

# THE CAT JOURNAL

Devoted  
Entirely  
to  
CATS

PROFUSELY  
ILLUSTRATED



A  
Magazine

For  
Cat Lovers.

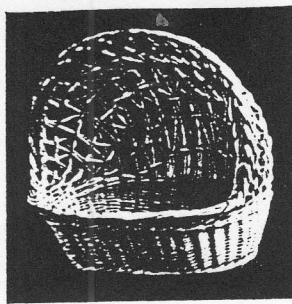
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By King of Silvers and Blessed Damosel, age 3½ months. The property of Mrs. E. N. Barker, Albany, N. Y.

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No author could be more justified in speaking on his selected topic, as one having authority, than is Mr. James in appearing as an expositor of the Angora, for thousands of beautiful specimens of these lovely creatures owe not only their existence but their excellence to the skill, care and knowledge of this well-known breeder. The book contains much useful information as to the diet and general care, it being, in fact, a work that is indispensable to any owner of one of the valuable and beautiful animals. - *New York Times*.

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The best white and colored kittens for sale at reasonable prices.

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For 1 Dollar.



# THE CAT JOURNAL

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\$1.00 PER YEAR.

## SILVER CLASSIFICATION.

BY CHINTZ.

There is no doubt that a great many fanciers are decidedly in favor of a threefold division of the great Silver Tribe: that is, that silver tabbies, shaded silvers and chinchillas (to use their old and well known name) should be recognised as three separate varieties with their own classes, standards of points, etc.

Silver tabbies have always, of course, had their own place: chinchillas, which met with some bitter opposition on their first introduction have grown popular in such an amazing manner. It is therefore the shaded silvers who are hanging in the balance. All the old stock arguments are arrayed against them: "*neither one thing nor the other, spoil the silver tabbies still more, fads will be the ruin of silvers, utter muddle the result of three classes,*" etc., etc., and even some of those people who are in favor of a triple classification, have somewhere at the back of their minds an uncomfortable idea that perhaps after all shaded silvers are only spoilt tabbies or bad chinchillas.

The silver tabby's chief point, of course, consists in clear black tabby markings; chinchillas are conspicuous from their even level shade of palest silver grey; and shaded silvers are entirely apart from the foregoing varieties by reason of carrying shadings on the *surface* of their coats. To be an even tone of colour is the worst fault a shaded silver could have, and at once lays

it open to the humiliating charge of being a "bad smoke"; any tabby markings on head and body are also inadmissible, though a few soft ones on the legs are generally seen, and are perhaps allowable, at any rate at present, but the keynote of a shaded silver's description is "shading." Shading on the head, shading in the darker spine-line, shading in lovely clouded masses of silver-grey on the sides, the silvery under-

coat showing through here and there. A shaded silver such as this bears no resemblance whatever to a spoilt tabby, or a bad chinchilla, and is a beautiful and distinct type worthy of the highest encouragement. And—though this is always a thorn in the side of chinchilla enthusiasts, and we find it best to speak it low—the majority of the cat-loving public, who are sometimes considered more unbiased judges of beauty than expert fanciers, hold very decided opinions upon the relative merits of shaded silvers and what they unkindly dub "those washed-out chinchillas."



FIGARO, GRANDSON OF WHYCHWOOD.  
Owned by Miss Lucy C. Johnston, Chicago.

Such cats as Zaida and The Seraph are exceedingly beautiful, and have been especially interesting by reason of their rarity, but when they become comparatively common, shall we not wish for some of the clouded silver-grey beauties whom to-day we are rather inclined to turn the cold shoulder upon? It is a point worth considering.

One word more; there are a good many very, very optimistic people (happily for the rest of the world)

in existence, and they are inclined to expect that the instant a new class is provided at shows, it will at once be filled with perfect specimens! Now, this would be very easy and delightful, but unfortunately, never happens.

Chinchillas and creams have needed infinite pains and patience to bring them to anything approaching perfection, and it is probable that the same will be the case with shaded silvers. Therefore, do not utterly condemn the triple classification, but let us give it, as is our British way, a fair trial.—*Our Cats*, Eng.

## CONSTIPATION WITH PARTIAL PARALYSIS.

BY MRS. EDITH K. NEEL.

Several cases of this condition have come under our observation this summer, and we feel sure our JOURNAL readers will be interested to hear about them.

Case No. 1. Adult cat, found with head twisted to one side, with some disturbance in locomotion. Nux, two pellets thrice daily was given for a week, with recovery complete. This condition was supposed to have been caused by constipation.

Case No. 2. Two months old, inclined to constipation from birth, was found unconscious and recovering from a spasm. Treated with Bella every fifteen minutes, recovered from spasm, but for twenty-four hours was partially paralyzed, the head twisted sideways and an inclination to always walk in a circle. Recovered from paralysis by a few days' treatment of Nux, but never seemed sprightly and well afterwards. Two weeks later died of influenza. Autopsy revealed a bad condition of intussusception of the bowels. There had been but little vomiting, and as the bowel was not completely occluded, no suspicion of the condition had been entertained.

Case No. 3. Found in spasm. Treated with Bella. There was partial paralysis and head twisted to one side for a few hours. Recovered without further treatment.

Case No. 4. Adult cat. Head twisted to one side. Recovered without treatment. This, of course, may not have been caused by constipation.

Case No. 5. Six months. Found partially paralyzed and head twisted sideways. Bella gave no relief. Had seemingly natural evacuations every day. Suspecting constipation, Nux was given thrice daily for a week, together with salad oil. At the end of that time a large movement brought quantities of hard faeces, blood and mucus. This case is now under observation. The body paralysis is near gone; head remains about the same.

It is well to remember that we may have this condition with seeming natural evacuations. Constipation is an associate of many diseases. Paralysis is not always associated with constipation, but may be caused by injury to cord or brain, general debility, distemper, distension of bladder, and by certain poisons.

If a cat is irregular in its appetite, some days hearty and other almost abstaining from food, look out for tape worm. Give at once some good remedy.

## IS IT TRUE?

BY THE OLD MAN.

I have set out to prove as a fallacy what was propounded by Sir Herbert Maxwell, and, of course, have encountered the usual substitute for argument which is put up by those who never seem to be able to distinguish between the merits of a case and the demerits of its advocates. If the man who opposes the pet theory of another is not perfect, he is torn to pieces by these positivists; and then they say his argument is in shreds.

\* \* \*

They seem also to take the same view of a subject, and those who dis-

cuss it as the gentleman referred to in the following newspaper cutting:

"A lady who imprudently explained to a fishmonger the other day that her purchase was intended for the cat's dinner, was a little hurt at receiving it wrapped up in newspaper. 'I understood as it wasn't for yourself, um,' replied the fishmonger loftily. 'We never wraps in brown when it's for cats!'"

\* \* \*

They draw these delicate distinctions between the parties who advance the arguments, and then they apply them to the arguments advanced as though everything were in its right place. Now let us clearly



PRINCE AND PRINCESS ROYAL.  
and their owner, Miss Ellen L. Smith, Platteville, Wis.



understand what we are and are not discussing. We are discussing the question: Are cats affectionate? And we are not discussing those who say they are or are not.

\* \* \*

It has been asserted that cats are not affectionate, and that assertion has been backed up by reasons given in explanation of it. These reasons briefly are that cats are naturally solitary in their habits and have no desire for the society of human beings. These characteristics have been contrasted with those of the dog, who is said to be sociable by nature and lovable by disposition. "A dog alone is a dog at a loss," it is remarked, but it is asked, "Who ever saw a cat in distress for the absence of its mistress?"

\* \* \*

Now, I have said there is no need for libelling the cat in order to praise the dog. Neither need we disparage the dog in order to do justice to the cat. But if comparison will bring out the truth there is no reason why the two should not be fairly compared. It is true that when a dog loses his master he (the dog) is fairly at sea. But what does that prove? It is also true that the cat shows no signs of distress when her mistress is for a time absent. And what does that prove?

\* \* \*

Does the former truth prove affection and the latter want of it? Would the soldier who, on the battle field, lost his head (figuratively) and would not be comforted, because his wife was not beside him, be considered more affectionate than his comrade who left family affairs to his wife and attended to the business on hand? If not, why not, when distress of mind caused by absence from loved ones is a sure sign of affection, and calmness of mind an unmistakable mark of callousness?

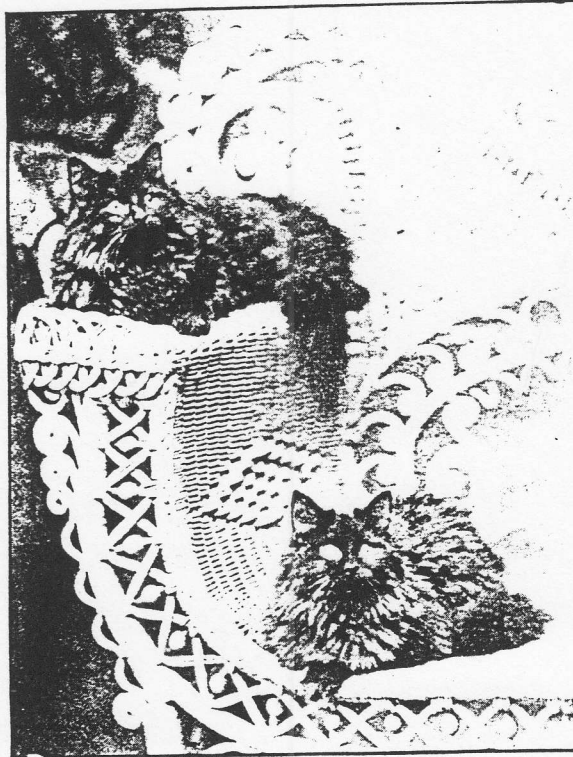
\* \* \*

As a matter of fact affection in two human beings cannot be gauged by gush or want of gumption. Is it different with the dog and cat? Why is the dog beside himself when he can't find his master? Sir Herbert seems to reply: "Because the dog is a social being and loves his master dearly." Why does the cat calmly philosophize, though alone? Sir H. in effect says: "Because she is selfish and doesn't want society, and therefore doesn't care a fig for her mistress." Are these logical conclusions?

They are not, first because the premises are false, and second because the conclusion is false, and would be even though the premises were true. If a soldier were flurried when he should be self-possessed, that would be because of something more than his lovable disposition. That is at once granted. But why not grant the same possibility of various causes producing a state of excitement and helplessness in the dog? If a soldier were calm in the midst of exciting circumstances, would his calmness not be a sign of something very different from a selfish disposition or a want of intelligent grasp of the relations between himself and others? Why not apply the same reasoning to the state of mind when the cat displays it?

\* \* \*

Now, when we are dealing with states of mind, without reference to persons, we reason that self-reliance is the key to self-possession, but we do not conclude that the self-reliant mind is cold and selfish. Is it not fair to treat the dog and cat in mental matters as we would ourselves? It is perfectly true that a dog is not self-reliant and that a cat is, but does that prove that the one is affectionate and the other selfish and cold? Why not take the trouble to be exact in these matters? Shall we not find it worth while? I think we shall.—Sel.



DARBY AND JOAHN.

Owned by Mrs. C. L. Wagner, Sandusky, O.

at Manchester and Slough Shows, where this very keen enthusiast and critic was occupied for several hours admiring the many lovely cats and kittens on view. Mrs. Thurston was greatly struck with the general quality, but considers the Americans ahead of us on a few points of management. Shows and clubs over in the States are now on the height of a boom which in her opinion is likely to continue."

We would say in this connection that Mrs. Thurston has been, and is now making a very extended tour of the old country, and there is but little in the cat line that she is not investigating on this trip. We presume that the result will be the importation of a very fine lot of cats.

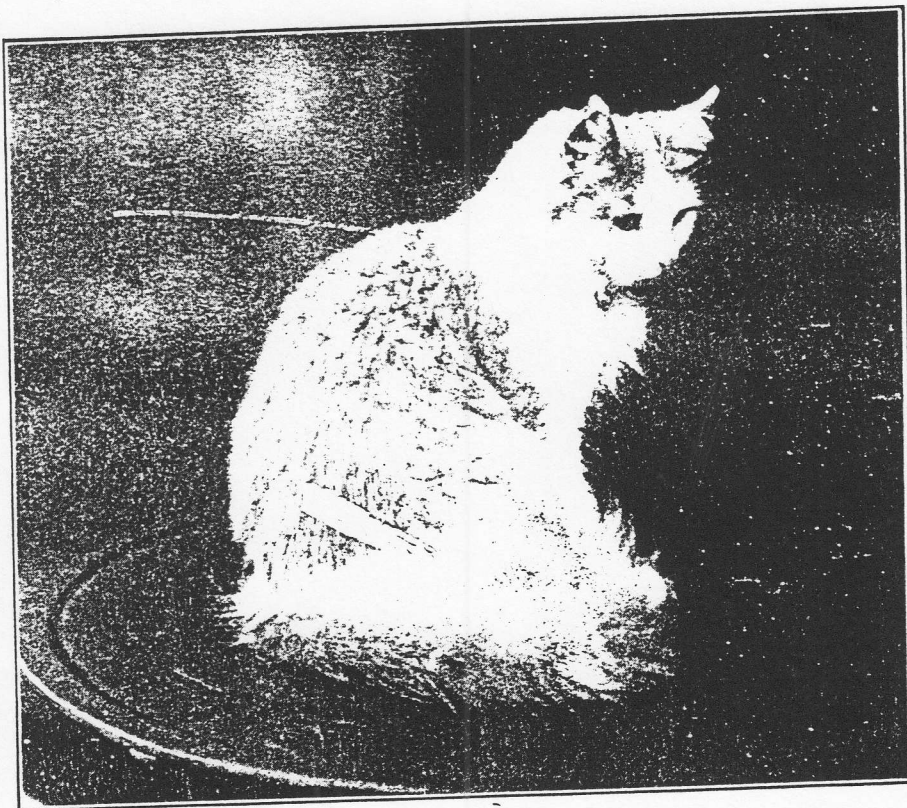
It is just as well to provide a place for your kittens separate from the old cats. If all together the kittens are sure to get food, intended for the old cats, that is too strong for them.

### ROCHESTER CAT SHOW.

The Rochester Cat and Cavy Show was carried through with great success. Mrs. Dodge made a most efficient secretary and displayed great executive ability. The ladies of the Wellesley Club were as usual indefatigable in their attention to exhibitors, and nearly every one was in good humor and pleased with the show. The quality of cats exhibited was far in advance of last year, and some really good American-bred cats came out and won over such celebrities as Crystal Palace and Westminster winners.

Of those most remarkable that appeared, Mrs. Owen, of Detroit, brought a sweet White queen of good quality, with splendid eyes of deep blue, then followed in the next class with a good Black, with the right qual-

ful head and very small ears. She has a future. In Chinchilla males, Bitterne Silver Chieftain won, a cat of good stamp, imported this summer and a Palace winner, and sire and grandsire of many of the best long-haired cats in the show. He was followed in his class by Mrs. Owen's Lambkin, a useful son of Smerdis. Smokes brought out two queens, Lady Love, another King of the Silver's kitten, grand in type and bone and with a fine head, in a transition state as far as coat, but when fit a hard nut to crack. Second, Mrs. Conlisk, good in color and coat, but not as massive in frame or head. Tortie Diana Fawe walked in in tortoise shells, taking the special for best queen in the show in long hairs. Mrs. Owen had a nice queen in this class that has quality, rather light in color, but



Photographed by Alman & Co., N. Y.

### SCANDAL.

Owned by Mrs. W. Watts Sherman.

ity of coat and good eyes; she taking second to King Menelik, a cat with good head and ears, nice coat, a good black. His faults, if any, are want of color in eyes, which might be larger. Mr. Robins, of New York, introduced us to two good young Blue males, the winner, Simon D., much better in eye and type of head; the second, Robert T., lighter in color with a coat of good texture. They are both promising youngsters and show their breeding. They are both imported. Orange brought out three. The first, Mrs. Owen's Rufus, excels in head and ears and quality of coat. Mrs. Chapman's Red Arthur is fine in color, rather short of coat yet, and wants making up in head. Chinchillas are much improved. Mrs. Mix won in queens with Lollypop, by King of the Silvers and Blessed Damosel, a cat of high quality with a wonder-

has wonderful brown eyes. A. O. C., King of the Silvers, one of our finest studs, as a sire of type and quality, was first. Mrs. Chapman's second, A. O. C. with white, quite a class, nothing, however, that came up to some of the foregoing in type or show qualities. Kittens, solid color, were headed by a sweet Blue kitten belonging to Mrs. Robins, Blue Girl, Mrs. Nye's Dimple being second. Tabby Kittens, a class of five, in which Mrs. Chapman won with Tags, who promises to make up into a very nice brown tabby with color well distributed. Silver or Smoke kitten introduced us to the young chinchilla, Jack Frost, owned by Mrs. Mix, and probably the best kitten of his age ever penned in America. He won the specials for best long-haired cat in the show. He has type, short legs and strong bone, a wonderful head, especially for a silver,



is nice in color and a fine shower. Jack Frost also owns King of the Silvers as a sire, and has a Lord Southampton mother. Second to Jack Frost was a very promising Smoke belonging to Mrs. Robins. In Tortoise Shells, Oriole by King of the Silvers, won, of the same fine type not yet come to her color, but promising well. It behooves exhibitors in general to look to their laurels with such stock coming out, bred here. There are still too many long-haired cats of indefinite type, too long in leg, and pinched in face with squirrel heads. The altered cats contained a good brown tabby from the Cusic Kennels, nice in quality and of good color.

The short-hairs were strong and contained some stars. The Tortoise and white class had four, all good, the best class ever seen in America. Mr. Draper, showing three, had to leave the first prize to Mrs. Kimball's Baby, a cat beautifully broken in color with very even, medium-sized patches. Baby took the special for best short-haired cat. The Whites were a nice even class, well shown; the best cat had to be content with V. H. C., being slightly blue on the top of the head. Blacks good. Blue males contained one of the stars of the show, beautifully shown. Elsie Caring's Jack, Brown Tabbies, all queens, the best a beauty, well broken in color, well shown and a model for those wanting to see what a tabby is. The second also a good one. Grey Tabbies also contained a nice cat of Mr. Draper's, narrow bars but sharply defined. A capital black and white put in an appearance in class 39. A. O. C. contained a nice cream and white and two Smokes of Mr. Draper's, both out of form from their Pan-American visit. Mr. Terwilliger exhibited a nice blue Manx, that has a bit too much tail, but is genuine, and is a capital color. In kittens, the class for Black or White contained four good kittens. The first, a beautiful Black, in splendid condition, owned by Miss Hubbard, just beat Mr. Draper's on condition. The Whites owned by Mr. S. B. Palmer were small, but young, and will do better later. They were well shown. The Altered cats, especially the Blacks and Blues, were a very hot class and had to be divided. The winning Blue, Major McKinley, is very smart, sound in color, good eye and very nice head. Second, Mrs. Van Houte's Maltie, very sweet in color, not so good in eye. The Black Neuters were very fine, last year's winner repeating his triumphs; second, Miss Ross' Admiral Dewey, then followed four more good ones. The Tabbies were also strong: with Jem Corbett in the lead, followed by Mrs. Riddell's Dewey. Altogether it was a grand turn out of short hairs from one town, at this stage of the fancy, and shows what can be down. Many of the short hairs were of far more value as typical specimens than some of the long hairs, and far more perfect in type of their breed. We have a nice sprinkling of good long hairs, but have also many fine short hairs that could win honors anywhere, and considering that nothing has been done for them in regards to pedigree or stud books or puffing,

they reflect great credit on their owners. The want of shows becomes more and more evident to weed out the nondescript colors which are almost impossible to judge, and to get rid of many of the coarse common place cats that are exhibited as Angoras.

The coops used were the Empire coops, and they gave great satisfaction to all, being well finished and thoroughly well suited to the business in hand. We can thank the Wellesley Club for a capital show that will be of great assistance to the cat fancy. After twelve months of cat literature, cat papers, cat articles, etc., etc., where are the cats and cat owners when it comes to a show? Where are the cats? We had a fine show at Rochester with thirty-one specials and big money, and 126 entries, of which eighteen came from Detroit, nine from Akin, N. Y., one from Boston, two from Gowanda, three from Washington, D. C., and sixteen from New York City. Where were all the others? The cavy people show more enterprise, by far, in proportion to their numbers. It seems of little use talking of more stud books, etc., etc., if there are no cats.

### THE WRITERS' CAT.

BY ELWYN HOFFMAN.

My kitten to my table climbs,  
Curious as woman to find out,  
(I being busy with my rhymes)  
What all this scribbling is about.

The scratchy pen attracts her, and,  
(Not knowing of the Writers' Law,)  
Right in the midst of something grand  
She stops it with a playful paw.

Then o'er the page, still wet with ink,  
My loud objections all unheard,  
She walks, and ere a man can think  
Some noble lines are badly blurred.

The beaded tassel, hanging low  
From a New Zealand knife of wood,  
Attracts her next, and ere I know  
She's started down a rattling flood.

And so she goes in sportive zest,  
(It seems to me a wanton's way,)  
Until my table is so messed  
To order it takes half a day.

Then afterward—when havoc brings  
No further lures, and play grows dull,  
How calmly she curls up and sings,  
With eyes serene, unfathomable!

This has been a very fatal year for cats. Whether it has been the long period of extreme heat, or some other reason, is not known. One thing that most cat owners know is that they have lost some of their best cats and have not been able to tell why it was so.

All catteries should be provided with a large window where the cat may take her sun bath in the morning, nothing that they enjoy any more. You will see them in search of the smallest ray of sunshine and sitting in it.



C. H. 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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Palmyra, N. Y.

## END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

With this number we end Volume I of THE CAT JOURNAL. We feel at this time like congratulating ourselves, and those of our friends who have done so much to make this publication what it is and what it is to become. We believe that our subscribers all feel that we have given them during the year more than they had been led to expect. We have had frequent letters from our friends asking why we issued so expensive a sheet when something cheaper would give all the news and leave something for the publisher. We believe our policy so far has been right in this respect. Our journal reaches the very best and most intelligent class of people, and the best we can do is none too good to be appreciated by them. While we have spent much more money than we have received, we believe that time, assisted by our friends, will return it all to us with a liberal profit. But few of our readers know of the many difficulties we have had to overcome in order to produce this magazine. One of the principal causes of discouragement—if we had been built of the sort of timber that gets discouraged—has been the constant prediction by some of our pessimistic friends that we never could make it go and that we were foolish to try. We are so constituted that difficulties only make us the more determined to win in any just fight that we are making. We did try and we have won. The mountains we have had to climb and the difficulties we have had to overcome are all in the past and mostly forgotten, and we can see no good reason now why we cannot "clap our wings and crow."

We will not say much about what we intend to do in the future. We will make no promises, then there will be no disappointments. We would like to add eight pages to THE JOURNAL and use a smaller type, so that it would contain more matter.

We believe that THE JOURNAL has done some good. We think, in fact we know, in many cases it has caused some to look upon our household friend, the

cat, with more kindness and sympathy. If such is true, and we believe it is, we are repaid for our labors and for the money spent, even if this were the last number of THE JOURNAL we ever expected to issue.

## CHANGE IN ADVERTISING RATES.

Commencing with the January number, our rates for advertising in the For Sale Department of this paper will be 25 cents per line. No advertisement received for less than 50 cents. In all other departments of the paper the rates will remain the same. An advertisement in our paper reaches more cat buyers than in any other ten papers in America, and this rate is very low. Our publication is a very expensive one to issue, and in this direction we do not feel disposed to economize. By using the fine expensive stock that we do we are able to make the cat show up so she is proud of herself. Our advertising rates have been too low from the first for this department.

## CHARITY SUFFERETH LONG AND IS KIND.

We wish to comment a little on the spirit manifested by some of our readers in expressing their disapproval over the loss of our pet squirrel. We believe that it is right to feel the greatest indignation over an act of this sort, and we therefore the more thoroughly appreciate all that has been said by our friends in their letters of sympathy, and the editor will have to admit that his thoughts have not always been sweet and of the most kindly nature toward the perpetrators of this deed. Just at this time we propose to tell others how they should feel and not to preach to ourselves. Suppose we all gather up close to the table and think it over calmly, without prejudice towards the accused. A savage is of low order and instincts. His intelligence is usually nil. By environment and pre-natal influences he is usually mentally deformed. There is not much to him and but little should be expected of him. To be sure he swings his fore legs in the air instead of using them as a means of locomotion, but otherwise he is no higher in intelligence, and in many instincts and attributes not so high, as some of the so-called lower order of animals. He can express his wants in speech, and show his lack of education and nobility of character and the evidence that he is on a low moral plane by his actions. Some of those that are utterly lacking in decency will even get a little pet squirrel up a tree and find delight in stoning it, torturing it, and finally killing it. Just how far should this sort of creature be blamed and condemned? We must not only be patient with animals who use all four legs in walking, but also with those who use only two. Perhaps we may be able by kindness to get him to climb up on a higher plane and be somebody. Now we imagine we hear some of our friends say, "That is all sentimental bosh." At the same time down in their hearts they know it is right. How many of us can do it? How many of us will do it? If we are to reach



our fellowman who is still in a state of savagery, we must do it by approaching him in a manner that will not antagonize, but win to better things. To do wrong is very human, to forgive and try to help the wrong-doer is more than human; it is divine.

The editor has known of some mighty mean, "ornery" specimens of humanity who have been made over into kindly, unselfish, decent people, and for the good of the pets that we are trying to protect, is it not best to win this class to see things in a different light. If this sort of talk suits you, will you try to follow its teachings, if the editor will agree to try and do the same?

### DO CATS TALK?

Surely, no one who owns a household pet of the cat kind, would ask such a question or deny the fact. They do not talk in words, but none the less they can make their wants and wishes known to their human companions. To illustrate, let us talk a little about Crystal, whose picture is used in the inside heading of this journal. He is a first-class type of brown tabby, of unusual intelligence, and from intelligent ancestry. He has many cries and calls denoting love, hate, disgust and disapproval. Those who are familiar with him, understand him just as well as if he used choicest English to express his feelings. For instance, Smoky Moke, whose picture appeared in the April number, when a half grown kitten, and a little inclined to be very saucy to his elders, walked up to the netting separating him from Crystal, put his paw through, and deliberately cuffed his ears. From that day Crystal has hated him with a deadly hatred. On one or two occasions he has had the privilege of personally interviewing Smoky, much to his discomfort. The cry Crystal makes upon seeing this particular enemy, is different from any other, but none the less understood by members of the family, and by Smoky, who upon hearing it takes to the "tall grass" and is coaxed out with the greatest difficulty.

Crystal is very affectionate in disposition, and has a sort of little cry denoting his satisfaction if one he loves gives him attention. He gives a good lusty squall for food, and a scream like a young panther when he sees another male walking on the grass that belongs to him. He does not like to be caught when out of his run, but if followed at a walk, he will trot along for a time, looking over his shoulder occasionally to see if you are still following him, and then he will suddenly squat down, giving a cry denoting the most intense disgust and displeasure, and usually, while being carried back to his run, cuddle down in your neck, giving little sniveling whines and telling you in his way, but easily understood, that you ought to be ashamed of yourself to take advantage of a poor little cat in any such way. We believe in talking to the animals; they soon become accustomed to your voice and your manner, and understand most of what you say.

Subscribe for THE CAT JOURNAL—for a friend.

### COMMON CATS.

We do not like this word as it is usually applied and by those who are the owners of cats that they consider very far from common. Let us get into our minds that length of hair does not make a cat, common or uncommon, any more than it does a human being. A cat that manifests a disposition to be generally low and mean, as some do, the same as humans, they might be well called "common," whether they were bald, had short hair or very long. Let us "drop it" at once and start on a new line. If your cat is an Angora or Persian or any other variety that may be designated by a title, call them by it, but if not simply say they are short haired cats. Even Mrs. Worden, in her letter which we publish, uses that term and she has a couple of the short haired variety which we are sure she thinks very far from "common."

Our sympathy is with the editor of *Our Cats*, England. With the multiplicity of shows to report, the agitation over registration, and the quarrels that seem to exist among the cat people in all places, he must have a hard time of it. We are sure that our plan is the better in one way. We do not allow any personalities in our journal.

We believe our readers will forgive us for calling special attention to our front page picture of Mrs. Barker's kitten. The editor has had the privilege of seeing this kitten, and we do not blame Mrs. Barker in the least for feeling proud of her. She is from King of Silvers and Blessed Damosel, and is three and one-half months of age, a beautiful Chinchilla, and as may readily be seen in the picture, has a very long coat. She is so demure and quiet in her ways that we would liked to have named her the Quakeress, but presume it is too late now.

### KATE'S CHRISTMAS SACRIFICE.

BY WINIFRED E. JOHNSON.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

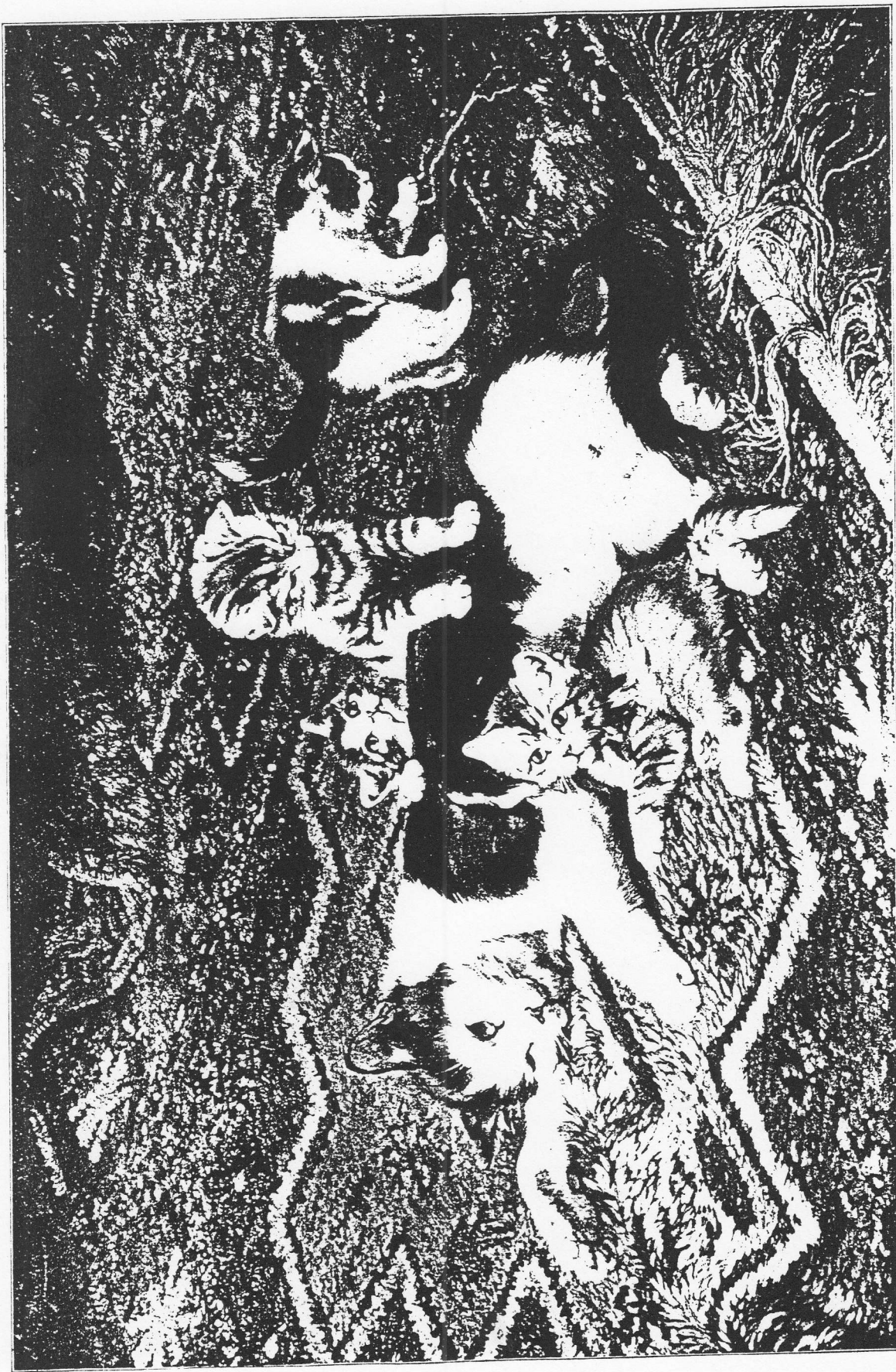
Please send

A basket for my cat.  
You see, I wished that I might have  
A pretty winter hat,  
Trimmed with blue ribbons, like the one  
I saw on Fannie Gray;  
But when I spoke to Mamma on  
That point the other day,

She said: "Kate, would you rather wear  
A nice, new hat this year,  
Or buy a basket for your Tip?  
You can't do both, I fear."  
So I replied: "Since we're not rich,  
I'll let the new hat go,  
And get a Christmas bed for Tip;  
'Twill make him glad, I know."

Then Mamma kissed me twice, and said  
"I wish to teach you, dear,  
To be unselfish, and to love  
The creatures God puts here."  
So, Mr. Jones, be sure to send  
That basket right along;  
THE JOURNAL'S lovely every month,  
Your little friend,

KATE STRONG.



PUBLISHED BY THE CAT JOURNAL, PALMYRA, N. Y.

## RESTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Prints from this picture on heavy card 11x14 inches will be sent by mail for 20 cents from THE CAT JOURNAL OFFICE.





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—not for notice of visits or births.

Copy Must be in for this Department not later than the 5th.

Mrs. Meharry, of Altadena, has made an extension to her cattery.

The weather was all that could be desired at the Rochester show.

Miss Nellie H. Wilson has sold Black Persia to Mr. M. J. Isselhard, of Rochester, N. Y.

From reports received from California we learn that cat matters generally are looking up in that state.

While Mrs. Locke has disposed of part of her Siamese stock, she still has Siam and Sally Ward.

Mrs. Clinton Locke has sold her Siamese pair, Tila and Ma, to Mrs. Hofstra, N. Y.

While the display of cats at the Rochester Show was very fine, only three whites were shown in the long hairs.

Mrs. Fannie C. Ellis, of Toronto, says that she has had a very successful season with her cats, having sold over thirty kittens so far this year.

At a recent meeting of the Beresford Cat Club, Mrs. E. R. Pierce, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was made an honorary vice-president for the state of Ohio.

Mrs. J. Forrest Terry, of S. Weymouth, Mass., is the proud owner of Blue Davie, a seven months' old son of Foxcroft and Jesse D., of Silverton Kennels.

The Pacific Cat Club has opened its cat refuge and the public is invited to turn over to its care and protection all the stray and ailing cats that can be found.

One of the interesting features of the Rochester Show was the male tortoiseshell belonging to Mrs. Mix. This is the only one known of in this country.

Mrs. F. L. Norton stopped in Chicago to see Mrs. Locke and other members of the B. C. C. on her way home from California. Her visit was greatly appreciated.

George R. Cairns, of Mansfield, Ohio, has recently purchased of Miss Belle Smith, of Sandusky, Ohio, a very fine black Persian male, bred by Mrs. C. L. Wagner.

Mrs. Cutler, of Detroit, while purchasing cats at the Crystal Palace Show in London, procured Daphne, a cream female, from Romaldkirk Cattery for Mrs. E. R. Pierce.

There seemed to be a lack of first class cats for sale at the Rochester Show. Most of the breeders of good stock gave the stereotyped answer to all comers, I have none for sale.

Mrs. C. S. DeWitt, of Corning, Cal., formerly of Chicago, has brought more fine stock to the coast, among them a king sired by Mrs. Locke's Lord Gwynne, and another by Mrs. Colburn's Paris. Mrs. DeWitt has a beautiful kitten, white, with blue eyes and perfect hearing.

The Cincinnati Poultry Association is making preparations for having a cat show in connection with its fourth annual exhibition which begins January 13th and lasts one week.

Cincinnati now has a Chapter of the Beresford Cat Club of America and the little chap seems to take notice at this early age and gets on its little feet without much urging.

We had a very pleasant call from Mr. W. S. Boyd from Toronto, who is well up in cat matters. He says the industry is growing very rapidly in Canada and he reports many sales.

We are indebted to Mr. August Jaedicke, Hanover, Kansas, for a very handsome calendar with a half tone engraving of his handsome cat, Jess, for the center of the frame holding the calendar.

Mrs. Neel was made happy by winning first in the Brown Tabby female class at Rochester with her new importation Lady Beatrice. She is a beautiful specimen and she may well be proud of her.

Mrs. Neel wishes us to state that she finds it utterly impossible to answer all the letters which she receives. If any one wants a personal letter forward \$1 and she will attend to the case, but otherwise she can not do it.

One of the pleasant and most profitable things at cat shows is the possibility of breeders meeting each other. It is always pleasant to meet those with whom we have corresponded or those whose names we have seen in THE JOURNAL.

Mrs. Hildebrand's kitten which she brought home as a souvenir of her recent visit to Chicago is developing into one of the finest cats in the city. Is of the cobby type of cat, which until very recently has been conspicuous for their absence on the coast.

At the Rochester Show the short haired cat with eight kittens attracted a good share of attention. The mother seems to be happy with her numerous family and was able to feed them all at the first table. The kits did not show lack of nourishment.

Mrs. Charles McCloud has sold her handsome tortoiseshell and white kitten, Mollie, to Mr. J. C. Williams, of West Virginia. Mr. Williams wrote that "Mollie" arrived without a hair out of place and purring as if in one's lap." She is a daughter of Percita.

St Tudno, Blackbird and Black Beauty, lately of the Mattakeeset Kennels, are wintering at the home of Miss Lucy E. Nicholls, Waterbury, Conn. St. Tudno and Blackbird were formerly owned by Mrs. Clinton Locke, and Black Beauty by Mrs. Vivell.

A meeting was held at Troy, Oct. 23rd, in which it was decided to hold a Cat and Pet Stock show, the first or second week in February. Any one kind enough to offer specials is assured that they will be greatly appreciated. Address Care E. N. Barker, 293 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.

There is a universal feeling among all cat breeders that a four days' show is too long. We believe a concerted action on the part of the owners of fine cats would change this rule to a three day show. Those who are going to attend will come just the same if it is understood that the cats are to be on exhibition but three days. Commence in the morning and end late at night and let the breeders ship the next morning or that night and the cats will not have so hard a trip.

Reports from the Rochester Show indicate that from a financial standpoint it was a very successful show. In regard to the exhibit we are able to vouch for it as first class. Some of the best cats in the country were there. We believe that spectators, exhibitors and the management have reason to be well satisfied.

It seems to the editor of THE JOURNAL that Saturday afternoon is a very bad time to end a show. This was the case at Rochester, and many of the breeders had difficulty in getting their cats home. Mrs. Mix in order to get her cats to Akin, had to have them sent to Amsterdam and pay double rates to get them home.

Mrs. Louise Payne, of Los Angeles, Cal., has recently enlarged her cattery. A commodious house of four rooms opens into a wire enclosure that contains fifty feet square for a range. In this the inmates may climb at their own sweet will. Mascot, a magnificent black Persian, is the dean of this happy cat home.



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. 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 5th of the month so that the copy may be in the hands of the printer by the 10th.

#### WARNING.

Shall we be obliged to stop this department? We will unless our subscribers and readers show more consideration for its conductor. It does not seem possible that refined and intelligent ladies would be so lacking in common decency as to use Mrs. Barker the way they do. They would not hesitate to pay a Vet. \$10 to \$20 to treat a cat, but they will write her asking questions enough to keep her busy all day and enclose ten cents. She informed us lately that so far all her receipts would not pay for her stamps and paper. We have requested her to throw such letters in the waste basket, but her love for the cat will not permit her to do this. It is a labor of love on her part and she is deserving of more consideration. If you write her on matters requiring an answer enclose 50cts.

These winter winds will benefit our pets in one way most happily by banishing the festive flea to its winter quarters. Frequent cleaning of corners, burning of bedding and a general scouring and sulphur candelung, will make next year's task far lighter. The cats should be attended to several times to exterminate stragglers. Be careful how you apply the fine comb, now that the new coat is growing. The finest coats are most delicate in texture and only too easily torn and injured. The show season is upon us when it behooves us to watch and direct our Persian's progress into show condition. At one of the late New York shows some people came to us find out how we conditioned our cats. "When do you begin?" asked one of the ladies.

"Well," answered my husband, "it's a good time to begin when they are born," and this answers the whole question. A strong, vigorous animal is an animal *in condition*; a neglected, weakly one is out of condition, powders, brushing and ribbons, notwithstanding. If the old coat falls slowly, and there remains a general fall almost to the end of the new growth, gently assist its removal with dampened hands, with a clean, long-haired brush, or even with one's fingers. See that there are no fleas or skin irritation to cause scratching. Watch the ears; keep the bowels natural by proper food—liver, fish, plenty of green grass, occasional vegetables—and doses of sulphur, homeopathic or crude rolled in butter. A coarse comb, a long bristled brush, a silk cloth, a chamois, and best of all, one's two hands, which all cats enjoy, drawn carefully down from head to end of tail, under chin and down the under part of body. This last puts on a bloom nothing else produces and generally ends the toilet. Do this conscientiously for six weeks before the show and you will surely be rewarded. Then see that the traveling crates are big enough, which means so the cat can stand without touching and plenty of room to turn around. Do not say, "it's the only box I have, and it will have to do." Try and take the cat's point of view and you cannot be far wrong.

My correspondents who, after the first letter, omit giving their addresses, force me to a humiliating confession. Dates and addresses go along with many another detail of daily life which simply refuse to find a corner anywhere in my mind. Sometimes, if my stack of monthly letters is not too large, I may have saved the first letters, but often they are gone, and so letters I should like to answer remain unsent. There is one waiting for Mrs. L. B. Pattee, the dear, kind lady who has a fund in reserve which she desires to give to a Cat Refuge, if a real, live, useful one can be found. Then there is Mrs. Graham, of Washington, whose cat required advice and medicine. I prefer correspondents sending direct to Boericke & Tafel's, 15 W. 42d St., New York City, and not in any case to me, as I find it wastes time, and at present I have very few of the remedies.

A cure for catarrh in kittens.—Ans.: This is usually constitutional or develops after Ophthalmia has been cured (?) by local applications. I have just been studying a case this summer. The eyes cleared up beautifully, but the snuffles began at once, which was certainly "out of the frying pan into the fire," and no mistake. I tried Kali Bi, and while it does beautifully in some cases it refused to act in this. Then I had recourse to Silicia. This did a little good, but not much. At last I gave Pulsatilla, and this did beautifully. It is a sovereign remedy when the discharges have a greenish tinge and the animal is light colored, fat and slow. I gave it in the drinking water each day three drops of liquid or four pellets for a fortnight. Then I stopped for several days and gave Homeopathic Sulphur for a week, in the same manner as the first.



Guard from colds as this restores all the unfavorable conditions, which become more difficult each successive time. The greatest care of general health should be taken till maturity fortifies the constitution.

A cat, 14 years old, swelling between the front legs, etc. The mistress of this cat must be most loving and patient in kittenhood. The pet was rescued from some evil boys who were trying to kill her. She has been restrained from breeding, and though now 14 years old comes in season nearly every month. This constant tax upon her strength and vitality have made serious inroads on her health, which is an inevitable consequence. Reproduction is the Creator's chief law of life. In the lower animals the instinct has been wisely made irresistible, and if this instinct is restrained deterioration and suffering are the result. About six years ago she had a lump come between her front legs on the right side. It has grown so large at times that it nearly touched the floor. Again it will be very small. Ans.: For the lump give *Calcarea Carb* (Homeopathic) two pellets four times a day for a fortnight, continue three times a day for six weeks, once a day for another month. This will entirely remove the swelling. I advise you to let the cat have a litter of kittens, which will make the last days of this poor, old dear much happier and free from suffering.

Mrs. Wiltse sends us a most useful alleviation for difficult breathing: "One tablespoonful of liquid tar in a quart of boiling water, placed so that the cat can breathe the fumes. I use a large basket on an open seat chair with pan containing tar mixture underneath, which can be retreated and used several times before the strength is exhausted. This affords relief to the patient at once." This remedy is very simple and most efficacious. I have also used eucalyptus oil in the same manner. We must not forget that these are but alleviations at the best, and when a cat finds breathing difficult, she requires a remedy which can find the seat of the disease and restore sound conditions.

Mrs. Searles very kindly sends us her experience with Homeopathic *Cina*. It proved too slow though certainly some gracious effects were observed. Still the kitten refused to grow and was otherwise unsatisfactory. So Mrs. Searles gave a course of *Dr. Wurms*, with most encouraging results, though a slight cough still remains. After waiting awhile another course of the powder might perfect the cure after which a dose of homeopathic graphites in the drinking water for a week would not be a bad thing. The cure of the "worm disease" by homeopathic treatment often requires more than patience. When *Cina* alone refuses to effect it some skill and knowledge of "*Materia Medica*" is necessary.

Mrs. Helen Preble asks for a cure for dandruff. Ans.: I should give the cat a course of *Dr. Wurms* powders, after which give in drinking water a dose of Homeopathic Sulphur for ten days.

Cows milk as a food for cats and kittens. Personally, I strongly deplore the wide spread prejudice against this most natural of foods, though I do not find the reason very far afield. Milk is both the best and the worst food possible for baby kind, both human and unhuman, if I may be allowed one of my own words. I know a dear lady who, with her dairy full of the richest milk and cream, and the cows cropping lucious grass and daisies just over the stone wall which divides the kitten run from the ancient park where the cows wander at will, still, never on principal—which I vainly belabor at each of my opportunities—gives a drop of milk in her kennels. Milk is said to breed and encourage the already too-present worm. Many other stones are thrown at it, but is not this allegation sufficient? I am not going into a scientific discussion on the other side of this question. I could not if I would, but experience allows that results prove much. I have had and cared for animals all my life, and since my marriage, when we lived in the great Canadian Northwest, we had several thousand animals at one time belonging to us. I am wondering now what the "orphan lambs" would have done if they had fallen to the care of one of our modern disbelievers in milk. I have raised hundreds of kittens, and while I have suffered my share of losses, I have nevertheless been on the whole successful in raising my kittens, and I have always considered milk as important a food in giving life and size to my cats as meat. If I were forced to do with but one of these essentials in the raising of my baby cats, it certainly would not be milk that I could deprive them of. If all milk were good and pure, I am sure we should never have to take up the gauntlet in its favor. Bad milk is altogether bad for everything, and the danger resulting from its use cannot be too bravely guarded against. But when a mistress has at her command pure country milk, believe me it is a great boon to feed morning and evening, warm and foamy, straight out of the pail into which it has just been milked. It certainly is a treat to the little people, mothers and fathers, and big brothers and sisters, to say nothing of the small fry. Where it is not warm from the cow, I approve of its being made up with one of the well known baby foods. Personally, I am devoted to Robinson's Patent Barley, and I am proud of the kittens and cats I have raised on this most delectable dainty. Milk from a cow that has been in milk seven or eight months, will surely kill a new born lamb, and is likewise unfit for tiny kittens. "City milk" and the milk of commerce contains nine times out of ten chemicals of some sort as preservatives, which is deleterious to animals, human or otherwise. Then, again, cold skim milk is altogether indigestible. Fresh, rick milk, given with intelligence, believe me, will never go amiss.

Cats returning from a show. Keep them, if possible away from the other cats for a week or so. If your cattery is unwarmed, remember they have just come from the overheated, vitiated air of a show room,

and are unstrung and excited with depleted vitality. Do not, therefore, let the change from hot to cold surroundings be too sharp. Take the hampers and traveling crates, with any scraps of bedding, etc., and have them thoroughly disinfected (putting them into a tight room and sulphur-candleing them thoroughly). Burn bedding and have rugs washed. Cut off and burn every speck of accumulation sticking to the fur of each cat, rubbing over the entire cat a cloth dampened with some good disinfectant. Give Homeopathic Nux Vomica in drinking water for four or five days, feed lightly, and watch for the smallest symptoms of cold and disease.

It is true that the fancy cannot thrive without shows, but while the promoters of these think wholly of the exhibit and not of the animal, it is the duty of the breeder to insist upon certain considerations in their favor. Much more necessary are these in America than in England, because of the climate and the great distances. One point on which breeders should agree is that shows must not keep our cats penned till Saturday when the congested condition of the express offices and the heedlessness of train officials, also the stoppage of business on Sunday, almost always results in the tired out animals being shunted off into some unknown place, suffering from exposure, close quarters and many other dangers, while the mistress is racked with apprehension and worry. Many a good exhibition is thus too often lost to the fancy.

I desire to call the attention of fanciers to Mrs. Neel's letter upon catnip in the last JOURNAL. It is a most timely and interesting bit of information. I think that we all know vaguely that "Catnip" as we usually call it, was "good for the cat" principally from the old-fashioned notion that animals have an instinct which guides them in a state more or less of nature to plants and herbs which are specially fitted for their common ailments. It is true, moreover, that all cats are addicted to the catnip habit. I think there is little doubt of its being a strong excitant in its outside effects, that it has very much the effect of spirits upon a human. At our old home there were banks of it growing tall, close and rank. I shall never forget my English King Humbert the first time he gave himself up to this rare intoxication. He rolled, hugged, ate, sang, shouted, and otherwise desported himself like a most hilariously drunken person. Indeed, he entirely lost his head, for when I picked him up he seemed quite beside himself and bit me out of sheer excitement. I think Mrs. Neel's method of preserving it properly for the winter appeals to one's good sense, upon which I went directly, took mine off the stalks and put it safely away in a glass jar.

From Mrs. Pierce, I would like to express my feelings on "Get the Boy a Gun," but have not time now. It was good seed at the right time. I hope we may have some other classics in the same line.

## "PLEASE DO NOT LEAVE ME TO STARVE."

The Animal Rescue League, 68 Carver Street, Boston, earnestly entreats you not to leave your cat to suffer with neglect and slow starvation, or to be a burden upon your more humane neighbor, when you return from the beach.

Every year the families who remain on the beach tell



sad stories of the sufferings of these poor deserted animals. One cat with young kittens was found nearly dead snowed in under a porch early in the winter. Twenty-five were seen by our agent about the waste pipes where they had crawled for shelter, so wild that he could not succeed in catching them all, and he was obliged to leave some of them to starve and freeze on the shore.

If you cannot dispose of your cat yourself, please apply by telephone or postal card to the League, giving several days' notice, as our agents are always very busy in caring for deserted and suffering animals. Be sure to have the cat at hand when the agent arrives, as he cannot spend time in searching for it.

We do not demand a fee for this service, but it must be remembered that we are entirely dependent for our income upon the contributions of friends, and any donations, however small, will be thankfully received. —Anna Harris Smith, Pres.

## AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE

Mrs. Hattie Weller Worden, the authoress, has sent us the following interesting story of cat sympathy. We could tell a similar story of a cat in our own town.

"A friend of mine told me of a little incident which happened a few weeks ago, which I think is worth relating to you who love animals and understand them so well. This story is strictly true for I am well acquainted with the person concerned.

A lady in this town (Jamestown, N. Y.) has a cat which is very bright and intelligent. "Smut," as



she calls him, is just a common short haired cat with no pedigree whatever, but he has a good home and is the petted darling of a fond mistress.

Some time ago Smut formed a friendship for a poor, homeless, half starved, alley cat and his mistress saw him in company with his humble friend a number of times as she sat at the window which looked out upon the back yards.

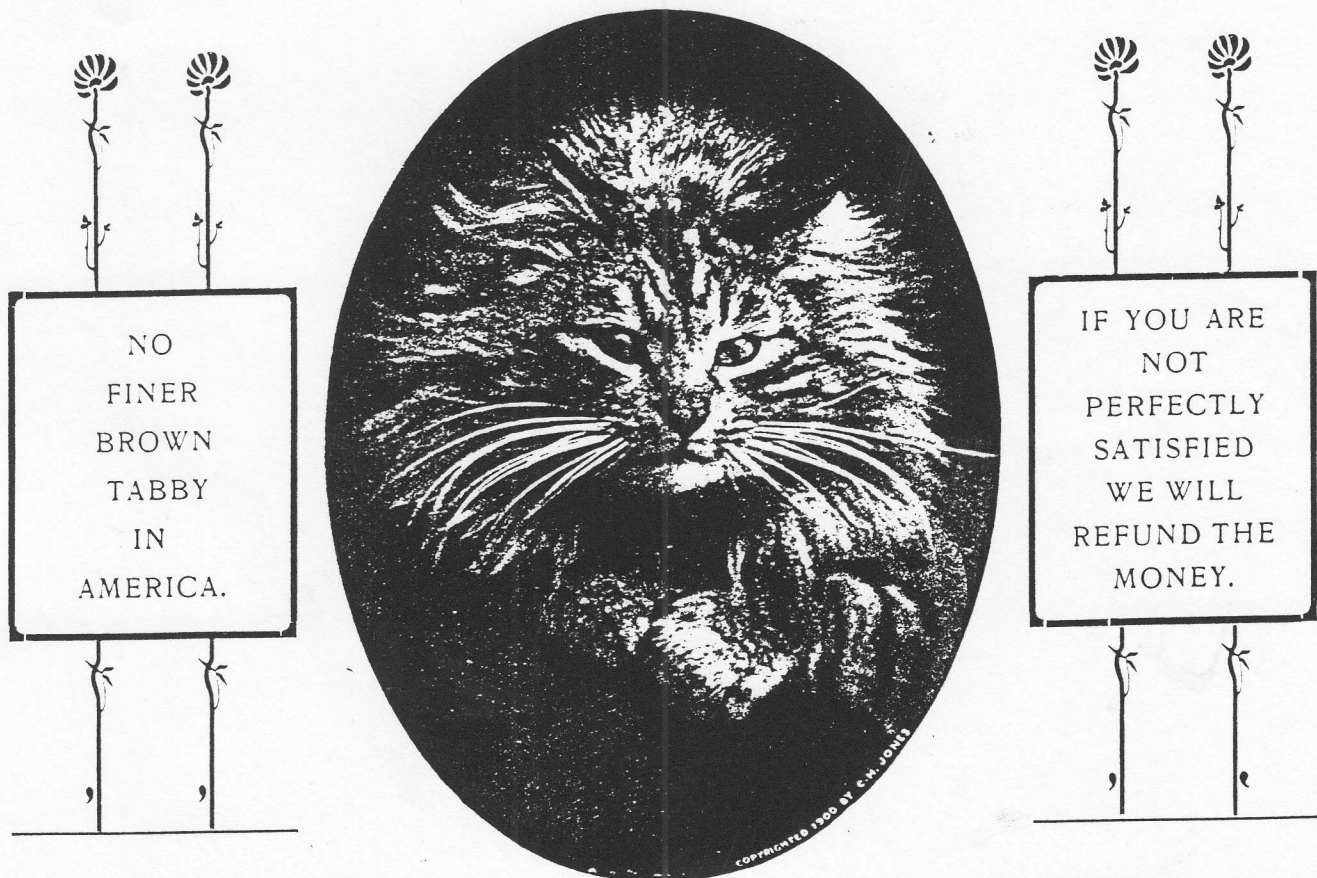
One day she saw them coming slowly toward her door which was standing open. Smut appeared to be coaxing his companion to the house. As they came nearer Smut suddenly left his friend and came flying into the room and running eagerly to the place under the kitchen table where his saucer always stood. He looked at it anxiously and seeing it was heaping full of good, substantial food, he ran out again and with little coaxing, purring meows gradually overcame the

natural timidity of the homeless one and drew him into the house and up to the well filled saucer. Then sitting down near he watched with great apparent satisfaction, while his hungry friend ate ravenously. After he had finished he went to the door with him and watched him depart, after which he came back to his mistress who had been sitting very still all this time watching the proceedings with a great deal of interest.

"Well, Smut," said his mistress, "you showed very good sense and judgment in coming first to look in your saucer to see if there was anything there to eat before you invited your friend to dinner."

Now, my friend, what I would like to know is this: In a human being such sweet sympathy and charity for the unfortunate is always called "Christian charity," but what is it called in a cat!

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