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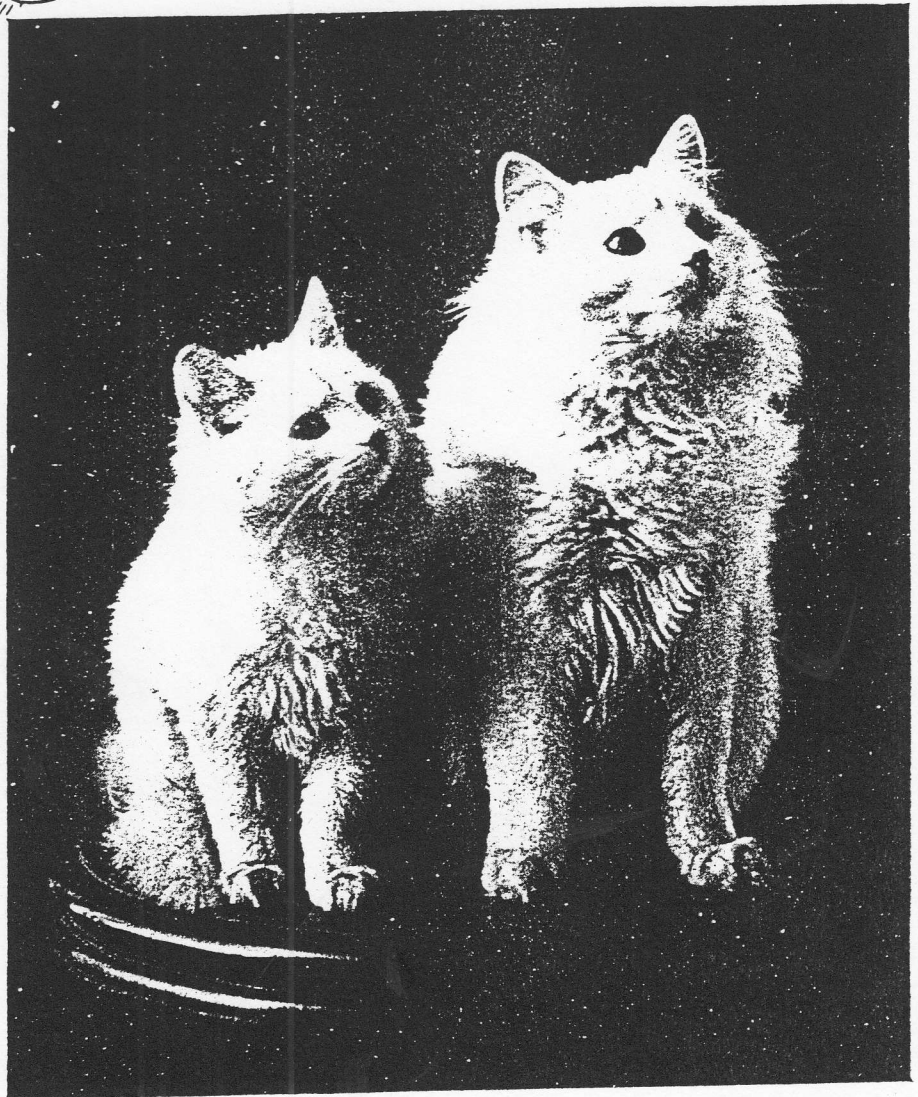
SEPTEMBER, 1901.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

# THE CAT JOURNAL

Devoted Entirely to CATS

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED



DAISY BELL AND DUKE.

Pure White, owned by Mrs. N. A. Winans, Springfield, Mass.

## A Magazine for Cat Lovers



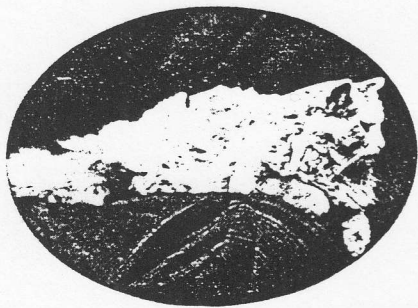
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We have reprinted Number one and can now furnish all the back numbers. We send post paid for ten cents each, or the six numbers from January to June inclusive for fifty cents. These papers contain matter that is invaluable to a cat owner or a cat lover and all should have them.

Address The Cat Journal.

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# THE CAT JOURNAL

VOL. 1, No. 9.

PALMYRA, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1901.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

## TIM AN INTELLIGENT TOM-CAT, AND HOW HE HELPED HIS MASTER OUT OF A DILEMMA.

BY G. M. L. BROWN.

"Well, Whiskers, we had better thrash the matter out right now."

Tim blinked.

"Your master has lost his position—through no fault of his own shall we say?"

Tim purred assent.

"He ought never to have gone into newspaper work: he was earning twenty dollars a week and should have considered himself well off—isn't that so?"

The purring ceased. Tim wished to weigh the statement before committing himself.

"In fact he was a blamed fool to ever think he could make his way in journalism."

"No sir" purred Tim. "you haven't put it fairly at all."

And he rubbed against his master's face, climbed on his shoulder and gave the clearest manifestations of continued confidence.

Just then a fly lit on Fred's knee. Tim jumped, but a tenth of a second too late, and struck the place where the intruder had been, missing it by a distance that would have to be calculated in parts of a millimetre. His disgust was plainly visible.

"Too bad old fellow, the wind blew it away, didn't it?"

Tim accepted the explanation with avidity, showing unmistakable signs of relief, for his professional honor was as sacred as his life. Whereupon, in gratitude to the skillful prevaricator, he began rubbing his

nose into the latter's moustache, first on one side and then on the other. This is an attention, like the pagan custom of rubbing noses, for which one has to cultivate a taste. If Fred had not done so, he certainly showed no signs of aversion to the proceeding.

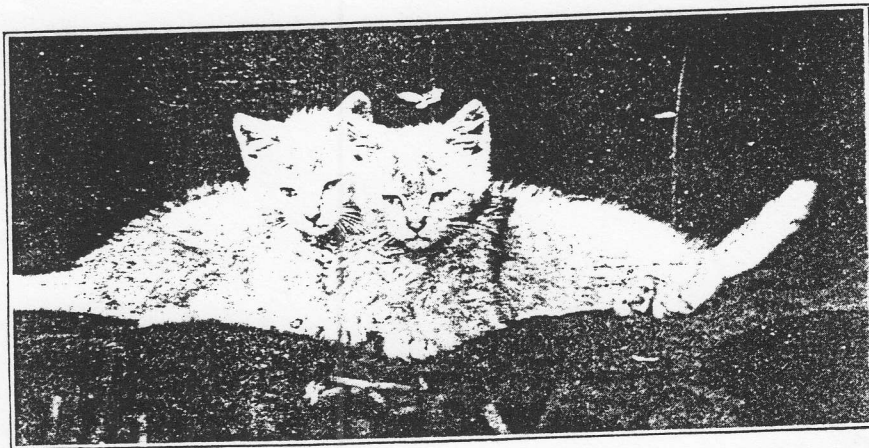
"After all Tim, we might as well salve things over in this world. Mr. Johnson didn't tell me that my leaders were too drawn out, my reviews too dry and my style stilted. He simply said that I am cut out for a better class of journalism. Though it cost him nothing to put it that way I know I should feel very grateful for his tact. But the main question with us is, what am I to do? If nothing turns up for awhile

you can cut loose and start rat-catching in the stables, keeping your system in tone with some of the catnip that flourishes in the back yard—your master sir has no such alternative."

This last was in a discouraged voice by no means feigned which instantly

aroused Pussy's keenest compassion. With a troubled expression in his scarred and homely face, particularly visible in his knowing eyes, he retired to the piano stool, gravely sat down and faced his woebegone master as much as to say, "Now let me hear the worst."

Tim was a large, grey tom-cat with nothing distinctive in his make-up except his intelligent face—and his actions! His fur, all but the white waist-coat, was rough and inclined to be shaggy. Fred had found him when a kitten, crying piteously in a dirty alleyway, had taken him home, and now, two years later, the two were inseparable friends. Puss had so profited by this close companionship with a kind and



THE LOVERS.

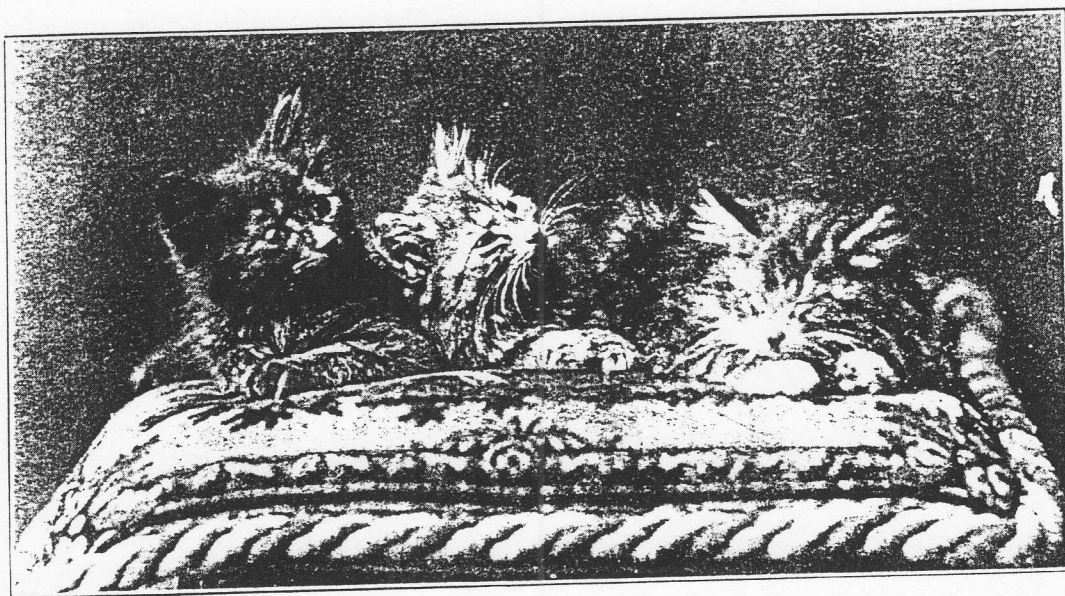
Kittens belonging to Miss Clara T. Farrar, care of Mrs. T. K. Beecher, Elmira, N. Y.

sympathetic human being that he had acquired habits, which, without exaggeration, seemed almost human, and constantly displayed an intelligence of no ordinary degree. Fred, on the other hand had become an undisputed authority on feline character, and if he did not know how to catch a mouse, paw fashion, fall "right side up with care," or sleep with one eye open, it was from no lack of observation of these and many other interesting phenomena practised by his humble friend.

To return to Tim's accomplishments. He had early learned to open doors, which were specially fitted with latches for his convenience, and better—could always be depended upon to close them; he knew when seven struck in the morning and stood ready to waken his master if he were inclined to oversleep; though out most of the day, and in this case with no clock to aid him, he invariably knew when to return to welcome

friend's was accepted, however, and the evening church chimes had sounded before he returned to find—poor Tim, weary and faint, beside a dish of sour milk. That the faithful creature had felt it his duty to remain in all day added to the pathos of the occurrence and made the conscience-stricken young man vow that never again would Tim's trustworthiness be put to the test. He had paid for a life membership so to speak, had been granted a permanent place in his master's esteem. Fred's penance was the purchase of a cup of pure cream and a quarter pound of the tenderest porterhouse—a supply that the cat's instinct, famished though he was, told him was too much for he wisely partook sparingly, interspersing with goodly portions of bread.

Not the least remarkable trait of this remarkable cat—and I hope I am not exhausting the reader's credality—was his striking likes and dislikes as dis-



THE THREE GRACES.

Belonging to Mrs. L. W. Baker, Mankato, Minnesota.

the breadwinner home, and incidentally to partake of a hearty supper, which they shared between them. When slippers were called for Tim joyfully scampered to the closet and brought them forth one at a time, but more remarkable was his honesty, a quality said to be entirely lacking in the feline tribe. This was tested in various ways. Once at Fred's request the landlady placed a plate of fish on the floor Tim being instructed not to touch it. At other times a dish of milk would be set out and the same orders issued. Generally, of course, such obedience would be liberally rewarded but not always for Fred was a jealous master who liked to think that his pet was controlled by love, not policy.

One Sunday morning—the remembrance of it pains my friend to the present day—the poor cat was given a saucer of milk to guard, Fred intended to be back directly after church service. An invitation to a

played towards visitors. One, a bank clerk, caused him to arch his back and hiss at the slightest advance, not even a minute's truce being ever granted; a music professor also was always treated with suspicion; but Fred's newspaper associates were "hail fellows well met" and greeted with such boisterous mirth that Fred had to interfere at times. An elderly gentleman, a retired merchant as my friend understood, who lived a few doors away and had called in several times on special errands, was made particularly welcome, and latterly, his calls having been fewer, had actually been visited by the fastidious Tim. So marked was this favoritism that Fred declared the old gentleman must possess sterling merits, and decided to henceforth cultivate his acquaintance on the strength of Tim's recommendation. But we must hear the remainder of the interrupted dialogue:

"The fact is, Tim, I may have to go back to my



old employment and begin at the bottom rung again, say at ten dollars a week. If I hadn't been so easy with a drunken father I might have had a good-sized lump in the bank to tide me over this time, eh old fellow?"

"So my dreams are over, the opinions of a dozen friends have proved valueless; what I thought to be a sure road to success was a bye-path to a bog. After all its the humiliation. It's like the time you caught a mouse, duly exhibited it and then let it slip away. It's crushing Tim, it's really crushing. It would be different if I were a man who could knock around, but I can't—it takes me months to screw up courage to make an application. I was five years in considering this change to journalism and now five months has seen me laid on the shelf. Yes I know I have you—what! Haven't I?—are you going to leave me Tim?" But the big grey fellow had already lifted the latch and let himself out. Fred was alone.

How long he had been thinking in this strain, of the castle he had constructed in the air, of his return to a life of drudgery and of the probable effect of all this on a fair one to whom he had never dared whisper his hopes but who had inspired him nevertheless with the brightest of hopes—whether he had thus sat for minutes or hours he could only conjecture. Suddenly, however, he was disturbed by a quick snap of the latch. Tim's distinctive announcement, and in walked his four-footed friend, and closely following, the elderly gentleman already mentioned.

"You will pardon this unceremonious intrusion Mr. Seath, the fact is I feared from the excited actions of your cat that something might be wrong. He rushed on to our veranda, literally pulled me off my chair and then started down the street looking around to see if I were following. Can anything be the matter? I could hardly doubt the animal's intelligence."

"No, nothing more than that I was in low spirits over some private affairs—matter enough to poor Tim I suppose, who seems to feel my every mood. I am sure I thank you for yielding to his well-intentioned impulse; Tim I will thank afterwards." This last in a voice tremulous with emotion. "Have a chair Mr. Wilson."

"I think I will sit down, and, if your trouble will allow you to consider a little business, will lay an informal proposition before you—one that I have had on my mind for some time. I presume you know that I am a journalist like yourself."

"No sir, I did not, nor did I know that anyone of this street had found me out."

"Oh yes, I found you out two days after your articles began to appear in the 'Leader.' I considered them superior to their surroundings in fact had my eye on the writer ever since as a possible successor to our Mr. Harrison who leaves our staff in a few days."

Fred could hardly tell whether he was dreaming or not. "Are you Mr. Wilson, the proprietor of the 'Despatch?'" I thought you were a retired merchant. Why how"—

"Do you think you would prefer the 'Despatch' to the 'Leader'?"

"Well rather, but the fact is I have just been relieved of my position on the 'Leader' and was considering myself a failure."

"Failure to come down to their level, suppose. I admire such failures. What you tell me makes me think that you might start in with us at once. Would two thousand for a beginning be satisfactory? I think you will not complain of lack of advancement. Perhaps we may call it settled."

Here our story must end. Tim was no imaginary cat nor the

deeds ascribed to him, fiction. In time he became justly famous and many of his doings were chronicled in the papers. He lived to be four years old and welcome a fair mistress into a lovely little home that Fred established in the suburbs. When he passed away Fred is said to have been inconsolable and have refused food for twenty-four hours. I never dared question him myself. The little coffin bore this inscription on a silver plate:

TIM, A CAT, OF ORDINARY APPEARANCE  
BUT EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER;  
LOVED AS A BROTHER BY FRED SEATH.

The breeding of fine cats is one of the most fascinating of industries for ladies.



STUART.—WHITE.

Belonging to Mrs. F. W. Story, Chicago, Ill.

## DEAF CATS.

BY MRS. E. N. BARKER.

Broadly speaking, I think I am safe in saying, white is the color most valued in America, in spite of the inevitable drawbacks; i. e. of deafness, odd eyes, and—pardon me ye lovers, but I think—crankiness of disposition. I think I may be safe in saying, the white cats are Albinos, the word is from the Latin *Albus*, meaning white. There is a tendency in nature for animals to sport, and specimens are sometimes born from other colored animals, either white or black, this latter is called Melanism. This tendency to sport, to a white cat, or to become an Albino, (for all white animals are not quite what is meant by Albinos) is a tendency common to all animals, man included, and birds. The Albino proper is generally subject to some weakness of the constitution, or senses. For example the eyes are usually pink, (without any color in the Polish Rabbit) or blue, as in cats, and some horses. The pink eye is defective in strength of sight. The sense of hearing is either weakened, or wanting altogether. The yellow-eyed and green-eyed cats, seem to be fairly normal as regards sight and hearing, but they do not seem to be true Albinos as we express it as regards man or blue-eyed or pink-eyed cats, where there are deficiencies often very much marked. Blue-eyed cats are comparatively rare, and not by any means a sure thing; for blue-eyed parents are not easy to rear. If you must have them then you must be satisfied to take the bitter with the sweet and make the best of the deaf ones; for it has been my experience among the mature cats I have known, with these entrancing eyes, a very large proportion of them are stone deaf. The reason for the odd eyes, one yellow and one blue. I will not attempt to give, I only know that they are common happenings among our white gentry, generally of

a blue-eyed strain. As to their amiability they are white, and it is their pleasure to draw a very distinct color line and to object on general principles to a touch of the tar brush; though in particular cases they have been known to make those alliances which settles the race question to their satisfaction, on these occasions. A blue-eyed white cat however, will always be somewhat rare and a valuable acquisition, and any one buying for \$25 one of these beautiful creatures deaf or otherwise, as I heard of a Fancier having done a few days ago will have acquired a decided bargain. It is

the opinion of the experienced, that the deepest blue eyes are bred mostly from a cross from another color of cat, or a white, with amber eyes. You may probably breed a good many blue-eyed cats from blue-eyed parents on both sides, but to deepest colored eyes usually come from a white bred to some other color.

## FROM MRS. BORRIS.

Reading in the August Journal about "Cato's Revenge", called to my mind an act of revenge I witnessed in father's home when I was a young girl, which seems very remarkable.

I had a pretty short-haired, silver pet cat. She was very affectionate, very proud of her glossy coat and acted as if she thought herself quite a queen. After a time I had presented to me a lovely Angora cat. Of

course being something new and fine all of our attention was concentrated on "Effy," for her beauty and because she was a stranger and we wanted her to feel at home. Lucy the short-haired cat was sulky, hissing and growling and when we reproved her for this inhospitality she sneaked into a corner and would look at "Effy" with contempt as if to say, "I don't see what they find in that ragged fuzzy thing to admire, look at me in my clean glossy dress."

When she saw that her rival was to have the first



BEAUTY GIRL—TORTOISESHELL.

Owned by Mrs. J. C. Copperberg, W. Simsbury, Ct.



place in the house, she showed that she was very much offended and seemed to say that rather than play second fiddle she would play none at all and she stayed away most of the time and would not allow us to pet her at all.

Both of the cats had their babies about the same time. Lucy had four, Effy three. I, of course, wanted to keep them all, but mother told one of the servants when I had gone away to drown Lucy's kittens before I came home. The horrible stupid brute took the poor little kittens and flung them in a lake we had in our park, while the unfortunate mother followed and watched her. As soon as I came home, hearing a most pitiful crying, I followed the sound and saw a most heart-rending spectacle. Down by the lake, I saw poor Lucy, splashing in the water, with one little kitten in her mouth which she carried to the land and laid beside another she had already laid there, both of them dead. I can tell you that I shed bitter tears and I thought that my heart would break.

I took the poor cat in my arms and carried her into the house, dried and caressed her, but she would not notice it and continued crying and moaning woefully.

One morning shortly after I missed one of Effy's kittens. We looked every where but could not find it. When I went back to Effy's bed, Lucy was just leaving with another of her kittens in her mouth. I

followed her to the lake where she plunged into the water and dropped the kitten. I rescued it, dried it and gave it back to Effy. All of the family were disgusted and said that Lucy must be killed, but I thought differently: I rubbed one of the two remaining kittens dry, with catnip, so she would not smell her enemy, put it into Lucy's bed and called her to it. She washed it at once, and nursed it, and seemed contented. When the kitten grew older and she saw the long fur she got used to it and got fast friends with Effy. Both kittens prospered wonderfully being only babies. This case of a Cat's revenge was talked of a great deal at the time.

If she had wanted to have killed the kittens only, she might have done it with one bite, but it seemed as if she had in her mind that the kittens of her enemy should die in the same manner as her own babies.

If kittie scratches herself often, carefully examine the spot. It may mean fleas and may mean skin eruption of some sort. Neither is difficult to treat if taken in time.

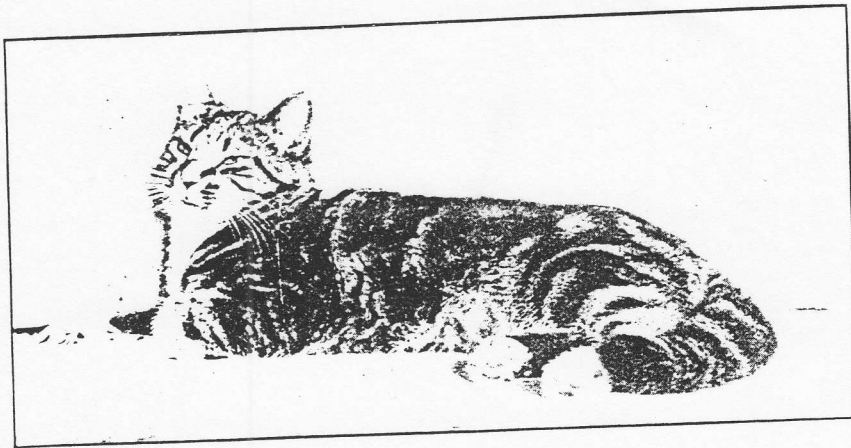
## FOR THE CAT JOURNAL.

Detroit, Mich., August 19, 1901.

*An Open Letter to Mrs. Ottilie Borris.*

MY DEAR MRS. BORRIS:—You will not remember me, but I must tell you how much I enjoy your letters in the CAT JOURNAL. They come to me like the strains of "love's old sweet song" from the long, long ago, when we old stagers in Angora cats, were at the height of our enthusiasm. When Ottilie Borris gave her own Cat shows in Boston and Mrs. Pierce would as a religious duty go every day as long as the show lasted, to look at, and pet the cats, (being then a boarder with no cats of her own.) What delightful shows they were! No prizes, no cruel judges, no broken hearts, or broken friendships: just lovely cats and their loving mistress. And the many beautiful cats that went from those shows to their new homes—white Persians with hair like spun glass, and eyes of heaven's own blue. Dear Mrs. B., we in the east had all this refinement of cats then, but we did not sound our trumpets so loud. Chicago was only awa-

ening from its ashes, and cat keeping as a fact was unknown. Importing cat for breeding purposes was unknown. Our fine cats came home with the families of the sea captains, often bought in Mediterranean ports, to amuse the children while on their



VIVETTE.

Belonging to Mrs. F. J. Worcester, New York City.

weary watery journey of months together, cats, dog song-birds and even sometimes monkeys going to make up their playmates.

One thing we must regret: in our American Stock cats are too much like the human family in this particular, when they come to choosing mates they have not given the desired consideration to pedigree. But animal and human have all too often, given us hours of regret when it was all too late. To correct this thing where shall we begin? With the animal, or the human family?

MRS. E. R. PIERCE.

From Mrs. Libby M. Thomas, The May number of the CAT JOURNAL received. To say am delighted but feebly expresses my enjoyment over the content

If Puss is shedding her plumage, brush often to move the dead hair. By so doing you may prevent serious trouble by your pet becoming clogged internally with hair.



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.

Entered at the Palmyra, N. Y., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

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THE CAT JOURNAL.

Palmyra, N. Y.

### GET THE BOY A GUN.

Do not neglect this important thing, by all means get him a gun. If he is so young he can not hold a big gun get him a little one. Explain to him that you want him to be manly and therefore you have bought him a little gun and that just as soon as he gets so he can use that to advantage you will get him one that is larger and better. Tell him as soon as he is large enough to hold it, you will get him a Flobert rifle. You will find this a great incentive for him to hurry up and grow. Keep your word. He may be born with some heart in him and perhaps does not like to take life but teach him that he must not be a "Sissy," and must be manly. As soon as he gets the Flobert rifle, he then commences to feel the pangs of manhood gnawing in his little foolish breast. Show him how to aim it and tell him what a nuisance the sparrows are and offer him a cent each for all he will kill. Explain to him that if in shooting a sparrow he breaks a wing or leg that he can take a stone or club and beat the life out of it, in that way earn his penny, or if it is maimed so it cannot fly it will be all right to let it die all by itself as it will not take over a day or so and even if it suffers it is only a sparrow anyway. While it may hurt his feelings a little to kill the first bird and he may possibly cry, tell him that "men do not cry" and he "must not be a baby but a nice little man."

After he has become expert and hardened so that he can kill a little bird without trouble teach him to pop over the stray cats and kittens. Tell him that it will be a good thing if they are all killed and out of the way. Impress on his mind that a cat has nine lives and that if he has to put seventeen bullets into the cat for each life it is good practice. Especially teach him to kill those homeless cats that cry at the back door because they are hungry. If he shows any desire to take them in and feed them repress such feeling at once as you would not for the world have him effeminate.

After he is old enough to wear long pants he is old enough to take with you on your hunting trips. Show him how to kill a deer. He must be brave and not hesitate to cut its throat if the bullet does not kill. If the bullet kills he must cut it to allow the blood to flow and a few minutes more or less makes no difference. He might as well learn to cut throats now as any other time. After a few lessons like this he is about ready to be a "true sportsman," he can then go on killing trips on his own account. He can go out and kill a lot of things and talk about "sport" just like Pa.

By this time he should be in a suitable frame of mind so that you could commence giving him lessons in examining the brain of a dog or cat while it is yet alive. Show him how the organs of speech can be taken out of an animal or the muscles cut so they can make no noise and you can cut them all in little pieces and you would never know by their cries but what they were having a lovely time and it was a great privilege for them to aid science in this manner. Tell him that while this manner of treating a dog or cat takes all the refining instincts out of a person, and that it is debasing and brutal to do it, it is done by some beasts who walk on their hind legs and call themselves men. I tell you brethren that some most awful things are done in the name of sports and science.

If he has any foolish ideas in his head that life is God given, and that it is both debasing and cruel to unnecessarily take it even from a harmless bug, a few lessons of the sort boys usually receive from their fathers will fill their heads with other thoughts.

By doing all you can to discourage in the boy any ideas he might have that would make him kind and humane to animals, you can by patient and persistent effort teach him to be a heartless beast. Man is the only creature in the world that is inhuman, cruel and bloodthirsty from love of it.

In this connection we wish to print an extract from the Westminster Review entitled "Sport," from Lady Florence Dixie:

"Sport is horrible. I say it advisedly. I speak with the matured experience of one who has seen and taken part in sport of many and varied kinds in many and varied parts of the world. I can handle gun and rifle as well and efficiently as most 'sporting folk,' and few women and not many men have indulged in a tithe of the shooting and hunting in which I have been engaged both at home and during travels and expeditions in far-away lands. It is not, therefore, as a novice that I take up my pen to record why I, whom some have called a 'female Nimrod,' have come to regard with absolute loathing and detestation any sort or kind or form of sport, which in any way is produced by the suffering of animals.

"Many a keen sportsman, searching his heart, will acknowledge that at times a feeling of self-reproach has shot through him as he stood by the dying victim of his skill. I know that it has confronted me many and many a time. I have bent over my fallen game, the result of, alas! too good a shot. I have seen the beautiful eye of deer and its different kind glaze and



grow dim as the bright life my shot had arrested in its happy course sped onward into the unknown: I have ended with the sharp, yet merciful knife, the dying sufferings of poor beasts who have never harmed me, yet whom I laid low under the veil of sport.

"I have seen the terror-stricken orb of the red deer, dark, full of tears, glaring at me with mute reproach, as it sobbed its life away, and that same look have I seen in the glorious orb of the guanaco of Patagonia; the timid gazelle, the graceful and beautiful koodoo, springbok, etc., of South Africa, seemingly, as it were, reproaching me for thus lightly taking the life I could never bring back. So, too, I have witnessed the angry, defiant glare of the wild beast's fading sight, as death, fast coming, deprived him of the power to wreak his vengeance on the human aggressor before him. And I say this: The memory of these scenes brings no pleasure to my mind. On the contrary, it haunts me with a huge reproach, and I wish I had never done those deeds of skill and cruelty."

### CAT CLUBS.

While there have been many Cat Clubs started in the past three years, so far, but one of them has issued a Stud Book. The Beresford Cat Club of Chicago, after many disappointments and indefatigable work on the part of its president, Mrs. Clinton Locke, of 2,528 Indiana Ave., Chicago, issued a book, last year. This book met with immediate favor and received many notices both in this country and Europe. For a first book it made a very creditable showing. To be a first class cat now, one must be registered and there is only the one book in which this may be done. The Club is now about ready to issue its second volume and the increase of registrations over those of last year, has been most encouraging to its promoters. In order to be represented in this book this year the registrations must be sent at once to Miss Lucy Johnston, 5,323 Madison Ave, Chicago, Ill. A fee of one dollar for each registration.

### TALK TO YOUR ANIMALS.

It is not necessary to tell a cat owner that a cat possesses a grade of intelligence above mere instinct. If you do not believe this try some time to convince the owner of a fine, bright cat that his animal does not know more than some grades of human beings. We believe that a large part of this intelligence in the pets is due to the fact that the cats are talked to and treated like a being of some sense. Get in the habit of telling your cat about things, you will find at least a good listener. Occasionally she will give a little answering cry to let you know that she is in sympathy with what you are saying. She is not able to tell you all she has in her mind which is a great pity, but she knows that she at least is comprehending much more than perhaps you give her credit for. It is not much of a cat that will not in a very short time learn to tell the difference between blame and praise by the language and it is not necessary to go at them with a club to make them understand it.

Salvo, in *Our Cats*, London, England, says: "Experience has taught me that the mortality in kittens from worms is greatest between six weeks and three months. To give kittens a powder which does no harm to quite small babies, is not a purgative but dissolves any worms present, otherwise it passes out of the system with beneficial rather than harmful results. Only a few days ago I was sent for in haste to a litter of kittens two months' old, very delicate and brought up by hand.

The poor little things were nearly dead with worms, but in two days' time, after a few doses of worm medicine, they were playing about perfectly recovered.

I am writing in the interests of hundreds of kittens who annually die, but who in all probability would live to grow up if only the worms were gotten rid of before they had caused perforation of the intestines, after which no skill can save them. I always give my own kittens these powders occasionally as soon as they begin to eat, and since I began the practice I have never lost a single kitten from worms, though before that I should be sorry to give all my experiences."

Do not worry over the cat's becoming thin at this time of year. Why should she not? If a long-haired cat, she has lost three inches of hair on each side of her and that has reduced her size six inches. Then the hot weather is very depressing on the long-haired cats as well as all others and they are using up vitality instead of making it. Do not try to stuff them all the time and do not worry over their lack of appetite. You do not relish your own food quite as well as you do in the winter. Be patient over lack of fatness and use up your energy, not in worry over lack of fat, but in hunting fleas. That will make you forget your debts and other troubles.

We have received from Chicago quite a lengthy unsigned article about a cat called Trilby. We would like to use this article but make it a rule not to print anything without we know from whom they are from. We do not print the author's name if they prefer not but we should know it.

### SPECIAL OFFER.

Many of our subscribers wish to send THE CAT JOURNAL to friends for a short time. To make it a little easier for those who wish to do this, we will send our publication to any five names you may send us for three months for \$1.00.

### A BUSY WINTER

Is before cat breeders. There will be many shows: some large and some small, all interesting. Every owner of a cat should try to get to at least one show with their best stock.

I now own a magnificent orange gelding with snowy paws and little shirt front of the purest white. He is really a wonderful creature both in beauty and sagacity. He has the most fascinating way of opening doors by inserting his paws and pressing till it opens. Then he will walk into the centre of the room as though he were "monarch of all he surveyed", and sit down, lifting his head high, waiting for the caress he almost always gets. If you do not notice him he will come and sit directly in front of your chair for several minutes, when, if you are still obdurate, he will walk away in offended dignity, and curl up in his big chair. When he wants to go out of doors, he will stand on his hind legs and rattle the key or door knob, and he always jumps onto the window ledge when he wants to come in.

Whenever I take my bath, he insists on being in the room. He will sit on the marble basin while the water is being drawn into the tub, and then in spite of the porcelain edge which is rounding and slippery, he will walk round and round playing with me. I have even known him to dip his paws in the water trying to play with the chain in the tub. One day he fell in, but only shook himself well and lay on the register awhile to get dry.

We call him Shaggy as his coat is a fingers length all over, and he looks like a great shaggy yellow dog. His favorite pastime is riding round the house or yard on my shoulder. Even at the table, where he has his own chair and is supposed to sit quietly, he sometimes forgets and jumps on my shoulder. I call him my handsomest cat.

Do not commence to dose the cat with a lot of drugs as soon as it shows a little sickness. Generally the drugs are worse than the disease and much more liable to kill.

It is not at all unusual for cross dogs to form strong attachments for little kittens.

Mrs. Martling sends us the following report: The first annual meeting of the Pacific Cat Club took place on July 3d and was largely attended. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Clarence Martling; vice president, Miss Maude Smith; treasurer, Mrs. C. Hildebrand; recording secretary, Mrs. Wm. C. Morrow; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Wm. A. Deane; directors, Mrs. Allan Abbott, Mrs. A. H. Brod and Mrs. A. H. Hoag. The treasurer's first financial report was gratifying, showing as it does, cash receipts of \$252.60 and a net cash balance on hand of \$103.81, over 40 per cent. of the total receipts not including membership fees now due for 1901. The Club is wholly charitable in its object and all monies over actual running expenses are turned into the Refuge Fund. There is no indebtedness. Two successful exhibitions have been given during the past year and plans are being formulated for a bench show next season. At the last meeting it was decided to have each third meeting a social one and serve luncheon.

Cats transmit their faults as well as their good traits to their posterity.

From Mrs. Otilie Borris. Let me tell you how more than delighted I am to have the CAT JOURNAL and how I rejoice to see it

prosper. For lovers of cat the value of it is without limit. It brings the hearts of those at a distance together.

Mrs. W. J. Sweet says: You are doing wonders with THE CAT JOURNAL. One person who was looking through my copy said: "You get the worth of your 8 1-2 cents per copy in the pictures, and so we do, all the rest is thrown in."

Do not give the kitten any treatment that you would not like to receive yourself if you were dependent upon others for your care.

Sometimes the most inferior looking kitten in the litter makes the handsomest and best cat.



SHAGGY. (ORANGE AND WHITE).

Owned by Thos. W. Lawson, Boston, Mass. Bred by Mrs. Mabery.  
See Cat Anecdotes No. 3.



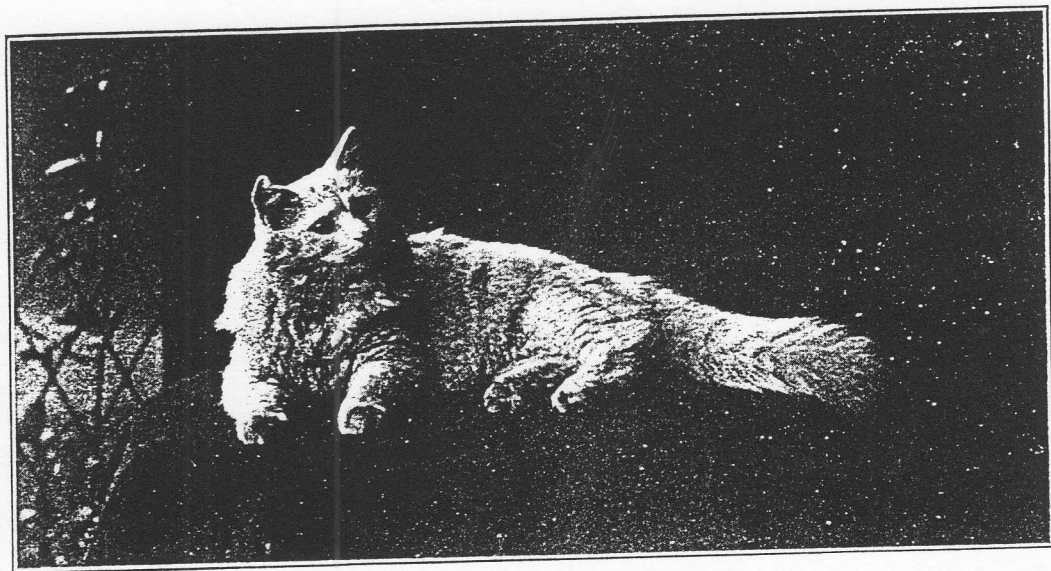
## FROM MRS. WAGNER.

I am sorry to say that the dread disease that has been so prevalent throughout the country, destroyed all my spring kittens. I did all in my power to save them, even to the detriment of my own health. I would like through the columns of our paper to apologize to my patrons who have waited so long for me to fulfil my promises of letting them have kittens when they were old enough to ship. Alas, poor little mites, they fought bravely for life but before that time arrived they had gone—let us hope—to keep company with other little angel cats who were too sweet and precious for our cruel world, a world where such as they meet with scanty kindness from the fiendish giants of people, as those who are kind to them are fearfully in the minority. I did not begin a dissertation on the possible future abode of man or beast, and speaking of beasts and the definition, I often wonder if we have not made a deplorable mistake in applying

until it is impossible for them to chew their food hence arises much indigestion from bolting their food besides other troubles arising from decayed meat remaining between the teeth. They are also troubled with tooth ache, I have no doubt, as very often under this tartar there are spots of decay. Of course we cannot have the teeth filled but this trouble can be obviated, by using a dental instrument, such as is used to remove the same from human teeth. I have to-day gone through my family and performed the operation wherever it was necessary. They usually hold very still to have the operation.

Perhaps your space is too valuable to print all I have written. My object is to do a little good to those who have not had such sorrowful experience as I have in the ten years I have reared and loved and lost these beautiful creatures.

I am very much of your opinion of the person who poisoned Mrs. Brown's cats and I fully endorse all the



## DID YOU SAY DINNER?

A beautiful cat belonging to Mrs. A. L. Lowry, Philadelphia, Pa.

it to quadrupeds instead of bipeds, I mean of the human species.

Just as I am writing, my mother, Mrs. King, phones me that her beautiful yellow Queen has just been found dead. She had something like a sun stroke a few days ago and has been ailing ever since. Her name was Miss Buff, and she was registered and pedigreed with a long line of aristocratic ancestors. My mother is almost heart broken as she was one of her favorites and the oldest of her Angora cats. The autopsy showed she died of fatty degeneration. A warning to those who over feed, although there are others who do not feed enough.

I would like to say a few words about the teeth of grown cats. If you notice they will often drool with the tongue lolling out of the mouth. If one will take the trouble to examine the teeth, in almost all cases, it will be found the molars are incrustated with tartar

JOURNAL said and more, for I say, if there is a place called Hell (I mean no profanity in using the word for surely the Bible says that it is the Devil's place abode) there is no place in it quite hot enough, no Spanish dungeon of torture, quite severe enough for this murderer who I suppose calls himself or herself civilized. If you print this latter remarks please sign my name in full.—Mrs. Mira K. Wagner, 12 Columbus Ave., Sandusky, Ohio.

From Mrs. Fred Everett Smith. The last number of the JOURNAL is splendid. Mrs. Barker's articles are just what all young beginners need and we can all profit by the experience of others.

From Miss Virginia Pope. THE CAT JOURNAL is so to grow and be more popular. We have been in need of it for a long time. I am surprised that there has not been more literature on the cat.

# PURRS and SCRATCHES

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 15th.

Mrs. Carl Schmidt, of Detroit, has Peter the Great with her at her summer house at Goose Point.

Mrs. Mabery is negotiating for a pair of creams from the noted Romalldkirk Cattery, in England.

Mrs. Leland Norton, of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Wagner, of Sandusky, will visit the Pan-American, about October 18th.

Peacock Sisters have sold Courine, a beautiful little white, a daughter of their Roscoe and Flossie Gwinne, to Miss Nellie Wilson, of Indiana.

We are sorry to be obliged to record the death of the beautiful little Amytis, shown in the August number of THE JOURNAL. The kitten was from Mrs. Bond's famous stock.

Mrs. W. D. Carey has sold her blue eyed white, with perfect hearing, to Miss Nellie Wilson, of Indiana. She has also sold one of her kittens to Mrs. H. Lane, to be taken to Mexico.

Mrs. Edington, of Kansas, has recently bought Lady Madelade, a handsome white Angora kitten with blue eyes, a daughter of Roscoe and Nixoline, of Peacock Sisters, of Topeka, Kas.

It takes a lot of purrs and a heap of scratches to make up this department this time of year. Most of our subscribers are ladies and they are taking their vacations and have no items of news for us.

We learn that Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Pierce are about to take up their residence in Cincinnati. Mrs. Pierce has disposed of most of her cats on this account. She will probably buy more. Mrs. Borris says, "the cat habit is like the opium habit," hard to cure.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Cutler, Jr., of Detroit, are travelling abroad and will spend some of the early autumn days in England with their heart set upon seeing, by the way, some of the fine cats talked about, and will bring over something fine no doubt, as they are fanciers for love's sweet sake.

Mrs. Julia Copperburg has lately added to her stock of cats the solid cream, Petronius, which she purchased of Mrs. E. R. Pierce, of Detroit. It has the reputation of being a very fine cat. He will probably show up in good form and take his share of the prizes at the shows this winter. He is registered in the B. C. C. S. B., No. 318.

The following joined the Beresford Cat Club during July: Miss Celia M. Briggs, of Ill.; Mrs. H. H.

Warden, of Mass.; Mrs. Luella Hodges, of Penn.; Mr. B. H. Stratton, of Ind.; Miss Lillian Moeran, of New York; Miss M. S. Bontecon, of Mich.; Mrs. G. B. Brayton, of Mass.; Miss A. T. Lincoln, of Mass.; Mrs. Knox Bacon, of Minn.

The following registrations were received during July, for the Beresford Stud Book: Mrs. Warden's tortoiseshell and white queen, "Noona." Miss Edytha Gregg's orange and white neuter, "Zanoni." Mrs. Hodges' white queen, "Nini." Mrs. M. B. Thurston's pale silver tabby, "Ladylocks," black queen, "Witch," smoke male, "Mark Antony," light silver queen, "Minuet," and light silver male, "The Troubadore." Miss Lucy Nichols' two white queens, "Wendellita" and "Xantippe." Mrs. J. S. Owen's chinchilla male, "Lambkin." Mrs. J. S. Owen and Miss Ella E. Ives' tortoiseshell queen, "Joan."

## THE MUTUAL EXCHANGE

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.

### READ THIS

Before writing to Mrs. Barker. Do not send any letter to her requiring any answer without sending at least 10 cents in stamps. If you send a letter which requires an answer in regard to any advice in regard to treatment send 50 cents. Many have imposed on her good nature. She is not in very good health and it is a great drag on both her time and pocket book to receive five to twenty letters in a day requiring an answer with even stamps enclosed. We do not believe that our friends intend to impose on her and think that it is done thoughtlessly but it is not kind to ask her to give you information and pay her own expenses at the same time.

Mrs. Effie M. Frame. Cat infested with lice. How to rid a pet cat of what seem to be lice. The cat appears half sick, has but little appetite, discharges from the mouth and nose? Answer: The cat in wandering has undoubtedly picked up lice in an infested fowl house. Treat several times with Persian Insect Powder, leaving the cat in a wire covered box in the open air for one hour before brushing out the powder. Persian powder will kill the lice. Or sponge the skin with the vermin destroying mixture I gave in last month's Journal. Remember that the eggs may not be impaired, and the subsequent hatchings must be looked to. Burn the bedding in the shipping boxes and if possible fumigate with a sulphur candle the room, or outhouse, where the nights have been



passed. For the animal's impoverished condition, resulting from the depredations of these pests, give homeopathic Cina, two pellets, four times each day, for a fortnight, and feed well.

Mrs. W. C. Johnson. Feeding. The remedy for bruises, vermin, etc. Mrs. Johnson does not say how her Eucalyptus is applied. Whether a cerate, extract in solution, and what strength. Also, condition powder is dangerously vague for the inexperienced, as there are many prescriptions of this name, for horse, cattle, dogs and poultry, embracing all degrees of good and bad qualities. Tobacco water I have tried most successfully on fowls, but personally I should hesitate to resort to this remedy in case of delicate Persians.

Miss Nannie McCredy. Convulsions, hair balls, etc. It would be impossible to be sure of the cause of Plato's death, without a proper autopsy. A fit of that fatal sort usually points to a disease of the nervous center, spine or brain, though it might have been worms. In case of one of your remaining pets disturbing you with like symptoms, give every few moments two pellets of Homeopathic Nux. This acts upon the stomach and spinal system. Sweet Oil, is most efficacious given several times during the shedding season, or for constipation, a spoonful for a kitten; a dessert spoon for an adult cat. The queer looking things that appear like thin sausages—which your cats throw up—are accumulations of fur, and you should feel decidedly happy to get rid of it in that most natural manner. I should advise a course of worm medicine for your remaining cats.

Miss Helen L. Smith. On Breeding. "I have been very successful in keeping my cats in health. The only trouble I have is with worms and not even that very often. Have never had distemper, mange, sore eyes, pneumonia, or even colds, and have kept from twenty to fifty cats for more than two years. Is not that a good record? It may be of interest to other fanciers to know how I feed my pussies: I give boiled milk warm in the morning, all they want. At night cooked meat, beef, mutton, or veal, with liver once a week. This is chopped and mixed with crackers. They have only two meals a day, but all they want at a feed. Nursing queens and kittens under six months are fed milk, with bread, or eggs, at noon. The cats are turned out every day in a nice yard where they have all the grass they want. Even in winter I turn them out in a covered yard with south and west exposure, and a finer lot of cats you never saw. Fresh water is always where they can get at it. In winter they are put in boxes at night in a room warmed from the kitchen, as I do not believe in much heat for them.

Mrs. F. Shoenfield. Cure for dysentery. "I have found a remedy which never fails to check this, one dose is all that is necessary. The name of the

medicine is No. 99, manufactured by C. E. Schultz and sells for 25 cents a bottle. This disease is often dangerous to stop too abruptly, so that even a good remedy should be used with extreme caution.

Mrs. Otilie Borris agrees with me, in considering the heaviest coated kittens the most difficult to rear. Also asks about giving Mercurius. My remedies are all Homeopathic and I give two or five pellets in severe cases every hour or two, but less often as improvement sets in. Remember you can not bring up cats or kittens on any prepared food. Many of them as accessories, are excellent, mixed generously with meat. Prepared foods make a most nourishing and palatable breakfast; but cats fed wholly upon prepared foods are flabby, inert and often dysenteric; while the kittens, "just dee." Some meat is needed.

Miss Winifred Johnson. On Grippe. This dread disease which Miss Johnson describes so clearly is the too well known catarrhal fever; which, from time to time, visits a country, or even an entire continent, and sweeps the cats in its course oftentimes nearly to extinction. We have accounts of its ravages back in the middle ages. It is not so fatal to the well cared for animals, and Mercurius is its almost certain specific, together with good food; intelligent nursing day and night; with nourishments administered, once each half hour, with a medicine dropper, or spoon, until the little patient can feed itself. It is not that it will not eat, but that it cannot. The throat and nasal passages being filled up, with the soreness attending. Elevate the dish as much as possible, for it is in bending the head that is impossible. There is no occasion to lose one's pets, if all this care is observed. I have forty prone with it at once, and did not lose one; though all the kittens which came afterwards vanished painfully in the "hereafter," from the very threshold of the "here." In regard to Miss Johnson's objections to raw meat in summer, I cannot agree with her in the least. A mother cat, domestic or wild, goes out to hunt live game for her altogether precious nestlings; as soon as they are able to trust their lively little legs across the floor. After experiments extending over many years, my own and those of numberless fanciers of discernment, I do not hesitate to put it down as a rule; that raw meat must be the chief food for all felines, especially those with heavy coats to grow. The Creator has given to the cat wholly flesh cutting teeth, and we cannot hope to improve upon nature.

Mrs. McCord. Skin affections. Fleas, and Summer Coat. Kittens have a yellow scale on the skin, which scratched off leaves a raw surface, fiery red, otherwise they are fat and hearty; troubled and tormented, however by fleas. This seems to be a case of malnutrition. I should like to know how old the kits are, and to have some history of the mother; whether she is strong and well and what she has been fed upon.

She would require plenty of meat, raw or cooked, three times a day at least, while nursing, and extra meals of well prepared Baby Food. Milk warm from the cow, be careful of city milk. Eggs, custards, milks, puddings, etc., with grass whenever she wants it. Feed the kits raw meat once a day, prepared Baby Food—Robinson's Patent Barley I use—eggs, custards, such as we would give to a very young child, would be useful in building up strength. Give Homeopathic Arsenicum, or Sulphur, two pellets four times a day. Mrs. Bond of the Menelek Cattery has been most successful with Pennyroyal as a remedy for fleas, indeed it seems like a valuable discovery; while the most of us knew the plant, was an insecticide we have not been moved to try its virtues which are worth proving, in all its degrees. I should think oiling the kittens less trying than washing, which is best not to do unless one is forced to. Use good sweet oil. Then put the pennyroyal in the nest, watching that the fumes do not overcome the kittens, as well as the fleas; gradually put in as much as will be borne. Wash the box often with kerosene, leave that to air and have a fresh one. These are Mrs. Mix' preventive measures. Nearly all long-haired cats completely lose their coats in the Spring and Summer. The altered males being partly exempt. It is a good thing for both cat and mistress, if the means to rid themselves of the swallowed hair can be indulged in, viz: brushing, pulling hair from the cat, and occasional doses of sweet oil. Your cat's coat will most surely come in when it is time, and she has the conditions of health, and sanitation surrounding her.

Mrs. Florence M. Burpee. Skin Diseases, Remedies, Hair Ball, Cat Clubs, etc. I think Arsenicum (Homeopathic 6 dilution) given once a day for a month, two pellets at a dose, will rid your cat of all scaly eruption. Do not use Psorinum, without the advise of a clever professional. I have recently talked it over with my family physician, and find to my dismay, that it is made of a contagious irruption itself; and if one has made a mistake in the diagnosis, and has given it when it is not called for, the very disease itself might be implanted in the system when not previously present. If Mrs. Burpee will read the letters upon abscesses in several of the back JOURNALS she will, I think be very much interested. I do not at all like Iodine for a tumor but would prefer treating it from the inside, where it undoubtedly starts. If one could only publish an article telling the owners of cats, not only the remedies for diseases, but how we can tell the kind of disease" all cat lovers would be as ecstatically happy as pussy herself in perennial vigor; but unhappily the cat's anatomy is not so dissimilar from our own, but that she is heir to almost as many complications, abnormalities, and diseases, as her human relations. Hepar Sulphur is a valuable Homeopathic remedy for certain constitutional affections, bad eyes, catarrhal tendencies, rattling coughs, boils, abscesses, felons, etc. (Hepar Sulphur is

Sulphuret of Lime) Unless you think there still remain other accumulations of hair in the cat's interior, it is not necessary to give medicine; if in doubt give a dose of sweet oil once a day or oftener. I do not know of any cat club in Philadelphia. If you will write to Mrs. Clinton Locke, 2825 Indiana Ave., Chicago, she would, I feel sure, be very glad to secure a new member for the Beresford club who is such a sincere cat lover, and intelligent mistress, as Mrs. Burpee's letter proves her to be.

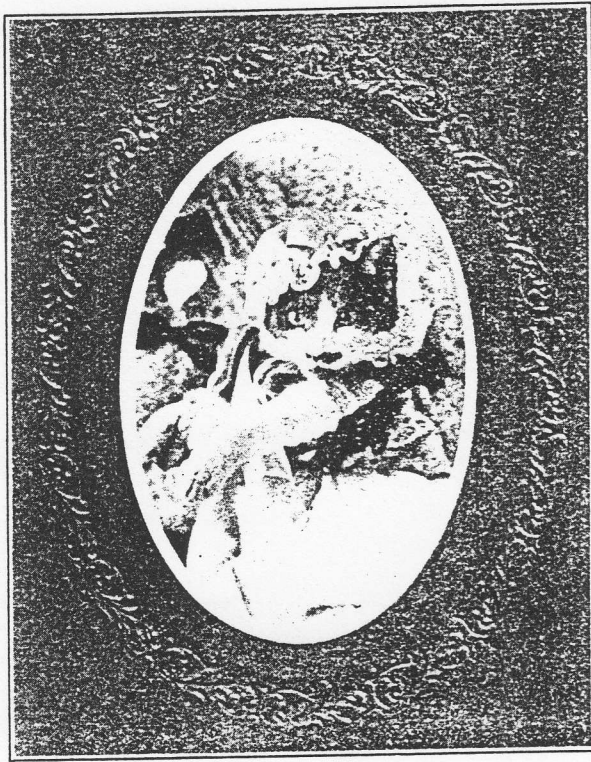
Mrs. R. E. Burr. Convulsions, Worms, Giving Homeo-Medicines, Abscesses and Ear Canker. For convulsions caused by worms, give two pellets of Homeopathic Nux Vomica every few moments. Or dissolve in a wine glass of water and give a few drops with a spoon, often, until she is better. Holding chloroform, or camphor, to the nose while in the spasm will often help, or two or three drops of Amyl Nitrite on a cloth, and let patient inhale this last, it is wonderfully sure to relieve at once; remember too much is fatal. Then give the cat Homeopathic Cina three times a day for a month. Never give mother tincture to your cats, please. One drop of Nux, should be put into a quart of water, and then would not be too much diluted. No wonder puss objected to so drastic a measure. Give the old fellow Hepar Sulphur twice a day for two months, follow then with Silicea once a day for a week. If your Pharmacists do not keep the remedies, I will be glad to send them to you with a medicine dropper. Inject several drops of Peroxide of Hydrogen in each ear. It will boil up directly, and the mucus and deposit will come to the surface, to be easily wiped off with a soft cloth. Do this cleaning gradually, each day the ear will improve and in a short time appear perfectly clean. Discontinue the local application, using them only when the ear seems to need it. This remedy which I suggest will rid the system of the predisposition to abscess, skin diseases, and ear canker. I should be glad to hear from you from time to time. You will need patience for the trouble is constitutional, and requires time.

### SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

The wail comes gloomily up to me from the North, East, South and West. My friends and fanciers, can we not put our heads and hearts together, and love and raise the kittens, instead of letting them go out in lingering painful deaths? Give them the care you would give human babies. Don't have so many, think of twenty babies when you don't know how to feed and care for one. Of course they are sore-eyed and messy, and spindly instead of being little "fire works," too full of ecstasy to keep still. In most cases the diseases originate in the larger catteries, the cats poison each other. No animals, especially carnivorous animals, were made to be kept in cages the year round, i. e. if you want to rear generations of



healthy offsprings from them. Cleanliness, liberty and fresh air, and fresh ground, are necessary to cats as to human beings. Cats may succeed for a time in confinement, but each generation will grow weaker and more diseased; if not allowed to exercise, and use their muscles, and keep themselves healthy.



BABE.

Belonging to Miss Winifred E. Johnson, Newark, N. Y.

### BABE.

BY MISS WINIFRED E. JOHNSON.

When in the house my Babe would come  
To find out his how mistress fares,  
He never mews about the door,  
But simply rings the bells he wears;  
Each day he to a mirror walks  
And takes a long and close survey,  
Viewing the toilet he has made;  
Then, satisfied, he turns away.  
When on his head his cap is tied  
He purrs with full crescent swell,  
And lifts to mine his roguish eyes  
As if to ask, "Don't I look well?"  
And he is never rough in play,  
But gentle as a cat can be;  
His paws, though mischief's instruments,  
Have never had a scratch for me.  
Friends, what is home without a cat?  
Few treasures yield us more delight,  
And little Babe is valued more  
Than heaps of gold or jewels bright;  
And he is dearer since the grip  
Has come three times to take from me  
My pet; but I have saved his life  
With sulphur, milk and catnip tea.

### CUPID AND THE CAT.

He lives in Evanston, and during the past two years has been paying his addresses to one of the most charming girls on the north side. Their engagement was announced almost a year ago.

Several weeks ago, while they were walking home from church, Sunday, they ran across a cat that was

wailing piteously on a doorstep. "Do you hear that, Jim?" she exclaimed, grasping his arm with a closer grip. "There's something the matter with that poor little pussy. I'm going to see what ails it."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "Let's go on; the cat will take care of itself."

"No; let's see what is the trouble."

Without more ado the young woman ran up to the cat and was horrified to find that the animal had been run over by a wagon, as its spine was dislocated and it was barely able to crawl by dragging its hind legs.

"She's done for, sure enough," commented the Evanstonian. "She won't last long. Come on, now."

The girl suddenly straightened up to her full height. "Do you mean to say that you would leave any animal to suffer like this? There is a drug store on the next corner. Run over there and buy an ounce of chloroform. Hurry, now, there's a dear."

"Nonsense! You don't suppose I'm going into the business of doctoring sick cats on the streets do, you? Be sensible."

"And you don't suppose I'm going to let this cat suffer here, do you? Go and bring me a bottle of chloroform, instantly."

"I won't do it."

"But I insist."

"You certainly can't be in earnest?"

"I certainly am. If you don't do it I will go after it myself."

"You want to make me appear ridiculous?"

"Hurry up, dear!"

For a moment the young man did not stir. The blood rushed to his face, and he began to grow angry. "See here!" he exclaimed. "This is carrying matters entirely too far. I will permit no woman to make a fool of me like this. I'll get your chloroform if you really insist, but I warn you—I will never have anything to do with you again. Mark that!"

"Get the chloroform."

"If I do, everything is over between us."

"All right; bring it."

Two minutes later a fine lace handkerchief saturated with the anæsthetic was applied by a fair, white hand to the nose of the suffering brute, and the wailing ceased.—*Chicago Mail*.

### WITHIN A TEMPLE FAIR.

BY MISS MATTIE REINHARDT.

Within a temple fair,

Upon a marble stair,

On mystic Egypt's sacred shore,

—(Guardian slaves crouched on the floor)—

A maiden, trembling, stood;

Before her, purring, sat,

A black and wise-eyed cat.

Within a temple fair

Loud curses filled the air,—

Shielded soldiers, rushing in,

Headed by barbaric king.

As hostage claimed the maid,

When lo! the black and wise-eyed cat

Glided between them on the mat.

"Black slaves," the king then cried;

"The maid shall be my bride;"

And bending low before the sacred cat

He placed his crown before her on the mat.

The maiden haply smiled,

While near-by, purring sat

The black and wise-eyed cat.

## CATS AND KITTENS FOR SALE.

Pedigreed, registered Angoras. One white male kitten \$15.00. Peacock Sisters, 517 West Eighth Ave. Topeka, Kansas.

Beautiful Golden Persian kittens 6 months old. Sire the noted Prize Winner Persimons, belonging to Frances Simpson of London. Males or gelded. Write, Ehrenburg, 594 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Blue Persian Females, and one Prize Winning Stud. Mrs. Barnett of 125 Bristol St., Birmingham, England, wishes to reduce her stock. Intended purchasers would do well to send for a list of those on offer, Moko, Sen Sen strain and other valuable specimens.

Abyssinian Male, Emperor III, L. C. C. S. B., No. 420. Or will exchange for solid white or solid Black Male. Address Kaighn Cat Kennels Newport, Ky.

Solid Black kittens, six to ten weeks old. Sire the beautiful "Lord Byron." Have other colors also. All are from pedigreed and registered stock. Mrs. F. A. Loomis, 822 Merchant St., Emporia, Kansas, Sunflower Kennels.

Imported black queen, 2½ years, cobby, with handsome broad head. Large, solid blue queen, fine quality coat, large eyes, 2½ years. Both are good mothers. White queen, yellow eyes, finest pedigree, 2 years never bred. All at very reasonable prices, as room is needed. Smoke kittens 4 months, by Lord Argent, blue, 3½ months by Ch. The Beadle, blue eyed and yellow eyed, white two months, by Paris. Mrs. C. E. S. Blinn, Elgin, Ills.

Gen. Jackson, No. 88, C. C. C., one year old. Brown and fawn Tabby. Great pet. Price \$15.00. Photo and sample of hair for stamp. Edith Neek, Urbana, N. Y.

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 Kenka 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, 646 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. Buringer, 11 Erie Ave., Hornellsville, N. Y.

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July 18th, at Kaighn Cat Kennels, Newport, Ky., to my Lady Two Eyes, Three kittens by Emperor III. Two solid white, one black with white toes and breast.

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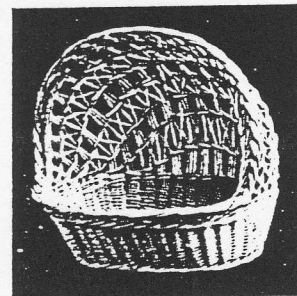
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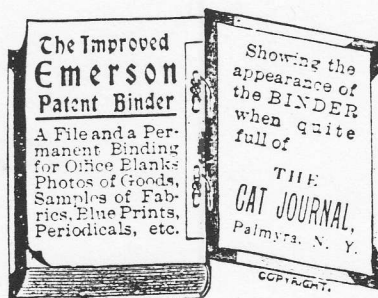
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