

Real Society Movies at \$5 a Seat

Every Actor and Actress Selected from the Social Register at the Palm Beach Fashionable Photo Play---But the Reels Were to Be Destroyed After One Performance



Mr. Brinton Buckwolder Dancing with Miss Rosamond Lancaster at the "Engagement Dinner" in the Society Photoplay.



PHOTO BY THE LEGGETT-GREEN CORPORATION, N. Y.



Mrs. Gurnee Munn, the Heroine of the Photoplay.

THE climax of the social season at Palm Beach, Florida, was the charming motion picture presentation of "The Island of Happiness." The cast of this interesting film was made up entirely of well known members of fashionable New York society.

The admission was \$5.00 a seat, and it was worth the price. After this single exhibition, it was said that the reels were to be destroyed.

This seems a great pity, for here at last would be a great educational opportunity. In these films were real social leaders, genuine heiresses and multi-millionaires, actual society buds and young society matrons, real society clothes, with real society manners.

Here were to be seen actual photographic visions of just how men and women of the innermost circles of fashionable society walk, dance, munch sandwiches, balance a cup of tea, shake hands, lift their hats, put their hands in their pockets or behind their backs, swing a cane, smile, bow, rise from a chair, and the thousand and one things which are a mystery to the average American boy and girl.

Fashionable society, of course, lives in a world apart. Ward McAllister asserted that there were only 400 properly accredited names in the elite of New York, and he catalogued the list. And among these 400 it is impossible to find the name of any actor or actress or novelist or playwright.

In the moving picture reels which are open to the general public, real millionaires, real heiresses, real drawing room scenes, are never shown. The actors and actresses who imitate these people make their best guesses at what really goes on in the world they never behold. On the legitimate stage and in the moving picture realm, the leading men and leading women are often farmers' sons and daughters, with no closer knowledge of fashionable society than they acquire from novels or playwrights, who themselves, for the most part, have never been within the sacred circle.

But in the delightful scenes of these unique Palm Beach reels, all the actors and actresses and all the stage settings were genuine. The "leading lady" or heroine of the photo-play was Mrs. Gurnee

Munn, the charming granddaughter of John Wanamaker, one of the best known of the younger social set, of New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Palm Beach.

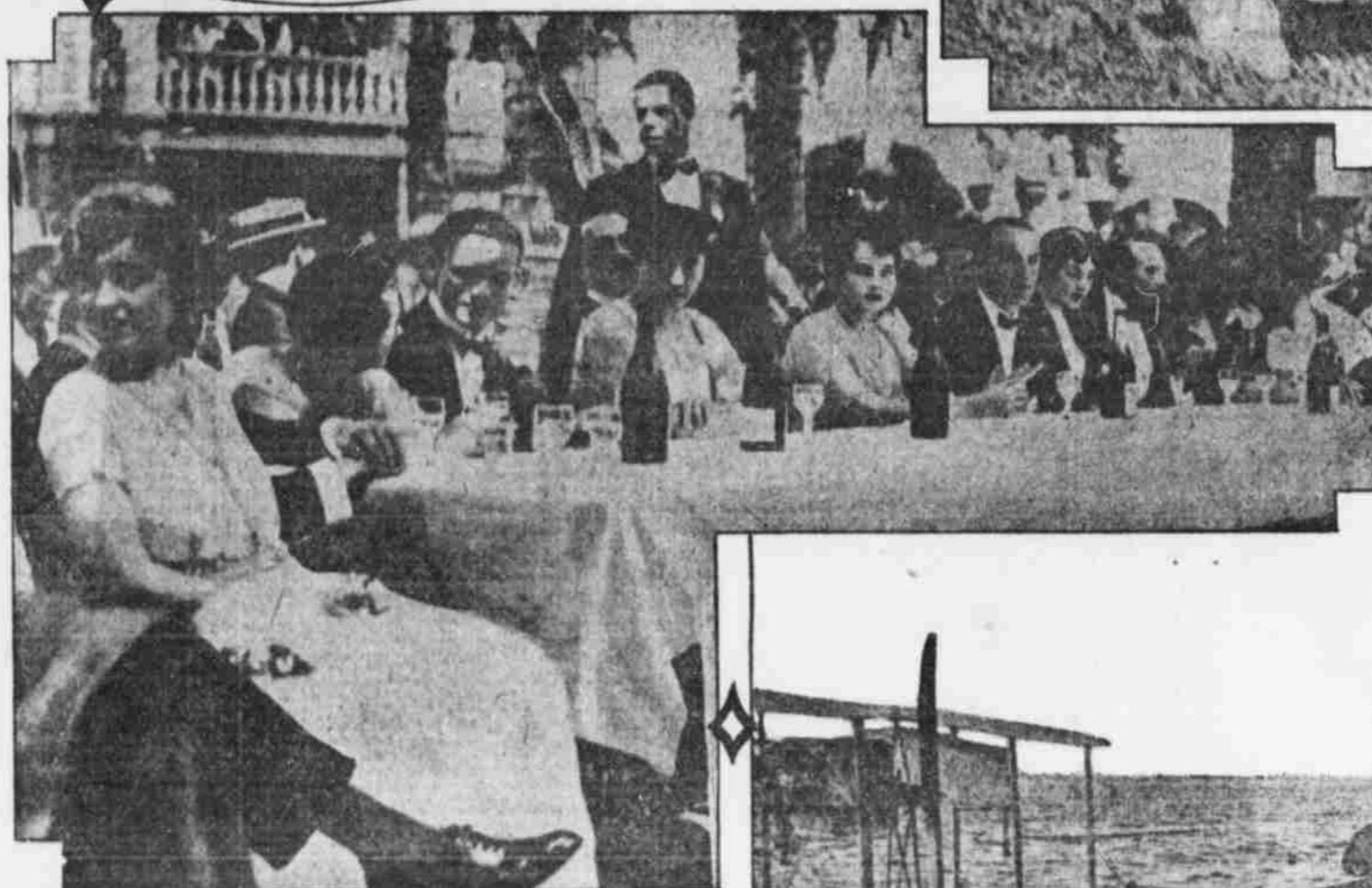
Before her marriage, last June, to Gurnee Munn she was Miss Marie Louise Wanamaker, daughter of Rodman Wanamaker. Her wedding in St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, was one of the most brilliant in the society annals of that city. At the request of her aunt, Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton, the bride consented to the presence of moving picture operators with their cameras, the films becoming the property of her family.

Very different from this initiation, was her recent experience before the camera at Palm Beach. As heroine of "The Island of Happiness" she was called upon to assume the role of an heiress for whom a hero and a villain fight.

The hero was James R. Hyde, and the villain (his rival), Roger R. Hill, both young society men of New York. In the cast supporting these principals, were to be found only persons whose names figure in the registers of their respective cities.

The play opened with a dinner at which the engagement of the beautiful heiress was announced, and closed with the scene of her marriage to the handsome hero. Such episodes are, of course, familiar to patrons of the movies. Who hasn't repeatedly seen on the screens, representations of lovely heiresses decked in bridal finery, bestowing their hands upon high born suitors in the presence of distinguished gatherings of society folk?

From Maine to California film portrayals of high society functions are shown at five or ten cent theatres in thousands of towns and villages. They pass for the real thing, although not a single man or girl, posing as persons "to the manor born," may ever have seen the interior of what can be called an American "mansion," or have had any personal



The Engagement Dinner in a Coconut Grove. Mr. James R. Hyde, the Hero, and Mrs. Gurnee Munn, the Leading Lady, Are Shown at the Centre of the Table.

knowledge of just how the dwellers in such domiciles of the fashionably rich, look or deport themselves.

The cast in "The Island of Happiness" included, besides Mrs. Gurnee Munn, such charming society girls as Miss Pauline Dixon, Miss Mary Warburton, the Misses Elsie and Mildred Rice, Miss Claire Bird, and such men of gentle and fashionable breeding as Herman Oelrichs, Lawrence Armour, Russell Colt and Harry Darlington, Jr.

This is realism carried to the limit. Why should it not be made the medium of pleasure and instruction to the great mass of the American public? It is a pity these reels cannot be seen by all.

Mrs. Munn has lived in the atmosphere of the drawing room. Her manners and actions are, of course, those of the lady born. The girl from middle class life who becomes a movie actress and plays the part of a "great lady" ought to have a chance to see and study these reels.

In the movie dramas the "lover" is frequently a young man who has made his way up from a humble walk in life. He may be the son of a farmer or grocer, and certainly cannot have had the life-long training that results in that subtle accomplishment of polished manners which distinguishes the real society man. What an educational opportunity these films would give him!

The wedding scene in the closing acts of this Palm Beach movie drama is laid not in some hall fixed up to represent an apartment in the home of the rich, but in the multimillionaire salon of Mrs. Henry M. Flagler. What a field of study and inspiration for the scene painters, the property men and the stage directors!

Here they might see on the screen real society folk, displaying their real manners in a real drawing room. The walk, the smile, the motion of the hands of the genuine society man or maiden might thus be observed and studied at first hand, as it were.

If a young gentleman stands with hands in pockets while addressing a charming girl you may be sure it is the correct society attitude and not a mere swagger of masculine independence assumed by some novice at the social game—some ignoramus in the amenities of high life—on the mere theory that it may be au fait.

If the ladies in the scene sometimes flop with what appears to be undue brusque-



The Villain, Mr. Roger Hill, Bent on Abduction, Persuading the Heroine, Mrs. Gurnee Munn, to Take a Ride with Him in His Hydro-Aeroplane.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

How Dogs and Cats Behave in Battle

BOMBARDMENTS affect different animals in different ways. Dogs, as a rule, show great distress when shells burst near them and howl pitifully. On the other hand, they have been known to dash along the front of a trench during infantry fire, barking and apparently enjoying the noise.

Cats do not care whether they are under the fire of heavy artillery or machine guns as long as they have a dry corner and food when they are hungry.

There have been instances of lost dogs and cats actually venturing into the British trenches in France during an engagement. Some of them lived in cottages near the firing-line—long since destroyed—and clung to the remnants of their homes; others strayed a long distance.

A nondescript dog, with an Armenian address on his collar, turned up

near Wytchaete early one morning, spent the day with a British battalion, disappeared at dusk, and was never seen again.

Another British battalion was adopted in the thick of a fight near Fortuin in May by a black cat, which survived a bombardment that killed many men, and has since lived sumptuously in the trenches with an identification disc around its neck.

Regimental mascots appear to have the best time, for they stay in the new trenches, live on the fat of the land, and are made much of by the local inhabitants. The pampered terrier of a certain famous regiment of foot-guards sat on the top of a transport wagon at the tail of the battalion and barked at all the civilian dogs he passed.