

CATS

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



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CATS AND KITTENS

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SELBORNE SEALSHOE
was the pet of Mrs. Lambert of Bathford, Bath.

The cover photograph is by Graham Bailey.

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“TEDDY”

1910-1919

(AN APPRECIATION) by J.K.

IT has been well said that mankind is as diverse in temperament and general characteristics as the trees of the forest. What is true of man in this respect may also be affirmed with regard to what we term the lower creation—the animal kingdom. Dogs and cats being domestic animals, and enjoying a particularly intimate association with us as humans, lend themselves to a close study of their varied traits. Our present sketch deals with a cat whom our American friends would assuredly term “some cat.”

Ted or Teddy, who was a Canadian, first opened his eyes during Theodore Roosevelt's occupation of the presidential chair of the United States, and was appropriately enough named after him. Of a silver grey colour, oval eyes, and with a distinct trace of aristocratic lineage in his blood, and resembling nothing so much as a miniature tiger, the little fellow grew up to be a prime favourite of the household.

Certain visitors he bestowed his regard upon; others he would curiously hold aloof from. If cats can be said to be aristocratic, then without doubt, Teddy was exclusively so. Once offend him by ruffling his dignity, it would take time to heal his hurt and so get *en rapport* with him again.

Outside the house, he must needs maintain a certain dignified deportment. On one occasion he followed his mistress to the gate, where the fishman had stopped with his wagon, and on cutting the piece of fish required, the man threw down an odd piece for Master Ted. As a result, Teddy simply looked down at the bit of fish, then slowly raising his head, gave the donor a look of disdain which drew from him the remark,—“My! he's a proud fellow, that.” However, on the piece of fish being washed and properly cooked, Ted's culinary requirements had been fully complied with, and he was able

to partake of his lunch with relish. His meal gong consisted of a pan rattled with a spoon, and the sound was evidently joyful music in his ears, for on hearing it he would scamper quickly from the far end of a field.

Very loyal to his "ain folk," he would frequently of an evening convoy his master and mistress to the street car, a block or so away; would see them off, and then secrete himself in a neighbouring clump of bushes until their return later. One particular evening, we came off the car, a block farther south, then walking to the house from a different direction. Some hours later, we remembered that Teddy had accompanied us to the car, when going away, but had not returned home. On going to the clump of bushes mentioned, we called him, and out he came. He had evidently assumed that we would return that same way, as was our wont. Sometimes on going out after ten o'clock in the evening, it was difficult to get him indoors again. Apparently his idea was to have some fun at our expense; he would come almost up to us, and then shoot away like lightning, obviously thoroughly enjoying our discomfiture. After playing at this hide-and-seek game for a time, we would shut the door

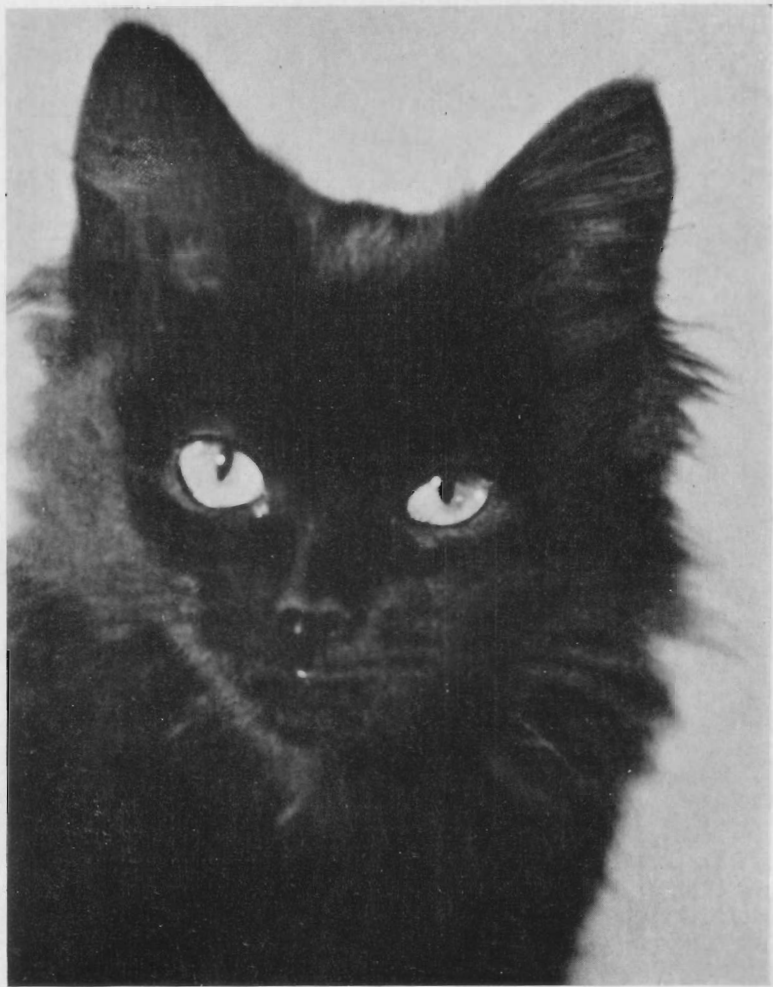
and leave him outside, and, should it be winter, would go downstairs an hour or so later, and discover a very humble and penitent Ted waiting to come in.

Ted was in the habit of accompanying his people to their summer cottage by the sea, and there a sea bath was part of his daily regime. One would not aver that he altogether revelled in it, although he accepted it without demur, and, on being thrown into the sea, would swim quickly ashore and enjoy drying his coat in the warm sunshine.

Teddy's qualities might be summed up thus—unflinching loyalty to his own people, with a quiet dignity of demeanour,—combined with the latter, a gentle forbearance with the ways of some other cats of a more plebeian order who perhaps had not been favoured with his privileges. His span of life was a little over nine years, and then he passed away to the "never-never land," mourned by his own folks and many others as well.

We shall ever keep you in remembrance, Teddy Boy! Meantime,—Goodnight, and mayhap, who knows, we shall meet you again in the morning.

Requiescat in pace.



CONFUCIOUS SAYS !

Photograph by the Owner, Miss J. Lipschild of Killarney,
Johannesburg, South Africa.

MAKE A PAL OF YOUR CAT!

By MAGDALEN MUNRO.

IT seems strange that through the centuries man seems to have made very little effort to make his cat into a pal, as he has done with the dog. Yet I am sure that it can be done with very little trouble.

We have nine cats, we breed from nondescripts, trying to get Tortoiseshell Males, so far without living results over eight years. But our cats are real pals. Dogs could not be better comrades. It came about practically effortless. First of all, every cat is given a name when born or bought as a kitten, and is called by that name. We notice that even when only a few weeks old they begin to respond to their individual names. They obey like dogs too. If I see from the kitchen with the tail of one eye that San Toi or Queeny is getting on to the dining table, I call out, "Not on the table, San Toi," and she obediently drops back on the chair or on to the floor. If I am doing the chores and leave the bedroom door open, Peter seldom misses a chance to sneak into the bedroom and under the quilt, but at a command from where I am at the moment: "Peter,

not in the bedroom," our Peter comes rushing out again with a guilty look on his face, and so on.

They come and ask if they want something. I or my husband may be busy at something, and if one wants to be let out of the room, he or she will come up, say "Miauw Krrr," and then run to what particular door of the room they want opened.

If we go for a walk, every one of the whole family who is on the spot, and not fast asleep, will come along. If it is only to the bus-stop they will see us off. If it is a walk up the lane, over the fields or to the woods, they will troup along. We don't have to call them or watch them. We can go along for miles and they follow. Once we went for a 3½ mile walk and called at a village inn for a drink, in trouped six of our cats with us, to the astonished delight of the publican. We all had our refreshment and they walked home with us.

Peter, our half-breed Abyssinian, always sees any of us

off to the gate, and if we both go out together waits for us until we come back. But not only the Abyssinian can do that. We had a small black, sleek queen, quite nondescript. She adopted my husband for her own special pal. When I went to bed she would go to my husband's study and either ask to be let in or wait at the door.

Then she would see him off to bed and fuss round him while he undressed, to be put out before he turned in. Every morning when I opened the bedroom door Tiny was there, waiting to slip in and it was her duty to wake "Father" with a lick on the tip of his nose. When he went to catch his bus to the office, Tiny would see him off come rain, wind or snow. Often my husband would say: "No, Tiny, it's no weather for you to be out," and try to dodge her. Tiny would not take "No" for an answer, she would dodge round

the back of the house, and by the time my husband was out of the gate she was sprinting after him to the bus-stop 200 yards away. She knew what bus he came back by, either 7, 8 or 9 p.m., and she would be *at the bus-stop* waiting for him whatever the weather. If it was sleet or heavy rain she would come back if he had missed the 7 o'clock bus, and go out again just before 8, and if he was late, repeat it for the 9 o'clock bus. She kept that up for over two years, and then, going to meet his bus on New Year's Eve, she was run over and killed by a car.

No one taught her. She just developed the habit because she and my husband were real pals.

It should be done on a wider scale. Make a pal of your cat and treat him or her as you would treat a dog. They will respond all right. It is man's fault that he has never considered the cat as a pal, but he can be.

Cyril Yeates, President of the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy, and for more than twenty years its Chairman, is dead. His work for cats of all kinds, whether pedigree or humble, will never be forgotten.

The numerous clubs of which he was a distinguished member, the international honours he had as a judge, his authoritative knowledge, all these are known, but in his passing the felines in this world are the poorer.

THE RARE RUSSIAN BLUE

A FEW NOTES

By MARIE ROCHFORD

Well-known Breeder.

Photographs by Elizabeth Chat.



Dunloe Kabuskin

THE Russian Blue is a beautiful cat ; has a short, silky texture of coat ; colour blue, a sort of silvery slaty ; in strong sunshine takes on a lavender bush colour which is very attractive ; its skin is blue. The head is longer in shape than the ordinary cat, but not so pointed as the Siamese. Body longish. Tail thin. They are most graceful and dainty in movement ; very agile ; very gentle and affectionate ; full of character and most intelligent. Eyes should be green according to the standard laid down by the Cat Governing Council, but according to Frances Simpson, in her *Book of the Cat* (1903), the Russian Blue should have golden eyes. I personally

prefer the green eyes. There is something about the green eye and blue coat that is extraordinarily attractive. The lovely blue, silky coat ; a posing cat ; and how they love to pose ; looking at you with affection, and what a lot of expression they seem to get into those green eyes.

The Russian Blue is easy to rear. Its short coat is no trouble. Most have no mioux excepting in distress. Usually only one kitten in a litter has any voice.



Dunloe Silver Toes

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY

ELSIE HART'S NEWSLETTER.

THE General Meeting of the Siamese Cat Club is to be held on Friday, 24th March, at the Goring Hotel, Ebury Street, S.W.1. Members are invited to come along and sing our praises or alternatively voice their grievances, which is much more likely. Anyway, you will get a free tea, cost of which is more than your year's subs., so don't say you never get anything out of us. Before I get a smack in the eye from my committee and members, let me hasten to say that a notice requesting matter, if any, for the agenda, be sent to me by the 17th February, was in the hands of *Fur and Feather*, official organ of the Cat Fancy, the first week in the month. Such paper did not print it until it was too late to be of any use. So if anyone wants to have a grumble, please don't blame me. *Fur and Feather* knows its own business best, no doubt, and if they have not the available space I am not responsible. In view of the comments at the late arrival of nomination reminders (also no fault of mine), I deemed it advisable to make a few explanations. No one will believe

them, of course, the dilatory secretary is just making excuses to cover her inefficiency, but they are true nevertheless. Note, manager of the Goring Hotel, probably visualizing a Siamese procession, intimates no animals may be taken into the Hotel. Cat fanciers are well known for their eccentricities, but I don't recall anyone attending a general meeting accompanied by their cats!

Dr. Langley Owen of Sharpen Manor, Mayfield, Sussex, sends me the following information: "During April last year severe gastro-enteritis broke out resulting in the loss of my Siamese queen within thirty-six hours. The ordinary cats and the half Siamese all died within three days of contracting the disease. The male Siamese, an older cat, had the nasal type of infection, from which illness he recovered after three to four weeks, but because he was so desolate and wandered off, I acquired two young Siamese queens in May. I had given M. and B. 693 to each of the enteritis and sickness cases at the very early signs, but this drug seemed a complete

failure, so that when both the new young queens became ill with sickness and diarrhoea and all the other signs of infectious enteritis the outlook was grave indeed. In the last stages of the illness in each case (the cats were actually stretched out on their respective earth boxes unable to move off), I gave an injection of $2\frac{1}{2}$ c.c. Soluthiazole (May and Baker), equivalent of $\frac{1}{2}$ gm. of Sulphathiazole diluted with water to 5 c.c. This injection was taken without a murmur as the cats were too ill, but within six hours there were such signs of improvement (walked off her bed, stretched, and lapped water), that I was astonished. No further injection was given in either case, and each cat was eating and resting normally in two days' time. I should not have thought it so miraculous had I not witnessed the deaths of the other cats previously. If I have to treat another case in its early stages I would administer Sulphathiazole $\frac{1}{2}$ gm. tablets by mouth—but in the later stages, or if these tablets did not cure the condition within twelve hours, I should inject the Soluthiazole ($2\frac{1}{2}$ c.c. with $2\frac{1}{2}$ c.c. water). *Note.*—**Do NOT use saline solution to dilute the Soluthiazole as it causes severe pain.**

Dr. Langley Owen is a Trustee of the Albert Howard Foundation of Organic Husbandry, and doing a considerable amount of research work in connection with cats. Any light on the dread subject of infectious enteritis is always welcome.

My attention was drawn by quite a number of exhibitors to the practice of show managers allowing distinguishing marks in show pens during last season. I must say, it is true and this seems to be increasing. The Governing Council rule distinctly says the exhibit must be penned on white blankets only, and no distinguishing marks are allowed; this means water pots, sanitary pans, cushions, toy mice, coloured edges to blankets, feeding dishes, etc., etc. But as the average exhibitor never reads any rules, it is not surprising the show pen becomes a home from home for the cat. Judges are supposed to disqualify an exhibit having any distinguishing mark in their pens, but they are loathe to do so, as I am sure no judge is at all biased even if they do happen to recognise the cat. However, in order to put an end to this dissatisfaction, it might be a good idea if show managers detailed a steward to inspect the pens and remove the offending articles before judging commences.

I have written several times in various papers on the subject of sending queens to stud properly and comfortably packed, so I was horrified to hear two reports from stud owners of the conditions in which queens arrived for mating. The first, a Siamese, was folded in half into a biscuit tin, and the second, a chinchilla, arrived in a sack. This is appalling, and any person who is either so ignorant callous, or crazy enough to act in such a manner should never be allowed to keep a cat at all. The stud owners in question quite rightly informed the R.S.P.C.A., and I would earnestly ask any one else to do the same should occasion arise.

News of mammoth cat show to be run at Olympia in September has reached me. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald of Ewell are undertaking this stupendous task, with, I understand, Mr. Towe as show manager. As yet I have little information about the project, but it will be interesting to see if, in the future, Macdonalds convey to cat owners the same significance that Crufts does to the dog world. The show is not, of course, to be managed under the auspices of the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy or under their rules.

Question I am asked. "I have been told that Siamese cats can be trained to accept a collar and lead, and I should very much like to train my kitten, but I have not the slightest idea how to accomplish this. At present even with a tit-bit 'bribe' held like a carrot in front of her, is of no avail." I'm afraid I can't help. I know plenty of owners do travel their cats on collars and lead, even arriving at shows to my extreme annoyance, but none of my own cats take kindly to this mode of walking. I did once try the effect of a collar, but we got no farther than a definite sit down and refusal to move, so I gave in.

I hear Major and Mrs. Rendall are on their way home from Jamaica, having come to the conclusion this country is best after all. What has happened to the Blue-Points they took out with them I wonder. I hope they are not destined for quarantine. If so, it is more or less goodbye to some very good Misselfore stock.

Quite an unexpected demand seems to have sprung up for Siamese kittens of late, praise be, though it may be the usual when one has nothing everyone wants a kitten. After this paragraph please do not flood

OUR BLUE LONG HAIRS

By CLARE PRINCE.

NOW that the shows are over for this season, I am asked to form an impression of the general standard of the Blue Long Hair of to-day, and to give my opinion on which are the most important points to observe when attempting to breed a Blue Long Hair to show standard.

In the first place the standard of points is given in the B.P.C.S. Book of Rules. For those who are interested in the breeding of Blue Long Hairs who have not this standard of points in their possession, they are as follows :

COAT (20 points).—Any shade of blue allowable, sound and even in colour, free from markings, shadings, or white hairs. Fur long, thick and soft in texture, full frill.

CONDITION (10 points).

HEAD (25 points).—Broad and round with width between the ears. Face and nose short. Ears small and tufted. Cheeks well developed.

EYES (20 points). — Deep orange or copper. Large, round and full, without a trace of green.

BODY (15 points).—Cobby and low on the legs.

TAIL (10 points). — Short and full, not tapering. A kink to be considered a defect.

In my opinion the eyes are of the utmost importance, for a good head is marred by eyes which do not fulfil the high standard required, and up to three years of age a Blue Long Hair should excel in eye colour. After that age one can expect the eyes to pale a little.

So much for the eyes. The head should be in pleasing proportion to the body. Also the general balance of good features go to the making of a good head.

The body should be cobby. The word "cobby" reminds me of the old fashioned cottage loaf, and the view of the cat from the back when sitting is similar to the shape of this loaf. So we take it to mean, not angular or long, but plump and short.

The coat of a Blue Long Hair is beautiful when at its full bloom, but we must remember that it is always changing, and the "full bloom" like a flower fades only too quickly.

I think full points should always be given for a coat in perfect condition for this reason alone.

This then is what we are asked to aim for in a Blue Long Hair.

I am often asked by newcomers to the "cat world" "What is the meaning of the word typed or typey?"

Forgive me if I am wrong, but surely this word must have been intended to convey in the first place "*a general grouping of the best points when finally summing up.*" Say, an excellent balance from nose to tail. To-day, however, the use of the word seems to imply that the cat has what the Americans term a "peke-face" with a very ultra short nose and broad muzzle out of all proportion to the size of the head. In short, an excessive flattening of the features.

No doubt due to the in-breeding required to obtain this flat appearance, the colour, shape and size of the eyes are often at fault. Often the eyes are at best an indeterminate shade of butter colour, deep set, and sometimes weeping and scarcely ever wide open. Coats are coarse and shady, and we are presented with (in the opinion of many of our best

judges and breeders) an "overtyped" animal.

Happily these overtyped animals are by no means representative of our best Blue Long Hairs of to-day. Beautiful cats have received championship certificates this season, and others will appear next season in the hope of doing so.

Let us hope that the fashion which favours the peke-face will be of short duration, and that the majority of our breeders who have the welfare of a beautiful animal as their first consideration will strive to aim for a *true balance* of the important points which make the Blue Long Hair the most lovable animal of all.

Some of the attractive exhibits at the shows this year were bred by our Northern and Midland fanciers and breeders. I shall very much look forward to seeing again:—Mrs. Snowden's Anlaby Cleopatra; Mrs. Corbett's Anlaby Beau; Miss M. Bull's Deebank Princess Fatima; Mrs. Brice-Webb's Ronada Amethyst and Ronada Madonna; Mrs. B. Stephenson's Herries Chloe; Mr. and Mrs. Harrington Harvard's Trenton Verity; Mr. J. Martin's Southway Whiz (ten years old); Mrs. G. Bastow's Westbridge Eve.

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

THE first fall of snow always appears to surprise the cats. It is amusing to see the way they hesitate on the door step, and then, having ventured, stand with one front paw raised as if uncertain whether to go further or not. I have seen five or six of mine standing like this half way from the cat houses to the kitchen, and they look so funny. Galadima hates to walk on the snow, especially when it is frozen, and needs quite a lot of coaxing to put a paw out.

Mr. Norman Winder writes to say he is arranging for a first mating for his Siamese queen, Chinki Wintydd Serah, and also that his tortoiseshell, Tiddles, is about to present her latest family. "We are hoping she will produce the never yet granted replica of herself, which we should keep to succeed her. It is always a surprise as to what colour her family will be, and I should imagine, with pedigree torties, this will prove fascinating beyond measure. Have you ever seen a tortie and white

cat in which the black is substituted by blue? These cats are very attractive, and I know of only one. She is a farm cat, and her mother is a tortie, who always produces one kitten of this colouring in her litters. It seems such a pity they are always destroyed."

Miss Kathleen Yorke, who was judging in Holland in February, very kindly sent these particulars of wins:

Best Exhibit in Show at The Hague, Dutch Cat Club, February 5th, de Nederlandse Verenigeng van Fokkers en Liefhebbers van Kalten, was Mlle. Posthuna's Chinchilla M. Sarisbury Simba, bred by Mrs. Warren, sired by Mr. J. Barker's Sylvandene Statesman. Simba is sire of Ch. Flambeau of Allington, belonging to Miss Langston.

Best Blue Exhibit: Mlle. Posthuna's Int. Ch. Southway Wizard, sire Dickon of Allington, bred by Mr. J. H. A. Martin.

Best Cream Exhibit: Widdington Wallaby F., sired

by Ch. Widdington Warden, bred by Mrs. Sheppard. She is owned by Mlle. Remande of Paris, and was the best exhibit from France.

Best Kitten, a lovely Smoke : Tarzan van de Nijehorst, sired by Int. Ch. Southway Wizard, bred by Dr. Doekser.

From the Cat Club de Paris I received a brooch as a special. It has been very much admired, and is the head of a long haired cat in silver on a gold coloured background. Miss Yorke thinks it is the one designed by Mdme. Ravel, and is of Int. Ch. The Autocrat of the Court. She says : " He was in France long before the War, and to save him during the War Mdme. Ravel got Mdme. Gibbon to take him to Switzerland with all her pets, and he lived until the Spring of 1947. I believe he was fifteen years old, and even to the day he died he was as pale and sound as when he was a kitten. I was there when the darling passed away from a weary heart. The trials of shortage of food during the period in France of German occupation was terrible for all these pets who had been so guarded in their early days. He was wonderful for his age—would jump on the table when the cats' food was being prepared and select the bits he liked

best. Mdme. Gibbon adored him and allowed him to do as he wished. His pet name was Goblin and he knew it so well."

Mr. Allt, well-known breeder and fancier, tells me he wishes to dispose of his Abyssinian queen, bred by Dr. Wildeboer. He finds he has more than enough work with his twenty Long Hairs, so here is an opportunity for someone to acquire an Abyssinian queen.

Miss Alvis Peete kindly sent me a marked catalogue of the San Diego Championship Cat Show which she visited on January 14th and 15th. I was most interested in the classes and wins. Miss Peete says she went with a friend who was exhibiting three Siamese kittens, and they stayed at a hotel on the Saturday night so that they could keep the kittens with them. " Except that the odour was bad on the Sunday, it was a most interesting two days. I never saw so many blue point cats before. One seal point came from England, and had the most gorgeous eyes I ever saw, but it only got second as its owner had allowed it to become too fat! The short-haired (domestic) blue was much more handsome than the Russian Blues exhibited. How much I would like to have a blue point or solid blue, no one knows, but

Jimmy, my Abyssinian, is certainly cocky these days. I was able to go to the show because Denver neighbours arrived unexpectedly on the Friday. Jimmy seemed to remember them as he came right out and acted friendly. But after I left on Saturday at eight, they said he went under the bed until he got his dinner; but as I did not come back, he jumped up and down at the windows all night, would eat no breakfast Sunday, and stayed under the bed all day. We got in at six, and as soon as he heard me, you should have heard the tones of his voice. But still he would not come out until the visitors had gone, and then he *did* love me. And eat !”

I know lots of us worry about sending our queens a long distance to stud, but our longest journeys cannot compare with those required of American queens. From Mrs. Warren comes the following news: “I hope I have your new Burmese queen bred. I shall keep her three weeks and then she should be showing signs of being bred. My Russian Blue queen, Dunloe Aphrodite has just returned from an air trip to Texas to visit Mr. Cowhair’s very good male, and I am looking forward to the little balls of blue seal-skin. Please correct what you

said in your January issue about the R.B.’s at the shows here. All the judges love the Russian Blues’ sealskin coats, etc., and young Dunloe Blue King is undefeated, and is a double champion before he is a year old. A few alley cats were entered as R.B.’s, and the judges recognised and threw them out. We all thank you people in England for all the beautiful cats which have been sent to us, and we feel that the Cat Fancy has gained much by your fair and square dealings with us. Mr. Warren and myself are very happy to have made such wonderful contacts in England through our mutual love of cats, and we hope the Cat Fancy in England will enjoy the Burmese as much. They are true colour bred. We are so glad to read about Da. Foong’s show prominence, and how gracious he was to every one. I am glad to learn your Abyssinian male, Raby Ramphis is now a full champion. His two full sisters whom you sent to me are doing splendidly. Raby Nefertari is a Ch. and almost a Double Ch. and is undefeated. Raby Aida is almost a Ch. She is becoming ruddy, is a very gorgeous cat now, and has wonderful type, even better type than Nefertari. She has only been beaten by Nefertari. We are very proud of them.”

THE LOVELY BLUE PERSIAN

By A. H. CATTERMOLÉ.

THE lovely Blue Persian is quite easily the most popular variety of long-haired cats. The first of its kind I ever saw and admired tremendously belonged to Miss Fisher. The cat, whether it was a male or a female, I cannot remember, but it was at a N.C.C. Show, held at the Crystal Palace in 1920, where I had entered my only ewe-lamb, a White Persian. With me at the time were two other young girls. One was brought to the show by her father, she had entered a Blue Persian Neuter and did very well with him. Another of us had brought two White Persian Neuters. None of us three had the foggiest idea what was meant by a neuter. There we were crowding around the pen of Miss Fisher's beautiful Blue, and arguing what breed it might be, when Miss Fisher turned up and very kindly explained to us. I was reminded of all this by a letter written by a lady who wrote anonymously, giving her impressions on her first show in the February issue of "Cats and Kittens." It is always interesting to hear of fanciers' very first experiences, and

mistakes we all make, but it is by mistakes that we learn.

It makes me wonder even to-day after all these long years in the Fancy, how docile and sweet-tempered our showcats are, and especially the lovely big Blue Persian studs. The winners, for instance, are handled quite a lot by so many different judges and stewards, and it is very, very seldom that there is any objection on the exhibit's side. I have often heard visitors and strangers remark about it.

I remember, some years ago three of us were returning from one of those little mixed shows in the country. A well-known lady, who is not with us any more, alas! had been judging. I had been showing a fine Blue Persian male, and the third lady a Blue Persian female. She was a sweet little cat, and her owner kept her on her lap. As the carriage was practically empty, the lady-judge said to me: "Why don't you take Hiawatha out of his basket and sit him on the table?" So I did, and he purred delightedly, and was as good as gold. After a while the ticket collector came along. I

was afraid that he might raise objections, but none came. Instead he was not only all admiration, but remarked: "You could not do that with my 'old moggie' I have got at home! He would not be so obedient and good, let alone sit still!"

There is undoubtedly something very attractive and lovable about a Blue Persian, quite apart from its aristocratic beauty and hauteur. Of course, a Blue Persian is very popular. It does not show up every speck of dust like a light coated cat. You clean up a white or any light coat for that matter, say for show. It is quite likely that it slightly soils its trousers, or else we get a heavy fog the night before the show, that is when cats are being kept outside. That is quite sufficient to make them appear grubby.

Then as to breeding them. The beginner may buy a well-bred kitten which does not turn out to be a top-notch, or she may fail in eye-colour, or some other point may not be absolutely perfect. There are so many really good Blue Persian studs at service with those missing points absolutely perfect, that if not all the kittens in the resulting litter are first-rate kittens, the chances are that one or two are "the goods," and the owner can then carry on with them. It is not quite so easy

and simple with some of our other breeds.

Competition in Blues is very keen, and always has been, but it is great fun! A lady who has only been showing for about three years said to me recently: "Oh! but it was easier years ago to win in Blues!" I told her that was a mistaken idea. In some shows competition was bigger, if anything. I remember, it was either in 1930 or 1931, at the Kitten Show at Philbeach Hall, Kensington, there were 24 female kittens and 16 male kittens in those two classes alone.

Miss Peeke's lovely Appleblossom won in the female class and "yours truly" got second with Bluebird. Mrs. Campbell Fraser was the judge, who told me later on that it was hard for her to decide which was which, both being so beautiful.

To those readers who doubt the veracity of my statement, I can only say, I have got the catalogue still, and that will prove it, and we were in first rate company.

I love Blues quite as much as Whites. Why else would I have kept and bred them? There was a time when I owned two studs, five breeding queens, and 22 kittens, that in Blues alone, besides several Whites. How many breeders have that number to-day, I wonder! The only draw-back

was that I could never leave my cats for any length of time. Everybody in my house had yearly holidays—but myself. Still, I did not mind that, and I always attended to their needs myself, with very few exceptions when I went on a journey with some of them to attend a show. Then I left my “help” in charge, who did nothing else but look after my cats at home. She had been with me a very long time, and knew what was required of her to do. I don’t think there are many breeders who would do that for their cats. I am a real animal lover, but like cats best of them all.

Everybody says Blues sell easier than any other colour. Maybe they do! Why, I don’t know. As far as points go, I think the Blue Persian is the most perfect Long Haired breed to-day. It is quite amazing how some of our well-known breeders of this beautiful variety produce lovely cats or kittens every year.

Well, dear reader, if you have not got a kitten already, buy one. You will never regret it. A cat is such a comforting companion, and you will never feel lonely!