

PRICE 10c.

JUNE, 1901.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

# THE CAT JOURNAL

Devoted  
Entirely  
to  
CATS

PROFUSELY  
ILLUSTRATED

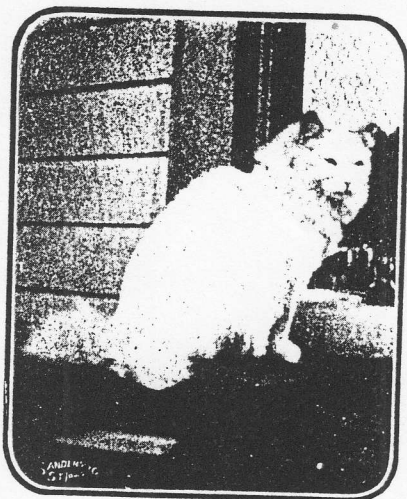


EIGER.

Pure White. Imported with Mother. Owned by Mrs. Josiah Cratty, Oak Park, Ill.

A Magazine for Cat Lovers

**Ozark Cattery,**  
535 Quapaw Ave.,  
HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.  
Only Strictly Thoroughbred Strains Handled.  
All Statements and Stock Guaranteed as Represented  
WE SHIP ON APPROVAL.



**MAJOR BOOTS.**

Pure White, with beautiful deep blue eyes, sired by Lord Gwynne, (Blue Eyes) Imported, dam, Lady Mordice, (Blue Eyes) Imported. This is a young cat in the stud and will most certainly be heard of. He is perfection in shape, large head, small ears; stands low on his legs; beautiful coat and magnificent brush. He has never been shown; we predict great things from him in the show pen, as well as at Stud. Fee \$10. Express paid one way on Queens from a distance.

**OZARK SWEETHEART.** Imported.

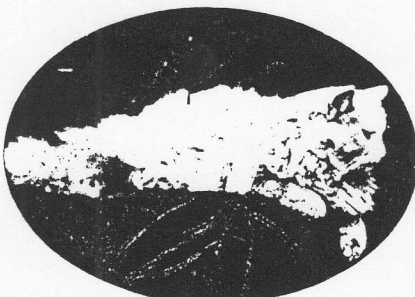
Formerly the property of Lady Marcus Beresford, of England. Third at Westminster 1899 and Third at Botanic 1900, only times shown. Sweetheart is a most magnificent shaded silver by Lady Marcus Beresford's "Silver Lustre." His head is large and round with very small ears; large eyes of the correct deep shade of Amber; shape of body perfect; stands low on his legs; beautiful coat and grand brush. Throws most wonderfully pale kittens. Fee \$10. Express paid one way on Queens from a distance.

**SUSSEX TIMKINS.** Imported.

The sensational Blue Persian, by Don Juan, 2nd, dam Sussex True Blue. This cat received First Prize, Crystal Palace, only time shown. He has a splendid head; small ears, beautiful eyes, magnificent coat and brush. Fee \$10. Express paid one way on Queens from a distance. Queens sent us from a distance will receive special attention.

**KITTENS AND NEUTERS FOR SALE ON APPROVAL.**

**OZARK CATTERY.**



"Paris" No. 188, B. C. C. S. B.  
AT STUD

**King of Brushwood.**

Pure white strain, with blue eyes. Winner of Gold Medal, 1898, Milwaukee; 1st and three specials, Chicago, 1901; Silver loving cup for Best Male in Beresford Cat Club; medal for Best White Cat Male or Female; \$5 in Gold for Best Male in Show. Sire of seven prize winners, among them four firsts, Chicago 1901. Fee \$10. Address,

**BRUSHWOOD CATTERY,**  
301 Exchange Avenue, Chicago.

**The Oasis Cattery.**  
NEWPORT, R. I.

Only Thoroughbred Stags and Queens and only Thoroughbred Kittens.

Forty-eight First Honors,  
Two Second  
One Third

ONLY CATS SHOWN.

At stud,  
Champion His Majesty, white,  
Argent Twilight, chinchilla,  
Champion King Max, black,  
Glory, dark orange.



**Menelik III.** All black Imported Persian, B. C. C. S. B., No. 240. Fee \$15 to approved queens.  
**THE KORASAN KENNELS,**  
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**MATTAKEESET KENNELS**  
DUXBURY, MASS.

**Champions:**

**Smerdis,** chinchilla, stud fee \$25.

**Victor,** orange, stud fee \$20.

**St. Tuduo,** black, stud fee \$10.

Formerly owned by Mrs. Clinton Locke.



**FOXCROFT.**

A superb blue male with fine pedigree.

Registered.  
No. 162 B. C. C. S. B. and No. 18 C. C. S. B.

Silverton Kennels,  
South Weymouth, Mass.

**Prince Rudolph, II,** No. 209, B. C. C. S. B., Orange, with white markings. Sire Prince Rudolph orange-imported, ex-Captive. Grand sire, Persian Monarch (orange). Grand-dam (orange). Fee \$10.

**Brushwood Lord Argent,** No. 127, B. C. C. S. B., Smoke-Imported. Sire, Lord Argent of England; Dam, Alissa (imported silver tabby). Winner of three firsts. Fee \$10. Address,  
**BRUSHWOOD CATTERY,**  
301 Exchange Ave., Chicago.

**NOTICE.**

Sampson and Sebastieook, belonging to Mrs. Brian Brown, 501 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., have been withdrawn from service till after October 1st, 1901.

**Robin Hood,** a very beautiful cat. Nephew of Crystal, and by good judges said to be a better cat. Shown for the first time at the late show in Rochester, N. Y. He won special for the best cat in the show. Special for best long-haired male. Special for the best tabby long-haired cat and first for the best in the brown tabby class. A magnificent fine haired cat. Fee \$10.

**CRYSTAL CATTERY, Palmyra, N. Y.**



**ROSCAL.**

Son of Champion Beadle and Roslys. Said to be the most perfect specimen of a lavender blue in America.

Has always been a prize winner wherever shown. Fee \$10.

Miss Lucy E. Nichols,  
Ben Mohr Cattery,  
Waterbury, Conn.

**KINGS.**



**Swamscott,** Winner of special prize for longest haired cat in the show at the Chicago show, January, 1900. Silver medal for the best white cat in the show at Rochester, January, 1901.

**Rex,** Pure White Stud. Son of blue-eyed Ajax.

Fee for either, \$10, with a reduction for females sent from a distance.

MRS. FRED. E. SMITH,  
189 Melrose St.,  
Chicago, Ill.

**KING**  
of the  
**SILVERS.**  
Imported.

Sire Bitterne, Silver Chieftain, grand sire Champion Lord Southampton. Very large, splendid head and coat. Winner of 2 firsts, specials and reserves at London shows. O. I. D. FORT CATTERY, Mrs. Mix, Akin, N. Y.



**Sebastieook,** Pure Cream, Cream bred, winner of four prizes B. C. C. show, 1901.

**Sampson,** White with blue eyes; by Ajax, ex-Madame Reif. To white only. Mrs. Brian Brown, 501 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Eiger,** Imported French Angora, pure white, amber eyes. Son of Jungfrau. Fee \$20.

**True Blue,** Pure white, blue eyes. Son of Lord Gwynne, grandson of Eiger. Made champion at 18 months of age. Fee \$10.

**Bartimeus,** Pure white, amber eyes, son of Lord Gwynne and grandson of Eiger. Sire of Pak-anmy, who won as the best long haired female bred by an exhibitor, a member of the Beresford Club at the late B. C. C. Show in Chicago. Address Jungfrau Cattery, Oak Park, Ill.

**Banjo,** No. 90, C. C. C. S. B., Orange with orange eyes; by Don Quixote, No. 16, C. C. C. S. B., ex. Pink Lassie. Nellie H. Wilson, 1611 Central Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

**Silverton,** (Smoke), 1st prize Boston, 1900, the only time shown. A full brother of Champion King Max, and considered one of the finest smoke studs in America. Half the usual fee to members of the B. C. C. and C. C. C. Silverton Cat Kennels, South Weymouth, Mass.

**Prince Colburn,** Fine black with perfect white marking. Decidedly Persian in build. Kittens sired by the Prince, of rare beauty, perfect shape and condition. Fee \$7.

**Lockhaven,** Pure White, Intense dark blue eyes. Fee \$7.  
**RIVERSIDE KENNELS,**  
E. Brady, Pa.

**Dr. Wurms Worm Powder.**

Imported Prescription. In use for forty years by an eminent physician.

**Guaranteed to Kill Worms In Cats and Dogs.**

Will give relief in 15 minutes after administering without any injury to the animal. Can be given to nursing kittens or puppies. No fasting or oil necessary for successful use.

For Cats, box of 10 2-grain powders, \$1.00.  
For Dogs, box of 12 5-grain and 12 2-grain powders, 1.00.  
4-oz. bottle for kennels, 5.00.

Most of the indisposition shown in cats is caused by worms. Order and have it on hand in case of need. **THE CAT JOURNAL, Palmyra, N. Y.**

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

Ten cents per Agate line each insertion—14 lines to the inch. To be circulated among people interested in cats.





# THE CAT JOURNAL

Vol. 1, No. 6.

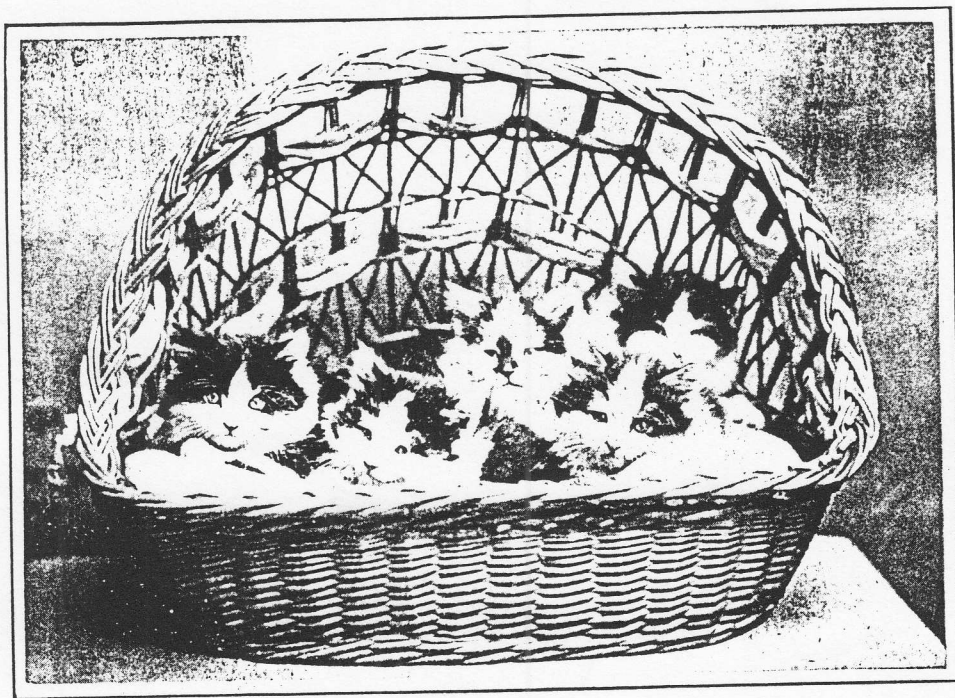
PALMYRA, N. Y., JUNE, 1901.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

## JUNGFRAU KATTERY.

There are some interesting circumstances in connection with Mrs. Cratty's first importation of cats for her cattery which has won such an enviable reputation. Mr. and Mrs. Cratty were in Germany, France and Switzerland for three months in 1891, and while at Interlaken, in the Alps, which is located within sight of the three great mountains, Jungfrau, Monch and Eiger, Mrs. Cratty ran across three beautiful kittens, the mother, and two male kittens about three weeks

the little beauties. After becoming the owner Mrs. Cratty named the cats in honor of the three mountains within the shade of which they were purchased. The mother Youngfrau, became the founder of Mrs. Cratty's cattery, and the two boys, Monch and Eiger, were her first pair of white angora beauties. Monch, who was the exact counterpart of Eiger, died some two years after coming to America. Eiger "The King of the Cattery," see front page, is still Mrs. Cratty's pride and pet. He is the sire of many beauti-



THE HAPPY FAMILY.

Photograph loaned by Dr. F. S. Sampson, Penn Yan, N. Y.

old. She at once fell in love with them, and negotiated with the owner, Madam Passman, for the purchase of them. In view of the fact that Madam Passman could not speak a word of English and they hardly a word of German and no French, you can imagine it was with some difficulty that the negotiations were carried on. Finally Mrs. Cratty succeeded in closing the deal, after considerable backing by the native Swiss, as she disliked very much to part with

ful prize winners, the father of Sweetheart, who was the mother of her blue eyed prize winning True Blue, and her amber eyed Bartimaeus, and their sister, Heartsease, who in turn is the mother of Aunt Jemima, Johnnie Bull and many other beautiful kittens.

In feeding young kittens do not stuff. About a teaspoonful once in two hours.

The beautiful neuter Persian solid brown tabby, belonging to Dr. Rome, died recently after a series of very peculiar seizures. These did not take the form of ordinary fits or convulsions nor were they epileptiform in character. Neither the doctor nor any of his colleagues have ever witnessed similar attacks, but of course this may be due to the fact that there are so few cats in the city and that the few we have are so rarely sick. "Lovey," sometimes when sitting quietly and unconcernedly in a corner, would suddenly apparently fly to the corner of the ceiling on the opposite side of the room and then make a dart into the most distant corner of the adjoining room. Needless to say, the members of the family and the doctor's other two cats clearly "saw lovey's finish" which followed a few of these aerial excursions. The autopsy revealed a large spongy tumor of the brain located at the base of the ear. The doctor attributes his loss to a necessarily indoor life and steam heat, although the cat was always a little wild. He has met a number of persons who have lost long haired cats from a similar cause so that he considers the progression from confinement in the house and ear canker, to brain fever, brain tumor and death a sure thing.

The doctor has two enormous black cats that accompany the family to their summer place on the bay, where they spend the heated term diving from a row boat for fish and hunting in the woods for small game. All the spoils are carried and laid at their mistress's feet for inspection and approval, before they are consumed.

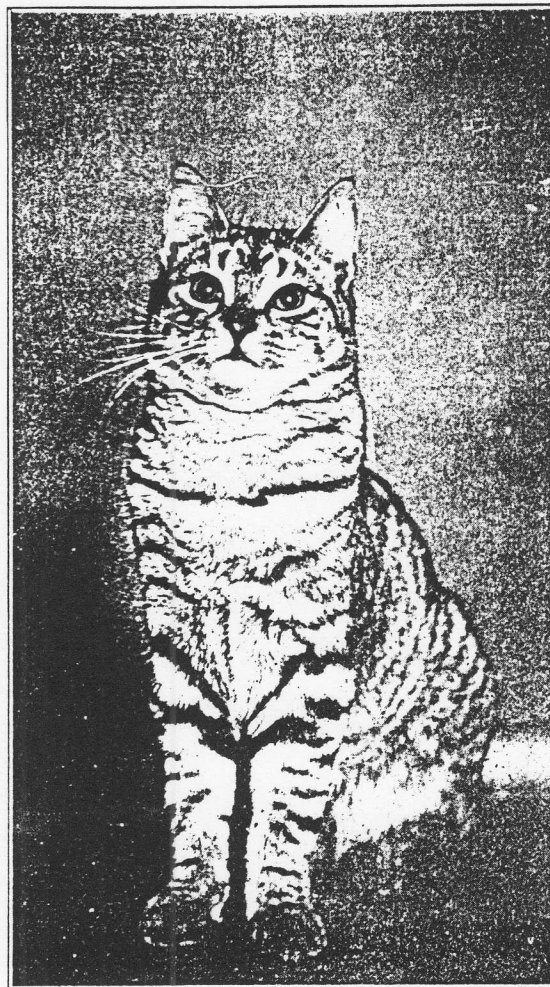
The great blue Maine Angora, which, after changing hands a number of times, finally came into the possession of Mrs. Secretary Gage, has again a new owner. Although this cat is a regular bargain counter sample of his kind and is eagerly snapped up by people who are anxious to make something more of him than he is, he will not outgrow and cannot be made to give up the bad habits of his youth. After a number of serious encounters with the "hired help" at the Secretary's, who finally rebelled in a body and

positively refused to put up with his untidy habits any longer, he was presented to a colored workman. He spends his time tied to a post considering the soft cushions that might now be his had he been a better cat.

Imagine the horror of a lady in this city who has a good many very fine imported thoroughbred Persians. Sometimes in the spring she takes a few specimens from her cattery and permits them to roam the front yard for the purpose of adding a little variety to their existences, providing them with a different order of grass and incidentally to amuse the children on their

way to school and their elders on the way to "office." One morning recently, when she was exercising her handsomest tabby, a lady came by and said: "Oh, I haven't seen any thing like that since I was at Puget Sound." Tabby stuck up her tail, put out her tongue and scampered off at the insult; while tabbie's step mamma meekly murmured, "this isn't like that." To which the traveler sweetly replied, "no, *that* was a *Coon* cat." Collapse of tabbie's step mamma and quick bundling back to the cattery of tabby.

Mrs. Allen tells a rather awkward accident that befell her pure white queen for the edification of her spring crop of kittens. It seems that the children (feeling that the kittens were but poorly provided for) tied a piece of meat to the window blind leaving it within easy reach, but not giving it to the kittens, of course, for they had been told not to feed them. Then Mrs. White Cat came along and said: "Why how nice of the little dears to put this fine juicy piece of steak here for



GREAT PET.

Short Hair, 2 years old, belonging to Mrs. H. N. Mabery, Ferncroft Kennels, Winchendon, Mass.

me," and without more ado, swallowed it. Unfortunately, she had not investigated the mystery of the string, and, found herself attached to the blind, to the great amusement of the kittens, the great distress of the children and her own mortification. The children were struck with horror for they feared to offer any assistance and were momentarily expecting, as a result of Snowflake's struggles, to see "all her insides" besprinkle the grass. A happy thought struck them, however, they ran to papa, who is a physician, and not only knows everything, but is competent to deal with the most perplexing problems. The string was



soon cut off close to the mouth of the cat and after successfully undergoing this important surgical operation she retired to a secluded spot and proceeded to give her kittens the meat extract so generously provided by the anxious children and the doctor.

Amytis, an unusually fine black queen of imported and registered parents, has been sold by Mrs. Bond to Mr. Charles T. Colling, of Pittsburg. Amytis, like her historical namesake, is the wife of Cyrus The Great. Mr. Colling is starting a cattery for the breeding of pure white and pure black Persians. Only the very finest stock will be admitted, and one white hair on the blacks, or one black hair on the whites will disqualify applicants. We trust the winds of Pittsburg will be tempered to the shedding cats.

The Korasan has given one of its best spring kits to be raffled. The proceeds go to the carfare fund for escorting the blind of Washington to the daily readings and musicales given in the pavilion set aside for their use at the Library of Congress.

A Dog Fanciers' Journal with a cat department has criticised the English of his contributors, but he winks at giving them columns of free advertising. The editor requests his correspondents to "use correct English in the future." His particular horror is "kennels" and "herds" as applied to cats. Cattery may be a correct term to indicate a place for the keeping and breeding of cats. The Century Dictionary tells us that kennel is the hole of a fox or other beast. Again the accepted authority at present states that a beast is "a living being (except man,) an animal, any four footed animal." Mivert has gone to great extremes and many pages to prove that the cat is an animal, therefore he is a beast, and by the same token occupies kennels and goes in herds. Some claim that cats are "beasts." May these few, including St. G. Mivert, and the other zoologists continue to keep their cats in kennels if they promise not to publish the fact. Again we are told in the Century that a herd is a number of animals feeding or driven together. Of course breeders who feed their cats from separate dishes are trespassing in using this term. As no one would be so foolish as to attempt to drive a cat, we may as well drop it from our vocabularies. This editor should discontinue advertisements calling cats "studs" which he should know are "breeding mares," to remember that the cats that inhabit catteries and flock in what

he has not told us, is no better an animal than the cat that is so ignorant and misguided as to get itself into such a horrible place as a "kennel." We do not agree with him that the most important point about raising cats is the English employed in writing things about them that no one wants to read, but we are condescending enough to admit that it would be a good thing if consistency of terms were employed. Some one start a cat vocabulary giving dog equivalents and furnish copy in parallel columns in both languages.

### CAT TWELVE DAYS IN THE HOLD.

Max, a plump gray and white cat, is shipmate to captain and crew aboard the British steam trader Jupiter, now stowing cargo at the foot of Jefferson street.

Max was picked up an orphan at Hamburg and was befriended by the cook. He thrived and became a mighty ratter.

The ship loaded coal for the Orient and steamed away but Max was missing. She passed through the Bay of Biscay, through the Straits of Gibraltar, and one day in Port Said, the cook stood near the aft starboard ventilator.

"Meou, meou," came from the black hold.

"Is that you, Max?" shouted the cook down the ventilator. "Meou, meau," came up the big tube.

The cook removed the top of the ventilator and lowered a few turns of rope.

Max in the sealed hold seized the two-inch rope and climbed up the twelve feet of rope until the cook seized him by his thin neck.

"He was as thin as a snake, sir," he said, "He had been ten days without food, the hatches having been battened down at Cardiff." Max got the best from that time on.—*N. Y. Journal*.

From Mrs. M. H. Perkins. The April number surpasses all the others; beautiful paper, type, illustrations, and above all cats. How did we exist before its publication.

If you wash your cats use nothing in the way of soap but the best white castile. The skin of puss is very tender.

Do not shut the kittens in the house for twenty-four hours and then scold if they are not clean.



OUR DARLING DARLING.

Kitten 8 months old, white with buff tail, belonging to Mrs. Otilie Borris, Marshfield, Mass.

# SPOTTIE.

BY M. C. S. S.

She was our first cat, and to this hour is the first in my affections. When she jumped from the box after her long journey, she was a tiny study in black and white. White predominated with a few black spots on her back, while her tail was as glossy and black as a raven's wing. In time it grew to look like an ostrich plume, waving from side to side majestically. (For Spottie is an Angora with aristocratic points.)

She looked me over, appeared to approve, and became my constant companion. I maintain she could do anything but speak English. That is, in so many words, but her eyes and manner were means of communication. She was "Past Grand Commander" in our home and knew it. She would spread herself out on the best sofa pillow in the parlor, and feel imposed upon if a visitor sat on the divan and rudely disturbed her dreams. One funny thing about Spottie was her love of new things. I found it difficult to cut out a garment, for she would invariably walk all over the material and finally settle down on some part of it, even while I used the scissors. Christmas morning she

seemed to catch the spirit of the season and scampered from room to room in wild delight. Meanwhile, I gathered up my gifts and placed the smaller ones on the wide arm of the chair, Spottie came in, glanced around and made for that arm, deliberately lying on the stack of new things. She looked at me and winked, as much as to say, "I'll hold these down for you." Spottie always slept in our room, her bed consisting of a pillow laid in a wicker chair. She would always wait to be called in the morning until I found myself minus a servant, when

she seemed to think she must do her part, as well as the alarm clock, to arouse me. When the chimes would ring, she would get up, stretch herself and then jump on our bed. Then she would creep to the headboard and walk up and down between it and our heads until we were wide awake. Having done this duty she would go to the door leading to the hall where she would patiently wait until it was opened to let her run down stairs.

Spottie always regarded common cats with a patronizing air that was

most comical, but when our fine buff male, Li Hung Chang, came she realized he was her kind and they were devoted mates until his death, at which she seemed so distressed. Admiral Dewey soon followed to press his suit. She noted his handsome face and that his coat was the color of her lamented Chang's and encouraged his attentions. Other cats arrived among them, some fine Abyssinians, and while Spottie recognized their position in the cat world, she also regarded them as "foreign devils." Her tolerant manner toward them was ludicrous. She always had a curious aversion to cameras.

I have written of this beautiful pet in the past tense, as moving to another

town made it necessary to dispose of our kennels. It was hard to say "Goodby," but when I gave Spottie a last hug, the tears came and my heart seemed broken.

Kitty enjoys a daily brushing with a reasonably stiff bristle brush.

Use paper for bedding in the basket; by burning often you remove one cause of skin trouble and fleas.

Subscribe for THE CAT JOURNAL.—For a friend.



FOXCROFT.

A Blue Male, registered in B. C. C. S. B. and C. C. C. S. B. From Silverton Kennels, South Weymouth, Mass. Mrs. Florence Dyer, Proprietor.



## OLD PETER.

BY MRS. OTTILIE BORRIS.

I had in Germany a beautiful little female long haired silky terrier.

One day a little hare was brought to me which had been found in the snow and was almost frozen to death. I warmed the poor little thing and poured a little warm milk into its mouth which it greedily drank. I kept it in this way for a few days, till the little dog had some babies and then I put the hare in with her and showed it how to feed and she took to it and mothered it as naturally as if it were one of her own.

A few days later I got a present of a very young Persian maltese kitten. I tried to make it drink but it could not and would cry pitifully. I gave it to the little lady dog and made it taste the milk but it would not nurse, so I left it over night in the box with the others and in the morning I found it nursing lustily. Fidele, the little dog just as proud, washed her children and seemed to love them all alike, and all prospered splendidly.

When they grew larger and commenced to play there could not be found a more interesting sight. Every evening in the twilight we all went to see the performance. Such racing and romping through the room, rolling over and hiding. The hare running under the chairs, the kittens over, and the pup waddling behind. They seemed to love each other so that when one was out the others

would get uneasy and search for it. The little hare was very affectionate and clever. I taught him to walk on two legs and he had a little red bag on one side where he got green clover leaves which he knew enough to take out. One day he came to me and scratched on my skirt, the way he used to beg. I bent down to give him some clover and then I saw that he was so weak that he fell over. I took him up and put cold water on his head, but in a few minutes he was dead in my hands. I am not ashamed to say that I cried heartily.

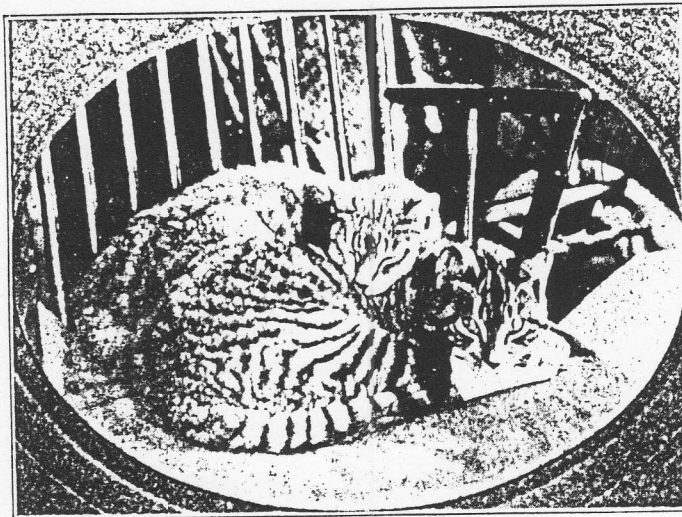
The kitten alone remained and grew and became a remarkably intelligent cat. He did such wonderfully cute things that if I were to tell them my readers might think I was spinning a yarn.

We brought him to America and he became quite famous, was written about in the papers after the Boston show of 1891, where he got first premium for oldest cat in America. He died at the age of 24,

slowly fading away. Many months before he died I had to feed him with a spoon. His food was mostly meat broth and beaten eggs. He would sit in my lap and eat just as nicely, as though he were a human being.

## AN OLD CAT.

It is not a common thing for a cat to live twenty years, still there are cases where they have lived even longer than that. The picture that we show in this number is of a cat that is over twenty years old, belonging to Mrs. J. Forrest Torrey, of South Weymouth, Mass. Mrs. Torrey writes us that she raised this cat herself and is willing to make affidavit that he was born in the spring of 1881. The big baby she has with her was one year old last month. Her mistress give this cat a good character. Says she was always a lady and of the best disposition. She had kittens but once a year, and then but one or two at a time. She has always had good care and this is probably the reason that she has lived to such a good old cat age.



GRAY AND KEYSER.

Owned by Mrs. J. Forrest Torrey, South Weymouth, Mass.  
See sketch "An Old Cat."

Do not let food stand so that the cat can get at it whenever she chooses. Cats, like people, do better when they have regular meals with nothing between.

From Mrs. A. M. Burritt. I want to tell you how pleased I am with THE CAT JOURNAL. It is beautifully gotten up and most interesting and I wish it great success.

Keep your young kittens in a dark place for two or three weeks, then admit the light gradually. Do not allow them to be handled by every one.

## THE CAT AND PIN CUSHION.

Miss Clara Rossiter had a cat that amused itself by drawing all the pins out of the cushion. When the last was removed, it would look up into its mistress's face with an expression that meant, "please stick them in again." And, as often as they were put in it, just as often were they drawn out. This cat had another favorite amusement. If a vase of flowers stood within reach, it used to pick the flowers out one by one and eat them.

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.

# EDITORIAL

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.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per year in advance. Sample copies, 10 cts.  
English subscriptions, 5 shillings. The magazine will stop when  
the time for which it is paid expires.

Advertising rates, 10 cents per Agate line—14 lines to the inch. No  
discount from this price for time or space. No advertisement  
taken for less than 25 cents. Advertisers wishing credit must  
furnish satisfactory references. On yearly contracts bills rendered  
quarterly.

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

We sometimes feel tempted to issue one number  
containing nothing but extracts from letters that we  
have received expressing satisfaction over the appearance  
of **THE CAT JOURNAL**.

Any of our readers who have not had a copy of  
Grammar, by Dr. Owen, advertised in our columns,  
should secure a copy at once. It is just the book to  
interest the little ones. Good morals and good sense.  
Teaches them kindness, not only to cats, but to all  
animals.

When you are all ready for church and pick up the  
dear little cat to see whether her eyes are pink or red  
and get a couple of thousand hairs on your "Sunday  
best," do not rare and talk loud, breaking half the  
commandments and disgusting the cat as well as all  
the rest of the family. The trouble is not serious.  
Take a damp cloth and rub the hairs off.

Mrs. Barker has a cat called Blessed Damozel. Of  
course, it is fine assilk with a name like that. The pet  
name that is used around the house is Pishie. Now  
if some of our readers who are familiar with Sanscrit  
will explain to us by what process of mental gymnastics  
the name "Blessed Damozel" can be twisted and  
shortened into Pishie they will confer a favor.

In sending in names of those to whom you think  
wise for us to solicit for subscriptions do not, we beg  
of you, send in any but the names of those you think  
will be liable to subscribe for our paper. Remember  
it is not always the very wealthy who are the most  
liable to take our journal. Some of our best friends  
are those in humble circumstances and they are just  
as anxious that we should make the paper a success  
as some of those who live in houses containing two  
stories and a garret.

Since Mrs. Warden, of Duxbury, Mass., the present  
owner of Smerdis, Victor, and St. Tudno issued her

advertising matter she has discovered that it  
is already a Dukesbury Kennels in Duxbury, the owner  
of which is a breeder of hares. To avoid confusion  
she has changed the name of her kennels to M  
takeeset, as per her advertisement in this issue.

Mrs. Wagner, of Sandusky, is feeling very high  
toned as she has just had electric lights put in her  
cattery and she can stand in the house and "shoo  
them off" at will. She is also going to have a burglar  
alarm put in so that if any one comes fooling around  
the cattery at night the alarm will go off and not only  
scare the cats to death but the family also and when  
they are in the cellar for safety the bold burglar can  
take his pick of the cats and depart in peace.

The advance notice of a new edition of The Bedford  
Cat Club Stud Book is bringing in many registrations.  
Now is the time to register your cats if they are  
not already done. If they have no pedigree, start one  
by registration. Merely give a description of the cat and  
say "pedigree unknown." All registered cats had better  
have a start some time. It adds to the value of your  
stock to be able to say that the parents are registered.  
Any information may be obtained from Mrs. Clinton  
Locke, 2825 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Our friends are finding out that **THE CAT JOURNAL**  
is a good advertising medium. But do not think that it  
put in a two-line "ad." for one time is to bring good  
results. It might do what you wish and you might  
run one an inch long and not derive any benefit from  
it. It is the "continuously at it" that does the business.  
Advertise when business is good, and when it  
is poor. It takes sometimes six months to get much  
out of an advertisement. For instance, we put a little  
ten line advertisement for one time in the Ladies  
Home Journal, costing us for the one insertion \$60.  
We do not expect to get from the answers to that advertisement  
\$60 but the ultimate results will be subscriptions,  
but it takes time. It will probably take a year,  
and perhaps longer, before we can say that we  
have received value from that advertisement. The  
best and most successful advertisers in the country  
are those who keep "at it," in season and out of  
season.

We published an article by Miss W. Beal on  
Romaldkirk cats and cattery. The Misses Beal are  
among the cleverest breeders in Great Britain and the  
successes of their two Cream Champions are household  
words over there. These two, Admiral and Midshipmite,  
have again and again swept the deck, taking specials  
for "best in the show" and as a brace they are  
invincible. The Misses Beal have a grand collection  
also of blues, tortoiseshell and orange. Miss W.  
Beal has practically made the creams and no one is  
higher authority on the subject. Mrs. Locke's  
Lupin was born in this cattery. The Romaldkirk  
cats and kittens are all kept out of doors with no arti-



ficial heat and are celebrated for their hardiness and long coats.

Parties wishing to secure any of this celebrated strain, all bred from prize winners, may do so by corresponding with them at Romaldkirk Rectory, Darlington, England, or information may be obtained of Mr. E. N. Barker, 39 Washington Ave., Albany, N. Y.

### IT TAKES PATIENCE.

If you lack stick-to-it-a-tive-ness, don't go into the business. If you are thinking of going into the cat industry as you would start raising hogs or turnips, let it alone. If you expect immediate returns for your spent cash, drop it before commencing. If your friends advise you not to do it and you heed the advice it is well you never started, as you are not rightly constituted.

If you groan and fret every time a cat looks into the house, sheds a hair, gazes anxiously at a broiled steak or shows lack of breeding in any direction, sell your cats and go to raising frogs or mushrooms or something that has no hair or brains.

To be a successful breeder you must be born one. You must have an innate love for them sick or well. You must possess and exercise an ever abiding patience with their infirmities, moral or physical. You must not act cross outwardly or feel cross inwardly.

There are some unpleasant things to consider. You will be looked upon by your more brainy (?) friends and acquaintances as one deserving sympathy for your infirmity, for in their eyes you have certainly gone "daffy." You are treated by some as a sort of inoffensive imbecile, patiently tolerated as one who has an impediment in his brain. You will have side remarks made about you and will be sneered at openly. It is all bad enough if it is a lady, but if you are a man, "saints preserve us, what do you think of it, a grown man raising cats."

There are many unpleasant things to bear from the untrained and growing kits. Experience is an expensive teacher and it makes no difference how much you read, there are things you will have to learn by bitter trials. For all the troubles and trials there are compensations. If you are a cat lover it will be a source of pleasure for you to see your dainty beauties about you and know that you have their confidence and affection. You will delight in showing them to others. You will become a "Cat Crank."

It is a matter of interest to see the little kits develop. There are scientific problems in breeding that are very interesting. We venture to say that if one is so constituted that they may enter into the business heartily and for the love of it, there is no business to-day that a woman may enter that will bring so large returns for so small outlay.

Like many other ventures you must consider things carefully before embarking in the business. If you have some money—and the more the better—a place to keep them, your path will be easier. If you buy very young kittens it will be a long time before you have any to sell. If you have but little capital and

want to handle the best stock, which always pays the best, it would perhaps be best to buy a good female that has been bred. Such a cat from imported stock would cost all the way from \$50 to \$300, according to color, age and condition. If you buy some well known cat your reputation is made at once and the kittens will be in active demand. The eyes of the breeders are on good cats and they usually know who has them, and you will simply be known as the owner of the cat and you might be the president of the United States and, in the eyes of the cat fancier, your importance is considered altogether by the pedigree of the cat you are fortunate enough to possess.

MY POOR, DEAR LITTLE FRIEND, THE PUSSY CAT :  
How my soul is tortured to behold you the victim of the well meaning, but oft misguided raiser of felines ! To have to stand idly by and see your poor innocent little anatomy drowned in seas of "harmless" remedies extracted from the most violent of deadly poisons—the alkaloids. What oceans of *aqua pura* could render them inert ? And why, oh why, do the misguided ones fondly imagine that the "harmless" can be effectual ! To think that one poor little beast, with a doubtful case of "eczema" due probably to the overfeeding of his fond owner, must swallow arsenic, and (do I understand correctly) Psoriasis and Tuberculosis before he can die of his doctor and not of his disease. Yet there are those who would have us believe that cats do not have tuberculosis. Would that they could not take it !

Why are you falsely accused of worms before you have ever deigned to produce one single specimen ! Why can no better cause be given for your poor dear little tummy ache than "bugs !" When the offspring of the human race imbibe slate pencils and the festive chalk stick in preference to lemon pie and peaches, is it worms ? Perish the thought ! Nay, Nay, Sir Tommy Cat. It is the dirt disease and is treated rather differently from small pox or epizootic. Oh, most like the beast in anatomy to the human infant, thou art a little private experiment station for the practice of animal industry, so about go the restraining bands, the towels and old aprons. Some ogre pries open thy brittle and most easily fractured of jaws and down goes the "specifics" to the everlasting benefit of Mr. Humphry or Mr. Glover, but to thy ultimate ruin. Or poor tired little feet, that have run so many times at thy master's call, and in whose immaculate condition thou takest such justifiable pride, are daubed with any bitter or nauseating old thing that someone of little learning has offered—anything that can kill a cat except the one permissible—care ! And thou must keep up thy reputation of dwelling near the gods at house cleaning time and scour it off with thy only broom and mop, thy little rough, red, tender, tongue ! Thou must devour the whole Homeopathic pharmacopea before thou are sufficiently punished for contracting an easily cured bad habit !

Truly, O cat, (pardon, but I have heard that the vocative of cat is pussy,) thou has indeed a cast-iron constitution equaled only by the jaws of the universal food chopper and the stomach of the locomotive. Were it not that thou art prolific as thine oriental cousins the Turk and the Persian and that thou wert protected from thine enemies by thy fortunate nine lives we would, long since, have beheld the last of thee !

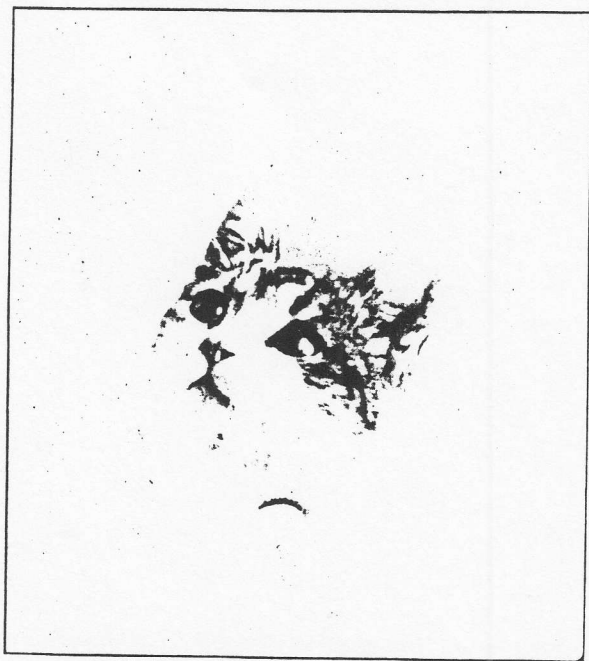
An thou livest thou shalt have more anon.  
Thy loving and thine own true friend.

MABEL CORNISH BOND.

## CAT ANECDOTES.

BY MRS. MARGARET LUCIA MAHER.

Of the many cats and kittens that I have owned, there has not been one of which there has not been some great accomplishment to tell, or some wonderful trick to show. Everyone thinks that their own cats are the most marvelous. They make the most fascinating study of animals, and it often takes a life time to learn all their characteristics. A cat lover will take hours of pleasure and amusement watching their development.



TOOTS.

One cat I remember in particular, little Toots in the picture, a dear little tiger kitten with large eyes and fur like seal skin. He would insist on accompanying me whenever I went out. At times when I wished to call on a neighbor it was rather inconvenient as he would sit on the door step and mew loudly until I went out and let him in. We would often take long walks together, when he would run ahead and roll over, showing plainly his delight; on very hot summer days too, he would follow me just the same, and when I rested under the pine trees, Toots would stretch out, panting, his tongue hanging just as a dog's will on a warm day. If he lost sight of me I would be obliged to go back where he could see me, for he would sit down and cry piteously if I did not and would even stay there all night as he once did.

So many people say, "Oh, you can never lose a cat, they will always come back," but this cat at least would lose himself and could not find his way home, like one of the little pigs we know all about. It was a day in the late fall, and I was out for a long walk. In crossing a field I noticed Toots following me very quietly, when I left home he was as I supposed safely locked in the cellar, and he knew he was doing wrong to follow me. He never cried once but jumped to a

stone wall and sat there watching me out of sight and I knew how hopeless it was to try to send him home, so I took no notice of him. When I reached home that night there was no Toots to meet me and nothing had been seen of him. All that night and all the next day still he did not come home. At five o'clock in the afternoon when it was almost dark, and in a drenching rain, I walked way back to the stone wall where I last saw him, and there was poor Toots, wet through and through. Don't tell me a cat can not get lost! Wouldn't he have been foolish to stay out all night in the rain, when he might have had his nice warm bed by the fire?

## FROM ARIZONA.

HUENA RANCH, P. O. ALHAMBRA, ARIZ.

EDITOR OF THE CAT JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR—I see by your interesting paper that there are numerous catteries and much interest taken in breeding fine cats on the Pacific Slope, but I wonder if my small cattery with the dignified name of "Arlington" isn't the only one in Arizona? It is the only one I know of and it is in its infancy as yet, boasting of but ten long haired felines, four of which are kittens, but such kittens. Do kittens in the east have their eyes wide open at five days old? One of mine has, a little jet black fellow, Pierrot by name, belonging to Pitti Sing's litter of four, sired by Hobson, the present head of the kennel.

Ranch life agrees extremely well with all of the cats, for they are allowed great freedom, have good hunting and consequently much exercise. I wish you cat lovers could have seen my beautiful buff Teddy to-day, only six months old, bring a gopher almost too heavy for him to carry, showing it with much pride to all the grown up cats and then making them keep their distance while he enjoyed its degustation. My cattery itself is very modest, consisting only of a hall, two rooms and two runs. It answers very well as it is seldom occupied by anyone but Hobson, as the others of the cat family have the run of the house, and of course Pitti Sing couldn't have her kittens anywhere but in my room, otherwise they would not have the attention and admiration that she demands for them from us. No strangers may come to see them without causing the devoted and anxious mother much perturbation.

The arrival of THE CAT JOURNAL is always hailed with delight by young and old in this family and is read from beginning to end by everyone in the house. May it live long and prosper.

Very truly yours,

MRS. FRANCIS J. SARMIENTO.

Those who claim that cats are lacking in intelligence must have come to that conclusion without any experience with cats. No one could convince the writer that they are not possessed of a high grade of animal sense.





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

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

Kittens "For Sale" is now in order.

One male and three females make a good number for a cattery.

Mrs. Cratty has lately sent one of her kittens sired by Eiger to Mr. Nettleton, of St. Paul.

Mrs. W. J. Sweet, of South Brookfield, N. Y., is mourning over the death of her black queen.

The Cat Fancier's business is growing. Many new catteries are springing up in all parts of the country.

At the last meeting of the Detroit Cat Club, thirty-six members were present. This is a very prosperous showing.

Mrs. Frank Norton has purchased a promising, blue-eyed son of Liliven and Reginald, from Mrs. Dyer, of South Weymouth, Mass.

Mr. Fred Story, of Chicago, lately lost his prize-winning cream cat, Neith. She died from blood poisoning following an operation.

Mrs. Dyer, of Silverton Kennels, has secured a lovely little daughter of St. Tudno and Blackbird from Mattakeeset Kennels, Duxbury, Mass.

Peacock sisters, of Topeka, Kas., have sold their Birdie, a beautiful blue-eyed female kitten, daughter of their Roscoe and Maxoline, to Mrs. M. B. Thurston.

At the last meeting of the Detroit Cat Club a paper was read by Mrs. W. M. Chapman, vice-president, written by Mr. E. N. Barker, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The two cats who took first and second in their class at the late show belonging to Mrs. Cratty have been given by her to Mrs. Ballington Booth to assist in her prison work.

The members of the Beresford Cat Club met at their club rooms, April 27, and were addressed by Dr. A. H. Baker. Luncheon was served during the discussion following the lecture.

Mrs. Edith K. Neel, of Keuka Cattery, Urbana, N. Y., is erecting new quarters for her cats. She advertises that she raises only pedigreed stock and probably she thinks that they are worthy of a good home.

Mrs. Clinton Locke, President of the Beresford Cat Club, is working to get cats through the Custom House free of duty. We are sure that all cat lovers, and especially the importers, will congratulate her if she succeeds in this commendable effort.

C. H. Jones has sent his Crystal on a farm for the

summer. Mrs. Barker was sent for and came from Albany to see him. She decided that it was a tape worm. Three days' treatment, with her attention, resulted in very marked improvement. She advised the summer trip. The reports are very favorable. He is on a wild rampage about the country, has fallen in love with the farmer's wife who feeds him cream. His health is improving daily.

Mrs. C. H. Britton, of Lake Avenue, Chicago, has become a cat fancier in earnest and is building a fine kennel. She has recently purchased several fine animals from Mrs. Norton and proposes to have as finely regulated cattery as one would wish to see.

We have a promise from Mrs. Booth that, in the future, if she ever has time, she will give us something in regard to her Cattery that was started at one of her homes for the benefit of her prison work. We are sure that it will prove of interest to our readers.

Mrs. J. S. Owens, President of the Detroit Cat Club, has purchased one of Mrs. Locke's (Smerdis) and Miss Elizabeth Knight's (Winifred) Chinchilla kittens. It is thought that he is as light and may be lighter in color than Smerdis. He will be known as Owena Lambkin in honor of the Cattery, and his famous grand sire, (Silver Lambkin.) His admirers predict a brilliant future for him.

Louise L. Fergus, of Chicago, writes: "At the last exhibit of the Beresford Cat Club I offered a prize for the best shaded blue female, knowing there was such a class in the classifications, but as the only female in this class was judged as a smoke I withdrew the prize. The list of awards was made out for publication and I neglected to notify the treasurer of the withdrawal of this one, but it has since been rectified."

In our April number, we made the statement, in good faith, that Sebasticook, belonging to Mrs. Brian Brown, was winner of second prize in the late Chicago show given by the Beresford Club. This should have read, Winner of first prize for cream male in the novice class. Special for best cream male in the show. Medal, special prize, for best cream male. Special, a silver cup, for best cream or cream and white, in novice class.

Mrs. Clare D. Barker made a flying visit to the Crystal Cattery, at Palmyra, N. Y. She pretended that she called to see the folks, but if the truth were known we are of the opinion that she called more especially to see Crystal who was bred by her and bought of her by the present owner. THE CAT JOURNAL editor and the proprietor of the Crystal Cattery both live under the same roof so that she could see the whole aggregation without walking a foot.

The Detroit Cat Club held a special meeting, May 9th, and transacted considerable business. A report was received from The Detroit Poultry Association regarding their contemplated exhibition to be held in December next. This association has secured the services of Mr. E. N. Barker, Albany, N. Y., to judge the cat exhibit. The association is to be congratulated upon the selection of Mr. Barker, as his services will no doubt stimulate the cat fanciers to do their prettiest.

Previous to the year 1892 my acquaintance with cats was limited to the ordinary tabby, usually to be found in most English homes. I had always a great fondness for cats and there were generally three or four of them about our house.

The foundation of my present stock of Persians was laid in the summer of 1892. A friend, Mr. B. Hutchinson, of Eggleston Hall, Durham, a well known exhibitor, in that year made me a present of a very handsome blue and cream Persian kitten, which I registered as "Romaldkirk Fluffie" and from her has sprung what is now known as the celebrated "Romaldkirk" strain.

Fluffie's first family, by a handsome orange sire, of unknown pedigree, consisted of two blacks and a tortoiseshell. The latter registered as "R. Torpedo," has herself won some prizes, but is better known by the reputation her kittens have gained in the show pen.

With my spare pocket money I was lucky enough to secure, as a mate to Fluffie, a very fine blue male kitten (R. Toga) of Miss Bray's strain. From this pair I had several very handsome kittens, and Toga is the grandsire of most of my winning blues. Toga is still doing good service, having a splendidly hardy constitution, which he seems to transmit to his progeny. The year following, 1893, I bought a second blue male, R. Laddie, of Mrs. Marriott's strain. Laddie's sire, who died the present year, was the celebrated Ch. Turkish Delight, who created such a sensation a few years back. Laddie himself has not been shown much, his fame resting chiefly on his stock, which have gained very high honors wherever they have been exhibited.

The history of the origin of the Romaldkirk Creams is very curious. At the time I started my stud, self-creams were practically unknown. In all her litters however, Fluffie, much to my disgust, had generally two or three pure cream kittens. This was in spite of the fact that Fluffie has more blue than cream in her coat, and the sires were whole blues. I attribute the presence of these cream kittens in her litters to the fact that Fluffie's mother, our well known Jael, now the property of Miss M. Beal, is an unmarked orange and came of an orange—tortoiseshell strain with which creams seem closely connected.

At first I was only too glad to get rid of these cream kittens as I thought they would be of little use for

complete change in 1895. In that year, in order to dispose more quickly of them, I sent up four cream kittens to the Crystal Palace Show. Much to my astonishment they won a prize and commanded a ready sale, in spite of the fact that there was no class for that particular color. Struck with these facts I determined to try if I could not improve the breed of creams, and make them a recognized class at shows.

In Fluffie's next litter, by Laddie, in 1896, it happened to be three particularly handsome cream kittens which I determined to keep. However I kept one of the three, and kept only the other pair. This pair is now known to fame as the Heavenly Twins, being Ch. R. Midshipmite and R. Admiral.

When these kittens were about nine months old I entered Midshipmite at his first show held in Manchester. He won first and special in both classes in which he was entered. To my disgust, however, he was very unfavorably commented upon in the press on account of his color. I afterwards learned that his coat had been dirtied by frequent handling and on his

return home his coat was a sort of dusky grey. This was very annoying to me, as he had left home spotlessly clean. He also contracted influenza at this show and for a week I quite despaired of saving his life. However by dint of careful nursing and feeding he



CREAM. RED. GRAY TABBY. TORTOISE WITH WHITE.  
Sister and brother by Marie ex. Sultan. — Sister and brother by Sunbeam ex. Sultan  
From Pioneer Cattery, 81 Major Street, Toronto, Canada.

pulled around. For a whole week I sat up with him almost day and night and doctored him faithfully. It was a very anxious time, but he has more than paid me for all the trouble I took with him.

During the summer of 1897, the two brothers took prizes at the local shows. At the Crystal Palace, in the autumn, Admiral won first and Midshipmite second, and together they took the first prize for the best pair of cats in the show. This performance they have repeated at every big London show since, with the exception that Midshipmite now takes first place instead of his brother. It is a very debatable point as to which is the better cat of the two. Some judges prefer Midshipmite, and others award the palm to Admiral. They have both been shown at nearly every important exhibition in England and Scotland, and have won prizes under almost every judge. Midshipmite has won six championships and Admiral four. Personally I think there is little to choose between the brothers and I am conceited enough to think, that if Midshipmite were kept at home, Admiral would secure the same honors that have been won by his



brother. It would perhaps be of interest now to give a short description of the queens of my stud, arranging them according to colors: 1st. Blues, Daisy Bell and Romalldkirk Laddie.

a. R. Volage, winner of firsts at the Crystal Palace and many other places. Volage is considered to be a very valuable cat, carrying a heavy coat which is fairly dark but very blue in shade and has splendid pure orange eyes.

b. R. Wildfire, (Daisy Bell and R. Laddie, 1897.) Winner of special prizes. She is a large cat with plenty of bone, does not carry so heavy a coat as Volage and has yellow eyes.

c. R. Flora, (R. Fluffie and R. Laddie, 1898.) A winner of several firsts and medals, a rather pale blue, and has lovely coat of very fine and soft texture. She however, somewhat unluckily fails in eyes, they being, though beautifully round and clear, of a pale yellow color. She has done wonders at shows lately.

e. Daisy Bell, (R. Fluffie and R. Toga, 1895.) She is the mother of Volage and Wildfire. She is a splendid blue with glorious dark orange eyes. She is the mother of the blue male Lupin exported to America last spring.

## II. Orange.

a. Jacl, (Rufus and Minnie, About 1886.) Is supposed to be the best female of the color ever shown, and has even beaten well known males of the color. She is renowned for her splendid head and the brilliant unmarked orange of her coat. She is, however, getting on in years and is not always in full bloom.

b. R. Garnet, (My Fluff and Ch. R. Midshipmite, 1898.) She is the winner of gold medal and several other prizes. She is a dark orange, but rather tabbied, though rich in color.

## III. Creams.

R. Canopus, (R. Torpedo Ch. Midshipmite, 1899.) She has won First and Specials at the Botanical Gardens last year. She is considered to be the best cream female ever bred. She has a very good shape and coat and lovely orange eyes.

R. R. Calliope, (Mistletoe and R. Admiral, 1897.) She is a pretty very pale but rather shaded cream. She has won many prizes at the Crystal Palace.

## III. Tortoiseshell.

a. R. Torpedo, (R. Fluffie and orange Fluffie, 1893.) She is a winner of some prizes, is prettily coated, rather dull in color, but is a good shape.

b. Wallflower, (R. Torpedo and R. Toga, 1895.) Is a very large cat of good coloring, in fact, one judge considers her one of the best he has seen.

c. Pansy, (Wallflower and Ch. R. Midshipmite, 1899.) Is the winner of the First and Challenge Cup at Westminster last year. She is a small cat but has a beautiful coat and head.

There are young cats and kittens of a type similar to the above, running around the house and the description of the principal pets applies to them.

This cattery is about one of the best in the world. This article tells the story that our American breeders ought to know—to get good ones and breed to them, and breed in. I consider this article just the kind of an education our American friends need, all of it is an education of the deed properly. Leave out the names of sire and dam if you wish, but I think that just the point. She breeds her own winners and her own breeding stock. All our people nearly are jobbers.



This department will be conducted by Mrs. 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. Barker, 293 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y., by the 10th of the month so that the copy may be in our hands by the 15th.

No. 1. A gentleman in New Hampshire has a much valued short-haired silver tabby gelding, two years old, seemingly perfectly well, appetite normal, gay and frisky, which has become quite blind. His "eyes are very bright," and there seem no symptoms decided enough to lay hold of. I had a dear kitten this spring I had been helping to treat who lost her sight much in the same way, but she was hopelessly constipated, snuffly and wheezy. We treated her for worms, she ejected several, the sight has returned gradually, but she is not yet a successful patient, though I think we can make her so. Will any of our friends who have had blindness, partial or entirely, afflicted their cats, write us their experience; so that whether good or bad, this interchange of methods or mistakes cannot fail to be helpful.

2. Mrs. F. G., Toronto, Canada, Persian neuter over two years of age, "is thin, terribly nervous, and his skin and tail jerk and twitch at times?" I think there is hardly any doubt about his having worms. Send to Thomas Davis, Reed Street, East Side, Bridgeport, Conn., for a box of Castro Vermes. If any difficulty in voiding the urine give homeopathic Belladonna every hour or so until relieved. The nervousness to a great extent may subside, but I should imagine the cat belongs to the naturally shy, timid ones. If such is the case he must be taken as he is; they are weird, unfortunate little beings and deserve all the tenderness and consideration we can give them. This is one of our cat's psychic mysteries and may be a survival of the old wild spirit, touched with

sol. of carbol seems almost the only thing that kills them, but it must be brushed deep into the ear with a soft hair brush and carefully washed off on the outside where they may wash it off.

If any one should know of something better to kill the germs without injuring the cat, I should be glad to be corrected. The veterinary doctors I have consulted, know hardly anything about cats. All think what is good for dogs is also good for cats, but they are sadly mistaken. The cat is so much more sensitive and delicate, she is so clean that she washes the most objectionable stuff off her coat.

So I have with shedding oceans of tears over fruitless efforts I have found remedies for certain ailments, but in many cases I have found the very best thing is to let the cat alone, to the care of nature. I am very willing, if any one should want my advice to give it gladly and freely as far as I know.

OTTILIE BORRIS.

Cat Heaven Cat Farm, Marshfield, Mass., Box 66

No. 6. Miss Ellen Smith, Pine Grove Cattery, Plattsville, Wis. A cure for eczema and mange prescribed by R. S. Heer, D. V. S.—R. Creolin 1-8 drachm; Sapo Mollis (soft soap) 1-8 drachm; alcohol, 12 ozs; apply daily. It seems to me unless the case were very urgent, external applications are better without oily ingredients. A cat objects so to any messing of her coat, it would be well also to rub it in so well that danger from licking it off would be obviated. Remember the creolin is a poison and use it with caution. Miss Smith speaks most highly of this remedy and has been most successful in its use.

No. 7. Miss Jannett McIntosh, 592 Belmont, St. Manchester, N. H. I wish to say that the following account of the pregnancy and confinement of my cat was in no way the fault of the stud, but was caused entirely by her condition, and that all symptoms disappeared when the effects of her delivery were over.

Upon the return of my queen from her visit, she showed signs of pruritis. This was relieved by a few doses of Conium. Then appeared eczema, on one of her right toes; for this I got a prescription and salve, but used only the internal remedy and the eczema gradually wore away.

There was an ear trouble when the ear would be drawn down, which was relieved by a few doses of Hepar Sulphur. Eight days before her time she gave indications of a miscarriage, this was arrested by another prescription. At the expiration of her time, she brought forth what proved to be the result of a false conception. She was sick seven or eight hours, during which time I gave her Pulsatilla, and for forty-eight hours following. In a week she appeared perfectly well and by another week was sent to her mate again.

I attribute her freedom from serious consequences of her labour, to the judicious use of remedies, as symptoms showed themselves during her pregnancy.

I go upon the principle that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and treat my cats so as to forestall unfavorable results.

JANNETT MCINTOSH.

I feel sure Miss McIntosh can help us a lot if she will be more generous with her symptoms, and give us the exact remedies she has found so successful, for example: the prescription and salve for eczema. The ear trouble I should say was ear canker and might be a natural accompaniment to the former; Hepar Sulphur is often wonderfully successful with this. I should like to know also the remedy which averted the miscarriage. I fear the queen was in a very bad state of health, being constitutionally upset and was in no fit state to be bred at all, consequently, all that followed. I fear her mistress was also too precipitate in mating her again. Constitutional irregularities require time to correct, while her rushing into season again looks like an abnormal condition of the generative organs. I hope Miss McIntosh will keep us *au courant* with the case, as it will be most instructive.

Beware of dampness and draughts for your kittens and delicate cats.

Bright light hurts sore eyes most cruelly. Do not try the hardening process on your kittens.

### MY LITTLE GRAY KITTY AND I.

FLORENCE A. JONES.

When the north wind whistles 'round the house,  
Piling the snow drifts high,  
We nestle down on the warm hearth rug—  
My little gray kitty and I.  
I tell her about my work and play,  
And all I mean to do,  
And she purrs so loud I surely think  
That she understands—*don't you?*

She looks about with her big, round eyes,  
And softly licks my face,  
As I tell her 'bout the word I missed,  
And how I have lost my place.  
Then let the wind whistle, for what to us  
Matters a stormy sky?  
Oh, none have such jolly times as we—  
My little gray kitty and I.

—From *Pets and Animals*.

### FROM MR. BARKER.

In one of your late numbers, one of your writers says, "I hear that Mr. Barker says, that if good enough he would not hesitate to give a prize for 'Best in the Show' to a shorthaired cat." That is quite right, there is not any good, better or best in deciding such a prize. The question is, which is the best specimen of a cat in the show, *i. e.*, according to Standard requirements. If a Shorthair is nearer to the Standard of Perfection for its breed than is any Longhaired cat, the Shorthair wins. All breeds stand on an equal footing and the most perfect specimen of its breed should win. Therefore I should never hesitate to give a Shorthair, or a specimen of any breed, the prize for "Best in the Show" that most deserved it. All varieties are equal before the law.



the unhappy power of loving in a human way. These are the cats one hears of dying of a broken heart from homesickness and absence from the only loved one. The lives of these super-sensitive creatures are often tragedies, and leave behind them a nameless regret, in the heart of the human friend, that she has failed to understand them better. Then again comes the longing, if they could only speak. This is where cat raising as an industry, and cold business seems almost a crime.

3. Mrs. W. C. Johnson, Waverley, N. Y., has been successful in curing eczema by an application of turpentine mixed with lard, and ordinary condition powders given internally. Is not the turpentine a bit drastic for poor puss? I think a more soothing semollient would be more gratefully received.

4. Mr. Harry Freed, one of our subscribers, was rather nonplussed at finding his kittens' coats much matted in the spring, and feared it might betoken some serious irregularity, while in reality it shows a normal and proper condition. If possible take it in time, do not allow the coat to get ahead of you. Brush and pick out carefully all the forming mats or if they are too much for fingers, take a sharp pair of scissors and cut them out, it is no use trying to save the coat when it chooses to fall. Be very careful in clipping the mats, not to cut the skin which is often pulled painfully up by the tangled hair and requires a deal of caution to avoid. Often when a coat is in most perfect trim, one is annoyed by tiny tangles, apparently in the ruff. This is undoubtedly the starting of the coat, one can protect it for a time by great pains in picking and smoothing these places, but you will find there are days when the hair flies in clouds if touched, or loosens and gathers in mats, as puss licks herself to ease the irritable state of the epidermis. A sudden change in temperature, or a journey, will send it pouring out for a day or more, when it will as suddenly tighten. A damp cloth rubbed over the coat, and then with the hands rubbing hard from head to tail, will roll up mats of it. Also pulling very gently the wrong way of the coat will loosen quantities. I try when the coat is shedding to get off as much as possible; for what you do not capture, puss will, and then beware. The English fanciers think that as long as plenty of coarse grass is supplied, she can take care of herself; but in the absence of this needful assistance see that your cats have a dose or so of olive oil. They like it often on minced sardines or poured on their meats. If a mother cat is felted up with hairs, the chances are she may lose her kittens as there is very likely no milk for them.

A word on the subject of castrating and spaying. The former is a simple operation, and while it is always better if your cat is subjected to the knife to put it into professional hands, still it may be done successfully at home. The second is an operation which re-

quires much skill, and, in most cases is a great risk to the little animal's life, personally I do not approve of it. To be at all successful it should be done before maturity, while the kitten is very young. It is a very painful and risky proceeding. The castrating should not be thought of before six months, if size is one of the objects aimed at.

Eye Lotion: The formula given last month we find requires 2 1-2 ounces of water instead of one, otherwise it is far too strong for young kittens. In using Fowler's solution, remember that it is arsenic, and that the effects of the poison gather unnoticed to the unprofessional eye and spread danger and even death. One of its first perceptible effects is an unusual quantity of urine passed. This is a danger signal which means stop. Like carbolic, it is useful in some cases but should be used with great care.

Here is a letter from a German friend, a true cat lover, Mrs. Ottilie Borris. Even the name suggests a Northern legend and the letter was so quaint and charming in its mixture, of German-English idioms, that I forbore to touch it:

EDITOR OF THE CAT JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR—I have found in *THE CAT JOURNAL*, and other papers about cats, spoken about the sore ears of poor pussys, and advises to wash them with this and that, but nothing about the cause of the irritation. I tunk my cat friends—I call all ladys, who keep cats for their own dear sakes, and sell them when they become too many and feel heart-sore to do so, my friends—not those who open catterys because they have read and heard about the high prices some cats bring, and tunk them equal to an gold mine.

I tunk my cats friends will be interestet, to learn, that the ears of thes cats, who have this gray and dark stuff in the ears, are simply alive with a whitish vermin, verry lively, and even observable without magnifying glass.

Since I am in America my own cats, and my cat boarders, I had in W. Roxbury an average of forty all summer, where troublest, more or less with sore ears, or where stratching or chaking theyre ears, and often the ears got matteratet, moving into the head and discharging trough eyes and nose.

I cleanst the ears with a hairpin very carefully and washt with castil soap, but it dit not do much good. Only a few years ago, I investigatet the cleanings trough an magnifying glass, and was horrorstruck of these hundrets of living tings I observet, and I sludder when I tunk how irritating it must be for the poor dears.

I have ben to different catterys and private cat lovers, all know that someting troublest theyre cats ears, but not one knew that these germs were the reason. I have tryd an great many tings to kill the brutes, without injuring the cat's ears, or herself.

I tuck the germs and apperet on them, and found they are mighty tuff. I found that an light

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### BIRTHS.

Notices of births inserted in this department for 10 cents per line. Nothing less than 25 cts. Breeders will find this of profit as it gives notice of kittens that will be ready for shipment in a short time.

April 19th, at Wacouta Kennels, 743 Cass Ave., Detroit, Mich., Mrs. Ives Black Patti, (solid black) by Mrs. Locke's Champion St. Tudor, four black kittens.

April 20th, Jean, (tortoiseshell) by Prince Rupert of Cusie Kennels, five kittens. All for sale.

May 12, Nanon, (tortoiseshell), three kittens, very dark tabby male, light tabby female, tan tabby white markings, male, owned by Mr. M. H. Buvinger, 11 Erie Ave., Hornellsville, N. Y.

Amber Empress of India, owned by Mrs. D. E. Ordway, 5 solid red kittens by Mrs. Norton's Tortoiseshell male, Robin Hood.

Zulu, belonging to Mrs. D. E. Ordway, has seven kittens sired by Royal Norton, No. 1.

Sunshine, Mrs. J. L. Roll's cream buff queen, has four kittens by Royal Norton.

Gypsy, Mrs. Leland Norton's Red Queen, has three solid cream and two solid red kittens by owner's cream male Senator.

May 1st, Otilie (solid buff) three solid buff kittens. One male and two females.

April 26th, Jessie D., (black), daughter of Silverton, three kittens, two smokes and one silver by Foxcroft.

April 19th, Black Patti II., by Mrs. Locke's St. Tudor, 4 fine black kittens.

April 20th, Jean, tortoiseshell, by Prince Rupert, of Cusie Kennels, 5 handsome kittens.

The above nine kittens are for sale by Miss Ella Ives, Wacouta Kennels, Detroit, Mich.

April 30th, Miss Muff, pure white, by Sir Reynard (blue and white) five kittens. Three white, one white with blue tail, one blue and white.

May 17th, Be-bee, four kittens, two yellow and white two all yellow. Meadow Brook Farm Cattery, Ellington, Ct.

### VISITS

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

March 27th, Miss Ives Chuders (blue and white tortoiseshell) to Mrs. Leland Norton's Baby Royal.

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a granddaughter on her father's side of the noted King Humbert. Her mother was the imported Mona Liza. Her kittens are by Robinhood, who took first in his class at the late show in Rochester. He also took several specials, one of them being a silver cup for "best cat in the show." He is a nephew of Crystal and a grandson of King Humbert. Goozie took first prize at the Rochester show for the "best brown tabby female in the show. She was not in good coat when this picture was taken; two months afterward her tail measured thirteen inches around. Her kittens are very promising all brown tabbies. These are her first kittens but as she is past two years of age they are very strong never having shown the slightest symptoms of any disease. One male \$50; one female \$40; one female not so finely marked but who may develop into the finest in the lot, \$30. The kittens were born March 10th and will be shipped at three months of age.

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