

The QUICKEST CLIMB of the SOCIAL LADDER



Mrs. Smith Hollins McKim of Baltimore, New York and Newport.

How Two Baltimore Sisters Broke All Records for the Trip

IN EUROPE fairy tales are read; in America they happen.

The latest and most wonderful fairy tale has happened to a couple of girls from Baltimore—just a couple of girls until the fairy tale began to happen; and then nothing less than American princesses after it began to happen. It is happening still, with strong chances that at least one of them, before it is done happening, will have risen to the position of a social queen.

In Baltimore they first attracted attention as the Emerson sisters—Daisy and Margaret. Now, as Mrs. James McVickar and Mrs. Smith Hollins McKim—of Baltimore, South Carolina, New York and Newport—they have achieved social success that has set almost an entire country agape at its suddenness and brilliancy.

Even in the United States, where the riches of Aladdin's lamp have been unable to hold a candle to the fortunes made in oil; where the geni of the Arabian nights have been eclipsed by the genius of American financiers; and the imp of the bottle could not travel in the same class with the maker of a patent medicine, the quick climb of the social ladder made by these Baltimore girls establishes something like a record.

Cinderella no sooner appeared than every one was silent; both the dancing and the music stopped, and then all the guests might be heard whispering: "Ah, how handsome she is!" All the ladies were busy in gazing at her clothes and headpiece, that they might have some made after the same pattern. The king's son took her to dance with him; she danced so gracefully that they more and more admired her.

Cinderella, who was as good as she was beautiful, took her sisters to live in the palace, and shortly afterward married them to great lords of the court, and they all lived happily ever afterward.—From the tale of "Cinderella."

ON THE corner of Gilmer street and Lafayette avenue, in Baltimore, some fifteen or twenty years ago there was a drug store, the proprietor of which was Dr. Isaac E. Emerson. It was a modest drug store, run by a modest man, whose worldly wealth was comprised in a difference in their ages, an old and expert chemist assistant, such as used to be found back of the prescription sanctuary of the old-time drug store, and a stock in trade sufficient for the needs of the neighborhood.

Margaret, the younger of the daughters, was still a child in short clothes; Daisy, her sister, a few years older. The old chemist goes out of the story almost as soon as he appears, because about this time his employer came into possession of a formula which, put up in bottles no bigger than Cinderella's glass slipper, was a very wonderful thing.

Marble the old chemist was a nowadays necromancer, modernly known as a "wis"; maybe he was the old fairy godmother in disguise; anyway, like all wizards of fortune, he vanishes when his auspicious work is done. So does the drug store, because when a modest drug store at Gilmer street and Lafayette avenue when a magic formula is waiting to work its wonders.

It has been said that the merit of the formula was to make a man feel like a human being the morning after he made something else of himself. It certainly seemed to make the metamorphosis wherever it was tried. Old Ovid, who celebrated so many Roman nights when the world's greatest feasters were bumping the Falernian to beat the Sybarites, never described any transformation more marvelous in all the books of his "Metamorphoses."

A capital thing, all Dr. Emerson's friends declared; so they put more capital into it. After that, millions hastened to come along—all Dr. Emerson's way. They are still coming, and they seem likely to keep on coming.

About ten years ago, when Margaret Emerson was only a short distance into her teens, her elder sister, Daisy, who was falling in love with T. Mitchell Horner, of Baltimore, who, as her father's business agent in Atlanta, Ga., was making, apparently, the beginning of a successful business career. It was a natural sort of a match, reminiscent of the romance of excellent Dick Whittington and his employer's pretty daughter. Miss Emerson, having married Mr. Horner, went to Atlanta, and was prominent in Atlanta society for several years.

That left young Margaret to be the Miss Emerson, with her father's rolling millions to furnish the gilded coach, and her mother's indefatigable energy to urge speed.

There, indeed, was an education and a training for the little girl who used to play at Gilmer and Lafayette streets, in Baltimore, and wonder whether the



Mrs. James McVickar, Recently Divorced from T. Mitchell Horner.



Mme. Nordica, who was engaged to sing at the 'Coming Out' Reception in Baltimore.

old wizard back of the prescription desk wasn't really Merlin in disguise.

First she went to Notre Dame Academy, which is the eminently proper thing to do, if you are planned to be a truly nice Baltimore girl; then she went to a fashionable finishing school in New York, which is more eminently proper, if there is any chance in the world of achieving Newport and Europe. So many dukes and princes, these days, you know—there's no telling what may happen.

She got her French, German and Italian there, and—oh, yes—she learned to play the harp. Anybody—

that is, almost anybody—can learn Italian, German and French, although no one but an American could believe it to hear them; but it takes the shape of Hebe, the grace of Venus, the ear of Euterpe and the ardor of Orpheus to make a success of the harp. Miss Emerson made a success of it.

She acquired a governess, who accompanied her to Europe, where they put the polish on your French, the gloss on your Italian and the sandpaper finish on your German. Her voice, for pure soprano purposes, was incidentally cultivated by Mme. Scallaberni, of Nice, or some other high-priced cultivator of voices.

When she came back and was learning to drive a coach and handle a yacht, she was pretty nearly a girl Chesterfield. She had even learned not to wear diamonds, an accomplishment which, abroad, is regarded as the ultimate aureole of the cultured American.

A MARBLE PALACE AROSE

But meanwhile, in Baltimore and the rest of the United States, great changes were befalling the Emersons. At 2800 Rutaw place, near Druid Hill Park, Dr. Emerson was rearing a marble palace that had the marble palaces of Italy skinned to the pavements, for he had bought the very marble walks from ancient transatlantic villas and laid them down in his Italian garden near Druid Hill.

Down in South Carolina a shooting lodge of 7000 acres was growing up to match fairly with the big southern estates of people like the Vanderbilts, while a crimson auto and a palace steam yacht were humming along the courses of destiny as surely as the gilded coach of the fairy tale waited outside for Cinderella.

Baltimore, which is simply shocked at New York, indulgent to Boston and occasionally willing to admit Philadelphia to equality, is most stern of all to Baltimore. So there was need in truth for splendor and energy on the part of the Emersons, although the doctor had personally acquired the command of the Maryland Naval Reserve, and with it the most gorgeous gold-laced uniform outside of the empire of India, and Emerson had accreted diamonds which had dutifully laid the United States government under large revenue obligations.

The fact was that Baltimore had a new magnate, as mankind had a new benefactor; but, being human, it was bound to be constitutionally slow about recognizing him.

But the lightning express on which the Emerson destinies were traveling ran on a schedule that allowed for no stops. The debut of Daisy, the older sister, had left Baltimore dazzled and dazed. On that auspicious night, a special car had brought from New York to sing for the guests the famous Nocturne, the dusky Jean de Reszke. Baltimore society struggled

with that temptation until it was convulsed; then it succumbed. It went to the Emerson reception, and the Emerson destinies came in on schedule time.

With Margaret's entrance into society later Baltimore was close to subjugation. With a yachting trip around the world, which followed soon, the fairy prince appeared—Dr. Smith Hollins McKim, a scion of one of the real old southern families, alliance with whom meant all that belongs and appertains to an F. F. V. He was one of the guests on that world tour, and he returned as Miss Emerson's fiancé.

They were married December 30, 1902, when the bride was only 17 years old. Since then events have rushed along so swiftly that Baltimore has been breathing hard, and the rest of the country hasn't had time to gasp.

The McKims have acquired the most select apartments in the most select residence hotel in New York. They have a villa at Newport that makes them almost next door neighbors to Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt. They have camped in the Adirondacks with the Vanderbilts. They have become all things to all New York and Newport society.

AMONG THE REAL STARS

Mrs. McKim and Mrs. "Reggie" Vanderbilt have shared the honors as fashion's stars at the Newport Horse Show. Mrs. McKim has added to her residences a country house at fashionable Irvington-on-the-Hudson. She has made herself the very dearest friend of all the younger set of New York society. She has the most talented French poodle not owned in France, and the poodle has the most expert maid to marcel him. She has made the harp a Burydicean charm in society's houses of mirth, and she likes lavender gowns.

The early mistake of pretty Daisy Emerson-Horner has been remedied by a divorce, with prompt betrothal and marriage to James McVickar, son of the late James McVickar, of New York, and grandson of the late E. S. Jeffray. The erstwhile T. Mitchell Horner having sued Dr. and Mrs. Emerson for alienating her affections, it was stated recently, compromised on \$500 damages out of the \$100,000 he thought they were worth, with \$16 more for court costs.

So the story of the social success of the Emerson sisters is a modern fairy tale. No others in recent times have climbed the social ladder so quickly. While the younger sister seems to have outstripped the older, no one doubts a twin career for them in the future.

Some Curious Facts

MANY persons who think their sight perfect have a greater visual power in one eye than in the other. With regard to the respective power of the right and left eye, a well-known optician finds that a person occupied in writing all day has, as a rule, stronger vision in the left. Writing with the right hand, and his left arm resting on the table, his left eye is nearer his work, and his vision is more concentrated. This expert says that our race will never become so short-sighted as the German while football, cricket, tennis, hockey, etc., are encouraged in our public schools.

Seven thousand British subjects are born at sea every year. In the Rock of Gibraltar there are seventy miles of tunnels.

Some 2500 families own about half of the land of the United Kingdom.

There are 256 railway stations within a six-mile radius of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The coast has a single estate covering over 100,000,000 acres—that is, about three times the entire area of England.

Smokeless powder throws off a faint haze, which is clearly discernible through violet glasses. The roar of a waterfall is produced almost entirely by the bursting of millions of air-bubbles.

Of the world's population, only one-third use bread as a daily article of food. Nearly one-half of the people of the world subsist chiefly on rice.

Metals get tired as well as human beings. Telegraph wires are better conductors on Monday than on Saturday, on account of their Sunday rest, and a rest of three weeks adds 10 per cent. to the conducting power of a wire.

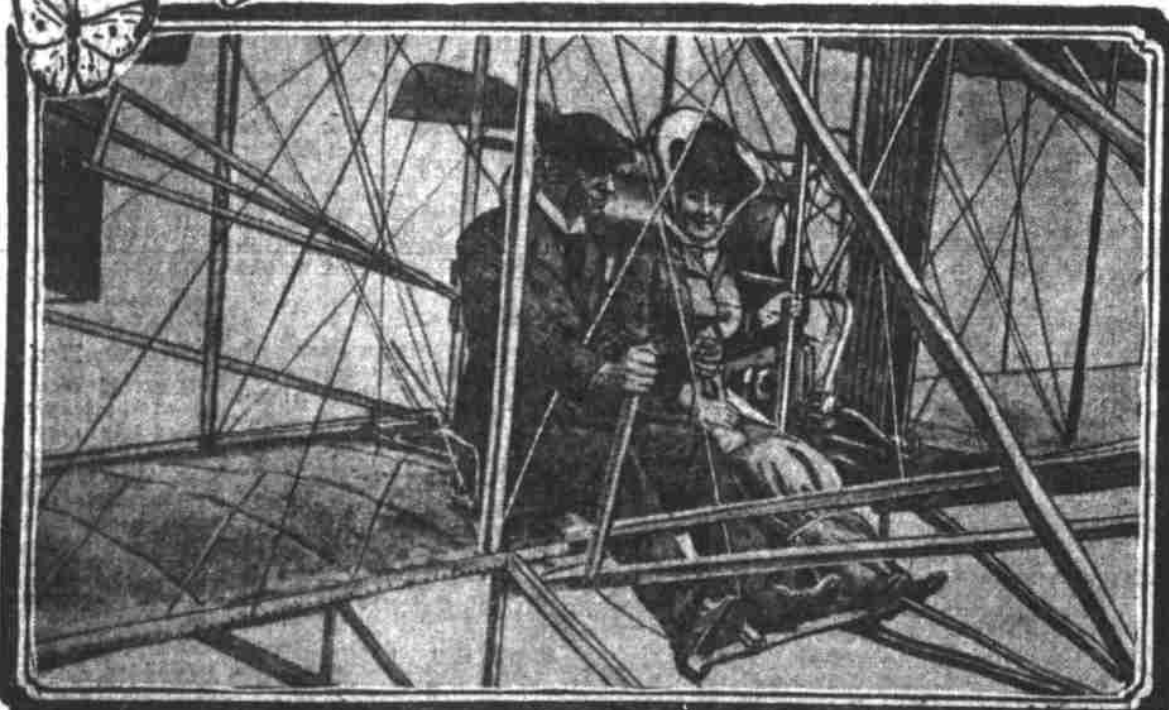
In March, 1847, there was such an enormous accumulation of ice at the lower end of Lake Erie that the Niagara river ran nearly dry, and people were able to walk part of the way across the falls dry-shod.

Alc is usually supposed to stand for "account." This is a mistake. It stands for "account current." The Japanese vary less in height than any other nation. In Europe the French display the greatest uniformity.

A professional bird-catcher is employed in Berlin, who keeps scientific and educational institutions supplied with birds, birds' nests and eggs, and he is the only man in the empire permitted to do so.

In parts of Australia, where the average yearly rainfall is not more than ten inches a square mile of land will support only eight or nine sheep. In the Argentine Republic, South America, the same area, with thirty-four inches of rain, supports 2500 sheep. China produces 400,000 ounces of gold annually. In the Middle Ages no butcher was allowed to offer for sale the flesh of a bull that had not been bled.

By AIR SHIP ROUTE into SOCIETY.



Mrs. O'Berg Making an Air-ship Flight with Wilbur Wright.

HOW may one get into Parisian society?

This question, which has been of greater import than the "to be or not to be" of Hamlet with many aspirants to a place in the enchanted garden of the elect, has been successfully solved by an American woman.

Until recently Mrs. Hart O'Berg, wife of the European manager of Wilbur Wright, of airship fame, was not, in common idiom, "in the swim" in Paris. Not that Mrs. O'Berg's position was different from that of many other estimable foreign women who got the "cold shoulder"—only Mrs.

O'Berg's fate was different.

She has gotten into Paris society with a rush. She has made a flying leap, so to say, and landed in the magic midst of a select coterie in Europe. Not only that—she has been hailed with ecstacy!

The way? By the air!

MRS. O'Berg, who was formerly Mrs. Hubert Druce, of San Francisco, went to Paris as the wife of the manager of Wilbur Wright. She made no flutter, her presence caused not even the ghost of a flutter in society. So far as it was con-

cerned, Mrs. Hubert Druce Hart O'Berg was non est.

Then, too, Mrs. O'Berg had no aspirations, so far as known. She was interested in the experiments of Wilbur Wright, and, when finally he did soar into the skies, none was more enthusiastic, more happy than she. In the course of time she was permitted to accompany Mr. Wright in some of his aerial flights.

ESCAPE FROM ENNUI

It was when France went wild over the Wright exploits that French society awoke to the necessity of cultivating Mrs. O'Berg's acquaintance. Sitting alone in their boudoirs in Paris the lovely princesses and marquises, just dying of ennui, gazed despairingly skyward as though appealing to heaven for some new amusement to relieve the slow and dreary and weary flight of the hours. Dresses bored. Balls bored. Dinners bored. They sought the skies, and in vain—until one morning a great bird arose in the south and soared northward.

One princess whispered into the ear of another, and one marquise spoke to another, and Paris gasped. A woman was sailing the air. Wonderful and brilliant feat! The ennui passed. A thrill stirred the breasts of Paris—that is, the fair ladies of social Paris—and a new hope dawned. They, too, would sail the air—they, too, would go up toward the clouds.

So one day while Mrs. Hart O'Berg was out shopping a princess called and left her card. She was followed by another, and another, and another. Then an invitation followed. And when Mrs. Hart O'Berg puzzled out the strange popularity thrust upon her, she woke to the fact that she had landed. She had swooped down into the midst of society out of the air.

Of course no woman would have the heart to refuse so pressing invitations, to blast the lives of the tender princesses and to darken the days of the counts and dukes and barons who craved the honor of her presence at their functions. It was more civility to accept the hand so cordially extended. Mrs. Hart O'Berg was invited out, and many of the princesses and princesses hope to be invited to take aerial excursions.