

The Cat Show

By W. E. Hill

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A section of the cat show in full blast, showing in the foreground Mrs. Minna McNulty, who sits on guard over cage No. 181, wherein her blue-eyed white female senior kitten (see souvenir catalogue) is raising a fearful row. "It's that big boy cat in the next cage that's causing the trouble! My little Yo San has never seen a boy cat till today and it's upsetting her terribly," explains Mrs. McNulty to her fellow exhibitor, Miss Eloise Keevey.



Mrs. Teresa Steak and her prize-winning white champion, "Twinkle." This closeup should prove to you that cat owners get to look like their cats in time, and vice versa. Even Mrs. Steak's husband has noticed the phenomenon.



Miss Louise Chasme, charming daughter of Mrs. Leopold Chasme, the sales manager, is taking her mama's place for the nonce behind the counter of the literary booth, where they sell books on "Things to Feed Your Cat," "What a Kitten of Seven Months Should Be Told," "Your Kitty's Horoscope," and other choice bits of cat lore.



The award of prizes is bound to make more or less trouble among the exhibitors, some thinking there is favoritism and some thinking there is not enough favoritism. And, of course, the executives and managers have a pretty hard time meeting all comers. Here's Miss Caryl Doolittle, the show secretary, assisted for the moment by Mr. Push, the transportation manager, receiving a complaint from a lady breeder whose blue novice, "Lady of Camelot," has been awarded a blue ribbon labeled, "First Prize, Mexican Hairless." (That's the worst of letting toy dogs into a cat show.)



"And why didn't you bring Frances to the show, dearie?" "O, didn't I tell you? She had six darling little babies Tuesday last! But, Susie, why didn't you bring Toinette?" "Well, she's just getting over canker ear, and she's shedding terribly, so it hardly seemed worth while." (These two charming lady breeders are talking over their absent pets, but the young man who is eavesdropping doesn't know that. He thinks they are discussing a couple of young society matrons or such.)



The show veterinarian. "O, Doctor Bismuth, won't you give my seven months' old cat something to quiet her when I take her home? A little sleeping powder, maybe? I have to go home by bus, and she does take on so!"



"But, Lambie-pie, we got them all in the car when we brought them, and there's no reason why we can't get them in now—if you just wouldn't spread out so!" A boy friend is helping Miss Elsa Retriever, a heavy exhibitor, home with her cats. The boy friend claims, rightly or wrongly, that the initial delivery was made in two installments.



Just one of those intensely interior decorated cages with a lady exhibitor sitting proudly alongside. This cage houses Rollo of Superba, red short haired novice, shown by Mrs. Vashti Peabody, owner and breeder. The trimmings are of ice cream pink moire.