

# CAT · GOSSIP

VOL. 3

Edited by H. C. BROOKE

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## THE TALE OF A CAT.

BY LUCY M. McCLURE.

Sometimes when I am scouting round,  
In search of food that may be found,  
I see inside a fine glass door,  
A haughty cat upon the floor.

His big round eyes look straight at me,  
He's very lazy, I can see;  
I've never seen him romp nor play,  
Just sits around the livelong day.

At times I envy him a lot,  
The meat and milk, the home he's got;  
For I am just a homeless stray,  
I'm hungry, too, 'most every day.

He's never cold nor has wet feet,  
And always has enough to eat;  
While I must hunt from morn till night,  
And often go without a bite.

No cozy home for me is there,  
I sleep around 'most anywhere;  
But he can rest and fear no harm,  
Upon a cushion soft and warm.

And yet it's nice to lie and doze,  
My paws are warm beneath my nose;  
And children, too, are sometimes good,  
To give me milk and bits of food.

I really think I'd rather be  
A stray, for then I'm always free,  
To roam around and catch a mouse,  
(I'd not be happy in a house).

I believe I'll sneak around to-night,  
And dare that cat outside to fight;  
And muss him up, and show him that  
I'll tackle any highbrow cat.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Now please don't tell, the joke's on me,  
I went around that cat to see;  
The door was open and he sat,  
Oh joy! outside, upon the mat.

I jumped on him to scratch and bite,  
I'd show him how to fight all right;  
But no fur flew in fierce combat,  
'Twas nothing but a China Cat!

(“ Cat Courier.”)

## LONG-HAIR LORE.

BY MRS. CAMPBELL-FRASER. (Phone: Hendon 1019).

Cheery news comes from Miss Joyce Fair, Northway House, Tewkesbury. Before long a galaxy of kittens will be trotting around. Ch. Meg of Bredon has a charming family of creams by Ch. Endymion of the Balcony, Miss Adye's delicately pale stud; these, Miss Fair writes, are the only babes which so far have arrived on the scene. Soon, however, that lovely blue winning queen whom we all so much ad-

mire Ch. Northway Shelmerdine, mated to, as our cousins over the water would say, that “ most elegant cat,” Flick-a-Maroo, should have a “ picture family ”; while Singing Henny, mother of that wonderful litter, which comprised Shelmerdine, Northway Ting-a-Ling, and Cupid of Callow—which litter everyone knows was sired by the late Eros of Allington—is also going to please her mistress by adding to the number.

A change has taken place among the officials of the G.C. Miss J. M. Fisher regretfully declining reelection as Vice-Chairman—owing to her change of address—Mrs. Fosbery, the capable Hon. Secretary of the Newbury Cat Club, being elected to fill the vacancy.

I have been invited to a meeting by Miss Busted, and great excitement centres round this, as I hear she has kindly consented to run a Kitten Show in London on July 19th, and ways and means are to be discussed. All the various clubs, specialist and otherwise, are asked to contribute, and specials, personal help, etc., will all be most welcome. We give the venture our best wishes. Nothing is more attractive than a Kitten Show, and I think the Kensington Kitten Show sounds most attractive. Let us all do our best to send a good entry, and make up parties of friends to go and see the balls of fluff and slim sleekness!

The two blue female Persian kittens advertised in “ Cat Gossip ” have passed into the possession of Mrs. Eric Nathan, who went to Eveley, Miss J. M. Fisher's new home, to see them. These kittens excel in eye colour, and ought to be an excellent choice; the mother, Isobel of Hadley (sister to Hendon Fiametta, and daughter of Ch. Azure), was mated with Idol of Hadley, and these promising kittens were the result. 'Tis more than possible the show bench will see them later.

As Hon. Secretary of the S.C.C.C. I am pleased to state the Club is progressing, and that, at our meeting on the 11th inst., election of the following nine new members was confirmed; the names read as follows: Mrs. Dorothea Alford, the Misses E. L. Pritchard and L. Norrie, Mrs. Beckett, Mr. A. F. E. Blandford, Mrs. Ruby Longhurst, Mrs. E. A. Church, Mrs. Cates, Mr. J. S. W. Budd, Miss M. Clark. An item which won favour was the re-joining of Miss L. Hotson—all alive with her old interest in that handsome variety, the L.H. Brown Tabby.

Thunderstorms are certainly fatal at times for

queens in kitten. Miss Grayton's Lucinea, who is shortly to have a litter by Ch. Dragon of The Cottage, is full sister to Kentish Storm Cloud, which queen, during one of those severe storms last Summer, gave birth prematurely to a family of six kittens—three quite "un-clothed." How careful we should be that our queens at these times have as peaceful a life as we can give them—weather permitting! Mrs. Sharman, of Coryton, also suffered in the thunderstorms of last season, having a fine Chinchilla kitten struck by lightning and dying from the effects.

Writing of Mrs. Sharman, this lady has just been elected as Delegate to the G.C.

#### DEBUTANTE'S DIARY.

Soon now, as our kittens grow, comes the time to keep brush and comb employed amongst our little lords and ladies. This care of coats helps to keep them healthy, and most certainly adds much to their beauty, besides teaching the mites that our hands are loving ones, and that they have nothing to fear. This will help enormously should you be lucky enough to have a kitten good enough to show, for a timid, frightened kitten will never look its best, and later, as an adult, may even through fear become a danger to the judge and stewards.

The charming young girls of the country are now having their opportunity of making their curtsy to their Sovereign, and ere long our little feline beauties are to have their opportunity in the limelight. A Kitten Show is on the tapis. So we must busy ourselves keeping them in "the pink"—mentally—and physically.

#### GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

WE observe that Mrs. Turner is leaving Streatham to reside at Reculvers, Herne Bay.

"CAT COURIER" mentions a kindly regulation passed by the American Cat Association: "That cats entered in the wrong colour class by novice exhibitors be transferred, but those entered in the wrong colour class by old breeders or exhibitors be penalised and not transferred." (More little jobs for show secretaries, so that time may not hang heavy on their hands!) At the same meeting a proposition to admit blue creams to championship class was turned down by eighteen votes to three.

"CAT COURIER" tells of the sad end of a queer friendship between a cat and a . . . pelican! of all unlikely pals. The bird was found by a sailor on a fair way to starve, having split his pouch. The sailor sewed it up, and when it healed the bird tried to fish again on its own, but the pouch split every time. (Obviously this was **not** the bird which inspired those beautiful lines beginning "What a wonderful bird is the pelican!") Anyhow, he struck up a great friendship with a cat, and when poor Tabby left this world the bird appeared to die of grief.

MISS HYDON'S advertisement in our Detroit contemporary contains this very straightforward announce-

ment: "State your wants, but do not ask for the **Perfect Cat**. When I breed it, I SHALL KEEP IT." A REALLY beautifully got-up magazine is "Pets," published at Battle Creek, Mich. In the April number Mrs. Springer, who claims to have founded a line of sound-hearing B.E. Whites, enunciates a theory as to deafness which in the main tallies with Mrs. Gertrude Taylor's opinion recently quoted in "Cat Gossip," and adds that she considers this ear-delicacy to be caused by in-breeding. "For that reason I have bred my cats to complete outcrosses. . . . Golden-eyed and odd-eyed cats are not deaf, but there have been cases in which two golden-eyed cats have had one blue-eyed kit in their litter, and that was deaf, while the others could hear. The theory is that there was a blue-eyed cat back of the golden-eye, and the kit inherited the weak ears as well as the blue eyes of that cat."

WE are glad to see that he who is undoubtedly the world's greatest man since Bismarck is fond of cats. Of Mussolini it is written: "There is in his walk something of the prowl, a faint suggestion of the tread of the cat. He likes cats—their independence, their decision, their sense of justice, and their appreciation of the sanctity of the individual. He even likes lions and lionesses, and plays with them until those who guard his life protest against this social set. His principal pet now is a Persian feline which, being of aristocratic lineage, nevertheless exhibits a pride not only of ancestry, but, condescendingly, of belonging to Mussolini. And yet, in spite of his own prowl, as he walks along in his riding boots, springy, active, ready to leap, it seems, there is little else feline about him. One quality is feline—however—it is the sense of his complete isolation.

WE are thoroughly in accordance with the views enunciated recently in "Cat Gossip" by Mrs. Hindley, when she wrote: "I consider it better and kinder to the cat to keep him entirely at liberty or entirely free." Perhaps "entirely" is a bit too extreme, as there are occasions when it is necessary to shut any cat up; but, roughly speaking, if a cat is to be in the main a cattery cat, we think it best never to let it have full liberty. Liberty, once enjoyed, is never forgotten, and always longed for; but the animal which has never been free does not miss freedom, and will be quite content shut up. Of course, we are assuming that the accommodation provided is roomy, spacious, and suitable. We have no patience with those who keep cats in rabbit-hutches or little pens, or the like. Every cat should have a place in which it can jump and climb about, and we regard shelves, branches, or the like, on which a cat can sit perched high up, as essential to the comfort of the cat kept shut up, all the cat tribe being fond of sitting on elevated places. In these days, when motor traffic is met with in every bye-lane, we should, personally, never know a moment's peace if we know cat or dog of ours was out "traipsing around." The free country cat is also liable to be trapped. Of course, the absolute ideal is a wired-in garden.



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## SIAMESE AND THEIR OWNERS.

BY MUANG THAI.

Mrs. Ellaby writes: "There were many applications to my inquiry for a home for Simon Peter of Petaling, and many splendid homes offered. He has gone to Lieut.-Colonel Street, who brought his Siamese queens home from India, so we hope, with this new blood, he will have some good kittens. Certainly 'Cat Gossip' is a good advertising medium, and must be read in many parts of England and Ireland." (We bow our acknowledgments, and think if all Siamese lovers would support this, the only paper which deems Siamese worthy of more than occasional mention, "Cat Gossip" would become a still better advertising medium; it is out to help Siamese all it can!)

Mrs. Coles tells us that Simour, who is hoped to be in kitten by Prestwick Puteh Punya, had laryngitis, causing her usually penetrating voice to sink to a whisper. She has some funny little fads and fancies, one being a liking for a plate rail running above the picture rail in the lounge, her ascent to these heights being somewhat disastrous for the china. Another is her fondness, when Brussels sprouts are "in," for fishing these out of the bowl in which they are placed to wash, and strowing them about the kitchen floor. On several occasions her hind legs slipped and she fell in the bowl, but this mishap did not "put her off her game," she merely dried herself and tried again.

No matter how quietly her mistress tries to enter the house, Simour always hears her coming, and is ready to greet her at the front door.

Miss Bateman writes that her Lady June made her rather anxious by becoming dissatisfied with the bed in the kitchen where she had her kits, but she discovered a room at the top of the house which appeared to her more suitable, to which she carried her kittens one by one, and settled down comfortably with them.

The Siamese Club Committee have voted a medal for best adult Siamese at the Vienna Cat Show. The next Annual Specialist Show of this very up-to-date Club will be held on Wednesday, 26th September, at the Philbeach Hall, as before.

Our exquisitely printed American contemporary, "Pets," is a bit misinformed, when it says "cross-eyes—a characteristic of Siamese cats, for normal eyes in a Siamese cat would constitute a bar sinister on the family escutcheon."

The Editor of "Cat Gossip" has become a life-member of the Siamese Club.

## BIRTHS.

April 19th.—Miss Raper's Siamese *Kitchee*, two kittens by Mrs. Hindley's *Ch. Simzo*. "Valletta," Godalming, Surrey.

April 16th.—Mrs. Ogleshorpe's *Dainty Ladye of the Court*, six lovely pale kittens by *Ch. Colneside Billy Bumpet*.

April 16th. (Siamese).—Miss C. Bateman's *Lady June Noisette*, four kittens by Miss Busted's *Litason*.

April 15th.—Miss Richardson's *Crinkle*, by Mrs. Aubertin's *Ginger Pop*, 3 Manx kittens (2 very promising).

## "SILVER AND GOLD HAVE I NONE."

BY M. A. NORTHCOTE.

Late October, and the Hunter's Moon has transformed the mist that broods over the old city into a delicate veil of silvery light, making the cobbled street at the back of the warehouses a place of dreams, of shadows, of imaginations.

It is so quiet, so still, so full of dark corners, and so luminous with that pale soft light that flings an air of mystery over the most ordinary objects of everyday life.

The roofs of the old warehouses are washed with silver, the damp cobbles here and there gleam with it, and the corners, full of wonderful black shadows, may hide the ghosts of some old night watchman? some old Sedan chair men on their way to fetch milady to the ball? Any old-world figures that suggests themselves. Hush! Something is stirring in the shadow of the huge van stowed against the wall.

Small, black, and velvet-shod, a little cat steals out, and pauses with uplifted paw, listening, and yet ready to fly at the least alarm.

A step is coming from the far end of the street, shuffling slowly on the uneven ground.

The little paw goes down, and with a soft croon of delight she bounds forward, as, from the deep shadow, an old man steps into the sea of silver mist where the moonbeams strike the damp cobblestones in the middle of the narrow street.

An old man, with a somewhat "down-and-out" appearance, and a stooping gait, nothing remarkable about him, just one of the many aged folk past work, who eke out a livelihood on the Old Age Pension, and such odd jobs as can be picked up.

He pauses listening, and gazes into the shadows bordering the pavements.

With another soft croon of joy the little black cat darts up to him, and performs a little elfin dance of greeting around his greasy old trouser legs, her amber eyes glowing, partly with affection, partly with the gnawing hunger of the poorly fed.

From a capacious pocket the old man draws a newspaper parcel containing scraps of cheese, fragments of biscuit, and some old bones, picks out some of the choice morsels, and lays them before the little black lady, who with a final rub of affection falls to.

And from out the shadows on the other side of the street steals another little shade, which resolves itself into a battered, anxious-looking tabby, very diffident, very uncertain, very pleading; ready to fly at the slightest gesture of disapproval; accustomed to cuffs, and dashes of water, and raucous shouts, accustomed—yet always terrified.

No movement on the part of the old man, and the hapless creature creeps a shade nearer.

With the noiseless step of a mother approaching the cradle of her sleeping child the old man advanced a pace, and lays a morsel within fairly easy reach,

and retreats again to the side of the cat that has proved him trustworthy.

Farther up the street a bar of golden light falls across the silver mist from the open door of a working-men's restaurant, whence issues the sound of voices, the clatter of cups and plates, and presently a man comes with a hunch of bread and cheese in his hand, munching as he strolls along.

Another thin cat, belonging probably to one of the poor cottages in the neighbouring courts, crosses the bar of yellow light, following him at a respectful distance, in hopes of a precious tit-bit, but he passes on unheeding, not noticing even that she is there.

Perhaps she will see the little supper party in the dusky shadow near the old warehouse doors.

If so she will not be refused a share of such viands as the old Knight Errant has been able to collect.

He watches, guards, with a faint smile of satisfaction on his old lined face, and presently passes on his quiet unobtrusive way—a shadow among the shadows of the misty cobbled street.

Poverty, on the look-out to relieve a deeper depth of want than its own!

Need, stretching out kind hands to the still more needy.

"I comes around of an evening and look to see if any of the pore critturs be about a-lookin' for a bite," he says compassionately, "'tis a rough time they gets mostly round here. . . . I can't think why nobody cares . . . not even a pan o' water here and there, and the poor little beasts with nothin' to moisten their dry throats. . . . Ah, well . . ." with a lift and fall of the old gnarled hands, "'tisen't much I can do—but if two or three on 'em's a little bit easier, and feels as someone cares . . ." and so he moves on, into the dimness from whence he came.

A little old man with a certain fierceness of pity in his faded eyes, a tenderness in the firmly pressed lips. Not, certainly, one who would attract much attention from his fellow voyagers through life; and yet—not altogether to be despised, since compassion for a helplessness and want lower than his own causes him to drag his rheumatic old limbs about in the damp and chill of the back streets "to see if any of the pore critturs be about a-lookin' for a bite . . ."

Not heroic, doubtless, yet worthy of some respect surely since he has made the silent suffering of the Little Poor Things his own. Worthy, certainly of the love which is bestowed upon him in full measure by his neglected little clients, who look with grateful hungry eyes to the weather-beaten face full of that warm fire of pity, and wait for the caress of the toil-worn hands that never buffet or repulse the most mangy pariah of the city.

He is for these the "Shadow of a Rock in a weary land," the channel of the Compassion of One "Who hateth nothing that He hath made."

**WHY THE CAT ARCHES ITS BACK.  
FINN LEGEND.**

When Jumala (the Creator) had made Man, he showed him to the Devil. The Devil, however, wanted to create something out of the way, and made the Mouse. He showed his work to Jumala, saying "I have made a jumper." But Jumala said, "I will make a wrestler!" So he made a Cat, and threw it after the mouse. But the angry Devil seized the Cat by the head and tail, and bent her nearly double. Since then the Cat has had a curved back. (From Zimmermann's "Wie das Tier entstand (How Animals Originated)—collection of legends from all countries. Berlin).

**SAWS FROM THE FRIENDSHIP FOR ANIMALS LEAGUE.**

Never give cats castor oil. Liquid paraffin is safer and better.

Wholemeal bread mixed with sardine twice a week saves many a vet's bill.

Don't turn your cat out for the night. It means pneumonia in Winter and being stolen in Summer.

**VISITS.**

March 17th.—Miss Richardson's **Tiphanie**;  
March 24th.—Miss Richardson's **Tatiana**; both to owner's **Anton** (Russian blues).

John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, is now Count McCormack, but is just the same sincere enthusiastic Irish-American beloved by thousands. The new McCormack coat of arms, duly registered at the College of Arms, London, bears the inscription, "A smoothed cat will purr," and the owner believes in the good luck attendant upon black cats, for he has always had one perched on the radiator of his automobile, and his luck is well known. ("Cat Courier.")

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All correspondence re "CAT GOSSIP" to the Editor,

H. C. BROOKE,

Bishop's Hull, Taunton.

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OUR Veterinary Adviser will reply FREE, through the columns of "Cat Gossip," to our **SUBSCRIBERS'** queries about their cats; all such FREE queries to be sent as early as possible to "Cat Gossip." **URGENT ADVICE** will be sent by post for the fee of 2/6. This nominal fee will also be charged for **Post-mortems**. In these cases, the query, or the body, with the fee, must be sent direct to

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NOTE.—Any bodies sent to "The Editor" will be at once destroyed!

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