



9258

## Lago Maggiore.

Smuk Naturoptagelse fra en af Italiens skønneste Egne.

Den smukkeste af Norditaliens mange Søer er Lago Maggiore. Rigt bevoksede Bredder, Olivenplanter og Kastanier omkranser den, medens de blaa Bjerge i Baggrunden knejser mod Himlen og omrammer den smilende Dal.

Omend en enkelt Del af Søen mod Nord ligger paa Schweiz' Omraade, bærer dog Lago Maggiore, dens Omgivelser, og det Liv, der rører sig paa den, et italiensk Præg. Gondoler glider henover Søens Flade under Gondolierens Sang og Mandolin-spil ind imellem de talrige Smaaøer i Læ af Bjergene.

Turister, der besøger Italien, undlader aldrig at tage en Tur med Turistdamperen tværs over Lago Maggiore, og alle bringer de med sig hjem et dybt og varigt Indtryk fra det skønne Italien.

Den snedige Skrædder.

# Det svage Punkt.

Kvindelist er vel behænde, men Skrædderlist er uden Ende —!

Lystspil. (Nordisk Films Co.)

*I Hovedrollen: Hr. HOLGER PETERSEN (Gissemand).*

Der er udbrudt en lille ægteskabelig Strid mellem Hr. og Fru Bang. Sagen er, at Hr. Bang, efter Fru Bangs Mening, paa Gaden har hilst overdrevent høfligt paa de to Balletdamer, Frøknerne Winge.

Hun betror sig til sin Moder, der giver hende det Raad at sætte Manden paa en Prøve; hun følger Raadet, forlader Hjemmet og efterlader et Brev til sin Mand:

»Kære Mand! Jeg er gaaet hjem til Moder. Hun er bleven pludselig syg. Jeg bliver hos hende Natten over.

*Din Else.«*

Hr. Bang er henrykt over den Lejlighed, der saa let gives ham til at slaa sig løs en Aften.

Han aftaler at mødes med sin gode Ven, Dameskrædderen Hr. Sachs, og de to Balletdamer, Frøknerne Winge, og efter et vældigt Restaurations-Sold bliver de enige om at afslutte Aftenen med en Flaske Champagne i Hr. Bangs Hjem

Medens alt dette foregaar, har Fru Bang hjemme hos sin Moder vandret utaalmodig op og ned over Gulvet. Hun brænder af Længsel efter at vide, om Manden er gaaet i Fælden eller ej, og Moderen kan næppe dæmpe hendes Utaalmodighed.

Endelig stormer den unge Frue hjem.

Hendes Ansigt udtrykker paa en Gang Harme og Triumf, da hun aabner Døren til Herreværelset og finder sin Mand og Vennen bænket ved Siden af to Kvinder. Hun giver sig ikke Tid til selv at tage Manden i Skole, men løber hurtigt afsted for at hente Moderen.

Hvordan klare den?

Den snedige Skrædder faar en god Idé.

De to Frkn. Winge jages ud, og han og Bang iler skyndsomst hjem i hans Atelier, hvor de henter to Mannequin'er, som de transporterer hjem i Bangs Lejlighed og anbringer paa de Stole, hvær før Frk. Winge sad. De naar lige akkurat at faa alt i Orden, til Fru Bang og Moderen stormer ind.

Tableau!

Med en affabel Haandbevægelse afværger Hr. Bang frækt alle Angreb:

— Jeg syntes, Du trængte til en ny Kjole. Derfor bad jeg Hr. Sachs komme herhen med de to smukkeste Kjoler, han havde!

Hvilken Kvinde kan vel modstaa en saadan Opmærksomhed? Fru Bang falder med mange Bønner om Tilgivelse ydmyg og blid til sin Mands Bryst —.

Den snedige Skrædder.

# Det svage Punkt.

Kvindelist er vel behænde, men Skrædderlist er uden Ende — !

Lystspil. (Nordisk Films Co.)

*I Hovedrollen: Hr. HOLGER PETERSEN (Gissemand).*

Der er udbrudt en lille ægteskabelig Strid mellem Hr. og Fru Bang. Sagen er, at Hr. Bang, efter Fru Bangs Mening, paa Gaden har hilst overdrevent høfligt paa de to Balletdamer, Frøknerne Winge.

Hun betror sig til sin Moder, der giver hende det Raad at sætte Manden paa en Prøve; hun følger Raadet, forlader Hjemmet og efterlader et Brev til sin Mand:

»Kære Mand! Jeg er gaaet hjem til Moder. Hun er bleven pludselig syg. Jeg bliver hos hende Natten over.

*Din Else.«*

Hr. Bang er henrykt over den Lejlighed, der saa let gives ham til at slaa sig løs en Aften.

Han aftaler at mødes med sin gode Ven, Dameskrædderen Hr. Sachs, og de to Balletdamer, Frøknerne Winge, og efter et vældigt Restaurations-Sold bliver de enige om at afslutte Aftenen med en Flaske Champagne i Hr. Bangs Hjem.

Medens alt dette foregaar, har Fru Bang hjemme hos sin Moder vandret utaalmodig op og ned over Gulvet. Hun brænder af Længsel efter at vide, om Manden er gaaet i Fælden eller ej, og Moderen kan næppe dæmpe hendes Utaalmodighed.

Endelig stormer den unge Frue hjem.

Hendes Ansigt udtrykker paa en Gang Harm og Triumf, da hun aabner Døren til Herreværelset og finder sin Mand og Vennen bænket ved Siden af to Kvinder. Hun giver sig ikke Tid til selv at tage Manden i Skole, men løber hurtigt afsted for at hente Moderen.

Hvordan klare den?

Den snedige Skrædder faar en god Idé.

De to Frkn. Winge jages ud, og han og Bang iler skyndsomst hjem i hans Atelier, hvor de henter to Mannequin'er, som de transporterer hjem i Bangs Lejlighed og anbringer paa de Stole, hvor før Frk. Winge sad. De naar lige akkurat at faa alt i Orden, til Fru Bang og Moderen stormer ind.

Tableau!

Med en affabel Haandbevægelse afværger Hr. Bang frækt alle Angreb:

— Jeg syntes, Du trængte til en ny Kjøle. Derfor bad jeg Hr. Sachs komme herhen med de to smukkeste Kjøler, han havde!

Hvilken Kvinde kan vel modstaa en saadan Opmærksomhed? Fru Bang falder med mange Bønner om Tilgivelse ydmyg og blid til sin Mands Bryst —.





# TACT.



HOW A HUSBAND LULLED A SUSPICIOUS WIFE.

**T**HIS IS A SUBJECT full of wholesome humour, turning on a wife's jealousy, a terment mother-in-law, and a husband fond of a little harmless flirtation, who can cleverly cover up the traces of his lapses from conjugal fidelity. Mrs. Brown is particularly concerned over the attentions bestowed by her spouse upon two young ballet dancers, the Misses Wing, and she is in a sullen mood when he arrives home after she has caught sight of him from the window of their house passing pleasantries with the frolicsome young ladies. She will not listen to any explanation, and as soon as he leaves her to seek the comforts of his own study, womanlike, she gives way to tears. Her mother, an acrid person who imagines she can quell any rebellious male creature because of her long experience of them, arrives while Mrs. Brown's tears are coursing down her cheeks, and she soothes the worried wife by suggesting a plan whereby the latter can prove her suspicions of Mr. Brown. He, in his own room, is somewhat disconsolate because of these very suspicions, and when his friend Sachs, the tailor, calls, he resolutely declines to join him when told that Sachs is "going out on his own to-night." The suggestion that if Brown should alter his mind he should 'phone to Sachs, is forgotten till Mrs. Brown, in accordance with the plan propounded by her mother, tells him that her mother is ill and she is going to visit her that night, probably to stay till she has recovered. Mrs. Brown has scarcely left the house in the wake of her mother when Brown 'phones to Sachs and accepts the invitation for the evening. He loses no time in dressing and repairs to a pre-arranged meeting place to find not only Sachs, but the two ballet girls who have kindled such jealousy in his wife's mind. After a merry time together in a cafe, the quartet—both the men are slightly inebriated—repair to Brown's home. They are oblivious of the fact that Mrs. Brown has been anxiously watching the clock, and at a time deemed crucial by her mother, has left the latter's house to return to her own abode. The quartet are assembled comfortably round a table—when the bombshell explodes that disturbs their harmony. Mrs. Brown enters unannounced, and taking things in at a glance, violently denounces her husband. "Now I know," she says, "what sort of a man you are. I will go for my mother and she will soon teach you a lesson." Brown is dumb for a moment, but as soon as his wife has gone for her mother, he hits upon an ingenious idea so that he may come unscathed out of the mess into which he has become involved. Together with Sachs, he hurries to the tailor's work-rooms and selects a couple of model mannequins. Returning to his home, he expeditiously arranges these at the table, and as soon as the Misses Wing have hastened from the house, takes a seat with Sachs at the same table to await developments. Soon Mrs. Brown comes back, accompanied by her tempestuous mother. The latter sweeps majestically into the room, and rushes at one of the figures, hurtling it to the floor. It lays still and she is amazed. She bends down and finds it is a dummy figure, and that another is still arranged in a sitting position at the other side of the table. Mr. Brown espostulates with her at her precipitate and unexpected action, and she, crestfallen, looks on agape when Brown tells his wife that if she had allowed him to explain when she first returned home, she would have understood that he had decided to present her with a new dress, and that Sachs had selected and draped two figures with gowns so that she could the better realise their effect. Mrs. Brown looks at her mother reproachfully and then ensconces herself in her husband's arms, fully convinced that her suspicions of him are unjustified.

RELEASED MONDAY, MAY 25th.

LENGTH 899 FT.



gent disciplinarians, they are human, and Tom Black, whatever his past, is a model prisoner. At work he is energetic and exact, and in the little leisure allowed he scrupulously conforms to all the prison rules. His only joys are to get out occasionally in the exercise yard, to look wistfully at the sun and trot round in a circle, as though proud, like a child, that he can use his limbs. Church service would be a joy if he could realise that the salvation for transgressors, of which the chaplain spoke, applied as much to him as any man, but his fits of hope are followed by despair, although he greedily absorbs every word the chaplain utters. It is because he so studiously follows the service—even for church service the convicts are segregated in single box-like structures, as though each was a wild animal, and if given the opportunity would be tearing at each other's throats—that Tom Black attracts the attention of the chaplain. The latter visits Tom in his cell, and after a brief, affecting talk, Tom falls on his knees, nervously and only half-comprehending, to repeat a prayer of forgiveness for a contrite heart. The chaplain is so interested in him that he eventually induces the governor of the prison to apply for a pardon for Tom, and because of the excellence of his record at the prison, the application is, after a short lapse of time, granted. Tom, at first, only dimly understands what it means, and when he does he is overwhelmed. He weeps tears of joy, embraces the chaplain and his warder, and having donned his clothes and received the money he has earned while in prison, emerges a free man. The changes that have taken place in the outer world since he was last at liberty strike upon his dulled sensibilities as uncanny, and after the turmoil and jostle of the streets he is glad to escape for a little quietude into the park. How remote he is from his surroundings, having been so long out of touch with the world, is soon brought home to him. His old-fashioned garb, hunted look and nervous apprehension strike terror to children, who run from him when he approaches while they are at play, and a woman with a child, in whom he evinces interest, hurries away from him with a look of disgust and fear. Sadly he turns away to mingle with his fellow creatures in the street, where his shame can be better hidden. Even here, however, he attracts attention to himself on account of his nervousness because of the swift-moving traffic, and when he boards an electric tram, curious at its propulsion without horses, and half-afraid of it, he is again the cynosure of many eyes. He disembarks at the cemetery to search out his mother's grave, which he finds overgrown with tangled weeds, and bathes them with the bitter tears of self-reproach. Subsequently he goes to seek his only surviving sister, the address of whose house he has ascertained from the cemetery officials. On his way he calls at a cheap eating house, and hardly had he sat down to his meal than he is made the butt of ridicule on the part of many of the patrons of the place, and after a reprehensible bit of horseplay, he beats an undignified retreat. Eventually after sundry other adventures, he manages to reach the squalid quarters of his sister. She fails to recognise him, for he has been dead to her for many years, and even when she does, she evinces no sign of welcome, but rather repugnance and fear. A woman friend even more pointedly resents his intrusion into the house, and as Tom shows a disposition to stay, she summons his sister's husband from a neighbouring workshop. Tom offers his hand to him when he arrives, but it is indignantly refused with the taunt, "We don't want you here; we are respectable people and have to earn our living in a honest way." Almost heartbroken, the poor old man falters in reply, "Don't be afraid of me; I shan't hurt you. I have a little money that I have earned by honest work." And he hands them what money he has, and without thanks they take it, motioning him to take a seat at the table for their meagre meal. He is so studiously neglected, and his sister's companion treats him with such abhorrence, as though he were pestilential, that he is only too glad of an opportunity to escape again into the teeming streets, where the general excitement leads him to forget his own carking troubles. But the flight of an aeroplane causes him to doubt his sanity, and in a frenzy of fear he rushes back to the prison, pleading on his knees to be allowed to live out the rest of his life in his quiet cell. But even from the prison he is an outcast—they refuse to receive him now that he has been granted his pardon. What can he do? A shuttlecock of Fate, he flies away into the heart of the country—anywhere so long as he can find peace and forgetfulness. Tired out at length, he makes himself a bed of leaves, and lies down to sleep. Sleep comes to blunt the edge of all his pains of mind and body, and in his dreams he sees a vision of his mother holding out her arms to him—for while the whole world may turn from him, to his mother he is still her son. And with a smile as though he understands, Tom passes into the Great Beyond, for exposure to the night air for one physically and mentally exhausted proves, as one might have expected, fatal.

RELEASED MONDAY, MAY 25th.

LENGTH 2,950 FT.



## Den snedige Skrædder.

Der er udbrudt en lille, ægteskabelig Stridighed mellem Hr. og Fru Bang. Stridsaarsagen er, at Hr. Bang efter Fru Bangs Mening paa Gaden har hilst overdrevent høfligt paa de to Balletdamer Frøknerne Winge. I hendes Bryst spirer en svag Mistanke frem, og hun betror sig til sin Moder, der giver hende det Raad at sætte Manden paa en Prøve. I Overensstemmelse med dette Raad lægger hun en Seddel til sin Mand, saalydende:

"Kære Mand. Jeg er gaaet hjem til Moder. Hun er pludselig bleven syg. Jeg bliver hos hende Natten over. Din Else".

Hr. Bang er henrykt over den Lejlighed, der saa let gives ham til at komme og slaa sig løs en Aften. Han aftaler at mødes med sin gode Ven, Dameskrædderen Hr. Sachs, og de to Balletdamer, Frøknerne Winge. Efter et vældigt Restaurant-Sold, bliver de enige om at afslutte Aftenen med en Flaske Champagne i Hr. Bangs Hjem.

Medens alt dette foregaar har Fru Bang, der jo er hjemme hos sin Moder, vandret utaalmodig op og ned over Gulvet. Hun brænder af Længsel efter at vide, om Manden er gaaet i Fælden eller ej, og Moderen har et Mas med at dæmpe hendes Utaalmodighed. Endelig stormer den unge Frue hjem. Hendes Miner udtrykker paa en Gang Harne og Triumf, da hun aabner Døren til Herreværelset og finder sin Mand og Vennen bænket ved Siden af to Kvinder. Hun giver sig ikke Tid til selv at tage Manden i Skole men løber hurtigt afsted for at hente Moderen.

Hvordan klare den?

Den snedige Skrædder faar en god Idé. De to Frkn. Winge jages ud og han og Hr. Bang iler skyndsomst hjem i hans Atelier, hvor de henter to Mannequin'er, som de transporterer hjem i Hr. Bangs Lejlighed og anbringer paa de Stole, hvor før Frkn. Winge sad. De naar lige akkurat at faa alt i Orden, til Fru Bang og Moderen stormer ind. Tableau! Med en affabel Haandbevægelse afværger



(Den snedige Skrædder)

-2-

Hr. Bang frækt alle Angreb ved at sige:

-Jeg syntes, du trængte til en ny Kjole. Derfor bad jeg Hr. Sachs komme herhen med de to smukkeste Kjoler, han havde!

Hvilken Kvinde kan vel modstaa en saadan Grad af Opmærksomhed? Fru Bang falder med mange Bønner om Tilgivelse ydmyg og blid til sin Mands Bryst.

o o o o o o o o o o





**A/S NORDISK  
FILMS-KOMPAGNI  
COPENHAGEN**

BERLIN. LONDON. NEW YORK. PARIS. WIEN.  
BUDAPEST. MOSCOU. BARCELONA. SOFIA.

---

---

BERLIN S. W. 48.

FRIEDRICHSTRASSE 13.

Telegram-Adr.: „Nordfilm“.

Teleph.: Amt Mpl. 10191.

---

---





## Der schlaue Schneider.

Herr und Frau Bang haben sich einwenig entzweit. Der Streitpunkt ist, dass Herr Bang, der Meinung seiner Frau nach, zwei Balletdamen etwas zu freundlich gegrüsst hat. Frau Bang ist misstrauisch geworden und vertraut sich ihrer Mutter an, die ihr den Rat gibt, ihren Mann auf die Probe zu stellen. Die junge Frau beschliesst diesem Rat zu folgen und schreibt auf einen Zettel: "Lieber Franz! Ich bin zur Mutter gegangen, sie ist plötzlich erkrankt. Vielleicht muss ich über Nacht bei ihr bleiben.

Deine Else"

Herr Bang ist entzückt über die Gelegenheit, die sich so unerwartet ihm bietet, ein wenig bummeln zu gehen. Er beeilt sich, mit seinem Freunde, dem Damenschneider Herrn Sachs und den beiden Balletdamen sich zu einem gemütlichen Abend zu verabreden. Nachdem sie sich zuerst in der Stadt tüchtig amüsiert haben, beschliessen sie, den Abend in Herrn Bangs Heim bei einer Flasche Champagner zu beenden. Unterdessen geht Frau Bang bei ihrer Mutter auf und ab. Die Mutter versucht sie zurückzuhalten. Zuletzt reisst ihr aber doch die Geduld und sie stürmt nach Hause. Ihre Mine drückt sowohl Wut und Triumph aus, als sie die Tür öffnet und ihren Mann auf frischer Tat ertappt. Sie lässt sich nicht Zeit, ihm selbst gleich Bescheid zu sagen, sondern läuft schnell, ihre Mutter zu holen.

Jetzt ist guter Rat teuer! Der schlaue Schneider hat aber eine gute Idee. Die beiden Damen werden fortgeschickt, und die Herren holen schnell von Herrn Sachs' Atelier zwei Frauen-Figuren die sofort auf zwei Stühle gesetzt werden. Alles ist gerade in bester Ordnung, als Frau Bang mit ihrer Mutter hereinstürmt. Mit einer lebenswürdigen Handbewegung wehrt Herr Bang alle Angriffe ab. "Ich wollte Dir ein neues Kleid schenken, deshalb habe ich Herrn Sachs mit zwei seiner schönsten Modelle hierher bestellt! Welche Frau kann einer solchen Lebenswürdigkeit widerstehen? Renevell fällt Frau Bang ihrem rücksichtvollen Mann um den Hals.



# A/S NORDISK FILMS-KOMPAGNI COPENHAGEN

BERLIN. LONDON. NEW YORK. PARIS. WIEN.  
BUDAPEST. MOSCOU. BARCELONA. SOFIA.

---

BERLIN S. W. 48.

FRIEDRICHSTRASSE 13.

Telegram-Adr.: „Nordfilm“.

Teleph.: Amt Mpl. 10191.

---





## LE TAILLEUR RUSÉ .

---

Il s'est élevé une petite querelle conjugale entre Monsieur et Madame Mouton. La cause de la querelle est que Monsieur Mouton d'après l'opinion de Mme Mouton a salué dans la rue d'une manière par trop polit deux danseuses. Le soupçon germe en elle, et elle se confie à sa mère qui lui conseille de soumettre son mari à une épreuve. Conformément à ce conseil elle dépose pour son mari un billet ainsi conçu :

Mon cher mari,  
je suis allée voir  
maman qui est tombée malade. Je  
reste auprès d'elle cette  
nuit.

Elisa.

Monsieur Mouton est ravi de l'occasion qui lui est offerte de passer une bonne soirée. Il convient avec son bon ami le tailleur pour dames M. Desciseaux de se rencontrer avec les deux danseuses Mlles W. Après avoir fait la fête au restaurant ils sont d'accord pour terminer la soirée par une bouteille de champagne chez Mouton.

Pendant que tout cela se passe, Mme Mouton qui est réellement chez sa mère, arpente impatiemment le plancher. Elle brûle de savoir si son mari est tombé dans le piège, et sa mère a peine à la calmer. Enfin elle court chez elle. Elle a l'air triomphant quand elle ouvre la porte du cabinet de son mari, et le trouve avec l'ami à côté des deux femmes. Elle court pour chercher sa mère.

Que faire! Le rusé tailleur a une idée. Les deux mademoiselles sont renvoyées, et lui avec Mouton se précipite chez lui dans son atelier où ils s'emparent de deux manequins qu'ils transportent chez Mouton et disposent sur les chaises, précédemment occupées par les demoiselles. Ils ont juste fini leurs



préparatifs quand Mme Mouton et sa mère arrivent. Tableau!

Par un geste affable Monsieur Mouton repousse toute attaque en disant: - Il me semblait que tu avais besoin d'une nouvelle robe. C'est pourquoi j'ai prié M. Desciseaux d'apporter ici les deux plus jolies robes qu'il avait!

Quelle femme pouvait résister à une telle attention. Mme Mouton tombe dans les bras de son mari en implorant humblement son pardon.

- - - - o o 0 0 o o - - - -



A/s **NORDISK FILMS CO.**

**COPENHAGUE**

BERLIN. LONDRES. NEW YORK. PARIS.

VIENNE. BUDAPEST. MOSCOU.

BARCELONE. SOFIA.

---

---

