laugh, goes in to dance. Ulla subsequently makes several efforts to extract the note from the vase, but each time she is interrupted, and she is still ignorant of what the lovesick Eric has written when she retires after the rest of the household.

When all the rest of the house is wrapped in slumber—except one of the man-servants, who is on the *qui vive* for eventualities—she creeps from her bedroom with a candle and visits the sitting room, intent on getting the note. The vase is missing from its accustomed place, and making a search, she finds the *debris* of it on the hearthrug—but the note is missing. Embarrassed, and then concerned, she returns to her room, unheeding the servant, who had been watching her operations through the glass doors of an

ante-room. This servant had found the note and pocketed it, with the intention of making it serve his own ends. He had been sky-larking with a maid after the house party had retired, and in a scrimmage, the vase had been dislodged from its place and shattered. The girl had given vent to tears, and did not see the note lying among the broken fragments.

Ulla is still perturbed at breakfast the next morning, and her agitation is difficult to mask when the man-servant whispers in her ear that he has the note for which she was searching overnight. He tells her, as she leaves the room at the end of the meal, that if she wants him he will be in the stables within half-an-hour. Her white, drawn face attracts the attention of her husband, but she allays his fears as to her health with the lame

excuse that she has a slight headache. As soon as she can get away, she dons her riding habit and proceeds to the stables.

Instead of his usual deference, the man-servant greets Ulla with offensive insolence. He shows her the note, and when she attempts to take it, snatches it back with a grin. He propounds a bargain—and Ulla, stung to fury, slashes him across the face with her riding crop. Ulla rushes from the stable, but has not gone far before she realises the serious situation into which she has been drawn, for she intuitively realises that the note the man-servant holds must be of a compromising character. She returns apprehensively to the house, and gazing out of the window of her room, sees the man-servant hurrying away with his portmanteau, evidently appalled by the threat of the exposure of his conduct to his employer.

Ulla sees him hand a note to one of the young farm hands, and motion that it is to be delivered to her husband. The latter receives the note when chatting with his steward, but not deeming it of immediate importance, lays it aside. His wife immediately after enters in trepidation, and the steward having left the room, she creeps behind her husband and covers his eyes with her hands. As he rises to his feet with a smile, he turns, and she whips the note from his desk unobserved by him, and secretes it.

The strain of the moment overcomes her, and for a minute or two she is in a half-swoon, but she quickly recovers under her husband's solicitous attentions. The steward returning, she promptly leaves the room, and in the privacy of her boudoir, peruses the note which has been fraught with such alarm for her. It is, as she suspects, an assignation for the same day. The time fixed is nearly due, and she decides to keep the appointment. Eric is there patiently awaiting her, but the reception he receives is very different from that he had anticipated. Ulla has recognised that her folly the previous day, when a passing whim had led her to encourage the youth before her, has compromised her, and menaces her husband's honour. She upbraids Eric for his presumption that their close friendship of the past could continue in the present, and she leaves him abruptly, much crestfallen.

She returns to the house, and decides, as she holds the

principle that no secrets should be kept by a wife from her husband, to tell him the truth. He has failed to find the letter sent to him from the dismissed man-servant, but attaches no importance to it, having no idea of connecting his wife with its disappearance. He visits her while she is reading in her own room. She suddenly breaks from his embraces and motions him to a chair. He seats himself wonderingly, and then she hands him the letter he should have received, not sparing herself in revealing the subterfuge by which she outwitted him to secure it. When he reads the note he jumps to inferences which stir him to anger, and after a violent denunciation, he leaves his wife with wild words ringing in her ears. She is somewhat aghast at the reception her confession has had, but she feels to some extent that her husband's reproof is merited, and she is solaced

to think that she has told him the truth without incalculating Eric.

The fact that she will not disclose the author of the letter has incensed her husband the more, but he decides upon a clever plan to discover him. At the house party that evening he suggests a diversion in the entertainments. He declares that he has acquired a knowledge of character from handwriting, and he asks each of his guests to write a note, and he will describe the character of each writer from the notes. Ulla immediately appre-



THE CONFESSION OF THE WIFE ROUSES THE HUSBAND'S FURY.

hends the purpose of this, but she has no opportunity—even if she desired it—of apprising Eric of the plan by which he will commit himself, for her husband, who has ignored her markedly throughout the day, stations himself near her. Eric Dale writes only his name—the worst thing he could have done, for it identifies him at once—and Gregor Marcher is immediately struck by the similarity of the writing with that of the note directed to his wife. Without ado, he reveals his discovery to Eric, and without attracting undue attention from the rest of the assembled guests, tells him a few pertinent truths and advises him to leave the house with the least possible delay.

Eric departs, and later, when the rest of the company have retired, Ulla goes quietly up to her brooding husband, and slips her arms round his neck. The clouds which have gathered over their love are soon swept away.

RELEASED FEB. 16th.

CODE WORD—VASE.

LENGTH 2,600 ft.



The Silver Snuff Box.

AMUSING COMEDY OF JEALOUS ANTIQUARIANS.



"THE SILVER SNUFF BOX" is a novel subject treated in a mirth-provoking way, and does not depend for its effect on extravagant hilarity or knockabout incident. It deals with two antiquarians, one a Mr. Holt, and the other a Mr. Rank. The former, with his son, pays a visit to Rank, and while the two big-girthed connoisseurs are revelling over Rank's collection of treasures, Holt's son, Alexander, finds far more to captivate him in another room in the person of Diana, Rank's young daughter. The latter manage to disentangle themselves and become immersed in one of Rank's curios when their parents enter the room in which they are, preparatory to visiting a sale. Alexander has to accompany the two men a part of the way, and their progress to their destination is frequently checked on account of the extraordinary practices of Holt to counteract evil influences, for he is as superstitious as an uneducated Oriental. There is only one lot at the sale which appeals to the two collectors, viz., a Peter XII. snuff box. Each bids against the other, and finally the lot is knocked down to Holt, but the jealousy the loss of it occasions to Rank summarily ends the friendship of the pair. Unaware of the rupture between the parents, Alexander calls later in the day upon Rank, and asks for Diana's hand. Rank, still rankling under the loss of the snuff box, obstinately refuses his consent; then, as an after-thought, he adds that he will agree—if Alexander will get him the coveted relic of Peter XII. Alexander is very much dismayed, but he proceeds home and immediately asks his father to present him with the snuff box. Naturally, he is met with a refusal, despite the fact that Holt is not averse to the linking of his collection with Rank's as a result of the relationship which would accrue from the union of their offspring. Alexander very glumly explains the facts to Diana when he meets her in the park, and goes over the tale of woe again when his friend Price happens to come along. Price, however, is an angel in disguise. Together with Alexander, he arranges a ruse by which they may get possession of the snuff box, not by actual theft, but by its presentation to them by Holt. They decide to play upon Holt's nerves and his strongly-rooted super-

stitions. Price is smuggled into Holt's house, and while in the privacy of Alexander's room, disguises himself in a quaint way so that he may pass as a re-incarnation of the historic Peter XII, who originally possessed the snuff box. When Holt, senior, is snoring and heaving in his bed, Price enters his room in darkness and awakens him suddenly by stamping upon the floor. Holt jumps up from the bed in alarm, and imagining that burglars may be after his treasures, catches up a revolver with the object of investigating. He sees what he deems is an apparition of the long-departed Peter, and swoons from shock. Such a turn of events had not been expected by Price, and he makes himself scarce to summon Alexander. The latter manages to restore his father and then tries to reassure him, but just as he is apparently successful, Price, still in the guise of Peter, puts his head in the doorway and in a sepulchral voice, orders Holt to give back to him the snuff box, as he cannot rest without it. Holt at the first opportunity, with many shivers down the spine, abjures Alexander to take the snuff box away, and his son obeys the injunction with an alacrity which would have been suspicious if Holt's nerves had not been unstrung. The next day Alexander arrives at Rank's house with the snuff box, and he accepts it with unfeigned glee, while the two young people proceed to while away the minutes as young people in similar circumstances have often done before. Their amity is, however, suddenly checked. Rank finds on examination of the snuff box that it is a forgery, and his wrath is extreme, till he expands with a smile—an idea having struck him. Together with Alexander and Diana, he marches, proudly vindictive, to Holt, who receives him with some hesitation. He explains to Holt that he has been had, but Holt is not very much concerned, for without ado he hands the snuff box over to his son. Friendship between the parents is then quickly restored, and there are mutual congratulations when the announcement is made of the impending engagement of the two young people, who had feared that they were to be separated because of the advent of the tawdry silver snuff box.

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LENGTH 1 200 ft.

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