

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

(IN FOUR PARTS)



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IN FOUR PARTS

The magnificent spectacular environment of the city of Pompeii at the time of the famous eruption of Mt. Vesuvius; the dramatic and classical qualities of the Greek people then assuming a world-wide significance, offer copious material for a stupendous photo-play drama. So that the scenes and characters of this drama are in a great measure suggested by the peculiarities of the buildings which are still to be seen at Pompeii.

The story of the Last days of Pompeii is wrought with numerous incidents of love, condemnation, revenge and finally peace of mind; making it intensely human, being tinged with the dignified atmosphere of the artistic Grecian characters.

The tale begins a few days before the destruction of Pompeii and ends with that event.

SYNOPSIS

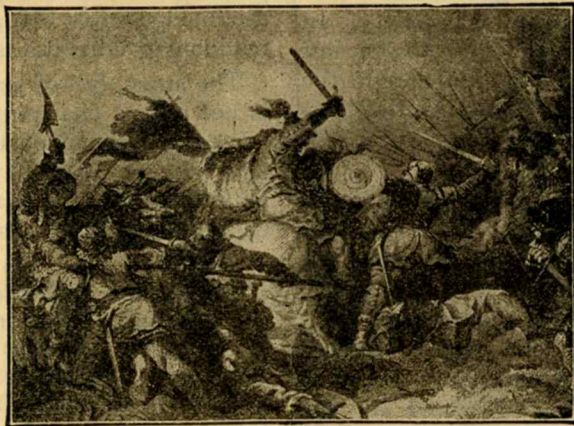
The simple story relates principally to two young people of Grecian origin—Glaucus and Ione—who were deeply attached to each other. The former is a handsome young Athenian—impetuous, high-minded and brilliant, not too eager to show his Patrician love for the pure and lofty-minded woman, Ione.

With the aid of his faithful blind slave, Nydia, he manages to reach the heart of fair Ione, who in turn ex-

presses her noble admiration for the handsome youth. Nydia, the simple but true-hearted girl, who is forced to obey the dictates of her master, pines in unrequited affection for Glaucus, and while she is faithfully executing his orders of carrying flowers to Ione feels the dreadful pain that her own tender heart undergoes.

In the same time that these two lovers are exchanging their heart-felt affections a certain Egyptian, Arbaces,

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the guardian of Ione and the villain of the story, under a cloak of sanctity and religion, indulges in low and criminal designs. He possesses a strange love for his ward, and while Ione does not feel altogether kind towards him, still she shows signs of gratitude for his past seemingly tender care for her.

With this attitude toward him Arbaces is not entirely pleased with Ione, and secretly plans to force his love upon his fair ward. By means of trickery the Egyptian invites the blind servant to administer a love potion to her good master, claiming that in that event Glaucus would immediately shower his affection upon her and forget the beautiful Ione.

Nydia, quite innocent and unable to perceive the treacherous intent of the cruel Arbaces, obeys him, and with the assistance of the witches administers a maddening potion instead, which suddenly enrages Glaucus and turns him into a raving madman.

Arbaces planned well so far, for he had just secretly murdered Apaecides, the brother of Ione, and when the populace learn of the condition of Glaucus resolve that the Athenian in a fit of insanity was responsible for the murder. Glaucus is imprisoned and condemned to appear in the arena with the hungry lions ready to devour their victims.

After being placed for days in the

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gloomy and narrow cell in which the criminals of the arena await their last and fearful struggle, the unfortunate Athenian was brought before the thousands of mortals awaiting the gruesome spectacle. The people seemed to have little or no compassion for the hopeless youth, and instead there appeared one unanimous feeling of expectant joy as the hungry lion made his way toward the powerless victim.

The lion suddenly snuffed the air and made a wild dash, but not on the Athenian. The crowd grew resentful at the seeming cowardice of the beast, when suddenly a youth rushed into the midst of the amphitheatre and madly raised his hands in silence. "Remove the Athenian," he cried; "he is innocent. Arrest Arbaces, the Egyptian; he is the murderer of Apaecides."

Wild confusion occurred for the moment, and when Apaecides was given a chance to defend the accusation against him there instantly appeared a strange and glittering glow in his face that put a horrible shudder into every mortal frame in that vast assembly.

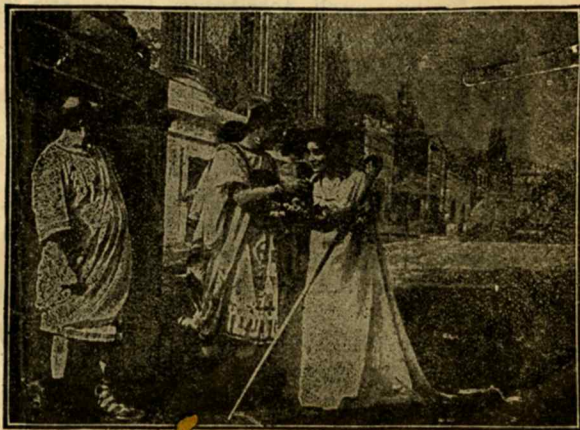
Then, after a sudden, dead, terrorizing silence, there arose an amalgamation of sharp shrieks and fierce yells that drowned the uppermost noises of any clamor and confusion heard before.

Beyond that vast amphitheatre could be seen the flaming eruption of Mount

Vesuvius, surging forth with a maddening noise. Women shrieked, fainted; men by the thousands clamored for safety.

There was no thought of Glaucus or Arbaces now—the only feeling that was left in the hearts of the fateful throng resolved itself into one maddening rush for self-preservation.

Pompeii, which but a few brief moments ago stood in magnificence from the uppermost view of the amphitheatre, now appeared an indescribable mass of chaos and confusion. Men, women and children trampled upon one another; thousands upon thousands could be seen now turning sharply into fallen ruins, now running insanely into



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fathomless eruption. Such discord and confusion, such terrifying looks can only be imagined by witnessing the wonderful reproduction in the human and everlasting photo-drama.

But during the horrible turmoil there could be seen the suffering figures of Ione and her lover. Upon cinders and molten rocks, alongside of gigantic fallen pillars, these two unfortunate creatures could be seen making their way on—they knew not where, and in the midst of their mystery they plainly caught the face of Arbaces coming from behind some ruins that almost crushed him.

The villainous Egyptian stood facing the two lovers for a few moments, and with a treacherous look summoned enough physical courage to thrust the weak and powerless Glaucus aside, and as Arbaces was about to embrace Ione the earth beneath him opened with a horrible gash and swallowed the infamous serpent.

With limbs trembling and just enough power to lift up the pitiful girl, who had fainted to the ground, Glaucus picked her up tenderly and with unsteady movements carried her far into the open road until they appeared alone, away from the ruined city.

All during this frightful event, Nydia, alone and forsaken, groped her way through the fallen ruins. As for herself she cared not, but her thought was centered on Glaucus—her only hope was to find him once more and to tell him how happy she felt that his innocence of the murder was brought about.

As if by magic, Glaucus, almost unable to believe his own eyes, saw the figure of his faithful blind girl majestically approaching him. With outstretched arms he bade her tell him why she had been so kind and good to him, but with the answer choking in

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her throat the poor girl led the true lovers towards the shore in safety. In the darkness they put forth to sea, but as they cleared the land and caught the new aspects of the mountains, its channels of molten fire threw a partial redness over the waves.

Ione, entirely worn out and exhausted, slept on the breast of her lover, who soon joined her in her dreams; but the fair Nydia found no rest nor peace. Softly, and almost trembling with strange emotions, she silently walked into the depths of the waters until her beautiful form was drowned by the gushing torrents of the illuminated sea.

When Glaucus awoke from his sleep he gently touched Ione's arm. She awoke. Both gazed at each other, wondering, fearing. Then they wept in silence. They surmised the fate of Nydia, and as their little vessel drifted away from the ruined city they could see nothing but the seething, almost incessant smoke of ashes from the remains of the trampled inhabitants and their equally unfortunate homes.

We are led through the various points of interest in this photo-play—from the beginning of the beautiful romance of the lovers into the intricate

plottings of the villain—until we reach the inexhaustible confusion of the wild, maddening inhabitants of Pompeii.

The story, full of learning and spirit, is not only a charming story, but contains a gorgeous spectacle of the beautiful city of Pompeii; its magnificent amphitheatre, its luxurious and classical buildings, its baths full of color and architecture.

The insane multitude at the time of the volcanic eruption brings to the eye a feeling of terror and awe—a sensation that can always be remembered and which no adequate words can describe.

In brief, it is a photo-drama never to be forgotten when once seen.

