

Picture Show

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p. 17

JAMES KNIGHT.

A British Actor who is endowed by nature with the Face and Figure of a Hero.



"Yes, Jimmy is my name."

IF ever a man was endowed by nature with the face and figure to play the part of a hero, that man is James Knight, the leading man of the Harma Company.

Handsome in a strong, manly way, the chief characteristic of his face is a peculiar boyishness which is heightened by a frank, sunny smile.

His splendid physique is the result of constant training and taking part in all kinds of sports and pastimes, and there is no man on the silent stage who keeps himself more fit. That is why there is a sort of freshness about Mr. Knight's performances which adds so much to the enjoyment of those who witness them.

JAMES KNIGHT is an Englishman, and he is one of the men who have proved to the world that this country can produce as fine film actors as any of the big American stars. Born at Canterbury, Mr. Knight began his stage career as a wrestler, touring the halls with the famous Gotz. These nightly bouts helped to develop a frame already splendidly endowed by nature. In those days Mr. Knight had no thought of becoming a film actor; but he was unconsciously developing his natural gifts for stage work and gaining by public experience the hundred and one things which are summed up in the phrase "stage presence."



His thoughtful frown.

An Ideal Hero.

MR. KNIGHT will be remembered by our readers by his successes in "The Happy Warrior," "A Splendid Coward," "Big Money," "A Romany Lass," "Nature's Gentleman," and "The Silver Greyhound." His favourite part is that in "Nature's Gentleman," but many people—the writer included—think his greatest success was in "The Splendid Coward."

One big producer suggested that Mr. Knight should play comedy parts, but the actor did not think he was cut out for that kind of work, and very wisely did not run the risk of ruining his reputation by attempting the lighter side of screen work. It is certain that the public would not have welcomed the change, for we have too few ideal heroes in the British cinema world to lose one of the outstanding ability of Mr. Knight.



His joyous smile.

IT should be mentioned that all the plays named above are British productions, and, naturally, Mr. Knight is a firm believer in the future of the British cinema. What is more, he is, by his splendid acting, proving to producers that there is plenty of talent in these little islands, and when the day comes when Britain will fear no rival in the cinema, industrially and artistically, James Knight will have done more than his share to bring about this state of affairs.

Prefers Racing on the Road to Scorching in the Sky.

MR. KNIGHT'S favourite hobbies are, to use his own words, "Anything in the sports line," and it can truthfully be said that he excels in all manly exercises. A fast and powerful swimmer, a keen cricketer, a wrestler up to professional standard, a clever boxer, he is also an expert skater and motorist.

At the outbreak of war, Mr. Knight ran an aviation school, but he has never had any real love for flying, preferring racing on the road to scorching in the sky.

"I was frightfully ill the first time I went up," he said, in a recent interview. "It was in a sister plane to the one in which Bleriot flew the Channel, as different from the aeroplanes of to-day as the first motor-car from the modern Rolls-Royce. It rocked like a small boat on an angry sea, and there was no sense of that security one feels in the perfectly balanced machines of to-day. Anyone who had my experience in that rocking aeroplane would have felt as I did and realised what a wonderful thing Bleriot did when he flew the Channel."



"Do I know you?"

A Father of British Cinema.

AS might be expected from a man with such a liking for sport, Mr. Knight is an admirer of the late Jack London's works, and his other favourite authors are Jeffrey Farnol and O. Henry.

Like all great actors, whether on the stage or the film, Mr. Knight is in love with his profession, and he is a most conscientious worker. No detail is too small for him, and those who have seen him on the screen will admit that he does more than play his parts—he lives them—and, although still young, he has earned the right to be called "A Father of the British Cinema."



"I never believed it of you."