

# CAT · GOSSIP

VOL. 4

First Edited by H. C. BROOKE

Edited by E. K. WAKEFORD

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## LONG-HAIR LORE.

By Mrs. M. ESTELLE OGLETHORPE (Tel.: Wimbledon 2889).

I love all beauteous things,  
I seek and adore them;  
God hath no better praise,  
And man, in his hasty days,  
Is honoured for them.

I, too, will something make,  
And joy in the making;  
Although to-morrow it seem  
Like the empty words of a dream  
Remembered on waking.

Robert Bridges.

Echo and Narcissus have taken up their abode with us. Two pure white denizens of another world have deigned to visit earth in the form of kittens, the biggest, fattest, and bonniest kittens that have ever seen the light of day.

Poor little Jasmine had a very bad time, and lost three out of five of her babies, but the two remaining, a boy and a girl, are ample recompense for any loss sustained, and Jasmine is once more her immaculate little self, and has forgotten everything but the fact that it is summer time, and she may once more wander in the garden at will, and enjoy life in her own sweet way. Dainty Ladye is bringing up Echo and Narcissus, and never has a mother welcomed two little strangers with such joy. Her own little son, by Son o' Flick, is with them, and they are a bonny and contented trio.

Pennycomequick, the little Russian blue kitten, is barely two months old, but can hold her own with her adopted brethren. She is a marvellous little traveller. Never having been away from her home, she motored with us about 25 miles through the Duddon Valley to Ulverston, sitting on my knee all the time, and taking the keenest interest in the moving scenery. At Ulverston she came into our carriage, and sat on the seat or my knee all the time, never turning a hair whoever came in, and causing a sensation at the various stations by sitting in the window and washing her face like a little monkey! She travelled from 12.30 a.m. until 8.30 p.m., and her behaviour was exemplary all the time. She now follows us about like a little dog, is no trouble whatsoever, and enjoys her romps in house and garden.

Colneside Camelia has presented Mrs. Bazeley with four fine kittens by Colneside Christopher, and all are doing well. It is also hoped that Colneside Bluebell is in kitten to the same sire.

From Miss Peake and Miss Ridley I hear all good news. Speedwell Alayne is very well, and expects a family by The Aristocrat in three weeks' time.

We have had a charming little visitor here, litter sister to the famous Columbine, bred and owned by Mrs. Yeates. She is very pale, and has lovely eyes. Her owner, Mrs. Allen, is most attached to her, and we have sent daily bulletins over the telephone during her visit.

I have just heard a very charming story of an actress called Rosina, who takes an important part in the play, "The Truth Game," at Daly's Theatre. During a recent tour this little lady developed nerves, due probably to long journeys and the strangeness of her surroundings, in new theatres and hotels. She was several times found to be missing, and was once discovered in the cellar, and another time on the roof of the theatre. Now all is well, for Rosina has returned to London and her comfortable home, which she shares with the famous actor, Ivor Novello. For Rosina, you see, is a lovely little black and white cat, named after the heroine of the play in which she takes a part!

Out of the first fifteen kittens sired by Brookside Michael twelve are males, and I have just heard the news that Brookside Nina, the property of Miss Harmer, has given birth to three fine males by him, whilst Josephine Jinks, nearly ten years old, is hourly expecting a litter by him also. She is mother of the famous Ch. High Jinks of Wimbledon, and is a beautifully marked blue tortoiseshell.

I have weighed Jasmine's kittens, who are now just over a week old, and Echo weighs eight ounces, and Narcissus eight and a half. Princess Una's kittens are growing in health and beauty day by day. Una's Fairy goes to Bavaria in the Autumn, and one of the males is now the property of Mr. McCarthy, of Wimbledon Park, so I have still two little males of my own. Princess Una remains with me also for a time, and will visit Son o' Flick again in due course. I have seldom seen a lovelier litter than the one produced by these two, who seem to suit one another to perfection. We are also looking forward to Powder Puff's litter, which is due in three weeks, and trust all will be well.

I must apologise for writing about my own pets, but I have had very little news this week, due, I expect, to my absence from home, but am now looking forward to a tremendous post for next week.

I received a sample tin of Ambrosia milk food, from Ambrosia, Ltd, Lifton, Devon, and find it is a nice change to give to the pets. The first time they tried it, it did not appeal to them, but next time they lapped it up with avidity, and now I am sending for more. It is very pure, and most inexpensive, and for one shilling one receives quite a nice big tin. I hear that it makes an excellent drink for humans also, and is very simple to prepare.

### GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

WE are looking forward to seeing the blue S.H. kitten which Mrs. Oglethorpe brought back from the Lakes with her, and which seems to be quite a typical little Russian, with green eyes—so very rare in the authentic Russians with pedigrees. We wonder what the history may be of this particular little colony of blue S.H.'s in the Lake District, but think that it may probably be traced to some cat with blue blood. Our own "nursery cat" was a Russian, and though she never, in the course of a very long life, had a single kitten of her own lovely colour, blue kittens appeared many years later in the part of Devon to which some of her daughters had been sent. Curiously enough, we had a letter this week from Miss Crossland, who lives at Windermere, and she also owns a Russian, though she does not tell us where he came from.

JOHN of Downside is siring some beautiful kittens this season, and we are glad to hear from Mrs. Kidd that he is very fit and well. We are hoping to see some of his children at the Kitten Show in July.

BROOKE'S Market, which is just an open space now, and not a market at all, is a very popular parking place for cars, and is also a favourite rendezvous with the cats of this neighbourhood, who consider that they have a right to take their mid-day siesta on the cushions of the cars. Even a cat who lives in Leather Lane can enjoy a brief hour of glory in a Rolls Royce, if he is lucky enough to find one there, but we have not yet been present at an interview between a returning chauffeur and one of these temporary plutocrats. The church cat of St. Alban's, Holborn, is very contemptuous of these tactics, and never gets into the cars—perhaps she will only condescend to sit in clergymen's cars.

OUR own little cat is perfectly happy because there are decorators in the house, and so she is getting plenty of admiration, which she considers her due. When we moved here, we bought her one of the Cats' Protection League collars, for fear she should slip out of the front door and lose herself, by accident or someone else's design. At first she did not like it, as it prevented her washing her shirt front as thoroughly as she wished, but she is now extremely proud of it, and evidently thinks that we

have given it to her as a reward for a virtuous life—though she is not really as virtuous as all that.

It is not often that the women's weeklies mention cats, but we found the following little story in the editorial column of "Woman's Companion" recently: "I'm sure every mother will be interested in the cat which recently held up the whole proceedings in a court of law. The judge was on the bench, the counsel was making an eloquent speech, everything was very solemn indeed, when a cat entered and made such a great outcry that the case had to be stopped to find out what was wrong. It was discovered that puss had kittens in the basement and couldn't get to them. Mother-like, she thought her babies were more important than anything!"

THE following interesting little account of the cats' cemetery at Woodford was sent to the "Sunday Express" by a special correspondent:—"When the ancient Manx cat belonging to Mr. A. G. Biddle, of Woodford Green, loses her ninth life, she will be buried under an oak tree in a fifty-year-old cat cemetery. This will be the last interment, as, with the exception of this one reserved plot, the graveyard is full. The cemetery is in a shady corner of the grounds behind the Golden Cross Inn, and was opened when the 'Terror' died in 1881.

#### "Our Nigger."

"A gravestone marks his resting place. Since that time many other feline pets have joined him, memorial stones and crosses giving their names, age, and date of death.

"Here are some of the inscriptions:—

'In loving memory of Poor Puss. Age twelve years. Died 1896.'

'Our Nigger. Died 1910.'

'In memory of poor Old Neddy. Age unknown. Date of death unknown.'

"Elderly men and women occasionally call to drop bunches of flowers on the graves of their departed pets."

### CAT CALLS.

(Publication of letters does not necessarily indicate that they represent our views.)

#### To the Editor, "Cat Gossip."

Madam,—As a real cat-lover, I must protest against the gruesome cat tales you are giving us. Why must writers of fiction present the cat as "the symbol of swift, cruel death," as "malevolent," and so on? To us who have known and loved sweet, gentle spirits in our cats, such gross imaginations seem a rather objectionable travesty of the truth.

While agreeing with "A Lover of English" that our language can do without American importations, I should like to beg that neither "deströy" nor "destruction" should be used in connection with the death of cats. You may "destroy" a book, a picture, a vase, but you surely cannot "destroy" any sentient being, for life is indestructible. The term appears revolting when employed in the case of our little friends—our cats and dogs, for whom we desire all we hope for ourselves.

PROTESTANT.



## THE CAT GUNDUPLE AND THE GOLDEN MOUSE.

Abridged from the collection of Asiatic Folk-lore of P. V. Ramaswami Raja, Barrister-at-law, Member Asiatic Society, Graduate of the University of Madras.

In the Isle of Borneo was a lame orphan boy, who was maintained by the villagers, and whose duty it was to see that the children went safely to and from school. He had a cat, named Gunduple, who amused him by all kinds of sportive tricks. The boy would say, "Now, Gunduple, play at catching mice!" Instantly Gunduple would pretend to see mice running about, and, chasing them up and down, kill a number of imaginary victims.

Or the boy would say, "Now, Gunduple, there is a rat in the hole!" Instantly the cat would pretend to discover the hole, and go round it sprinkling imaginary grain. Then he would wait at some distance for the rat, and then, pretending to have seen it emerge, dart at a piece of bark or broken tile, and bring it to the boy as if it were a rat.

There was also a Goblin, named Pasangu, whose favourite trick it was to mislead children. He would assume the form of a child that had been beaten, and stand wailing and crying near where the children were playing. Some of them were certain to follow him, showing their curiosity and sympathy, and these, thus decoyed from their comrades, fell victims to the Goblin Pasangu.

The people of the village blamed the lame boy for not sufficiently watching over their children, and gave him a thrashing, saying "We support you that you may watch over our children, why don't you find out the Goblin that devours them?"

The boy replied: "I have neither parents nor family, I have only a cat, so I can go where I like, and need not stop here. If I find the Goblin I want a cottage and land." And by pretending unwillingness he contrived to obtain this in advance. Next day, as the children ran together outside the school, the boy said, "Now, friends, there is a Goblin about who can take every form but that of a mouse. So remember, everything but a mouse is suspect, and not to be trusted!"

The Goblin Pasangu, who was waiting for his opportunity, laughed at this, and said to himself, "I can take any form I wish; but as the boy tells them I cannot be a mouse, I must be one, then I shall not be suspected. I will be a golden mouse, and decoy all the children away. They will all want to catch me, I will get them all, not one shall escape!"

Next moment there appeared a golden mouse with a long bright tail and bells round his neck. The children exclaimed with one voice:

"Oh! what a pretty mouse!  
Why! it's a golden mouse!  
Without it, not one of us  
Will turn towards his house!"

The lame boy turned to the cat and said, "Ho, Gunduple, here's a golden mouse for you to-day."

Instantly the cat sprang at the golden mouse, which exclaimed too late as it went down the cat's throat, "It was indeed unwise to have assumed this shape in the presence of a cat!"

H. C. B.

## WITH OUR CATS.

BY F. M. BALLINGALL.

(Continued from Page 143.)

But I remember one day, not knowing, or forgetting, that he was present, she took the whistle from her pocket, and suddenly a loud blast rang through the room—to point something she had been saying about the possibilities latent in a penny whistle. In a moment Queenie was like a little mad thing. He rushed to her, leaped up, and dragged with both hands at the toy. Then, leaping down as quickly, he flew to the door, which was closed. Before we could open it, he tore back, and, jumping up again, laid both hands on her shoulders, rubbing his head against her cheek in quite pitiful appeal. The whistle was cast away. "Never again, Queenie! Do forgive me!"

I think it was the peculiar shrillness of a whistle's tone that disturbed his peace, as the scales and melodies were quite innocuous. The violin and piano he did not mind at all.

Some years after this, when our dear Queenie slept peacefully in the garden, I gave my sister a silver tabby Persian kitten. He looked a cross little fellow when first I gazed down on him—a tiny creature in a large conical hamper. I dare not say he was bad-tempered, but just cross he certainly was, and only his gentle mother could do anything at all with him. Of all the many cats we have had in the course of our lives, he was the only one I failed with. Possibly he was of those who can love one only, and all his love was given to my sister. Even so—there were limits. But she understood them.

Though a healthy kitten, and cat, he was quite early troubled with his teeth and gums. An eminent vet. surgeon called in prescribed a mouth-wash. I smiled sardonically as I heard him describing the method to be pursued. "Tommy will have a word to say about this," I thought, and dismissed the matter from my mind.

One evening I happened to enter the bath-room, and at once encountered my sister. "Shut the door," she said, with her habitual soft decision. Obediently I closed it, and stood watching the drama being enacted before me with growing amazement. On the edge of the bath sat Dorcas, a middle-aged handmaid gifted with an absolutely fearless love of Tommy, who, apparently, was entirely indifferent to her feelings. Yet, on her lap, quiescent, lay Tommy! Beside them stood my sister, forceps in hand, with



a bottle of lotion, and many little strips of cotton-wool on the top of the lavatory basin hard by. Presently, I saw the forceps, holding a saturated piece of cotton-wool, deftly inserted in Tommy's gently opened mouth, the interior of which was swabbed in a most workmanlike fashion. Two or three times was this fearsome risk taken, and Tommy's large eyes, I noticed, surveyed me, in between, with a curious look of satisfaction. He was intent on seeing what I thought of it all, and what I feared he might be meditating in reprisal.

"Oh!" I exclaimed warningly—for Tommy's silvery arms were beginning to move upon Dorcas' sleeve, where they had been reposing peacefully; Tommy's passivity obviously was breaking up; the hitherto placid eyes hinted at a coming storm, preluded by the faintest whisper of a growl!

"Sing!" said his mother, quietly.

And I heard a sound of singing such as never was on sea or land. 'Twas the singing of Dorcas, and I know not how to describe it, save as a kind of drone on two or three notes—cracked, toneless, wordless. Yet it was marvellously well liked of Tommy. Slowly the restless little arms yielded to the music, and lay quiet again on Dorcas' sleeve; the eyes softened; the growl passed into a murmuring sound. Then Dorcas ceased to make music. And his mother had not ceased her ministrations.

All was not so serene as it seemed on the surface, though! By-and-bye there came afresh the danger signals.

"Sing!" commanded the nurse-in-charge. And Dorcas sang! and Tommy, though resisting longer than before, eventually succumbed to the siren.

Yet a third time I heard, "Sing, Dorcas, sing!" And Dorcas sang.

But Tommy had reached the end of his patience—and secretly I sympathised with him. Louder rose the song, but louder still rose the growl. Eyes flashed, fingers plucked the sleeve, tail tapped lightly.

"Let him go."

Tommy leaped to the floor; Dorcas shook her skirt; I opened the door; Tommy gave me a glance of meaning—subtly humorous—and passed through. It was very well.

"Give him his supper," said the lady, calmly putting her things in order.

"I could not have believed he would let you do it," said I.

"Tommy is always good when Dorcas sings," said she.

Copyright.

(To be continued.)

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mrs. Ballingall has pleasure in acknowledging a donation of 5s. from Lady Lamb for the "Appeal" Fund.

### COMPETITION.

We offer a prize of a sack of "Elastene" bedding to the stud cat who is the sire of the largest number of kittens, born during July, and advertised in our "Births" column. This competition will not close until the second week in August—the exact date to be announced later—to give stud owners plenty of time to hear from all the breeders whose queens are expecting litters by their studs. We suggest, however, that the "Births" advertisements for this competition should be sent in weekly, as it will be interesting to watch the progress of the different competitors. All stud cats are eligible, whether they are advertised in our columns or not.

### COMPETITION RESULT.

The prize offered for a litter of kittens born on June 21st has been awarded to Miss Atkinson's litter of four, by John of Downside, ex Mimosa. They are the only kittens born on the right date, though Mrs. Jinks' litter by Merry Thought of Blagdon, ex Blue-Belle, ran them very close, being born on the evening of June 20th.



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June 21st.—Miss Atkinson's Mimosa, 4 kittens by John of Downside.

June 20th.—Mrs. Jinks' Blue-Belle, 4 bonny kittens by Owner's Merry Thought of Blagdon.

June 23rd.—Mrs. Gilbert's Pet Marjorie, 5 strong kittens by Mrs. Bergman's Mercury of Pensford.

June 24th.—Miss Wakeford's Troyka of Cleave, 4 beautiful kittens by Owner's Prince Igor of Cleave (Russian Blues).

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URGENT.—Lady is very much distressed, being compelled to part with her two treasured Pets, Dark Persian and Grey Tabby Persian, females; most affectionate; been greatly petted. Would some kind reader give Temporary or Permanent Good Home to One or Both, to save lives? References.—MISS SPENCER, Training College, Truro.

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All Foreign News and Exchanges to be sent to the Foreign News Editor, Mr. H. C. BROOKE, Bishop's Hull, Taunton.

All other correspondence re "Cat Gossip" to the Editor and Proprietor,

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