

# 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).

Oh, I have lain upon a river's brink  
And drank deep, deep of all the glory near,  
Until my soul in unison did beat  
With all things round me; I was at the root,  
The common root of life from which all flows,  
And when thus far could enter into all;  
I looked upon a rose and seemed to grow  
A bud into a bloom, I watched a tree  
And was the life that quickens the green leaves,  
I saw the waters swirling and became  
The law of their wild course, and in the clouds  
I felt my spirit wand'ring over heaven.  
I did identify myself with aught  
That rose before me, and communion held.

William Sharp, from "Amid the Uplands."

Miss Tunks, who lives at White Friars, Sussex, and who with her sister, Mrs. McCloud, won my medal for the best litter at Kensington, kindly sends me the following news of her pets:

• The medal will belong to my little Rosemary, the one of the litter that I am keeping. I have disposed of all the others. Her mother is the daughter of Heather of Hadley, whom I lost two years ago. I had always longed for one of her daughters, and was so pleased when Pandora was offered to me. She had her Spring babies here, and then the trouble began. She wouldn't get on with other cats! and I must say they didn't take very kindly to her. As they had all just had kittens or were going to have them, I didn't dare let them fight it out, so I had to part with her for the time being. She is in very good hands with Mrs. Baker, near Cardiff, and I think her next family, also by Merlin o' Mendip, is due now. I am so very sorry to miss all the sweet kits. We have just had a fortnight's anxiety on account of two priceless Cupid kittens belonging to Peri. She wasn't satisfied about their safety, and when they were a week old took them into the cellars, and by way of a hole about nine inches across put them between the floor of our largest room and the cellar ceiling! No torch threw any light on their whereabouts, and we just had to wait!

We have had a lot of visitors, and I hoped when it was quieter she would let us see them again. Sure enough, this morning she arrived upstairs with them. They are in perfect condition, not exactly boisterous, but, after all, they are seeing daylight for the first time at three weeks old!"

It was the 2nd of October when I received the above from Miss Tunks, and the kittens must now be about six weeks old, which is the most charming age, and I hope Miss Tunks will have the greatest pleasure from her little pets. Yesterday I visited Mrs. Hawkes-Allen, and there saw six baby Aristocrats just ten days old! Fashion Plate was looking splendid, and when I handled her she felt in splendid condition, and was indeed unusually heavy considering the big family she was nursing. She is a lovely mother, both by nature and inclination, and is bringing her babies up well—indeed, they promise to be far above the average in size and quality. They are all pale kittens, one or two paler than the rest, and all have lovely big round heads and tiny ears. Besides these babies Mrs. Hawkes-Allen has also a very nice tortoiseshell in Soame Rock Rose, who has a fine little family, now six weeks old, by Soame Desert Man. I particularly admired a little tortoiseshell female with the sweetest of faces and big round eyes, and a fine little black male, a grandson of Ch. Desert Chief. The creams were very pale and free from markings, but I quite fell in love with the little tortoiseshell, who is beautifully marked. Unfortunately my handbag was not of sufficient capacity to conceal a fine lusty kitten of six weeks old, otherwise her mistress might have found a smaller family when she went to give them their supper!!!

I have always felt the appeal of the tortoiseshell since one day, when having tea with Mrs. Campbell-Fraser, a little tortoiseshell pet made her home in my lap. She was the prettiest and gentlest creature imaginable, and I remarked to my hostess what a charming kitten she was, and was amazed to hear that she was more than thirteen years old! Shortly afterwards she passed quietly away in her sleep, apparently quite well one day, and then she was no more, and whenever I see a tortoiseshell cat or kitten I always think of my little friend of one afternoon of long ago.

There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground  
But holds some joy of silence or of sound.

### A PORTRAIT.

Full of child thoughts, and glad at simple things,  
 But versed in deep things; well content to be  
 In green woods or green meadows, or to see  
 The painted butterfly spread sportive wings;  
 Happy in all the joy the blue sky brings  
 And full of an unfathomed royalty;  
 So clever, dainty, fairylke—and to me  
 Fairer than jewelled queens to mighty kings.  
 Such is my Sou, a very gentle flower,  
 Serenely blossoming, full of quiet power,  
 And flinging from her sunlit azure head  
 Light that transfigures many a mortal hour.

Guy St. Barbe.

To Souriya.

### GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

THE entries for Croydon Show close on the day that this issue of *Cat Gossip* reaches our subscribers, but it is not yet too late to remind non-exhibitors that November 13th is a really important date, and that if they want to see the best cats in England they should wend their way to Croydon, and bring all their friends and relations. We hope that it will be a really wonderful show, for short-hairs especially, as the classification in the short-hair classes is unusually comprehensive. Mr. H. C. Brooke will certainly have his work cut out, but we are sure that a noble entry will rejoice his heart, in spite of the labour which it entails. We are offering specials to the exhibitors making the largest entries in both the long-hair and short-hair sections—we do not know how it will be decided if the largest entries are mixed, like our own, and we are also offering a "points" special for our subscribers, as we did at Thame and the Siamese Cat Club Show.

WE have heard lately of cats with some very extraordinary food fads, but Mrs. Oglethorpe possesses the one with the queerest tastes of all, since she devours wooden photo frames and ribbon—she was probably a horse in a former life, and acquired a reputation for crib-biting. We have never known a cat who behaved like this, though we once had a tame rabbit who lived in the house, and who liked to jump into the laundry basket and chew the corners of folded up quilts, perhaps because the holes made such charming patterns when the quilt was opened out. This rabbit, whose name was Peter because she was a doe (she had a son named Maude), was very friendly with the family cat. They were carefully kept apart for many months, for fear of accidents, but when they did meet at last, quite by mistake, they fell upon one another's necks, so to speak, and claimed one another for kindred spirits. THERE are so few exhibitors of Russians at present that it is an event when a novice joins the ranks. Captain Price has just acquired from Mrs. Stevens a kitten by Prince Igor, ex Pekieboo o' Mendip, and both owner and kitten are making a show debut at Croydon, where we hope that they will be successful. Although we have not seen this kit, we hear that she

is very good, and she is certainly likely to beat her "of Cleave" half-sisters, who are much younger, and not so very marvellous. Of course, some other exhibitor may have the world's best Russian kitten. One of the charms of Croydon Show is that no one can possibly foretell what is going to happen there, especially in the kitten classes, as most of the competitors have never been seen outside their home circles before. Captain Price intends to divide his allegiance between Russians and Abyssinians, and as he has chosen two such fascinating breeds he is likely to remain faithful to them both.

As our resident Russian, Betty, is seriously thinking of having some kittens in the near future—she has been a long time making up her mind—she has gone to live in the country for a time, and her place has been taken by two blue L.H. kittens, Dominic and Jenny. These two are at present having an excellent training for a show career, as road repairs are going on outside, and Brooke Street is almost as noisy as a cat show in full swing. The kittens spend much of their time on the window ledge, making eyes at the workmen in the road, who obstinately refuse to take the slightest notice of them. When they go to a cat show, and meet people who are sensible enough to respond to their advances, they will probably be absolutely delighted.

### PERSIAN, ANGORA, AND GERMAN L.H.

Having in a previous article stated my conviction that the English system of classing all Long-hair simply as such, and dropping the old names of Angora, etc., is the most practical one for **Fanciers**, it is but fair, and I think not without interest, to quote some of the reasons adduced for the retention of the different names. At the same time, I repeat my opinion that these distinctions, though correct from the standpoint of the **Naturalist**, are best dropped from a Fancy point of view, considering that whatever the original sources of L.H., the manner in which they have since been mixed renders the simpler classification the most practical from the exhibition standpoint. In a special number of the "Tier-Boerse" Professor Schwangart writes as follows:

"As far back as the eighties the English Fancy decided of the several hitherto recognised varieties of L.H. only to admit the 'Persian' form; France followed their example last year. Breed qualifications were denied the 'Angora,' and doubtless rightly so. What are shown under this name are mostly badly bred Persians, or else the Blues are called Persians, the other coloured L.H. cats Angoras, and the characteristics of the Persian are misunderstood, this misunderstanding going so far that S.H. Blues have been described as 'S.H. Persians.' (I referred to this a while back in a



review of a recent Continental Cat-book. Transl. Note.) Now the real Persian, with his puggy and extravagantly short, even if imposing and interesting face, and bulging forehead, represents a very one-sided breeders' production, and in contradistinction to this stands the more originally shaped type-form of L.H., possessing certainly equally broad head and face, but with flatter forehead, and with the bridge of the nose straight or slightly arched, instead of punched in as in the Persian. This form, which is analogous to that of our S.H. tabbies, also to that of our European Wild Cat, ought, even were it less beautiful, to be fostered. As a matter of fact, it is very attractive from the æsthetic point of view. As the old title of 'Angora' did not depend on this difference in shape from the Persian, a new name appears to be indicated, and there seems no objection to that of 'Deutsch-Langhaar'—German Longhair—which name is not given in a boasting spirit, but simply as indicative of the place of origin, just as one speaks of an Irish Setter, etc. . . . It must be the task of German Longhair breeders to emphasize in breeding its difference from the Persian, just as the last-named should be strictly kept to its foreign type. Breeders of the many German strains which hesitate between the two forms, and whose litters, nay, even the different members of whose litters, may approach both of the two forms, would then have to definitely decide for one or the other.\* Of course, there would be the danger that people, instead of doing this, would christen such mixtures, inferior Persians, by the name of 'German L.H.'\*\*

Description of "Deutsch Langhaar":—Forehead gently sloping, not bulging or very rounded, running in a flat curve or with slight drop to the arch of the nose. Bridge of nose somewhat long, straight or very slightly arched. Broad, not pointed muzzle. This head is companion piece to that of the S.H. Tabby. Build rather less cobby, tail rather longer, and action freer than in the Persian.

\*Rather fear this is in the nature of a pious wish rather than a practical statement.

\*\*Exactly!

Trans.: H. C. B.

### OBJECTS TO THREE CATS IN BED, GETS DIVORCE.

From an American paper.

Her husband's inordinate fondness for cats was held to be ample ground for divorce, when Mrs. Hazel A. Asselstine, 447, Drexel Avenue, testified he insisted on permitting three of the animals to sleep in the couple's bed. Mrs. Asselstine told the court that when she objected, she, and not the cats, were compelled to leave. Judge DeWitt H. Merriam granted her a divorce from Burton Asselstine.

## CAT CALLS.

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

### A MISQUOTATION: EYE AND CHIN MATTERS.

To the Editor of "Cat Gossip."

I think C. de Mora has misunderstood the manner in which Damoclaris compared the Cat to the hounds of Actæon, who, it will be remembered, was chased and killed by his own pack as a punishment for spying on the goddess Artemis whilst sun-bathing. Far from the comparison being in praise of the usefulness of the Cat in sport, it was made purely to blame one particular cat which had eaten Agathias' pet partridge, and the disciple mourned: "Rival of homicidal dogs, O detestable cat, thou art as the hounds of Actæon: eating the partridge of thy master Agathias, it is thy master himself whom thou devourest!" (The story was given in an early number of C.G.).

I rejoice to see in a contemporary Captain Powell's courageous stand against the undue importance attached in certain cases to comparatively unessential properties. What is the essential of a Tabby? Tabbiness! What is the essential of a Tortoiseshell? Good "Tortoiseness"! Can any one say that eye-colour of a certain hue necessarily or usually goes with good body colour and marking? I believe no one will assert this. Now it is no use bringing in Blue Persians, because I think every one will agree that the copper eye is the only one which really suits that cat. How different in certain marked breeds, where there may be two eye colours, each equally beautiful, though only one be according to the standard. I do not profess to be a Silver Tabby expert, but Mr. House's opinion on this matter is good enough for me, though I think him rather inconsistent when he asks, "Who would give a prize to a Tortoiseshell with green eyes?" and I certainly fall out with him when he attempts to make fun of my description of spotted cats, and gives himself away as but poorly informed on his subject by not knowing the difference between a round spot and a rosette! (Query, is a penny rosette shaped?) As things are, those adhering slavishly to the standard would put a well-marked S.T. with hazel or copper eye behind a poorly marked cat with green or even greenish\* eyes: a well-marked green-eyed Brown Tabby behind a poorly marked one with hazel or even brownish\* and a B.T. with grand colour and marks, if light chinned, behind one with inferior marks and colour but sound chin. This, I submit, is but riding points to an absurdity. But I would very clearly differentiate between a light chin and a white chin—the latter I would put out of court. A white chin, that is a pure white definitely defined white mark, is a very different matter from a chin gradually growing paler from the fauces on until it gets almost white; the former is really a white marking, just as is a white locket, and a dreadful fault, the latter merely a defective coloration; yet I have reason to think that the difference between white chin and light chin is insufficiently grasped by many persons. I think in cases where eye-colour of two kinds are equally suitable to a certain body colour, both should be allowed, e.g., in S.T. hazel or copper, and green. In B.T. both hazel and green; in Tortoise, orange or green. I think few will deny, even if they prefer the now fashionable eye colour, that a good eye of the (momentarily) wrong colour is preferable to a washy eye of the (momentarily) right colour? For instance, a bright green eyed B.T. looks better than a "brownish" or pale brown eyed one; a golden-eyed white better than a washed-out blue-eyed one; yet according to standard, if competition poor, the latter would win. Is this reasonable? Markings first, please!

(\*This would depend, of course, upon to what extent the particular judge made a fetish of eye colour.)

H. C. BROOKE.



## WITH OUR CATS. BY F. M. BALLINGALL.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

(Continued from Page 219.)

It was in October that Valentine joined them—one of the two kittens at whom Corry had glowered in the summer. Though Corry accepted his presence, he never played with him. Pixie would have done so, but Corry was by far the better athlete, and soon attracted Pixie back. He never in any way molested Val.; if the kitten joined in, Corry simply sped the ball out of his way—and into Pixie's. Yet sometimes I had all three—Corry on my arm, Pixie on my lap, and Val. at my feet. And the lamplight gleamed on us, the firelight glowed—all seemed happiness and content.

So the gods sit in the heavens and mock us!

It was about the middle of December that Pixie's health failed. He had never looked robust; an illness in the early summer, though not serious, left a cough behind that I could not understand, nor did the veterinary surgeon's opinion satisfy me. I had kept on his flannel coat till the cough disappeared. But that was ages ago—forgotten, unfortunately, for the time. Christmas was approaching. A friend sent me up a fat chicken, which was to be their treat. Pixie was so poorly, I wondered, with a sore heart, if on this, his first Christmas, he would be able to take his share. He had inflammation of the bowels. I put on a scarlet flannel coat, lined with thermogene, and nursed him—night and day when necessary. He barely touched his chicken, but he had Brand's essence. Corry bade him come to the feast, and ate little, finding himself alone. Pixie recovered, apparently, but new symptoms, and great pain, brought a veterinary from town to see him. An obstruction in the bowel was removed by an enema, and the veterinary was satisfied. In a short time I found him wrong, but contrived the further relief necessary. Again Pixie seemed recovering, when a third development brought the veterinary down again. It was the bladder this time. Profiting by experience, I refused to give him milk—the usual diet for humans. With bowels weak, and bladder hemorrhage, the situation was a difficult one. I fed him on Bovine and Brand and barley-water chiefly, and liquid paraffin I tried, but he would not lap it, and if I gave it he had violent fits of coughing, and lay gasping, so that it was impossible to continue it then. Heyamine he took easily. He was very good, and at no time ever put out his little claws to hold me, as so many cats will do, when I was feeding him. I kept him very warm, and he had a soft bed in a hutch, which I stood on a table at the side of the fireplace. No coat suffices to keep the lower part of the intestines warm, so I made a pad of thermogene and tacked it to a long flannel strip, shaped, and this

passed round twice, and fastened with safety pins to the coat, so that the pad lay snugly in its place.

There were times during these two latter developments when Pixie suffered a great deal, in spite of all that nursing can do. He had brandy, for stimulant was necessary, but as yet no anodyne has been discovered that cats can take safely. Hot-water bottles and hot flannels did all they could. Yet too often I heard more sounds of pain, always so piteous in the young—and Pixie was not a year old. He would stretch up his arms, and hold on to the paper on the walls of his hutch: sometimes he moved his limbs restlessly.

Corry's concern was pathetic. At the beginning of the illness he could not understand why Pixie no longer ate beside him. He brought the ball in vain. He tried every art. Placing it in front of Pixie, he tapped it gently. 'Come, Pixie.' But Pixie regarded it listlessly, and did not move. Then Corry started it off, pursued it, and looked back. Pixie did not notice. Corry returned with the ball, and again tempted him.

As Pixie grew worse, and remained in the hutch, Corry gave up the ball, and occupied a chair that I had placed for myself close to the hutch, facing the fire. Here he sat, watching Pixie. When Pixie moaned, he moaned too, as if to comfort him. The little cries, the little stirrings of little limbs, distressed him to such a degree that I have seen him determinedly curl round on the chair, and tuck his head in. He **could** not listen any longer.

(To be continued.)

### CROYDON CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW.

Mr. Norris will judge Class 41. Selling Class.

Abyssinians cannot be entered in Classes 118 or 119, as classes are already provided for these.

### BIRTHS.

September 7th.—Miss Hotson's **Madcap**, four brown tabby kittens, by Mrs. Ripley's **Vicars Vimy**.

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## BERLIN CATS OUST DOGS' MONOPOLY AS HOUSE PETS.

From an American paper.

Berlin, Aug. 20.—A craze for cats is noticeable in Berlin. The dog once had the monopoly. Even the poorest people cheerfully paid the high tax of 60 marks for the first dog, 90 for the second, and 120 for the third. Pussy has come into her own since the recent cat exhibition, at which very fancy prices were paid for animals rated as rarely beautiful specimens.

Advertising has led most cat-owners to pay more attention to their possessions in the hope that he or she may turn out to be a valuable "half-Angora" or "half-Maltese" or half something else, for which such desirable sums were paid.

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IN

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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,

Miss WAKEFORD, 30 31, Brooke Street, London, E.C. 1.  
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