

# CAT · GOSSIP

VOL. 3

Edited by H. C. BROOKE

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## GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

GENUINE lovers of the Cat will be charmed with a little article we shall shortly publish, on "Cats I have loved," by Margarethe Stannard. The writer is the wife of John Stannard (of "John o' London"), whose mother was "John Strange Winter."

Mrs. Sharman writes: "You will hardly believe this! In accordance with the expressed wish of the G.C. I tried to get a short-haired kitten. I was in Jersey for a holiday, and thought I would take one back. I advertised three times in the local paper, and obtained not a single reply."—So far from disbelieving, we greatly fear that in about twenty-five years' time the good old British S.H. will be practically extinct, "bred out" by the alien. Alas!

Mrs. Sharman also tells us she has had a dreadful time with "sneezing 'flu"—three cats and nine kittens having been down with it. At one time she feared she would lose the lot, however, she has saved most of them except Chinchilla Betty's beautiful litter. During one week she never went to bed, having to give them all inhalations every hour and a half.

We are amused (but not offended) at seeing that Mr. Yeates, in our contemporary, makes a somewhat virulent **personal** attack on us by name, because we dared to express the opinion that it was a pity to quote any opinions tending to lessen regard for the sufferings of animals, especially as such quotation was given without any contrary opinion being expressed. As we did not mention Mr. Yeates' name as the "quoter" it is hardly journalistic etiquette for Mr. Yeates to four times refer to us by name, as he does with that "light and festive amateur touch," not long ago referred to by that journalist of world-wide repute, Mrs. Cran, when Mr. Yeates disapproved of some remarks she had made. Knowing Mr. Yeates to be a practical humanitarian, we did not accuse him of agreeing with Mr. Temple's views, nor did we accuse our readers of accepting all they read as gospel; we distinctly said we thought it a pity for views tending to lessen the degree of importance of animal suffering to be stated or quoted in a quarter where their appearance is likely to be seized upon by the callous or cruel as excuse for their cruelties.

We also stated, as we had a perfect right to do, our own views on the matter (and have received several letters supporting our views). Alas! alas! "Undank ist der Welt Lohn!" and we do **not** feel that gratitude to Mr. Yeates he appears to expect; we have no difficulty in finding matter for the pages of "Cat Gossip," as he appears to think is the case. We freely and fully admit Mr. Yeates' clear right to quote what and whence he likes, and to comment on such quotations—and **ourselves claim the same right!**

## KENSINGTON KITTEN SHOW.

JULY 19th.

At the Kensington Kitten Show, held at Philbeach Gardens Hall on July 19th, a large number of Siamese kittens of all ages, from three weeks upwards, were exhibited, crowding out all the other short-hair kittens. The litters were particularly bonny, and I felt sorry for the litter of Russians having to compete with such a strong class of Siamese, where they had to be satisfied with an h c card. The afternoon brought many interested visitors, and the weather by then being much warmer than the cloudy morning, the kittens looked on from their cool pens in placid contentment, and in many pens the sleeping occupants were utterly oblivious to the work being done for their general comfort which they were obviously enjoying. In the short-hair open classes I did not find anything very striking, but the open male class for Siamese kittens impressed me as being superior to the female class. Except for one or two future prospective purchasers, I did not hear of any sales in the short-hair section, and some owners expressed their disappointment to me, but at this time of the year, with holidays in view, many would-be owners, I am sure, prefer to wait rather than purchase a kitten to either leave to a maid's care or have to arrange other means of boarding it whilst away, and friends sometimes hesitate to take on the responsibilities of looking after a kitten, whereas an adult they are pleased to look after. Among those present I saw Miss Dixon, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Cates, Miss Stent, Mrs. Batt, and Mr. Percival, who told me that whilst having lunch near Victoria Station his attention was attracted by a half-Persian cat and her kittens of about a month old on a glass roof, out of the way of everybody. The family seemed a very happy one, and Mr. Percival asked a few questions about the cat, and was told that her last family were destroyed, so this time she had found a place right away, and nobody knows how she manages to get to her present place of refuge when her family was due, and where she has remained and reared them. Mrs. Maturin, who is still suffering from the effects of a bite, was unable to attend the Show, so the kittens she had entered stayed at home with her. Mrs. Cattermole was very delighted with the success of her two short-haired exhibits, one a tabby of light and a darker shade of grey, the other a male, pure black, with lovely fiery red gold eyes. These are brother and sister, with a short-haired red sire, and blue long-

haired mother. Brother and sister each had a first prize and many specials each, and when put into the same pen neither of the cats could be seen for special cards. The black boy is a very well-grown cat for four months, and I quite understood Miss Lea thinking he was seven months old when judging him! Mrs. Sharman had a very promising tortie and white little lady, which I liked very much, left careless in the class where I found her. I think the little lady had had to pay the penalty of being entered in the wrong class, which was headed "Any variety tabby kittens." In the class "Any variety breeders, except Siamese," Mrs. Buffard got 1st and special with a red Abyssinian female, Constant Beautiful, and the same owner's Beauty's Bloom, sister to the former, 2nd. This cat was of the grey shade. Mrs. Batt's blue Russian, Lady Nikatina, a very nice type and colour, 3rd. The chief winners in the Siamese classes were:—SIAMESE MALE, 2-9 months (17 entries)—1st, Miss Olive Stent's Uex; 2nd, Miss A. B. Smyth's Mi Kinks; 3rd, Mrs. Harvey's Game Boy of Petaling; extra 3rd, Mrs. Mortimer Livingston's Kaibula; r, Miss Bateman's Venna. SIAMESE FEMALE, 2-9 months (10)—1st, Miss Smyth's Rainella; 2nd, Mrs. Claude Reeves' Whyte-cotte Li-Chee; 3rd, Mrs. Baker's Koti (a blue-pointed kitten which I liked very much, and scored over the 1st and 2nd prize-winners for type and general good appearance); r, Miss Stent's Wee-Ty. SIAMESE BREEDERS, 2-9 months (19)—1st, Miss Smyth's Rainella; 2nd, Miss Smyth's Mi Kinko; 3rd, Mrs. Harvey's Game Boy of Petaling; r, Mrs. Mortimer Livingston's Kaibula. LITTERS, any colour or variety, including Siamese, under 3 months (10)—1st, Mrs. Waterfield's very fine litter of 6, even in size, giving much promise for the future, good coats and points (Siamese); 2nd, Mrs. Coles (6 Siamese), coats good, points failing; 3rd, Mrs. Cates (Siamese), good heads and eyes, points dense, coats at present shady, but this will change as the kits grow; r, Miss Busted's litter of 4 Siamese, looking very fit, but at 3 weeks it is difficult to make any comment; v h c, Mrs. Furniss' litter of 4 Siamese; h c, Mrs. Batt's litter of Russians; e, Mrs. Waterfield's litter of 5 Siamese, another promising little family worthy of higher placing. BROOD QUEEN, any variety short-hair—1st, Mrs. Waterfield's Chariette; 2nd, Mrs. Coles' Simour; 3rd, Miss Busted's Morina of Petaling; r, Mrs. Cates' Faira (I think the placing of these queens was a mistake, as in the preceding class it was Mrs. Cates' litter with the 3rd place). NEUTER CLASS, any colour or variety (8)—1st, Mrs. Beckett's Joe Beckett; 2nd, Miss Ryder's (Siamese) Stout Fellow; h c, Miss Smyth's Peter, the son of a Siamese father and white mother, colour a pale orange tabby. ANY VARIETY, S.H., 2-9 months S.C.C.C. (5)—1st, Mrs. Harvey's Game Boy of Petaling; 2, Mrs. Cates' Pekunya.

C. BASNETT.

If the Kensington Kitten Show is as successful financially as it was socially it is to be hoped it will be a yearly occurrence. Although the lighting of the Phil-beach Hall is not as a rule as good as it might be, the brilliant weather we are experiencing made it possible to dispense with artificial light, which was much better for the judges. The Show was most ably run by an energetic Committee, and our thanks and praise are due to them and to Miss Busted, who has given so much time and energy to the organisation of this delightful fixture. It is the best time of the year for litters to be on view, and of these there were many, and several were of very high quality. One litter especially stood out from the rest. It was shown by Mrs. Berry, and was by Ch. Gentleman of Henley, ex Brookside Babette. These kittens had lovely heads and lovely round eyes. Miss Peake, of Speedwell fame, was showing a litter of a lovely shade of blue by Barry Prince Blue, and Mrs. Jepson a very nice litter by Blue Craggie, ex that lovely queen, Anna Felicitas. Mrs. Aubrey carried off the prize for the best in show with her charming Chinchilla kitten, Langherne Darling. Captain Guy St. Barbe sold two kittens most

successfully, one being Chang of Culloden, a splendid male of wonderful colour, who took the prize for best blue kitten. He was bought by Mrs. Mackenzie, who intends keeping him for stud. Mrs. Kennaway had come all the way from "Dorset Dear" by car with her pets, Garboldisham Miss Muffet and Garboldisham Pandora, and was taking them home again the same evening. She was showing also a splendid litter of brown tabbies, who did well in their class. A 1st prize litter of red tabbies were much admired, and several were sold. Mrs. Cattermole, departing from her usual custom, was showing some short-haired kittens, with whom she won several first prizes. Having never seen her with any but her wonderful white pets I could hardly believe I had seen correctly when I met her with her prize-winners! There were many visitors, and Kensington being such a splendid centre the Show attracted an unusually nice type of spectator, and at one time during the afternoon there was quite a crowd of gaily dressed visitors, and the hall presented a gay and animated scene. The catering arrangements were of the best. In an upstairs hall, with open windows, and looking out on to a vista of green trees, the visitors congregated to enjoy a cool and peaceful meal and to discuss the happenings of the day. Amongst the visitors and exhibitors I met Mrs. and Miss Campbell-Fraser, Mrs. Day, Lady Eardley-Wilmot, Mrs. Kennaway, Miss Yorke, Mrs. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Captain Guy St. Barbe, Miss Bell, Mrs. Jepson, Mrs. and Miss Sharman, Miss Langston, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Bridle, Miss Tunks, Mr. and Mrs. Yeates, Miss Lea (judging), Captain Powell (judging), Mr. Western (judging), Mrs. Broughton-Hawley, Mrs. Bazeley, Miss Langston, Miss Harmer, Miss Fisher, Miss Sybil Robinson, and many others.

BLUE, Male or Female, 4-9 months—1st, Miss P. M. Galletly's Flibberty Jibbit; 2nd, Miss J. E. Fryer's Atlanta Belle; 3rd, Mrs. Marshall's Moonlight Bill. BLUE, M., 2-4 months—1st, Captain Guy St. Barbe's Chang of Culloden; 2nd, Lady Eardley-Wilmot's March Madcap of Henley; 3rd, Mrs. Jepson's Tabsfield Jack; extra 3rd, Miss Walton's Chevalier. BLUE, F., 2-4 months—1st, Lady Eardley-Wilmot's March Whirlwind of Henley; 2nd, Tabsfield Jill; 3rd, Miss Langston's Drusilla of Allington; extra 3rd, Mrs. Oglethorpe's Powder Puff of the Court. BLUE PAIRS, 2-9 months—1st, Captain Guy St. Barbe's Chang and Charge of Culloden; 2nd, Mrs. Jepson's Tabsfield Jack and Tabsfield Jill; 3rd, Mrs. Oglethorpe's Orion of the Court and Powder Puff of the Court. BLUE BREEDERS, 2-9 months—1st, Captain Guy St. Barbe's Chang of Culloden; 2nd, Mrs. Jepson's Tabsfield Jack; 3rd, Miss Langston's Drusilla of Allington; extra 3rd, Lady Eardley-Wilmot's Misty Moonlight of Henley. BLUE LITTER—1st, Mrs. Jepson; 2nd, Miss Isabel Johnson; 3rd, Miss Peake. BLACK, Male for Female, 2-9 months—2, Mrs. Broughton-Hawley's Dia. RED, Male or Female, 2-9 months—1st, Miss E. V. Nichols' Red Eustace; 2nd, Mrs. Weaver Woodbury's Odd Man Out; 3rd, Mrs. Jean Green's Dandelion of Wolborough. CREAM, Male or Female, 2-9 months—1st, Miss Langhorne's Lad's Love of the Coombe; 2nd, Mrs. Soame's Soame Desert Man; 3rd, Mrs. Bridle's Elderb. SILVER TABBY, M. or F., 2-9 months—1st, Mrs. Bryan's Antony of Merioneth; 3, Miss Roberts' Bell of Frampton. A.O.C., M. or F., 2-9 months—1st, Miss Hotson's Unity Malone; 2nd, Miss Alexander's Oros; 3rd, Mrs. Yeates' Felise. PAIRS, A.C. except Blue—1st, Miss D. M. Alexander; 2nd, Mrs. Armstrong; 3rd, Mrs. Kennaway. BREEDERS, A.C. except Blue, 2-9 months 1st, Miss Nichols; 2nd, Mrs. Aubrey; 3rd, Miss Langhorne. LITTERS, Any Colour except Blue—1st, Mrs. Jean Green; 2nd, Mrs. Kennaway; 3rd, Mrs. Green. BROOD QUEEN—1st, Mrs. Armstrong; 2nd, Mrs. Armstrong; 3rd, Mrs. Gilbert.

M. ESTELLE OGLETHORPE.

## BIRTHS.

June 18th.—Mrs. Hill's black shorthair, 3 fine silver tabby kittens by Miss Richardson's Vagabond Giles.





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### CATS AT MANCHESTER.

The July meeting of our Club members was held on 14th inst., at the Zion Hall, Manchester. But it was a very great occasion for the members, for Miss Langston had most generously come down from London to judge, and great was everybody's excitement. Unfortunately, I thought the kittens, taken as a whole, and judged by type, were poor, though I liked very much the Chinchilla female, Fay of Betley, who took 1st in the kitten class, my own little blue female, by Dazzler, taking 2nd, and Mrs. Comber's female 3rd. This latter, sired by Dazzler, ex Infanta, had lovely eyes, and a sweet expression. In the 5-9 months' class, male or female, Miss Buckley's Cyrus was 1st, a big nicely coated kitten, with sweet face—a litter queen of my own—was 2nd, and Barry Prince Blue 3rd. In the male adult class, Miss Buckley was again 1st with MacAlpine, and deservedly so, for he is of fine build and type, but all four males in the class were good. Mrs. Jervis and Mrs. Beaven were 1st and 2nd respectively, with two really grand queens. I hardly knew which I admired most; Mrs. Jervis' was huge, and a lovely coat, with grand head, eyes deep in colour, but I have never yet seen them open properly, and Mrs. Beaven's, only 9 months, was miniature beside this older queen, but a really gorgeous head and eyes, and a most lovable expression. In S.H. Mrs. Furniss won with a beautiful white. The prizes were many, and proud owners walked off with silver cups and other trophies, feeling the day had been a great success. I felt it, on behalf of all our members, very, very kind of Miss Langston, to come all that long way, in such heat, for no judge's fee, and it was most unfortunate that there was no tea in the ante-room off the hall for her. She came straight from the train, too, and must have been dreadfully tired, but she patiently answered everyone's queries after the judging was over, and showed no sign of impatience at the irrelevancy of some of them.

E. L. ELLIOTT.

### SALMON AS A FOOD FOR CATS.

Far and away the best got-up live stock journal we know is our American contemporary, "Pets," which, beautifully printed and illustrated, deals with all pets from dogs to water-snails. It devotes much space to cats, and we think the following will interest our readers. A writer says: "The fault of salmon as a food lies, not in its protein value, but in the peculiar effect it produces on cats. (Various details are then given as to veterinary reports on the so-called 'Salmon poisoning of dogs.' It appears that 'when the salmon move into fresh water to spawn the degeneration processes take place . . . if caught and put through the canning process, the heat does not kill the germs, and in turn, when fed to dogs or cats, a peculiar condition or disease known as salmon poisoning is produced. . . .')" The writer continues: "I have observed the same symptoms in my own cattery, though for a long time I could see no connection between the illness of the cats and the salmon, doubtless because of the two or three days which must elapse before the disease develops.

"Briefly, the symptoms are as follows: Loss of appetite followed by rapidly rising temperature. The cat drinks an enormous amount of water, but refuses to eat. Diarrhœa next develops; the feces are nearly always tinged with blood. Extreme weakness sets in, and the animal usually never rallies. However, I

have had a few cats get well, but the stomach is usually weak for a considerable period thereafter. The slightest thing will upset them and cause a relapse.

"An autopsy of animals so infected shows a blood-tinged bile in the stomach and a highly congested, inflamed condition of the intestines, rectum, and lower bowel.

"Please do not misunderstand me as saying all cans of salmon are so infected. Many are not. You may feed salmon for a year with no bad results and the next time you may lose all your cats."

(Note by Ed. "Cat Gossip."—We think there is little danger when good brands of tinned salmon are used, but if, for economy's sake, cheap brands are used as good enough for the cat, there would seem to be a risk of unhealthy fish having been canned by firms of lesser standing.)

## SOME REMINISCENCES OF A CAT LOVER.

Having from a child been a lover of cats, many little happenings come to my memory; the first I clearly remember was when leaving Windsor for Bristol we took with us a cat and her two kittens in a hamper. Changing at Reading the hamper (I suppose tampered with by childish fingers) was on the platform, but, alas! only the kits were there, and on my aunt's return to Windsor (she had come to Reading to put us safely in a through train to Bristol late at night), there was pussy on the doorstep!

My aunt had two lovely Persian kittens, one tabby and the other a golden yellow and white, called Yellow Boy. They came from a cattery in Windsor Great Park, and were great pets, but the yellow one was very delicate, and only lived about 18 months in spite of all our care. The point about these two was their great love for the scent of wallflowers; there were other beds in the garden with plenty of flowers, but they went only to one place, and rolled and rolled in the wallflower bed till it was quite spoilt.

I had a large black Persian, Jack, which weighed 12 pounds. He was a most affectionate cat, but he always plainly showed his dislike for milk not perfectly fresh. If I offered him, before the morning's milk had come, some of the previous evening's, he would scratch in a slow annoyed way on the floor by his saucer, and turned away looking both dignified and disgusted. I had him for several years. When the greengrocer's cart called if Jack could get to the basket where beans or peas were he would snap them up at once; also cucumber, when sliced, was a favourite relish of his.

His worst exploit, which might have had dreadful consequences, was when we were living at a corner house near Whiteladies' Road, Clifton, at the top, and Jack loved to lie in the sun on a window-sill; we continually brought him into the house, but just imagine my horror when one very hot afternoon he

went on the sill and fell asleep; he must have stretched out, for anyway down he fell, three stories, and right on the hat of a gentleman passing. (I knew nothing about this, being in another part of the house.) The cat simply shook himself and stalked slowly to the entrance door. Fortunately the gentleman happened to be good-tempered, and only laughed, but, of course, it might have been very terrible if any accident had resulted.

While I had Jack one day a lady called, and said she wanted to give away a young black Persian she had seen. I said I would have him, and he was indeed a strange cat. He hated some people, and would seem to get into a real frenzy; in fact, my best friend was always afraid he would fly at her. He was called Bogey, and had a rather long thin face, lovely coat and tail, but certainly had a very queer temper, but not to the family, he was always all right to them.

Well, then we had a most lovely kitten given to us, though I said three were too many. It was black and white, with a long bushy tail, huge frill; really a lovely kitten to look at, and a most sweet disposition. We called him Chiffon. The other two cats quite adopted him, and I have a picture of the three drinking from one saucer. But now for the sad part, where I am sure any cat lover will sympathise with me. We gave up our house for a short time, about six weeks, letting it furnished, and did not know what to do with the three.

We first thought of the Cats' Home, but they had been so petted, and finally a woman who had worked for me for a long time said she would be glad to take them, and I thought they would be quite happy with her. Well, we came back, and the first thing was to fetch the cats. When they were lifted out of their baskets they were so weak they fell over. I shall never forget it; we did all we possibly could, but no use; Bogey and the kitten died in two or three days, and Jack lasted three weeks, and then the V.S. advised me to have him put to sleep, as he would never recover properly. Only cat lovers can imagine my feelings, and though it is now more than 20 years ago, when I think of my three friends (for they were friends) I feel ever so sad, more especially to think of what they must have suffered after being so cared for by us.

I would say to anyone, unless you can really and truly trust the home your pet is going to, and you are compelled to part with it, far better put it to sleep.

"ELIZABETH."

Through the kindness of Dr. C. J. Whitby, the noted author and playwright, we are privileged in reproducing one of his poems.

### "PETER SAHIB."

"Only a cat"! you say; only a cat,  
But what precisely is conveyed by that?  
An elf, a child, a princely soul in thrall,  
A new creation? What was he at all,

Our six years' housemate versed in Protean arts  
 To capture and subdue our wayworn hearts?  
 True, he had Helen's gift, perfect like her  
 To the last filament of his lustrous fur,  
 Black, but suffused with chestnut gleams when Spring's  
 Birth impulse wakened at the core of things,  
 Patrician blood was legible clear as day  
 In lordly mien and sumptuous array,  
 And blazing like twin topazes his eyes  
 Brimmed with appeal, conjecture, joy, surprise,  
 Sometimes with fear, for life has ups and downs,  
 And none so sheltered, but must face its frowns,  
 But Peter for the most part questioned not  
 That life was good, nor would have changed his lot  
 In one iota, had such choice been free,  
 So wise and circumspect a cat was he,  
 In every detail of his daily round  
 A well-spring of delight he sought, and found;  
 None so familiar that it came amiss;  
 "Let all my days," he'd sigh, "resemble this!"  
 Smoothly he wished the wheels of time to run  
 With everything in ordered sequence done,  
 Grieved if one form were absent from his view  
 Of those he loved, a tried and trusty few,  
 As by prerogative of high degree,  
 Delicate fare he claimed, and it must be  
 Sanctioned by custom, and approved by taste,  
 Or soon by wrathful scamperings displaced;  
 Doormats and rugs in wild confusion hurled,  
 Proclaimed his lordship's dudgeon to the world!  
 Yet even his anger smacked of gentleness,  
 Short-lived in frequent blaze, nor to excess  
 Of that which it might smilingly endure,  
 Taxed by the love in which he dwelt secure,  
 Deafness he'd feign sometimes when one might call,  
 Then crouch like a bent spring, and, after all,  
 Come with a sudden and mock-ferocious rush  
 As for a mouse, or absent-minded thrush,  
 Or if some dainty should be overdue,  
 Accounted so by him, if not by you,  
 He'd steal up, half in anger, half in play,  
 And nip the offender's leg, then dart away,  
 With nice discernment Peter felt that he  
 In master's room should live on master's knee,  
 Not that he loved him best, but that he knew  
 That, here at least, such preference was his due,  
 And on this throne outstretched he would survey  
 His kingdom in a blandly regal way.  
 Our Ada, too, she whose benignant hand  
 Prepared the meals, his Queen of Wisdom planned,  
 Her face, withdrawn awhile, he sadly missed,  
 And, when restored, with crooning rapture kissed,  
 She had her niche, higher than most, a friend  
 Esteemed, but one and only one could blend  
 In perfect wholeness, nearer, warmer, sweeter,  
 All gifts and graces which were prized by Peter;  
 A queen, a goddess, a guardian wise and good,  
 By whose mysterious insight understood  
 All wants and cares which fretted Peter's breast  
 Were wondrously allayed or lulled to rest,  
 Her love had found, or lit, perhaps, a spark  
 Of soul in him, where all before was dark;  
 Only a pale inconstant gleam at first,  
 But strengthening as it was fed and nursed,  
 Till Peter knew when he was praised or blamed,  
 Would flick his bushy tail as friends were named,  
 Or when her voice recounted one by one,  
 His items of possession, feast and fun,  
 His meat, his fish, the ginger cat he fought  
 And loved by turns, the birds he never caught,  
 But watch for hours, his garden and his house,  
 And once, in a blue moon, his hapless mouse.  
 Six years he shared our lives, and then departed  
 For summer climes, leaving us broken-hearted:  
 The pet we love; it dies, it always dies!  
 Under the blossoming cherry tree he lies,  
 Into whose topmast branches many a time,  
 Swiftly as a flash it seemed, he used to climb,  
 His grave with polyanthus blooms is gay,  
 He would have come and smelt them day by day!

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All correspondence re "CAT GOSSIP" to the Editor.

H. C. BROOKE.

Bishop's Hull, Taunton.

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