

THE NEW GIBSON GIRL IS NOT OF LADY VERE DE VERE TYPE.

American Maids Who Would Follow the Artist's Latest Model Must Be Graceful but Not Haughty.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 20.—There is a new Gibson girl. She is a pretty pattern, too, for other maidens to follow. She is bright and winsome and not at all like the old Gibson girl—tall and slender, of the Lady Vere de Vere type.



The Gibson girl at home is in a very interesting personage. It was in her bright sitting-room that the writer learned of this girl's chief ambition. It is rather too practical, however, to associate with a model, and an artist's studio, and all that sort of thing.



It is everyday life in this newest girl—with a smile that is bewitching—Miss George Howard. She is a native of Philadelphia and still lives, with her mother and sister, in the house where she was born. Miss Howard attended the public schools and when quite a small child displayed an unusual aptitude for music and was a wonderfully graceful dancer.

Two poses of Georgie Howard, Gibson's new model, compared with the old style 'Gibson Girl.' This clever drawing is all Miss Howard's own work. On a white page opposite each landscape there is a diagram with scales of measurement and dotted areas of circles, and angles and geometrical devices of the kind only found in the innermost dens of architects.

Miss Howard is of a retiring disposition and for this reason she is still almost in the ranks of amateurs. Though she has traveled much, she insists that there is nothing of interest in life to relate to the public, and seems to be more pleased at being selected as the new Gibson girl than with any other honor that has come to her.

American woman, as she is of the American artist. The new girl has a figure of the genuine feminine type—graceful curves and lissam grace. Art is going to humanize again, if a conclusion can be drawn from the appearance of the blithe little woman just now being pointed out as the new Gibson lady who will smile or frown in black and white from the pages of magazines and books.

Her eyes and hair are dark, and the way her hair ripples and swirls above a smooth and womanly brow is altogether fetching. In the latest gowns, with sloping waistline, the model's figure is perfection. In the Gibson picture she will stand erect, with her back not too straight, but with a graceful curving-in that comes through throwing the chest out and standing so that if a line were dropped from the chin it would fall straight down to the feet.

WIDOW OF FAMOUS CONFEDERATE GENERAL.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson is ill and Has Entered a Baltimore Infirmary.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 20.—The widow of the celebrated Confederate leader, Stonewall Jackson, arrived in Baltimore a short time ago and is at present in an infirmary on North Broadway for treatment.

Mrs. Jackson, 70 years old, and though suffering and sorrow have added their terrors to those of the passing years her face still retains much of the fascination and beauty which enthralled the then awkward, diffident young military cadet from Lexington when he first met her as Anna Morrison at the home of General David Hill.

TALLEST CLASS OF FRESHMEN ENROLLED AT GIRLS' COLLEGE.

Maidens of Splendid Physique Who Will Study Hard, Play Golf and Go Hunting.

THE TALLEST GIRLS ALWAYS TAKE THE MASCULINE PARTS.



Boston, Mass., Oct. 20.—There are two abiding topics of conversation in Northampton just now. One is the coming moon hunt and the other is the tall girls that have just landed in the town and have been enrolled as freshmen in Smith College. At Smith, however, they do not call the girls 'freshmen,' but 'first-year pupils,' for this is considered more elegant in a college where only girls are admitted.

PASTOR'S SALARY SIX DOLLARS WEEKLY.

Finding Even This Sum Hard to Collect, Preacher Resigns His Charge.

Park Ridge, N. J., Oct. 19.—The Congregational Church in this place is again without a pastor, and the church has been closed. The Reverend John W. Cooper is the last occupant of the pulpit to resign for the same reason as his predecessors, alleged inability of the congregation to pay his salary of \$6 per week.

REINA MERCEDES UP FOR REPAIRS.

Later On Uncle Sam Will Put His Valuable Capture in First-Class Shape.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 20.—The Reina Mercedes, the big steel cruiser captured from Spain at Santiago, is at last at rest in Portsmouth Navy Yard, where she will doubtless remain for renovations, as a visitor to the possession of an American cruiser.

This splendid fighting ship is the finest trophy in the possession of our Government. Japan is the only other Power in the world with modern warships captured from an enemy. England has not been engaged in a naval war since the day of modern battleships.

Her armament consisted of six 6.5-inch Hotchkiss breech-loading guns, two 4.7-inch guns, two 27-inch Howitzers, three 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, two machine guns, two pounders and six 2-pounders. In March, before our fleet penned Cervera in Santiago harbor, two of the 6-inch guns were removed and mounted on the crest of Scotia battery, on the left of the entrance to the harbor.

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BLIND BRIDEGROOM RECOVERS SIGHT AT ALTAR.

The physician in charge raised bandages at the important moment.

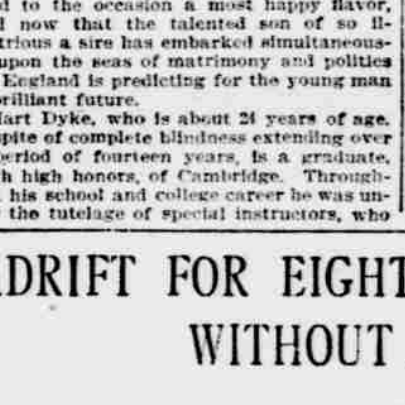


It was in the church, when he was about to go up to the altar to marry the lovely daughter of Admiral Cave, that the son of Sir William Hart Dyke received his sight, the surgeon who had treated him for years removing the bandages from his eyes.

Although the marriage was solemnized on Friday—that day so often shunned by mating couples—the restoration of the bridegroom's sight, though but partial, seemed to lead to the occasion a most happy flavor, and now that the talented son of so illustrious a sire has embarked simultaneously upon the seas of matrimony and politics all England is predicting for the young man a brilliant future.

ADrift FOR EIGHT DAYS WITHOUT A DROP OF WATER.

Two Miners in an Open Boat Rescued Before Reason Had Entirely Deserted Them.



Seattle, Wash., Oct. 20.—With and without the tales of suffering that the sea could tell, but none, perhaps, would be more filled with the details of mental and bodily anguish than that which two Alaskan miners, recently brought to this port, are now telling.

GIRL SCIENTIST MAKES A DISCOVERY.

No Longer May the Chicken 'Pip' Parasite Pursue His Work in Security.

Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 20.—For ways that are dark the chicken 'pip' parasite has held the record for a long time. Poultry raisers for years have labored in vain to discover the cause of the disease that laid waste to the finest feathered products.

Miss Norris is a second-year student in the Syracuse Medical College, where she has distinguished herself by her work in biology and her skill in analytical dissection. 'I always liked fowls and animals,' says Miss Norris, 'and they were my chief companions. One winter, when I was a child, I trained a pair of fowls to come to my sled. They drove well together, and I was the envy of the neighborhood.'

She has a collection of field mice, which I caught one by one by chasing them in the field and putting my foot down on them. I never knew them to come up on my hands. I kept them in a box in the kitchen. There, and I got very much attached to them.

One cold night I was afraid they would freeze, so I took them to the kitchen. My family had gone to bed and brought the box into the kitchen. There were forty of the mice. In the morning they were all anything left to eat in the house. They had got into the pantry and cleaned everything in the next day without a bite all over the place and caught thirty of them. I don't confess to her about them.

GATHERING SNAKES FOR MARKET.

Here is a Profitable Industry That Would Not Attract One by Its Beauty.

Portland, Ore., Oct. 20.—The snake industry is not an especially attractive one, but it is profitable. The snakes that abound in this locality are particularly desirable because of the excellent quality of oil that can be made from them, and this is what the snake hunter must seek.



Being confronted with a snake famine in his part of the country, the Minnesota man, having heard of the excellence of the Klamath Falls snake, wrote the Postmaster of Klamath Falls, Ore., for an order for 'four hundred pounds of the best snakes' and when he received the order he declared that it might not be intended that way, as he recalled something he once heard about snake oil. He answered the latter, saying he could furnish the best sort of snake oil, a fair wage for a day's labor. No wonder Mr. Castel got a chance and told the writer of his strange letter that he would be glad to furnish all the snakes required for a quarter a pound.