

WOMAN'S WORLD.

AN INTERESTING LITTLE SKETCH OF
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Women Who Mold Opinion—Corsets and the New Woman—Kate Field on the Suffrage—Good Looks in Business—Women Bookbinders—Fashion Hints.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is the subject of an entertaining article by Emma B. Kaufmann in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The writer says: It was in a crowded car in an unfashionable quarter of San Francisco that I first met Mrs. Wiggin. She got into the car and crowded it more because there were a half dozen small ragged children hanging about her, and they were calling her "Miss Kate," and she was smiling with very blue eyes at one, and she was talking with very red lips to another, and her cheeks were very pink even then, and her golden hair was all blown by the wind.

She had on a little hat that was surrounded by a wreath of red roses, and she had on a pretty dress that fitted her to perfection.

It all struck me as being very incongruous—this pretty, fashionable lady who did not seem in the least to mind all these ragged children clinging to her and trampling on her dress, and the children, who did not seem to be in the least afraid of the lady's style or beauty.

The car was full of poor people, who seemed to know her, too, for they smiled at her and made room for her in a way they had not done for me.

Presently I discovered that the conductor was a acquaintance, too, for sud-



MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

denly he stopped of his own accord and called on Silver street. Then there was a scampering and a scattering, and it flashed over me that the lady was Mrs. Wiggin of kindergarten fame.

Let me say here that Mrs. Wiggin was the pioneer of free kindergarten work on the Pacific coast and the organizer of the Silver street school, the first free kindergarten established west of the Rocky mountains.

Mrs. Wiggin was born in Philadelphia and educated in Andover, Mass., but Maine, where she declares her love every stick and stone, claims her too. She spent many years of her childhood there in the small town of Hollis, where last year she purchased a house with the intention of passing her summer in uninterrupted work. This residence is appropriately known as Quillote.

It was the atmosphere of that region which lent color to those stories of hers about New England life and character, which have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

For two years Mrs. Wiggin at winter home has been near New York at Bronxville.

There, the last time I saw her, she was acting in the capacity of cordon boss, and musician and singer and poetess and humorist and hostess.

Women Who Mold Opinion.

New York is so vast and wealthy a community that it seems impossible to satisfy the demand for talent of all sorts. The city itself does not appear to produce enough for its own wants and so draws from the outside world. There is a constant stream of bright, intelligent women flowing into the metropolis, and yet there is always room for more. It is hard to keep a record of all who come, as most of them respond to engagements of which the public knows nothing.

Of the many newcomers Miss Esther Singleton makes a specialty of literary and musical essays and novel entertainments, in which poetry, song and the piano are components. She has a delightful way of illustrating history, drama and verse with musical compositions. Miss Louise Stockton is emphatically a great literary teacher and master. She makes books living beings and makes even the dullest realize the organic relation between literature and daily life. Miss Beaton is an apostle of contemporary literature. She strives to induce women to read carefully American history, to understand what is going on around them and to master the great authorities in order to comprehend recurrent facts and questions. Miss Martina Johnstone is music personified. She can at a glance determine the strength and weakness of any student or amateur.

Miss Mary Proctor makes astronomy and mathematics simple and wonderfully fascinating. Miss Jessie H. Bancroft is the leader of physical culture, or muscular Christianity. In this field she finds the secret of health, beauty, grace, endurance and the power to work untiringly with either mind or body. Miss Field and Miss Yates are both fine oriental scholars. Miss Stephens is an authority on South American topics. These and many others are a power in the parlor as well as on the platform. They are leading their sisters upward into a higher and broader culture.—*Margherita Arlina Hamm in New York Mail and Express.*

Corsets and the New Woman.

At the National Council of Women, which recently met in Washington, the

ladies held a sort of experience meeting, with corsets for a text. It must have been an impressive and thrilling moment when Miss Susan B. Anthony confessed to public that, although she had worn them for years, she did not approve of them, nor had she known a comfortable moment when increased in them.

I am afraid Susan lazed, lazed tight. Of course she never knew a comfortable moment in them. Women with such swelling ambitions and bubbling emotions could never be made comfortable in any known combination of bone and coutil. But one cannot help wondering why such a strong minded woman should submit to a bondage she did not approve of, when the throwing off of shackles is just in her line.

In the olden times corsets were called "stays," and it was the work of two women to increase one waist. After the rear lacing was effected a kid covered copper band was inserted between the tortured flesh and the stay. Manifestly a woman stayed in the machine after once getting into it. But we have improved on all that, and now that the photographers have pronounced the throat and the flesh tints of Rachel Foster Avery the most beautiful that ever came under the camera, all the women will approve of reform dress. Woman's first duty is to be beautiful, or at least just as beautiful as her own physical limitations will admit of.

From the corset to the revision of the Bible is a far cry, but none too far for the audacity of woman.

The new woman is a restless creature, who, having slipped the old moorings, is grasping out wildly in every direction for fresh anchorage. When, however, she undertakes to revise the Bible because some of the present translations do her sex full justice, she is stepping into the realm of impiousness.—*Jeanette H. Walworth.*

Kate Field on the Suffrage.

Sixteen months ago, on the platform of the World's fair congresses in Chicago, I stated that, never having believed in universal suffrage unaltered to universal intelligence and honesty, I had never publicly advocated woman suffrage. Logically I have always believed that women had as much right to the ballot as men. I denied the right to both sexes. I have always claimed that suffrage is a privilege and should be granted as a reward of merit regardless of sex. If woman suffrage leaders had taken the same ground, I would have joined them long ago.

I was convinced that whenever a majority of American women wanted the ballot they would get it. I never met a man who did not assent to this conviction and who did not second my assertion that the worst opponents to female suffrage are women themselves.

Why, then, did I experience a change of heart in Chicago? Because I had begun to look into our naturalization laws and was terrified at facts. Because I discovered that the new states were in the hands of aliens, not citizens of the United States. Because I saw that female immigration was much less than male immigration; that a large majority of female voters would be American born, and that the sooner the forces of anarchy and rebellion were met by the conservators of home and law the better for the country. I heard the threatenings of riot that broke out a year later, and it seemed to me time for women to come to the fore.

What I thought 16 months ago I firmly believe now.

Good Looks in Business.

Here is a little story which seems to indicate that the pretty girl's business prospects are hampered by her prettiness:

The secretary of a large eastern insurance company decided a short time since that it would be better for his office work to introduce half a dozen or more women as typewriters, operators and assistant bookkeepers. He had noted that of the feminine employees in his office the pretty ones were the least effective and attracted the most attention, to the detriment of the work of the other clerks. So he decided to engage only women who were of mature years and experienced in office work. First he advertised, stating that applicants should give age and number of years' experience. He did not succeed in getting a single satisfactory reply. Then he went to a well known business college and told the manager that he did not suppose he would have any trouble in aiding him, as he did not want a young or attractive looking woman.

The manager listened to him while he explained his wants, and then, going to a desk, took out a file of letters, with a smile, and laid them before his visitor. There were upward of half a hundred applications from banks and commercial institutions, and every one of them, without a single exception, asked for a woman of mature age. The manager said that it was absolutely impossible to supply the demand for employees of the description that business men now demanded, but he had raft of pretty girls at all times who were applicants.

Women Bookbinders.

Amateur bookbinding is a new species of employment suggested to those who are weary of fancy work. It was recommended by a physician as an employment that would occupy the patient's mind without overtaxing her strength. The girl describes her work as follows: "I have had several pupils and have found them nearly all fully as enthusiastic on the subject as I am myself. We are always on the lookout now for suitable books to put into pretty covers. The old Tauchnitz editions have been unearthed and made beautiful forever, or at least for a much longer time than if they had fallen into the cheap binder's hands. My binding is done in a simple fashion, in my own morning room, with no tools save a sharp penknife, a steel foot rule and a wooden T square.

"If there is no linen press available, I must add to this short list a press of some kind, though I have seen one or

two very presentable books that have had no pressure but that arrived at through dumbbells, flatirons, etc. A good strong press, however, is really necessary. If it is important to reduce the expenditure as much as possible, it is easy to pick up a secondhand iron press, such as is used in copying letters. There is always endless work to be found in making tidy volumes of our music and magazines and in renovating the books on our shelves. Of course one could not expect, without years of experience, plenty of appliances and probably special aptitude, to turn out such specimens as an expert workman."—*Our Home.*

Fashion Hints From Newport.

Crepion, ribbons, lace and fine, dainty, fluffy lingerie are the fancies for spring and summer gowns. Chiffon holds its own well in spite of its long popularity. The mixture of thin and thick goods in one costume continues. A pretty gown was of a green and black wool of a wavy plait. This material made the full plain skirt and the large sleeves. The waist was of green silk covered with black accordion plaited chiffon. Down the edge of every plait were fine steel beads. The collar was of green chiffon. The effect of the waist covered lengthwise, with strings of the steel beads, was bewildering, as the plaits fell together and apart with every movement of the wearer. The chiffon had the fashionable blouse length and hung over the skirt at the waist line.

Accordion plaited chiffon, used for vests sometimes, has on every fifth plait an edge of narrow valenciennes lace. This is the favorite lace of the season. The box plait is to be a decided feature of summer fashions as it was of the winter, and the same sagging effect is seen on the front of waists, but the backs are made flat and tight, except for very slender women. The box plait in the middle of the bodice in front is often edged with a graduated ruffle of the waist material. This is very narrow at the belt and reaches its widest point on the shoulders, where it goes over the sleeves rever fashion.—*Newport News.*

The Approach to Hoops.

"Now buckram dames do walk in sweet Mayfair," and in the streets of Boston too. Fashions have stiffened and linings grown heroic of hatcloth to such a degree of late that 'tis rumored that the penance of her carriage or her calico gown is Lenten to ladies who on the promenade rejoice in the armor that is concealed even in silk attire. The effect of the enlarging sleeves is balanced, to a fine perception, by the counterpoise afforded by all the stiffening the goddess of fashion indulges in. Trust not the soft exterior of the most gentle maid or matron who has traffic with fashion in these days. There is costly weight of woe to be carried about when buckram rules. Neither the notions of the cloister nor the manners of the old days when the stuff was of a costlier kind than now are copied by those who wear hatcloth today.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Cellar In Springtime.

Be lavish in the use of lime. Charcoal also is an excellent disinfectant and purifier. An open box of it makes a good cellar ornament. Admit a draft of fresh air daily, however cold the weather. Do not let rubbish accumulate. If your desire for hoarding old things is irresistible, gratify it anywhere but in the cellar. If you have a furnace in the cellar, insist upon its having a cold air box. The heated air which fills the up stairs rooms is more healthful if drawn from outdoors into the furnace than if supplied from the cellar, however clean and well ventilated the latter may be.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The New Woman In the Schoolroom.

An undergraduate of a woman's college says that she notices a curious distinction between the way the older women teachers talk to the girls and that in which the younger ones address them. The former always imply that the pupils will marry; the latter seldom seem to take matrimony into their calculations at all. "They plan their classes' futures for them as if there were no such thing as the masculine gender in the world, but the old time teachers, even if they are spinster themselves, are not so advanced as this.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Sacrificing the Shawl.

The once fashionable and still valuable cashmere shawls of our grandmothers' time are being sacrificed to the scissors at last and made into sleeves, bodices and bias dolls, appearing with black or with dull red brocade silk for very rich afternoon gowns for elderly women.

Pennsylvania is to have its State Federation of Women's Clubs. The District of Columbia has a flourishing federation. It looks as if the subfederation idea were to be the permanent one, the national organization remaining merely a governing council.

Thirteen girls of the present senior class of Vassar college have been awarded honors which signify that their work throughout the four years' course has exceeded a certain standard.

Over 40,000 women are attending the various colleges in America, yet it has only been 25 years since the first college in the land was opened to women.

French maids are not so popular with fashionable women as they were, and English ones are to a considerable extent taking their place.

Miss Mary Dennis, pastor of East Park M. E. church, Indianapolis, opened the Indiana senate with prayer on one morning.

The ornamenting of the front seams of the skirt for evening wear is a pleasing relief from the monotony of the godet style.

A new wrinkle is a large bow of black satin ribbon tied at both wrists.

HOTEL DEADBEATS.

SHARP RASCALS WHO ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE SHREWDEST CLERKS.

Some of the Tricks by Which They Obtain Accommodations Without Paying and Also Borrow Money—Empty Trunks and Bogus Packages.

Despite every precaution taken by shrewd hotel clerks a large number of persons are constantly engaged in securing board and lodging by fraud.

It is usually supposed that when a guest arrives at a hotel without baggage he cannot secure accommodations unless he pays in advance, but the tricky "deadbeat" not only will live in the hotel free for a week, but in many cases will secure a loan from the unsuspecting gentleman behind the desk.

The "deadbeat" constantly evolves new tricks to "do up" the hotel man, and it was not many days ago that a very skillful manner of a week's board and some of the cash in the till. The "deadbeat" walked into the hotel lobby and in a confident manner placed his name on the register as bailing from Chicago. He was neatly dressed and carried a small grip. He informed the clerk that he was a traveling man on his first trip to the coast.

Traveling men are good customers, so the new arrival was assigned to a good room. He handed two baggage checks to the clerk and requested that his trunks be sent from the depot.

An hour or two he inquired why his baggage had not been sent up to his room. The porter was sent for and explained that the transfer company had not been able to find it. Inquiries were made by telephone, but the railroad people could give no information of the missing baggage.

"Well, I am in a nice fix," said the new guest to the hotel clerk, "for all my clothes are in my trunks, and I suppose the things have gone astray."

The clerk was very sympathetic, for a traveling man without his clothes is indeed to be pitied. The fellow managed to borrow \$20 to buy some shirts, collars, ties, etc., and went out of the hotel vowing vengeance against the railroad company. He even had the hotel clerk pay for a telegram to Chicago inquiring at the depot there as to where the trunks bearing certain numbered checks had been sent to. The reply came back that they would look the matter up, and pending the information the new guest had a royal good time at the hotel. In a few days he disappeared, and it then dawned upon the hotel men that they had been neatly swindled by the means of two baggage checks which evidently had been stolen at some time in Chicago or elsewhere.

Another favorite trick to defraud a hotel is done by means of a confederate. One man will go to a first class house and secure a good room. About the second day he will be in the office, and while there the hotel clerk will receive a telephone message purporting to come from a well known store asking if Mr. So-and-so desires the goods he ordered sent up to the hotel. The clerk will naturally ask the guest the question, and he will reply that he desires the goods sent up. When the package arrives, there is always \$10 to \$25 to be paid. The hotel man is requested by the guest to "settle the amount and charge it up in my bill." It does not pay to offend a guest whose appearance indicates wealth, so the money is handed out in payment. The guest now disappears, and his trunk is found to be a cheap one and generally full of paper, while the package which has been paid for by the hotel people is also worthless.

Bogus telegrams and letterheads are frequently used by "deadbeats" in order to secure a little ready cash until "my money arrives," and very often the scheme works all right, for a hotel clerk is always afraid of offending a guest in these matters, for should he mistrust an honest man he will injure the hotel's reputation. While most hotels make it a rule not to cash drafts or checks or loan money, still very often the "deadbeat" will make them break it.

A scheme which has recently been worked all over the country was for the "deadbeat" to send by express a package to a hotel in another city. It would be heavily sealed and marked, "Value \$200," and the hotel man, thinking that it contained jewelry intended for a guest soon to arrive, would put it in the safe. In a few days the "deadbeat" would turn up at the hotel, register and inquire if a package had arrived for him. He would be told that it was in the safe, and he would tell them it contained watches and valuables. The same night a loan of \$20 would be asked for, and the hotel man, remembering the valuable package in the safe, would finance cases out of ten hand out the coin. The guest would disappear, and when the package was opened it was found to be of no value.

As all accounts in hotels are rendered weekly it is impossible for dishonest persons to obtain free living for longer than a week, for they will be requested to pay or vacate.

A man and his wife, by placing a supposed jewel case in a hotel safe, managed, some time ago, to secure over six weeks' living in a well known hotel in this city. The landlord, who had seen the woman wearing a quantity of jewels, naturally supposed they were in the jewel case in his safe. When the guests disappeared and the package was opened, it was found to be a trunk strap, carefully coiled up and tied with string.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Bismarck on Marriage.

A Vienna paper publishes a collection of aphorisms on love, women and marriage which have found utterance in the sittings of the German parliament. The following dictum is attributed to Bismarck: "It is an immense advantage to the career of any man if he can embark on the voyage of life without a female crew."

A NEW CALIFORNIA STAR.

Mrs. Margaret C. Graham's Successful Stories of the Golden State.

California as a literary mine would seem to have been well nigh worked out by Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, but Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham has struck a fresh new lead that is paying out gold and glory for its discoverer. Mrs. Graham is the author of "Stories of the Foot-hills," which are so realistic and so distinctly Californian that Joaquin Miller says he can smell the sagebrush in their atmosphere. She was born in Iowa, near Keokuk, in 1850, and there spent the first 25 years of her life. She is of Scotch-Irish stock, and her grandparents were strict Presbyterians. She was educated at a Presbyterian school in Moundville, Ill., and in 1873 married Donald M. Graham, a promising young lawyer of Bloomington, Ill. She often assisted her husband in his work, and during their three years' residence in Bloomington she gained considerable insight into real estate law, and the knowledge afterward proved of great value to her. In 1876 Mr. Graham's health became so poor that he bought a small ranch at Pasadena, Cal., and devoted himself to outdoor life.



The work proved too severe for his strength, however, and they removed to Los Angeles, where for five years Mrs. Graham tenderly nursed her husband and taught school. About this time, too, the literary possibilities of California impressed her, and two of her stories—"Brice" and "Colonel Bob Jarvis"—were published in the *San Francisco Argonaut* and were very favorably received. Her husband's real estate ventures proved successful, but his health steadily failed, and she devoted her entire time to caring for him, until death closed his eyes in 1890.

She spent two years winding up the complicated affairs of his estate, and then again turned her attention to literature. "The Withered Water Right" was promptly accepted by *The Atlantic Monthly* and "Toby" made an immediate hit with *The Century*. When the tales were published and issued later in a volume they received a most hearty reception from the critics and the reading public.

AN AIR CASTLE ON EARTH.

Miss Willard's Old Home to Be a Retreat For W. C. T. U. Members.

One of the favorite air castles of Miss Frances E. Willard, the world famous worker in the cause of temperance, is about to take tangible form on earth. She has long desired that her old home, Forest Home, in Janesville, Wis., should become a national place of retirement for deserving veteran members of the



FOREST HOME.

Women's Christian Temperance union, and Chicago temperance workers are now hard at work to accomplish the coveted result. Forest Home farm is a beautiful spot, and comprises 239 acres of land, 50 of which are to be devoted forever to the uses of the proposed home, providing the scheme is carried out to a successful ending.

Those 50 acres immediately surround Forest Home, where Miss Willard passed 12 years of her life—12 "beautiful years," as she terms them. Near the substantial brick house the lawn is well cared for and dotted with numerous trees, the shade of which is most grateful in summer. The remaining 189 acres, according to A. S. Maxham of Chicago, the originator of the project, are to be cut up into about 725 building lots, 50 feet front by 150 feet deep, and are to be placed on the market under a strict prohibition agreement and at a reasonable valuation. When 200 of these lots are sold, the 50 acres will be deeded to the National W. C. T. U. for all time, to be used exclusively as a home for the workers of the union who have fought a good fight "for God and home and native land."

The officers of the union have offered to accept the home and its site under these conditions, and there seem excellent grounds for belief that the thousands of friends of the order will purchase the 200 lots and make possible the proposed "Rest Home," as the institution is to be called. Miss Willard is in thorough sympathy with the project, and will doubtless be one of the happiest women in the United States when Forest Home farm is the property of the W. C. T. U. Since her family owned the farm it has several times changed hands.

Waste of Water at Niagara.

It is said that 300,000 cubic feet of water pass 150 feet downward over the Niagara escarpment every second, thus wasting 10,000,000 horsepower of energy to the second. If Niagara were really "harnessed" so as to utilize this energy, it would be sufficient to turn more machinery than there is in the world.

Walnut Shells In Cinnamon.

Walnut shells are in demand in London for the purpose of adulterating ground cinnamon and bring more than the whole walnuts. The powdered shells are not distinguishable unless the microscopic examination is an unusually careful one.

MAKING GEOGRAPHY.

A SUPPOSED PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

An "Authentic Island" and the Ingenious Deductions Made From Its Supposed Location—Mr. Oldham and Other Eminent Geographers on the Question.

The Geographical Journal contains an important paper by Mr. Oldham on a supposed pre-Columbian discovery of America by the Portuguese. The evidence on which the Genoese mariner is to be displaced from the position which he has held for more than 400 years appears, says the *London Standard*, somewhat slender. It consists of an inscription on a manuscript map executed in London during the year 1448 by Andrea Bianco, a famous Venetian cartographer. On this document, now one of the most valued treasures of the Ambrosian library in Milan, it is recorded that in 1447 an "isola otanica," an authentic island, had been discovered 1,500 miles to the west, which is portrayed in the shape of a long stretch of coast line southwest from Cape Verde. The only land in such a position is South America. Mr. Oldham therefore concludes that, as actually happened to Cabral in 1500, a Portuguese ship—and Bianco's map was intended to illustrate the latest Portuguese exploration—might have been driven on the South American coast. Ingenious though this information undoubtedly is, the opinions of Mr. Markham and other eminent geographers, appended to Mr. Oldham's paper, are for the most part rather against the conclusions at which he arrives.

More than likely the "authentic island" was one of the group discovered to the west of Cape Verde, or else some mythical country, such as "Antilia," which so long occupied the position of the Azores. St. Brendan's island was one of those fabulous seagirt spots which, ages after the world had ceased to believe in the fabled Atlantis, were fondly imagined to exist far out in the Atlantic. The Irish saint is supposed to have reached it in the year 563, just as Robert O'Mahon and his laylieve inadvertently discovered Madeira 900 years later. But as exploration proceeded, and no St. Brendan's island could be found, the trustful cartographer, unwilling to dispense with so useful a piece of territory, shifted it farther and farther into the byways of the ocean, until, on Sanson's map of 1669, an island of that name is placed to the west of Madagascar. The silence of the Portuguese regarding their suggested priority in the discovery of America is a strong presumption that they knew nothing about the "authentic island." They were so angry at being anticipated by Columbus that they would certainly have put in a claim, if they had heard of it, to the voyage of the nameless mariner. The early navigators were persistent in holding almost every new land they discovered to be an island.

It is just possible, though not very probable, that such an island exists and has now disappeared below the surface. In the course of the last 400 or 500 years earthquakes, volcanic disturbances and the slow secular depression of the sea bottom have been steadily at work. On the sea charts of 15 centuries ago various islets are marked which further search has failed to discover. Besides the Atlantis, so long believed in, the old "sunken land of Buss," west of Rockall, that lonely rock in the Atlantic, is by many believed to have been founded on something more substantial than myth, while geological opinion seems again to be strengthening in favor of the once discarded "Miocene Atlantis." But apart from these hypothetical places, or others admittedly fabulous, very recent charts note Atlantic isles which the surveyors have long ago set down as fiction.

Where, for instance, is St. Matthew's island, which Garcia de Loyosa reported in 1525, if it was not really the isle of Annobon, in the gulf of Guinea? Santa Cruz, which in sixteenth century charts is placed about two leagues west of St. Matthew's, Ascension or the Faialo Trinidad and Santa Maria d'Agosto are equally chimerical, unless they can be merged into actual spots or have perished since their discovery. All over the Atlantic rocks just rising above the surface had a place on the charts of centuries ago. For instance, between St. Helena and Cape Negro, the "African Pilot" of 1799 places "St. Helena Nova" as "doubtful," and between the bay of Biscay and Newfoundland, the "isle of Mayda," the Devil's Rocks and the Green island. But of all of these spots in mid-Atlantic, St. Paul's rocks, or the Penedo of St. Pedro, are about the only ones which have survived the unimaginative cartography of the present day.

We hear nothing of the others. Where are they? Did they ever exist? The Atlantic is so much traversed and retraversed every year that it is scarcely possible for any spot to be overlooked. Indeed new islets are no longer among the annual discoveries of seamen in the Pacific, though now and then we hear of submarine volcanoes throwing up cinder heaps. We are therefore justified in speculating whether the forces of nature may not perhaps have saved the credit of the old navigators by occasionally submerging an islet in the Atlantic.

Cats and the Law.

An American decision on the law of cats seems to have taken some English people by surprise. A citizen of Baltimore recently annexed a fine Maltese cat from his neighbor, and the latter had the annexer arrested for theft. When the case came on, counsel for the prisoner pleaded that you could not steal a cat, and the attorney general for Maryland has supported his plea on appeal. But there is nothing new about this. It is the common law of England that there is no property in a cat. The harmless necessary cat, even a most valuable Persian, cannot be the subject of larceny by our common law.—*London Standard.*