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JULY, 1901.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

THE CAT JOURNAL

Devoted
Entirely
to
CATS

PROFUSELY
ILLUSTRATED



WOOLOOMOOLOO.

Grandfather of Melrose Lassie owned by Mrs. Clinton Locke, Chicago, Ill.

See Cat Lovers



THE CAT JOURNAL

Vol. 1, No. 7.

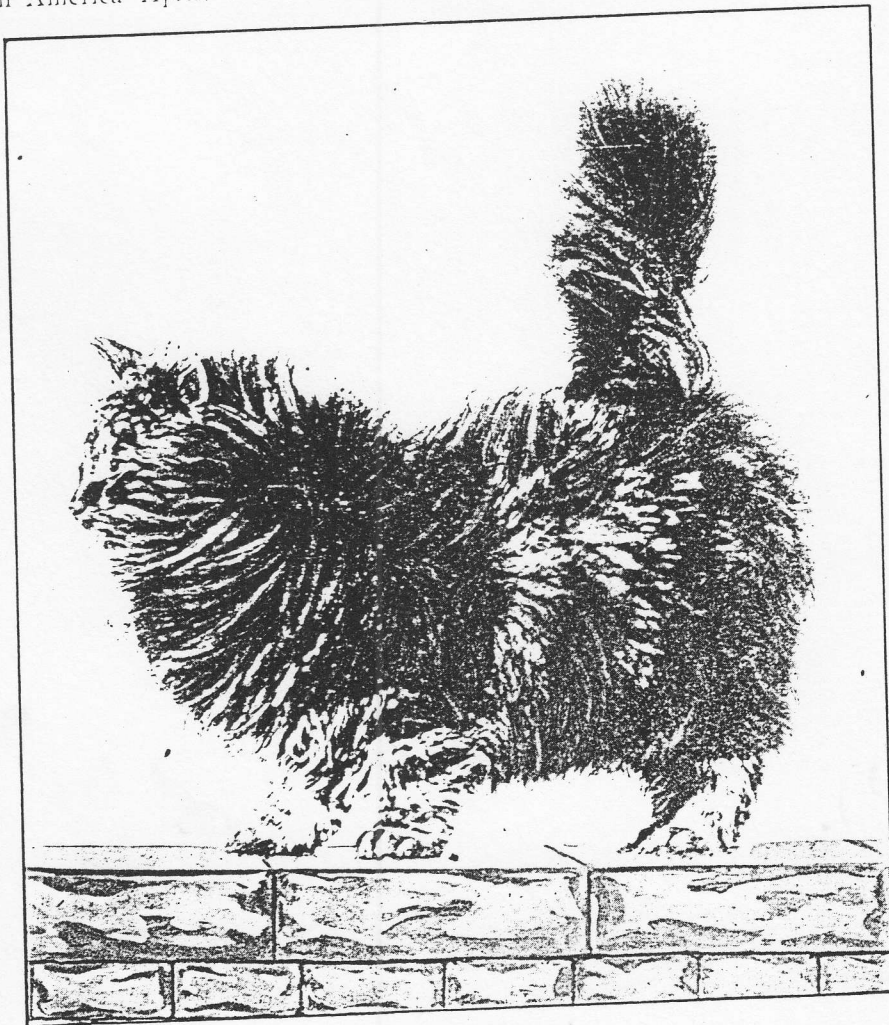
PALMYRA, N. Y., JULY, 1901.

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KING HUMBERT.

Mrs. Barker's King Humbert, made a considerable stir in cat circles a few years ago. She refused \$1000 for him from a New York millionaire. King Humbert arrived in America April, 1885. He took first Newburgh for best Long Haired Cat and special for Best in Show, 130 entries. At New York, 1896 in class of nine he took First and Special for best Long Haired Male. His son Jasper was second to him on this occasion, a kitten of eight months. King Humbert sired from Topaz, in one litter, Crystal, never beaten; Jasper, beaten by his sire; Sardonyx, beaten by his brothers; Coral, never beaten; Sapphire, winner of several prizes, and mother of several, and grandmother of more, among which I may mention Mimi and her kittens, Prince of Orange etc., etc. Fluffy Ruffles was from a later litter and the mother of Argente Ruffles. From Minnie came Haidee probably the best known tabby queen ever penned in America, and Sardanapalus, sire of Mr.

Jones' Robin Hood. Topaz was sold to Norfolk, Va., and had three kittens by Humbert, one queen is alive and two males. From a daughter of Humbert and Mona Liza, viz., Queen Margherita came Sir Henry Irving, winner at Chicago. From Crystal, son of Humbert, and Mona Liza came Goozie, Kippie and Kelpie, also winners. From Crystal and Fluffy Ruffles came Bubbles, the best kitten at Chicago 1900. From Banshee, a white, King Humbert sired several winners. He was only used to one queen outside his mistress' kennels and those kittens died. He had few chances at stud but his progeny seem always to make a name for themselves, although he is dead. The great success of the Humbert and Topaz cross, is because Humbert's mother was a daughter



KING HUMBERT.

Imported by Mrs. Barker. See sketch.

of Trixie, and Topaz's mother was Trixie—judicious inbreeding stamps type. King Humbert was bred to five queens his first year and the progeny (i. e. ten of them) were shown at Toronto Industrial Exhibition, New York, Plainfield, N. J., and Newburgh, New

York. Those ten young cats took seven firsts and eight seconds, three thirds, two V. H. C. and one H. C., in most cases beating each other, but not being beaten by outsiders. Since then the winnings of the strain are too numerous with which to occupy space.

FEEDING MOTHERS AND BABIES.

BY MRS. CLARE D. BARKER.

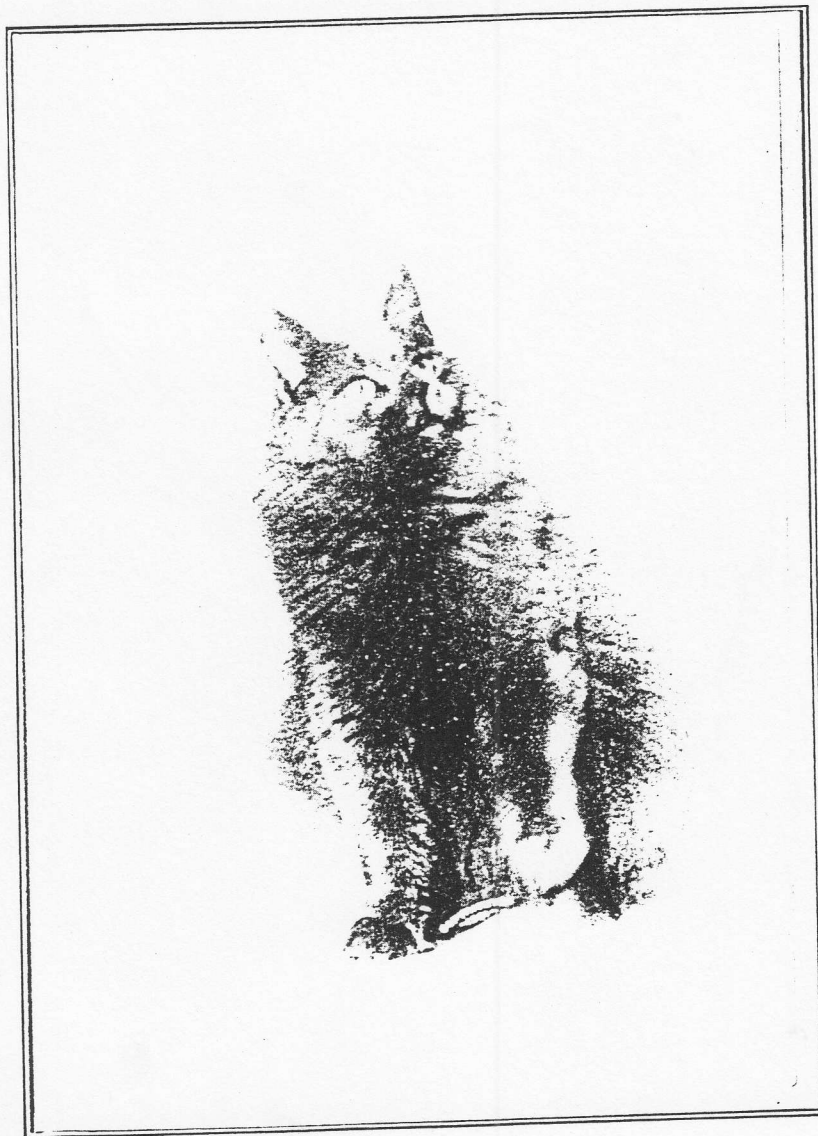
Last month we left our precious kittens in a snug basket clasped in the mother's tender arms, enjoying at the same time, a lullaby and a warm dinner. I hope the family may remain in this nice, shady cupboard, till the children are strong and enterprising enough to try exploring the world on their own account. For this month you have only to feed the mother generously, all she will eat. Freshen the kitten's bed two or three times a week. Learn to tell the wee sisters from the wee brothers. Note family types and colors, pick out the "world beaters"—there is always one, you know. Wait with what patience you can for the eyes to open. Then with delight discover the first baby, who, on his back, in a most intoxicated way often tries to cuff a blinky little brother over the head. "Oh, they are starting to play, the dear mites!" and presently they are all over the floor and their education is beginning. But in the meantime what to feed the mother? See always that her bowels are normal, give a sprinkle of sulphur now and then over her meat, a dose of Homeopathic nuxvomica in her drinking water (for three or four consecutive days) freshened once in twenty-four hours. If a slight cold has been taken, or in case of an attack of ear canker, give mercurius in the same way. Re-

member that medicine given to the mother, the kittens also partake of. Let her food be plenty of meat, raw and cooked, with powdered and softened Dog Biscuit, and finely minced vegetables; ringing the changes on liver to keep the digestion in order. This four times a day with well prepared baby food in between, first upon getting up in the morning, again at ten o'clock and at four in the afternoon and the last thing before going to bed, say at nine or ten o'clock.

Personally I have not been successful with foster mothers and vote them a nuisance. I have never had a mother who could not amply well do for all the kittens she ever had, and what is more keep well in the bargain. Granted that she is healthy and normal, her keeping in fine fix during this ecstatically happy time, depends almost wholly on her mistress. Do not forget the supply of grass; your cat deprived of the liberty to graze herself, must always have provided for her delectation a sod of a long coarse variety. Then as the kittens grow and they do not take quickly to other food, give the mother an extra feed at night, of meat, eggs, pudding, chicken, or some other dainty.

I do not find that

the kits begin to eat much before a month or five weeks. I let them do as they like, putting the food there and inviting them to partake by dipping a finger in the plate and putting their wee noses into it, they then lick the food off and will often continue licking my finger. Dipped in again and again, they may be induced in time to put in their noses themselves. I experiment a little; I often think that I have one entirely taught, when the little minx will not go near the saucer again for a week. I use Robinson's Patent



MOJII II, BLUE FEMALE.

Registered B. C. C. S. B. No. 165. Owned by Mrs. Florence Dyer, South Weymouth, Massachusetts.

Barley, an English baby food, prepared with milk, and a dash of sugar for my wee kittens, also a little water. Make it as one does corn starch. This produces good, strong vigorous babies and kittens. Mellin's food, Malted Milk, or any of the good baby-foods, are useful.

At four or five weeks I offer a very little finely chopped raw meat. I hereafter give this once a day, gradually increasing the quantity, till at six or seven weeks, I give once a day a generous meal, varying it with bread and gravy, or dog biscuit. Spratt's Puppy Biscuit they are most fond of, also shredded cooked meat, soft eggs, pudding, etc., but the main food is still the Barley. I like them to nurse as long as the mother allows; as this engenders content as well as stamina.

While the mother attends to many items in their education to cleanliness, if the mother is strong (and I try not to breed queens that are not), the added strain can be made up to her by her mistress later. Besides is not motherhood the chief end and happiness of one's life? One litter a year is all a young cat should be allowed, two are sufficient at all times with very rare exceptions.

While I firmly believe in a meat dietary for carnivorous animals even when domesticated, I do not believe in one wholly meat, for young kittens. Meat overstimulates and gives rise to irregularities of stomach and digestion, which certainly invite worms and other troubles. I consider one meat meal per day sufficient for several months of a kitten's earlier life. Give Dog Biscuit and eggs raw and cooked, light puddings, custards etc., just as one would feed a human child. I learned such a nice way of cooking meat from my Dear Haidee's mistress, Miss Straiton, of Scranton. Cut the meat into 2-inch bits covered with cold water and left for an hour more or less, then a dash of salt (never neglect salt in your cat's food), set it on the back of the stove where it will simmer (never boil a minute) for a half hour or so, it is then tender, rare and good. Liver I boil in the same way. Kittens are nearly always constipated at the time of change from mother's milk to outside varieties of food. A sprinkle of sulphur on bits of raw meat, liver give cautiously (and the other extreme guarded against) a few drops of Olive Oil given from a medicine dropper or a spoon will guide them aright. If

immens is observable in the kittens movements it means worms. Then give Homeopathic Cina, several times a day, or Castrique or Gastro Vermes.

Next month I want to talk a little more on the worm question, and I also beg for some Mutual Exchange on this ever fruitful subject. I wish Mrs. Cratty would talk to us. We shall also consider the mothers who cannot bring up the kits without assistance.

FROM MR. BARKER.

For fear that there may be trouble for owners entering their cats at shows in the future, you must be careful how you handle the word Chinchilla. The Silver Society has defined Chinchilla as a pale Self-Silver unmarked, vide Mrs. Barker's advertisement photo which is of Blessed Damozel who you see is absolutely unmarked. There are three kinds of Silvers; Chinchillas absolutely unmarked. Shaded Silvers

which comprises most of the Silvers of to-day, these are light silver shaded, with black generally slightly marked, but the less marked the better; the Shaded *must have no markings on body*. In describing Beauty Boy you speak of a well marked Chinchilla; the Chinchilla must have no marks, this cat is the third variety of silver, viz. a clearly marked Silver Tabby and all cats marked on body must be entered at shows as Silver Tabbies, or get disqualified.



GOODEY TWO EYES.

From Madam Ref and Ajax. Owned by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

CAT ANECDOTES.

BY MARGARET LUCIA MABERY.

Leopard, is named so because he is spotted instead of striped and he is very handsome, though short-haired. He is devoted to a brown spaniel, Dixie, and they play together by the hour. I have seen them chase each other all over the yard and around the house, first one then the other, would turn and run. It really is comical to see Leopard wash Dixie when he comes in wet from rain or snow. The dog will lie down in front of the big log fire and Leopard will wash and lap him dry just as though he were some big kitten. After he is tired out Leopard will lay his head on one of Dixie's paws and both go to sleep. Sometimes when the dog is too rough you ought to see the disgusted look on Leopard's face. He simply gets up and leaves him with his tail switching like that of his namesake.

OLD GRAY.

WINIFRED E. JOHNSON.

Her eyes were wild, she had rough, gray fur,
And all her ways of ill-usage told;
One tiny paw had been cut away
Where a trap had taken its cruel hold.
She did not look like my handsome cats
With their silky coats and their love of play;
But she sought me out and by many signs
Implored my pity—my poor, old Gray.

She could not scamper about the house;
Her points of beauty were very few;
But ah, she gave me through four long years
As faithful love as I ever knew;
And when she struggled with mortal pain,
And death, my care could no longer stay,
She tried to purr and show me still
Her fond affection—my poor, old Gray.

And now that suffering for her is past
And naught is left but her empty bed,
How I rejoice that I had a chance
To give her comfort ere life had fled;
A chance to shelter from boys and dogs,
And nurse and pet till her dying day
The cast-off creature, the "broken wreck,"
The cat none cared for—my poor, old Gray.

AN AVERTED TRAGEDY.

BY FLORENCE RIED MYRICK.

A boy of ten trudged reluctantly along the dusty village street carrying a paper flour-sack. There were traces of tears about his big blue eyes, but his mouth was shut close, and though he walked slowly he set his little bare feet down firmly.

"Hey, Eddie! where y' goin'?" piped a shrill voice.

"I'm a-goin' down to the creek. Come along," responded Eddie.

"What yer got in the bag?" asked the other boy, as he came up.

"Kittens," said Eddie, briefly.

"And yer goin' to the creek with 'em? Why, I thought you liked kittens. I do."

Eddie gulped before he said, in even tones, "Maw says they got to be got rid of. She's sick of havin' cats an' cats round under her feet. She said if I didn't drownd 'em she'd lose 'em."

"Lost kittens starve," put in Billy.

"Yes; so I jus' made up my mind I'd drownd 'em myself."

"Ho you goin' to do it?"

"Well, this bag's pretty strong. I'm a-goin' to put a stone in it an' drop 'em in. They'll go straight down an' drownd 'fore they know where they are."

Billy looked interested.

"I'll help you," he offered. "I ain't never killed anything, but I'll help you drownd these. My mother 'lows me to have pets," he bragged.

"Maw she hates cats," said Eddie, sententiously.

They pattered on in silence. When they came to the river they found a stone which Eddie judged would sink the kittens. He put it in the bag, taking a last loving look at his darlings. The yellow one mewed and the little blue one patted his finger playfully. Eddie's eyes filled. He tied the bag up quickly and set his mouth hard.

"Come on," urged Billy. They were not his kittens, and he was getting anxious for the tragedy.

"This ain't no place," said Eddie, bent on gaining time. "We must go down the river to the swimmin'-hole, where the water's deep."

"That's so. We can walk out to the end of the springboard. The water's real deep there."

When they reached the swimming-hole Eddie walked slowly out to the end of the spring-board, followed by the eager Billy. They stood a moment in silence. Then Eddie shut his eyes, and threw the bag as far as he could.

Down, down it went, and then as the boys turned toward the shore there came a dreadful mew. Wheeling about quickly they saw two little wet heads at the top of the water.

The boys looked at one another. The blue kitten, struggling desperately, mewed again.

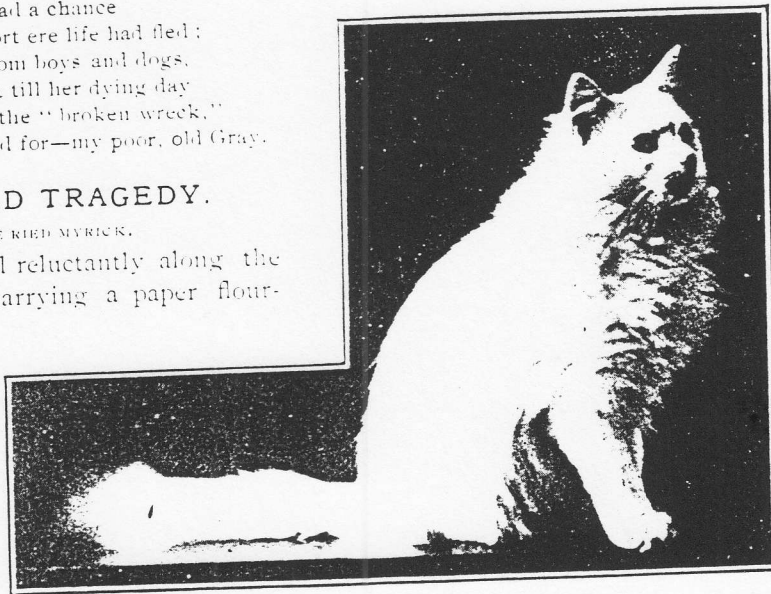
"The bag broke," gasped Eddie, and off the spring-board he went straight for the little blue head. As he struck the water there was another splash, and Billy headed for the yellow kitten, which was making a last feeble effort to keep its pink nose above the water.

Five minutes later two boys and two kittens, all very damp, were drying themselves in the July sunlight. Late that afternoon the little party started home.

"I'll jus' keep the yellow one," said Billy: "my mother don't care."

Eddie's lips quivered.

"I'll have to tell maw to lose him," he said, looking at the little blue paw making futile grabs at his shirt-button. "I jus' can't drownd him, nohow."



QUEEN BESS.

White with blue eyes and perfect hearing. Owned by Mrs. N. A. Winans, Springfield, Massachusetts.

"Well, here's where I turn in. So long." And Billy went down the cross street, hugging his kitten.

Eddie went on toward home, screwing up his courage to meet the wrath to come. He sneaked in at the alley gate and met his mother at the kitchen door.

"Well, Eddie Martin, where have you been all day?" It was an unpardonable offense to miss a meal.

"I been a-drownin' this kitten," quavered Eddie, clasping it so tightly that it mewled distressfully.

"Seems to have plenty of life left," observed his mother: "took y' long enough to 'a' done it up brown."

"The bag broke," the boy burst out, "an' the kittens howled an' wouldn't drown. An' me an' Billy we couldn't stand it, so we brought 'em back, an' I guess you'll have to lose this one." He began to cry.

His mother looked at him critically.

"How comes your shirt is rough dried?" she asked.

"I went in after them," he sobbed. "They jus' howled and squirmed so I had to do it."

"Where's the yellow one?"

"Billy's got it. His mother don't mind cats. Oh, maw, if you lose this one, lose something to eat with it, an' lose it near a house!"

The kitten was held more gently now and renewed its investigation of the shirt-bosom. Eddie mother's looked at the boy and the kitten, and her face softened.

"I guess you've got as good a mother as Billy's," she said. "I guess you can have a kitten as well as he can." She stooped suddenly and kissed his freckled cheek and patted the kitten awkwardly. "It's a right pretty kitten," she said, smiling.—By Special Permission of the Woman's Home Companion.

Do not expect to make a success of your cats without you study their character and handle them as if they were possessed of some individuality. In proper training it is necessary to give each one some attention. Cats can not be trained collectively.

HOW HE BECAME A CATHOLIC.

"Cats have feelings like the rest of us, too," says a lady in the New York Tribune, "and show them in much the same way sometimes. My husband is a Protestant clergyman. A Catholic priest lives not far from us, in the same block, but we had never made his acquaintance. Some years before I got the cat I now have we had an unusually large Tom, with yellow patches of fur on a white background. He was a great favorite with the children, especially with the baby, who was never contented unless Tom sat on a chair beside him at meal times and had a share of everything the baby himself ate.

"One day the children received a present of a little black-and-tan dog, and they were so delighted with their new pet that Tom was left in the cold. When dinner-time came he got up in his accustomed place beside the baby, expecting to be fed. But baby would have nothing but the new pet, and so the dog occupied the place of honor, and Tom had to be thumped to make him get down.

"When the novelty of the new pet began to wear off, however, as it did a few days ago, inquiries were made for Tom again. But no Tom could be found. Then it became known that nobody had seen him since the children beat him away from the dog. Tom was evidently lost. Perhaps the beating had broken some of his bones and he had crawled away to die. Great was the wailing, but no cat could



CHAMPION MIDSHIPMITE. (Cream.)

Belonging to Miss Winifred Beal, Darlington, England.

be found. Two or three days after that I passed the Catholic priest's house, and there, inside the sash, seated on the windowsill, washing his face in the sunshine, I saw the big white and yellow spots of our Tom. *He had deserted us and gone over to another faith.* I told the children and they went and got him, but no coaxing or petting could persuade him to stay in our house an hour after they let him have his liberty. *He could not forget our desertion of him in favor of a rival, and so he stays still with the priest, who gives him an excellent character. We shall never succeed in making him a Protestant again.*"



H. A. JONES, EDITOR.

An illustrated monthly magazine published in the interest of Cats.
Filled with things that Cat lovers, Cat owners and
Cat breeders will want to know.

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discount from this price for time or space. No advertisement
taken for less than 25 cents. Advertisers wishing credit must
furnish satisfactory references. On yearly contracts bills rendered
quarterly.

Address all communications and make all drafts payable to
THE CAT JOURNAL,
Palmyra, N. Y.

During the summer months is the time to advertise
for fall business.

It is well to announce kittens you have for sale be-
fore they are ready to ship.

Every one who takes our paper becomes a link in
the chain which helps us to reach others.

One or two-cent stamps are always acceptable and
we are glad to receive them for remittances to any
amount.

In sending pictures to us for use in THE JOURNAL try
and have the photographer print them on Solio paper.
We get very much better results from this than we do
the other papers.

We invite short articles from all our friends giving
bits of experience and information. While we are
not out of original manuscript we think it best to
serve a variety at our literary table.

Notwithstanding the fact that since April number
we have printed double the number we agreed to
print we have made no change in our advertising
rates, nor do we intend to for the present.

Our request that our friends should not send us
personal checks for small amounts is bearing fruit.
Since we made the request we have received more
than double the number we did before. Each one
costs us 15 cents to collect.

We may certainly feel encouraged at the outlook
for our JOURNAL. We received more subscriptions
during the month of May than any month since our
paper was started. The people are living who want
our paper and we are finding some of them, with the
aid of our friends.

The Cat Department, at the next New York Poultry,
Pigeon and Pet Stock Show will be made one of the
features next January. It is the intention of the man-
agement to push the Cat Department, and this part of
the show will be put into the hands of a competent
cat fancier, who will put his energies to work to make
it a success. We shall have more to say later.

Mrs. Barker says in answer to our query, the pet
name, Pishie, disclaims any connection with the poeti-
cal "Blessed Damsel." It is a contraction of Piji-
wishe. Mr. Barker's baby sister, who was born in
France, gave it as her idea of French for kittens and
the family have used it ever since for cat. Pishie was
born in England at Mr. Barker's home hence the
"*raison d'être*" for the name.

We are able to show on the front page a beautiful
picture of a famous cat. A noble head. One of the
most famous Kings that ever lived. Mrs. Clinton
Locke, Pres. of the Beresford Club, is the owner of
Melrose Lassie a granddaughter of this noted cat.
Wooloomooloo, was sired by Mr. Gilliam's Frisk in
1894. He won 1st and five Specials at the Royal
Aquarium Show. He has had several owners. At
the time of his death, which occurred a few months
ago, he was owned by Mrs. Dean, Hawthorndale,
Slough England.

The Pan-American Live Stock Premium List has
come to hand. The classification for cats is rather a
jumble. In Longhairs there is a class for Blue and
Silver; then a class for Silver Tabbies and then a
class for Chinchillas. Now if you have a plain silver,
do you enter it in Blue, Silver or Chinchilla? Who is
to decide? We have three kinds of Silvers: Chin-
chilla or perfectly unmarked cats, Shaded Silvers and
Silver Tabbies. The classification at the Pan-Amer-
ican Cat Show does not designate how or which class
any Silver but the tabbies shall go, and there may
be a muddle. As regards the other classes, all tab-
bies are shown "with or without white" and there is
a new kind of cat coming out, viz: "a Cream
Tabby." As we size up the whole, the Solid Creams,
Solid Orange, Solid Silvers, Blue and Cream, Black
and White, etc., etc. will all find themselves in "Any
other color class." How will this suit our importers
of solid color "cracks." We cannot see what Silvers
are doing in the Blue class. The length of the show
is evidently to be ten days. How many cats will live
through a ten days' show, or after it. The prizes are
\$4.00 first, \$2.00 second. Unless there are three en-
tries in a class, first prize money will be withheld.

BE KIND.

We knew a man who was full of sympathy for all
suffering, mental or physical, in man or animals.
One day last summer he went out in his Cattery and
saw three poor little kittens sleeping in the hot sun.
They seemed so very uncomfortable that he was sorry

for them and thought of a way to alleviate their sufferings without disturbing their slumbers. He procured a large umbrella and soon the poor little cats were nicely shaded and the "sympathetic man" took his departure satisfied with himself and the good deed he had accomplished. An hour later, passing that way he looked to see how his charges were prospering and found them *all* peacefully sleeping on top of the umbrella with the hot sun unrebuked beating relentlessly down upon their defenseless heads. Well then the man felt—How do *you* think he felt?

THE TEN DAYS' SHOW AT BUFFALO.

It is becoming now quite the style for all papers to have something to say about cats and for all country fairs and expositions to advertise a show especially for this popular pet. The articles are usually amusing to those who have any knowledge about cats and the show arrangements are painful. Of course there is not a person in America that knows even the "A" of the alphabet that will take a cat to a show for ten days. Every dealer or breeder knows that this means a funeral for the poor helpless Puss. The unfortunate thing about the Pan-American show is this: while they will not get a cat from a dealer or breeder there are many who have fine pets who do not know that to take a cat to show for ten days would prove fatal to three-fourths of the cats. While this part of the show is held the wrong time of the year to show long-haired cats it might have been made of interest if it had been announced for two days. Any sort of a show is hard on the cat. It is even hard on them to ship them at all, but for ten days—We will simply give this advice, if you have any heart in you do not take your cat. If you have a cat you want to kill there is a way less painful to poor kittie and that is chloroform.

SWINDLERS.

The dictionary says, a swindler is "one who defrauds others by deliberate artifice." The world is full of them. We are living in an age when those who are honest in business suffer and those who are dishonest flourish "like the green bay tree." It has been so from the time of Solomon. Even in ordering a cat we do not know whether we are to be well treated or robbed. Whether if we buy a blue we may not get a black and white. There is only one way to be sure and that is to buy of a reputable dealer, and the large dealers are not always to be trusted. It seems to us that if there is any one form of swindling more reprehensible than another it is to take advantage of one who has given us their confidence; this is done and frequently in the cat business. Word has come to us several times lately of very grievous wrongs having been done customers.

For instance, one customer paid \$50 for a cat with seven kittens represented in perfect health and received for their money one cat with five kittens all

sick and all of which have since died and one black tom cat with one eye short. Another case. A lady bargained for a perfectly black female to breed to a black male, impressing on the dealer's mind that it must be all black, no white, and is promised such a cat, but receives a sick black and white cat.

What treatment should we give a dealer who would do such things? We are free to admit that we think a man who would go out with a gun with the polite request that "we hold up hands and deliver" has the attributes of an angel when compared to such dealers. We are further free to say that as a Journal we will not countenance it in any particular and we give fair warning that if we know of any dealer who does not render fair and honest treatment to their customers representing fairly all stock sold and living up to their agreements we will do what we can to expose them and make their name a reproach to decent people. This applies to every dealer in America, man or woman, black or white, married or single, large or small, with influence or without it. This journal is the champion of right, and we will use what influence we possess to protect innocent purchasers from dishonest dealers if we lose every subscriber that we have and the friendship of every dealer in the country. No one can use our columns to aid them in their dishonest practices, not if we "see them first." If unknowingly our pages are used to swindle a customer, we will do what we can to right the wrong and expose the dishonest dealer and we will do this if anything a little sooner to one who has advertised with us than one who has not, and one way we can do it is to place the dealer's name, whether man or woman, among the list of those we will advise our readers to let alone.

It is utterly incomprehensible how one who makes any claim to the right to associate with respectability can be so lost to all sense of what is right as to do such things. A bold bad man, who by some mistake of justice, has so far failed to "break into jail" might do it but when one wears dresses and makes claim to being a lady does such things it is time for Justice to hide her face.

We do not think a dealer is responsible for the death of a cat or kitten which dies in transit, or soon after, if it was in good condition when it was shipped but we do think when a dealer sells a black cat and ships a white one or sells a cat and kittens and sends a woodchuck or any other substitute or any other color without the consent of the purchaser he is responsible.

Do not insult the cats love of cleanliness and neatness by giving her food in a filthy dish.

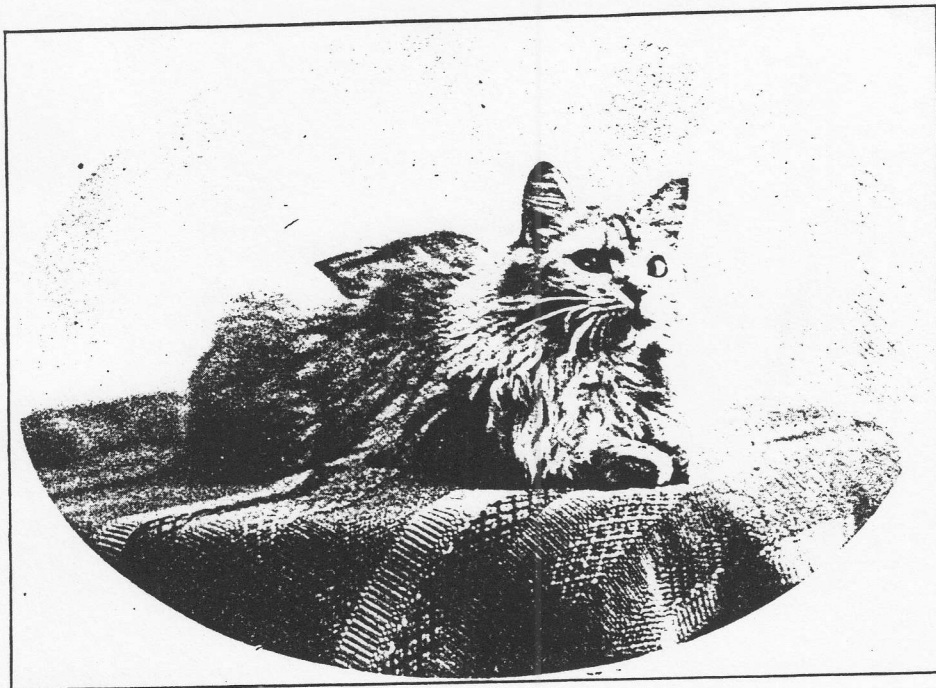
Never put any of the preparations containing carbolic acid on the cats. It will usually cure skin disease, all right, but it is better to have a live cat with skin disease which may be cured, if treated properly than a dead one without any skin trouble.

MORE IDEAS ON REGISTRATIONS.

BY A BREEDER.

The question of registration which is exercising the public mind, shows a healthy tone, but it requires great care in handling. As Mrs. Thurston justly says: "Two or three different stud books are more trouble to a fancier than none at all." It seems to me where most of the books fail is that they try to be too select and try to place stud books on a plane they will never attain, i.e. infallibility. We, in America, more than England, are driven to death and commit all sorts of absurdities for that fetish summed up in the word "pedigree." You may have a cat with a pedigree twenty feet long, but if it looks like a scrub it will not win prizes. In most litters there is a "plum" that exceeds all the rest. It is by selecting your very best and breeding to your very best that you build

not for their pedigree. The old breeder is not hocused as the young are and breeds only from his best stock on both sides. The Cat Club Stud Book in England chooses the three winning cats at its shows for entry in its stud book, already some H. C. and V. H. C. cats have sired more winning cats this year than some of the winners. H. C. cats in the hands of a skillful breeder are more likely to breed champions than the champions are to reproduce themselves, in the hands of a novice. I can see how a stud book can be correct in cattle, horses, etc., who have one young at one time and it can certainly be traced, but how are we to guarantee that litters of several, say five or six, that are dispersed at say eight weeks, and go to all sorts of places, how can a correct record be kept of them? A supposition: In Connecticut we say, I sell a kitten to Mr. Brown in California and send the pedi-



HONEY BY ST. ANTHONY ex. SILVER DAWN.

Belonging to Mrs. Mix, Old Fort Cattery, Akin, N. Y.

your own strain and win prizes. A collection of names gone before of cats you never saw, tell you nothing unless you know them. The ancestors of Perso and Silver Lambkin the Sire of Lord Southamton, etc., have no pedigrees and yet their influence has been unlimited. Pedigrees in our breeding operations build up very fast, they are useful to us as long as we know the originals, to guide us in breeding operations; but to a stranger who does not know the peculiarities, weaknesses or strong points, in the names mentioned, the record is of no use.

We mate animals to each other for their strong points, choosing a male for certain qualities and female strong in points the male is weak in, and we improve our stock. Of a litter of four or five, some are better than others, the best are perpetuated, the poorest drop out, or should do so, and would were it

gree. This kitten dies and he tacks the pedigree onto another kitten that he already has. If I never see my kitten again how do I know the difference? But I can keep the pedigree to that one if registers are issued as we required them. Then if I send out, say four or five kittens to different owners, and the transfers are registered, it keeps some track of them. We should not have pedigrees sent to us to be verified, dated as born before the kittens parents. To explain—what I want is plain, simple register of cats in the country, who owns them, their sire, dam, and date of birth, so that I can pick it up and locate, and check off any cat or kitten that comes to my notice. Then we should not have cats with litters of twelve or sixteen to a litter, (if the pedigree is good enough to sell them) and we can all keep watch of each other. Records that are buried in the

archives of some club, where we cannot get at them, are no good to us. We want to follow the careers of cats and kittens sent out and only in this way, by breeders and owners doing what I have set forth above, can a good deal of fraud be stopped. No one person in office, however good the knowledge or how careful, can do it as well as if he or she gets the tips from some irate breeder. We have if we put the records within reach of all, put a hundred pairs of eyes to watch where one did it before. If you wish to have a stud book and make it more elaborate with numbers and extended pedigrees, do so by all means, but on both sides of the water what we most need is a simple register or list of all possible cats or kittens, with name of sire and dam, date of birth, owners name, who bought from last, and the date. If such a book could be brought out on both sides and put at a moderate figure, every cat owner would need one, and a new one every year. Any changes in ownership etc., or errors can be corrected and published in the new book every year. I quite agree that to do this will require a paid secretary, which official we shall need before long, for it is too much to expect of a volunteer. At present have we enough cats or are we advanced enough to do it? Club Stud Books are of no use whatever except to the members of that club



A FAMILY GROUP.

From Lord Camden Kennels, West Bay City, Mich.

and registrations of little value. We need but one book and the biggest and best will get the most entries, and must form our book of the future. The more discussion we have the better, either to formulate a plan or perfect the one we have, but lay this down as a maxim, that in order to prevent fraud in transfers or duplicating of names, or stealing wins or pedigrees, every cat offered for registration must be accepted, tabulated and recorded and if once on the books can be traced wherever it goes.

Make the cost of recording each cat, say fifty or twenty-five cents and let every reputable person refuse to buy cats or kittens unless certificates of entry in the stud book or register is furnished. We have our fifty thousand dogs in this country registered and you can obtain any information you want from the books and you can make a seller of a pup register or list it before you buy it and if fraud is proved by A. K. C. that person is struck off the book and debarred from further use of them, and his career in dog dealing is ended. So we could do with cats, but it means organization, work and money, and should be paid work. We want a simple book of reference of all cats owned, where they are, and who owned them the first of each year.

Later when our fancy is stronger, at the shows we can refuse entries of cats not recorded, but we are not strong enough yet. In the cat journals transfers and sales should be published every month, also visits and births. All these things will come if we quietly discuss the matter and do not quarrel with each other. Our greatest fault at present is local jealousy, and if not stopped we shall break up into factions. A good simple register of all cats would pull us together and keep us in touch.

A GOLDEN TOOTH.

Dr. E. O. Furrow, of Clyde, Ohio, has a cat with a gold tooth.

One day recently the doctor's pet broke one of its front teeth, and the doctor took the cat to his office and put a gold crown on the broken tooth.

The cat seems to appreciate the fact that it is introducing a new fad and shows its tooth on all occasions.

From Mrs. W. D. Carey: I enjoy THE CAT JOURNAL more than any magazine of the kind I ever read and the June number with the picture of Eiger my Queen's father upon the cover, I am particularly proud of and shall exhibit it to all my friends. I do not aspire to a cattery and only have the one young mother, but she is the finest pure white with large amber eyes, and when mated to True Blue had five pure white kittens * * * the three I have remaining of this litter all have lovely blue eyes, and one female has perfect hearing, lovely long hair, and a face like a cherub. I have, I presume, the regulation headache at the thought of parting with my beauties, but existing circumstances make it impossible, at present, for me to keep any but the dear mother cat.

In buying Persian insect powder if the druggist has it in an open box or drawer, tell him that you have changed your mind. We were told by an importer and jobber in drugs that an exposure of two weeks rendered it useless for stupefying vermin. He said when he opened a fresh package he always put it in jars and sealed it. This is the only way it could be kept so as to be of any use. Before the writer learned this he spent an hour and used nearly a pound of powder that had been economically kept from the previous year in trying to kill the fleas on a kitten. It seemed to have no more effort upon them than so much meal. The fresh article will cause them to come to the surface of the hair at once. The powder and fleas should then be burned as the powder does not kill, it merely renders the fleas unconscious.

Many a beautiful cat is of no use for a pet because of its wildness.

Hot water is good to use on the kitten's eyes and nose when they are troublesome.



This department is intended for personal mention, and short items of interest regarding the purchase or transfer of cats or any little items of interest regarding cats.

Copy Must be in for this Department not later than the 15th.

Mrs. Leland Norton is contemplating a trip abroad this summer.

H. A. Jones, Editor of THE CAT JOURNAL has just been elected honorary Vice-President of the Detroit Cat Club.

Mrs. Mabery, Ferncroft Cattery is importing from Lady Marcus Beresford, England, two silvers and a cream also a blue-eyed white female.

The Pacific Cat Club is rejoicing over the advent of six little Siamese babies, born to Rowdy and Sikh, as they are the first in the history of the club, they feel proud that a member of the club is their owner.

The Peacock Sisters, of Topeka, Kas., are very much elated over the fact that they have two pure white kittens with blue eyes and sound hearing. It is not often that this sort of good fortune hits twice in the same place.

Mrs. J. V. Gotwalts, of Pottstown, Pa., has just imported a blue Persian, seven months old. He was formerly the property of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. He arrived in perfect condition apparently not in the least disturbed by his long journey.

The Chicago Cat Refuge and Hospital with a boarding house on the side is the latest thing. This will be under the patronage of the Chicago Cat Club. It is intended for the care of any homeless cats and for the boarding of the more aristocratic cats while their mistresses are away for the summer.

Mrs. Borris says that she thinks the love of cats is like the opium habit. When you once commence you cannot leave it. You know that it ruins you but you cannot stop it. She says, "My cats have made me heart sick and nervous through their sickness or imagined sickness, but I could not do without them."

Mrs. Neel of Kenka Lake Cattery is rejoicing over the advent to her flock of a fine smoke male, one year old, which she secured from the Cusic Kennels, Romeo, Mich. He is registered in the Beresford C. C. S. B. under the name "The Gentlemen," Number 324. He is a very promising cat. His tail now measures at the base fourteen inches. He is of a very lovable disposition.

Mrs. Will T. Rynard, owner of beautiful Winnie, a Tabby Persian Queen, has just returned from Paris, France, and says the most gorgeous Persian cats march serenely about the streets quite unmolested and in great numbers and the prices for these wonderfully

beautiful animals range from 50 cents to \$2, and even then the Parisians think they are getting fancy prices. Will American cat cult ever come to such a state of affairs? Let us hope not.

CAPITOL CATS.

BY OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

If the Editor is really interested in knowing how Mrs. Barker's Blessed Damosel came to be called "Pishie" around the house we would suggest a variety of ways. Though not particularly familiar with Sanscrit we may, through our slight acquaintance with the two languages (Sanscrit and Cat) safely conclude that "Pishie" flavors less of the dead than of the living vocabulary. Eliminating the former, then, we may proceed with the "mental gymnastics" suggested by Mr. Jones. In primitive times, among simple tribes and from the young of the human race today objects (animals especially) receive names suggested by some peculiarity or individuality of their own. We are unable to give a specimen of equivalents of early times but the "Moo" cow, the "Baa" lamb, the "Choo-choo" engine, etc., of today suffice to illustrate the point. We do know that the cat of Ancient Egypt called her self names. Why then, could we not have the "Pish" cat? This particular feline may have been heard to utter that exclamation and it may have impressed her mistress so favorably that it "stuck" as a name. The diminutive (ie) naturally follows as a term of endearment in the case of so dear a cat as Mrs. Barker's.

Then again we have overheard persons when reading The Blessed Damosel and other of the Rossetti sonnets, parenthetically remark "Pish!" Is it not possible that by some process of mental co-ordination the two names arose simultaneously in the mind of the one to whose lot fell the task of providing a familiar fireside cognomen for the cat?

The Blessed Damosel is an English lady. In the land of her birth the natives have a very peculiar manner of addressing felines. In spite of many attempts, the writer has never succeeded in reducing any of these peculiar noises to the American language nor even to translate them from cat English to plain cat. Some sound as much like "Pish," pronounced very rapidly, as like anything else we know of. The nickname may be a relic of her kitten-hood days and may have existed long before her company name of Blessed Damosel. In this case some one should explain how "Pishie" was stretched and straightened into Blessed Damosel. We feel that we have done all that can be expected of us in this direction, in opening the controversy. Or did Mr. Jones open it? Mrs. Barker, who has the best interests of the Journal deeply at heart, has advised us that criticism and discussion would make the Journal interesting and would open up fields of study and information for its patrons and proteges. She has even requested us, to "start a discussion." Does not the derivation of the elegant and sentimental name of "Pishie" offer a golden oppor-

tuity for deep research? The Washington Correspondent, be it known, deals only with cats.

The most aristocratic ones stopping at the Capitol during the season are now rapidly departing for the mountains and the seashore. Lady Love and Sancho have sought the cool sea breezes of Maine. Mrs. Admiral Wallace has taken her nervous Lady Chiffon to the coast. Mrs. Dr. Jenkins with her white and black angora are in the Blue Ridge. Mrs. Bishop Satterlee takes her imported Black Persian away soon. The Korasan Persians seem perfectly contented with the clover and grape vines of their own back yard, for while many are now either enjoying the cooler regions or hastily packing their undress suit cases for early flight, there are some who stay behind. Where two or three are gathered together and live under wire netting, the heated term brings little change. The same attendant cares for them, they enjoy the usual liberties (except that they are excluded from the house) and for them

"Time so merrily flows

They only know summer is here by the flowers,

They only know winter is come by the snows."

Where a single pet is left behind he is subject to the eternal vigilance of the cook. Heretofore permitted the freedom of the house and of the adjoining roofs, Sir Thomas now lies in the basement by day and spends his evenings demurely seated on the front-door step attached to the door bell by a stout cord while Bridget and the policeman wile the weary hours away.

The "fawney" has just lost a most remarkable specimen of a kitten which even Mr. Barker "cannot place". We called him "Runt". He was nearly three months old, perfectly black except the front legs which were liberally sprinkled with long stiff white hairs. His ears could be found only after considerable hunting about in the long hair which was as long at two months as his father's, (Menelik III), at three years. The head was exceedingly broad, the face flat, eyes orange, legs tiny pegs, altogether so fat he could not walk or play but just rolled about in his efforts to gambol with his relations. We reverently performed a post mortem on our little pet and discovered nothing whatever. Every organ absolutely and perfectly normal. All cavities were greatly distended with normal contents accounting for the great apparent fatness. This was not serum, "bloating", or even fat for the poor little body was devoid of fat and almost bloodless. The secretions (though apparently normal during life) were found to have accumulated so that the functions were never properly performed. The disease, in the human infant, is called Athrepsia and is exceedingly frequent. We have for a long time supposed that many cats, ill of mysterious symptoms and dying without satisfactory cause, were afflicted with this as yet unexplained and unavoidable disease. If the ladies who raise cats would learn to use the microscope to some extent and to make autopsies the knowledge of cat diseases would be greatly extended and

many future cats spared useless medication. If we may be so bold as to make a suggestion, would it not be a good plan to learn the appearance of the normal organs and then when abnormalities present, to at once bottle the organ in ordinary alcohol and send it for examination to someone qualified to perform such works. One intelligent post mortem will teach more than the blind guessing of disease in fifty cats.



This department will be conducted by Mrs. E. N. Barker, of Albany, N. Y. Mrs. Barker has had experience in breeding and success in raising kittens. The object is to help each other in learning how, when and what to do. If you are in trouble over any question relating to cats of any kind, write to Mrs. Barker and it will be fully treated in THE JOURNAL. If you want any information that will require an immediate answer, enclose a fee of fifty cents and you will receive the required information at once by mail. Do not send any letter requiring an answer without enclosing a stamp. This department is not intended for Mrs. Barker, only, but it is for the mutual exchange of experiences, both good and bad. The more free intercourse we have on practical topics, the sooner shall we arrive at really satisfactory methods of handling Cats and Kittens. Do not imagine that what you are experiencing is trivial. All information is valuable and what we want.

All matter for this department must be in the hands of Mrs. E. N. Barker, 293 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y., by the 10th of the month so that the copy may be in the hands of the printer by the 15th.

May I ask the kind friends, if, when they write to me, they will be generous enough to insert a stamp for an answer on any cat subject, whatsoever. I do enjoy my letters and the privilege of keeping in touch with so many friendly spirits, but the "Stamp Act" is beginning to threaten me with bankruptcy, and again when you write and I have already prescribed, I should so like to have just a little resume of the symptoms, and the treatment being followed. I cannot always remember and I sometimes give more than one remedy, and I like to be sure and exact.

My experience has been that the very heavily coated kittens are the most difficult to rear successfully. The shorter coated ones are heavier, bigger and stronger. I would so like to have the experience of others on this point, as I am sure an interchange on this subject will be instructive.

No. 1. Mrs. S. H. McKnight, Meadow Brook Farm Cattery, Ellington, Conn., cured a most promising white kitten of distemper in the following manner: "After trying several remedies, as a last resort, I gave him the medicine I had used successfully on the others and he began to improve right away, although it makes them very sick at first. This is half a teaspoonful of kerosene in a spoonful of milk; then a few days later half a spoonful of cod liver oil and milk, daily for three days. Afterward, for sign of cold I gave him cod liver oil occasionally. He is a fine little fellow now, full of play; and I never saw a sicker cat live, but he is perfectly well now."

My dear Mrs. McKnight I think you a very brave woman and surely your method was most heroic. In spite of your success, I could not advise you to try it again.

No. 2. Mrs. Gladding, Pet Stock and Poultry Yards, Memphis, Tenn., says: I have had an enquiry lately about the color of Maltese cats. I have always understood them to be solid drab, or as they say here, blue. One man in Texas says he has a maltese cat with kittens, purchased in Louisville, and the kittens are spotted, and some of them nearly white. Will you kindly tell me if I am correct in saying, they should be solid blue? Answer—Most assuredly they should be, if the intention was to breed blue cats, the least bit of knowledge and care would have prevented that expose of ignorance or careless selection. Black, white, or blue are interchangeable colors. A solid colored Blue or Black mated to a White, is only too apt to break up into eccentricities, unless one is quite sure of the strain behind: even then it usually results in the color with white markings, which is not always approved of.

The Maltese cat is what our English cousins call blue. The Blue Short-Hair called Maltese, which is so numerous in America, is looked upon as a rarity in England. Where the name Maltese originated, Mr. Barker and I have sought in vain to discover, if any of our subscribers can instruct us, I wish they would. The word Blue for the English Long-Hairs is no misnomer, the well known Azure which belonged to Lady Marcus Beresford when I was last in England was a ravishing deep blue, more like gentian than the sky. Also their coats are phenomenal, growing in locks even on the forehead. There is no Maltese breed of cats, with any special characteristics, they are simply the blue colored cats among the ordinary Short-Haired house cats. The name is unknown outside the United States.

No. 3. Mrs. Burnham, Amite, La. My minor trouble is to keep their bowels from being too loose. I boil milk constantly, and this seems to check it, only to return if I feed a little too much meat. Fleas are terrible, I have tried to pick them off, but, oh, my patience and my poor back. I tried coal oil but I fear this hurt skin and coat. I tried chloroform: that works well only the pests revive before I get them out of the coat. Kindly also tell me how soon after kits are born will a queen seek the male, also the time intervening between heats. I have tried washing cats to kill fleas. Answer—Poor Mrs. Burnham I am so sorry for you. I lived several years in Georgia and the first summer in an old war swept house: I suffered an excruciating illness from flea bites. You cannot keep them off your animals, unless you exterminate them from the ground, the brush piles, pig, and chicken places, and corners. Lime, ashes, ploughing up, burning over anything possible, pulling down all useless negro quarters, burning and raking up every

trace of rubbish, especially in corners, and destroying it. Gather and make small piles of inflammable stuff, with some fat wood for example, and after dark set fire to as many piles as can be gathered. The fleas are attracted just as moths are by light, and thousands hurry to the attractive flame and cast themselves in. We bought a barrel of crude petroleum, painted, swabbed, and sopped the house, inside and outside. We applied it to the pigs, chicken-brooders, chicken houses, etc., then we rested on our oars and hurrahed for joy. Roaches were gone neck and crop, and fleas sacrificed on the firey altar, to our comfort and delight: but we soon found that continued immunity meant eternal vigilance. I have found it quite trying enough to fight fleas in New York state; in England I never had trouble in this way at all. When troubled with fleas here, we generally provide ourselves with boxes, with wire netting covers, and put paper in the bottom: then cover the cat well with Persian powder and rub it down to the skin, into the ears and around the nose and face. Put the cat in the box out of doors for fifteen or twenty minutes, most of the fleas will drop out. Brush out the powder and the fleas that stick to the ends of the hair, in case of cats that are nursing, wipe the breasts with a damp cloth. Collect all the fleas and put them in the fire, they are stupefied for a time and will come to life and breed again if not burned. Fleas are the cause of many deaths from worry and irritation. Feed perfectly fresh chopped raw meat, with Spratts Cat Food, or dog biscuit pounded and added, but nothing sloppy. Boil the milk given, sometimes with a little flour, or corn starch, making it of the consistency of cream. A depressed vitality encourages worms, see to that also. Homeopathic Mercurius Cor can be given every few hours, or failing that, two drops of Paregoric in water, given in a teaspoon or a medicine dropper for the bowels. Queens generally come in season three to four weeks after birth of kittens, but unless queens are very strong and under most happy conditions, once a year will be quite often enough to mate them, and then it should be in late winter or early spring. Never wash cats or kittens if it can be prevented. The most harmless way to stop the fleas is to cover kittens with pure sweet oil, do not use coal oil in any form on a cat. Could not Mrs. Gladding who lives South, give us some help and her methods for keeping down fleas?

No. 4. Mrs. Adams, Rochester, N. Y., desires a way to prevent cats having fits.

SPECIFIC TREATMENT FOR CONVULSIONS.

It is an open question, as to whether a kitten having fits, or convulsions, can be permanently cured. If the mother has always had fits, the kittens are liable to inherit the trouble. When a person understands the care and treatment of a cat so afflicted, and will believe that they are perfectly harmless at such a time, the following course will be readily undertaken.

When the cat is seized pick it up, wrap in dress or apron, all but the head, hold it gently but firmly in the lap, until the severe convulsions have ceased. Give one pellet (the half disk) for a kitten, two for a grown cat, in the smallest quantity of water or milk, of Homeopathic Belladonna every ten minutes for three doses. In one case I gave it every five minutes, where the kitten appeared quite dead, rubbing and slapping the kit to start circulation. Pouring the medicine down the throat even forcing it through the set teeth if need be. Usually the convulsive symptoms are mitigated at the end of the three doses, but continue the medicine every half hour for three times more, and longer, at lengthened intervals. Put puss in a quiet place to sleep off all unfavorable symptoms.

From four to seven months is the critical age when this most distressing trouble is liable to manifest itself. It may be caused by indigestion, worms or nervous excitement induced by the process of teething, each of which must be treated according to symptoms; but for the acute attack Homeopathic Belladonna is the specific. JANNETT MCINTOSH, Manchester, N. H.

As to a kitten being permanently cured of fits, if they are caused by epilepsy, I do not know if it can be effected. But cases of epilepsy happily are rare, and most fits are caused by indigestion, worms, or teething. Also often in the case of carelessly treated house cats fits are caused by insufficient food. A growing kitten, Short or Longhaired, requires plenty of meat, and if it has access to grass, it does not matter so much what else it has. Do not forget that a cat, physiologically, is the most carnivorous of all carnivores. Nux Vomica is also a tried remedy with me.

No. 5. Miss Winifred Johnson, Newark, N. Y. Cats frequently die with the grip, most of the symptoms being the same as in the human race. The throat becomes so sore and swollen, that the head cannot be lowered sufficiently to enable the poor creature to eat or drink, and starvation ends the terrible suffering. Three times during the past four years this disease has broken out among the cats in my neighborhood, and all afflicted with it have died except one of mine which was very sick each time. I gave him frequent doses of sulphur mixed with milk, and strong catnip tea also mixed with milk, putting it into his mouth with a spoon at first as he was unable to help himself. I commenced treating him in the earliest stages of the disease, and he soon became so much better that he was able to take his medicine without assistance, and grew very fond of it. In order to make his breathing easier, I caused him to inhale the fumes of burning camphor gum. I am convinced that my efforts saved his life. I have great faith in the virtues of catnip and sulphur. They are natures own remedies for cats, and an occasional dose of either or both is good for pussy at any time. WINIFRED E. JOHNSON.

Will Miss Johnson kindly give us a few more details incident to this disease. The state of the bowels, if

sore throat was the main symptom. Is there cough, running of the nose or lachrymation? For the throat you will find Homeopathic Belladonna also a specific. One might give beaten egg (raw) and cream to advantage, to sustain strength.

No. 6. Mrs. Sweet, of South Brookfield, has had the unhappiness of losing several of her older cats, and nearly all of her kittens from eating poisoned rat.

In case of this kind the first effort must be to promote vomiting. I shall give Dr. Owens method in "Grammar"—a tablespoonfull of mustard and water, this to promote vomiting, then one-fourth teaspoonful of Chloral Hydrate; if the tongue is pressing against the roof of the mouth, press it down with the spoon so the contents can be poured safely down. This being an anti-spasmodic it should quit the twitching and after a time relieve the patient. This is for Strychnine for Phosphorus, of which Rough on Rats is composed, first promote vomiting, then give Magnesia stirred in water, mucilaginous drinks in large quantities, or Chlorine water and Magnesia, eight parts of the former to one of the later, a spoonful every five or ten minutes will be found efficient. Give no oil or grease in Phosphorus poisoning, they dissolve the Phosphorus more rapidly.

No. 7. Mrs. Graham, of Washington, has a nine months old cat who sneezes constantly, sometimes it is clear water then thick and horrid, he rubs his nose with his paw, and keeps his mouth open to breath, but seems otherwise well and lively, except for an occasional looseness of bowels and vomiting. I do not know how long this has been running, but it is catarrh, either acute, or chronic. Give Kali Bichromium Homeo, four pellets in half a glass of water, a little in a spoon every hour till better, then not so often.

For Carbolic Acid poisoning give vinegar and water, or Saccharate of Lime.

For Arsenic—Induce vomiting, then give Peroxide of Iron, a few drops in a spoonful of water. If this is not at hand, give iron rust stirred in sugar water, or white of eggs and water, or flax seed tea, after the alarming symptoms have passed give Ipecac-Homeopathic.

WHAT HE REALLY WANTED.

"My dear sir," he began as he entered the room across the hall, "I find myself short by about—"

"Sorry, but I'm dead broke," interrupted the other.

"Is it possible? As I was saying, I find—"

"No use: can't help you."

"You mean you have no money to spare?"

"Not a red."

"Then let me lend you \$25. Here it is."

"But I thought—"

"Yes, I see: but it isn't the case. I was going to say that I found myself short of cats at the house by about half a dozen and I wanted to ask if you had any to spare or could direct me to a cat store. As for money, you can have a hundred if you want it."

Too much food is bad for man or cat.

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Gypsy, tortoiseshell, one year old, \$25. Two tortoiseshell and white, two months old, \$15 each. A beautifully marked black and white female, two months old, \$20.

Two males, broken colors, three months old, \$10 each. Three-year-old male, fine pet, \$8. All but the last cat descended from a cat from Frankfort-on-the-Main on dam's side and the sire was from imported stock, pedigree known. Mrs. Charles McCleod, Marysville, Ohio.

One black kitten, two months old, male, one of Blackbird's last litter, price \$20. Mrs. H. H. Warden, Mattakeset Kennels, Duxbury, Mass.

Two smoke kittens, male and female, fine, Wyckwood, imported by E. N. Barker, Dan. Moss, imported by Mrs. Clinton Locke. Price \$25 each. Frances A. Brown, Lake View Cattery, Millerton, N. Y.

Beautiful imported white female, amber eyes. Price \$30. Freeport Cat Kennels, Freeport, Ill.

Two Brown Tabby Males, ten months old. One has white breast and feet, even markings, weighs ten pounds. The other shaded white chin only; both fine, healthy fellows. Price \$12 each.

Light Orange Tabby and White male six months old, sired by Royal Norton. Fine, gentle pet. Price \$18. Lake Keuka Cat Kennels, Urbana, N. Y.

Persian cats, eight, three and two months old. White, blue, black, brown tabby, black with white points and tortoiseshell. Three Queens, one white with orange eyes. Prices reasonable. Address Eagle Kennels, 640 Eagle St., Terre Haute, Ind.

A fine, solid black male Angora cat, two and one-half years old. Took a first at Boston, 1901. Price \$25. Mrs. M. H. Buvinger, 11 Erie Ave., Hornellsville, N. Y.

Extra-fine Persian and Angora cats and kittens of imported, pedigree and registered stock. Nellie Wilson, 1611 Central Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

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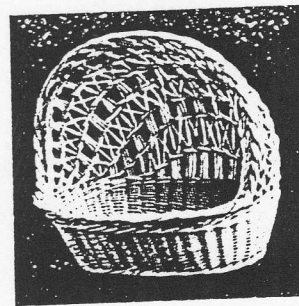
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Notices of births inserted in this department for fifteen cents per line. Nothing less than 25 cts. Breeders will find this of profit as it gives notice of kittens that will be ready for shipment in a short time.

March 17, Emma, Blue Angora, by Menelik III, 3 males, 1 female. All black. Price \$100 each.

March 25, Stratton, silver tabby Persian, by Menelik III, 2 males, 1 female. All solid black. One male left. Price \$25.

April 21, Roxana, imported silver tabby, by Menelik III, 1 female, 2 males. All silver tabbies. Price \$25.

April 25, Shadu '1 Mulk, brown tabby, by Menelik III, 1 tabby female, 1 black male. \$25 each. Korasan Kat Kennels, 310 First St., S. E. Washington, D. C.

Tandoo, No. 91, C. C. C. S. B., by Randi, No. 39, C. C. C. S. B., four beautiful kits. Nellie Wilson, 1611 Central Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

May 1st, at Pioneer Cattery, 81 Major St., Toronto, Canada, to Drexel Baby, daughter of Royal L. and Midgotte, four white kittens by Fluff, imported white.

April 6th, Angelino, B. C. C. S. B. Vol. II, No. 310, by Yarrow, C. C. C. S. B., No. 14, two tortoiseshell white, one red and white, one chinchilla. W. E. Ruess, 2122 Folsom St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Portia, by Rosal, belonging to Mrs. Lucy Nichols, of Waterbury, Conn., four blue kittens, one female, three males. One of the male kittens had its eyes wide open on the seventh day. Mrs. H. H. Warden, Mattakeset Kennels, Duxbury, Mass.

May 14th, Foxie, brown tabby with white markings, formerly of Silverton Kennels, four beautiful kittens sired by Silverton. Mrs. Mary Blisson, Holbrook, Mass., Box 504.

June 16th, Diana the Huntress, black Angora, two daughters and one son; sired by Mrs. Southwell's Nigger. Diana is now owned by Mr. Fred Brown, Boise City, Idaho, formerly owned by Mrs. E. R. Pierce.

May 30th, at Jungfrau Cattery, Oak Park, Ill., best Tortoiseshell in B. C. C. S., five kittens by Victor. Two Reds, two Blacks and one Tortoiseshell.

VISITS

Notices of visits inserted in this department at the rate of 10 cents per line. Breeders will find this a valuable department as it gives notice to possible buyers of expected stock and they can govern themselves accordingly. No notice for less than 25 cents.

April 7th, Mrs. E. R. Pierce's Lady Webster to her Cream Persian Petronius.

May 11th, Mrs. Ivos' Cinder to Mrs. E. R. Pierce's Cream Persian Petronius.

April 14th, Mrs. M. C. Gay's Blue tortoiseshell to Mrs. E. R. Pierce's Cream Persian Petronius.

June 10th, Mrs. Gay's Solid Blue Bessie, to Mrs. S. R. Pierce's Cream Persian Petronius.

June 10th, Mrs. James Noel's Lady Be's Brown Tabby and White, to C. H. Jones's Robin Hood, Brown Tabby.

June 1st, C. H. Jones' Happy Day, Imported Brown Tabby to owners Robin Hood, Brown Tabby.

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