



## I WENT TO THE MOVIES BY YORK

I WENT to the movies last night. But it was no Hollywood Revue, seen in a crowded theatre with one's elbow companions complete strangers, and the people of the screen technically perfect in their performance.

Instead it was an evening with the movies, enjoyed from the luxurious depths of a chesterfield, surrounded by one's best friends, and the actors on the screen my host and hostess, their son . . . their neighbor's sons and daughters; their friends, my friends . . . and best of all . . . my own self. There was I on the silver screen at last. Ella Cinders had nothing on me!

But, seriously, this business of having moving picture *soirées* in one's home is a heap of fun. I never laughed more; never derived more genuine fun from an evening's professional performance.

There is far more than mere fun, however, in the possession of one's own moving picture outfit! There is the matter of putting into living, lasting form one's most cherished experiences—making memories permanent.

Last night's *soirée* was at the home of Mr. H. Napier Moore, the well-known magazine editor. Mr. Moore has possessed a moving picture camera now for two years, and in this time, during his travels about Canada has acquired a most invaluable number of reels, all of course, of his own taking, which makes them the more valuable for permanent collection.

This past summer, Mr. and Mrs. Moore had the unique experience of trail riding out of Banff, Alberta, along and away from the Assiniboine

trail. Up and over mountain passes they rode on the sure-footed ponies of the C.P.R. guides. For the most part, in his search for editorial copy, Mr. Moore's party penetrated undiscovered parts . . . making Rocky Mountain history. Here comes the real value of his moving picture camera: he was able to record the actual moving story of a notable trail ride. I saw the picture last night. It was thrilling in its detail and inordinately interesting in revealing the little intimacies, the personalities.

A year ago the Moores rode out of Jasper Park, with Norman Reilly Raine, the Canadian writer of sea stories, Mrs. Raine, Mr. J. E. Sampson, the Canadian artist and several others. Last night I witnessed the actual moving pictures of that Rocky Mountain epic. It was more than a mere display of dramatic mountain scenery. It was a picture which vibrated with that abiding interest which only accrues when one knows the participating principals.

Then our host threw on the screen the gem of the evening! . . . my own three lads and myself rollicking in the first of the winter's snows. Could any other picture so completely warm the cockles of a father's heart! Jim, Eric, Bruce and their playmates stepped on to the screen in the fullness of their playtime selves. It was a joy to behold them. There was something compelling about the thing. It made me pause to think . . . to think ahead into the years . . . these same lads grown to manhood . . . yet preserved in this way forever to their parents . . . a permanent, living record of their boyhood. No price too great to carry such a memento into the future.



Above: Mr. R. Y. Eaton, of Toronto, taking a reel of pictures with his moving picture camera, of his young son Alan, riding one of the hunters of the Eaton string. Alan Eaton is one of the most accomplished of the younger riders with the Eglinton Hunt

Mrs. H. Napier Moore, of Toronto, wife of the well-known Canadian editor, "shooting" her young son, Allan, who is a student at Upper Canada College, and one of his chums. Mrs. Moore and her husband have taken thousands of feet of film in their travels about Canada

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continues the long  
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over than those of  
her Paris coutu-  
to the point of  
has here created a  
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n flowers and a  
ish of the ribbon