The Cat Show

By W. E. Hill

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A section of the cat show in full swing, showing in the foreground Mrs. Minnie McHaley, who sits on guard over cages No. 16, where are the prize cats from various shows that have been brought over by the.U.S. Department of Agriculture to put a stop to felines causing the trouble! My little Foo Sam has never seen a boy cat till today and it's upsetting her terribly," explains Mrs. McHaley to her fellow exhibitor, Miss Blake Keeley.

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

The award of prizes is bound to make more or less trouble among the exhibitors, some thinkning there is favoritism and some thinking there is not enough favoritism. And, of course, the rotation of all enterers, and getting all enterers, Miss Carlene Denfield, the show secretary, assigned for the present to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, reveals a complaint from a lady breeder who got a prize, but his cat was not awarded his blue ribbon labeled, "First Prize, Mexican Hairless." (That's the worst of letting your dog into a cat show.)

Miss Louise Chown, charming daughter of Mrs. Leopold Chown, the show manager, is taking her mother's place for the moment behind the counter of the hilly show booth, where they sell books on "Things to Feed Your Cat." "What's a Kitten of Seven Months Should Be Told," "Your Kitty's Horoscopes," and other choice bits of cat lore.

"And why didn't you bring Frances to the show, darlin'?" "Oh, didn't I tell you? She had six darling little babies Tuesday last! But, Bucie, why didn't you bring Takuma?" "Well, sir, you're just getting over easier sex, and she's feeling terrifically, as it hardly seemed worth while." (These two charming lady breeders are pulling out their show cats, but the young man who in afterglow doesn't know that. He thinks they are discussing a couple of young society matrons or such.)

The show vetinarian. "O, Doctor Bloom, won't you give my seven-month-old cat something to taste her when I take her home?" "No, and I don't see why should. If you want to give her something, give her something she can chew on, not something she can't chew on."

"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 who gets his kicks from licking a lady's face while she's in the car. The boy was given out of circumstance, of course, and then the scene was just what one would expect from a boy who is lost in his own world, but is now free to play and enjoy his surroundings, and is living in a world of his own, and it goes on with the story.

Just one of those intercellularly decorated cages with a lady exhibitoraming proudly alongside. This cage houses Belle of Superior, red short-haired mouser, shown by Mrs. Vanett Peabody, owner and breeder. The tinselings are of ice cream pink satins.