

THE CATS ARE CLEVER

Chat by a Representative of the English Feline Shows.

THE INTELLECT OF PUSSY.

Approach of the First American Cat Fair Calls Out Interesting Facts About Women's Pets.

OMING HERE to America as a representative of the English Feline Shows, I am impressed in the beginning with certain differences between the standards of beauty for a cat's head as for a human head. But you, in America, look for all this and more, too. You ask for accomplishments, tricks, a good carriage of the head and paws, and more than that, you want a musical voice. Just fancy! Asking for a sweet meow in a feline companion, and requiring that she shall use her fin and indolence her joy in certain tones of minor or major!

In England we look for beauty of coat, size and regularity of feature, using certain standards of beauty for a cat's head as for a human head. But you, in America, look for all this and more, too. You ask for accomplishments, tricks, a good carriage of the head and paws, and more than that, you want a musical voice. Just fancy! Asking for a sweet meow in a feline companion, and requiring that she shall use her fin and indolence her joy in certain tones of minor or major!

In England the most accomplished cat I ever met—and I speak of her acquaintance with all pride—belonged to Lady Randolph Churchill. It was a Maltese Angora, with spot and with a particularly cunning face. Her name was a little shorter than the general breed of these cats, and there was a very broad space between her eyes. This denoted common sense, her owner proudly said. The cat was bought for some lady Lord Randolph Churchill during that last year or two when the strong mind failed and every effort was made to amuse him. He was afraid of dogs, taking a sudden terror at the sight of them, and Miss Angora just pleased him. She was sent from India by an officer in that country who had taken her parents there years before. Now, Miss Angora was a real cat, and she was largely upon the number of years through which ancestry can be traced. If there are portraits of grandfathers, so much the better, while if the ancestry has been recorded still further back, she becomes a really royal cat, commanding a high price and not easily purchasable.

The English Feline Shows, whose name, as nearly as I can recall it, was an abbreviation of Bienheim in some peculiarly twisted form, had a long lineage. Her mother had been a watch cat, able to keep watch over a tent, mewing if a strange step came, and, of course, her children were very bright. To play the piano, with Miss Churchill, she brought an immediate walk back and forth upon the keys of the baby grand in the boudoir. "Now sit for your picture," meant to show a demure position with paws in line, tall neatly curled around the said paws and head nicely bent to one side, as if trying to "peek pleasant."

In this country I have had the pleasure of witnessing the tricks of many wonderful cats. While in Washington I saw a cat in the treasury building, belonging to nobody except the clerk there, through a remarkable performance. His name was Tom, and when addressed he quickly responded, waking out of the soundest sleep to "face" him, as the clerks said, they would sing out the words of "Tommy's liver," to see Mr. Tom, taken and show interest in surroundings. "Tom, it's dinner time," said a very pretty girl clerk. And at once Tom walked across the room, reached up with his paws to a tin, pulled it down and came bringing it in his mouth. The office boy was then sent for milk.

I also saw Tom climb to a tall window seat at the very of "hand-organ," he being passionately fond of music, and sit under a desk at the words "here's a dog."

I have seen in the Gentlemen's Riding Club, of New York, a pretty sight no doubt witnessed by many visitors to Gotham. It was an Angora curled in the depths of a gentleman's silk hat. The silk hat was the property of a wealthy bachelor, and the Angora belonged to the riding teacher, who brought it to amuse the little ones of that sweet organization. Upon being taunted with "shame, shame," the Angora crawled out all near by, as if very loath to give up her sitting bed.

In a window on Fifth avenue I noticed a very queer sight, and one which made me wonder if the owner herself had ever seen it. Upon the window, inside a pair of point lace curtains, stands a bust of Napoleon. It is one of those troubling things, with cocked hat, front lock and raven. Upon the table, well in front of Napoleon, so that no one inside would notice her, sat a

large, beautiful white cat. She had a yellow band about her neck, another round her tail, and she was indeed a beauty of call. Wearing one of her paws well upon her little red tongue, she would lift it gently and rub Napoleon's face with it. All over the face she would go with that circular motion cats always use in washing. From the frowning brow to the stern white spot, she remained. Poor Napoleon! I fear that there remained a little flavor from the finish of the statue, as it was in colors, or maybe some, being very neat, always rounded her surroundings.

We have been trying in our English cat shows to find ways of teaching cats

to follow like dogs. It is true that they will do so when very devoted. I hear that Miss Elise Chew has a cat that would trail after her like a dog, so close as almost to be stepped upon. But, as a rule, cats will not follow. They can be taught to follow like dogs. They can be taught to follow like dogs. They can be taught to follow like dogs.

About the tones of a cat's voice there is much to say. If cats are well fed they meow merrily, yet not so shrilly. By this I mean that a small hungry kitten cracks her voice pleading for something to eat and she can never get it. I notice that there is always a sharp, disagreeable note to the meow the sharp rasping note that brings many a kick for the street cat. But if a kitten is well fed she will not have this note at all. In fact, her first meow will be one of joy when she climbs too high, or one of joy at seeing her plate of milk. When she is in sight she will give a long, plaintive wail that has been copied again and again by the young women who play the violin.

I notice in this country a fondness for the poll parrot, and, that, on account of the tones of a cat's voice there is much to say. If cats are well fed they meow merrily, yet not so shrilly. By this I mean that a small hungry kitten cracks her voice pleading for something to eat and she can never get it. I notice that there is always a sharp, disagreeable note to the meow the sharp rasping note that brings many a kick for the street cat. But if a kitten is well fed she will not have this note at all. In fact, her first meow will be one of joy when she climbs too high, or one of joy at seeing her plate of milk. When she is in sight she will give a long, plaintive wail that has been copied again and again by the young women who play the violin.

DOMESTIC COMFORT. The pet bird many families can keep no more than a pity. In England we have parrots in great profusion, being the most popular of all the tropical birds, where everyone goes pleasuring with birds of brilliant plumage, canaries, finches, love birds, etc. And we also keep cats as well as dogs. Instead of separating the two races of animals we have taught them to live together in unity and happiness. You do not banish your dog because there are cats growing in your house, as wild dogs eat; no more than should your pet bird suffer from your cat. In the second generation of domestic cats a bird is being brought to the world, while in the first it is in the home of Mrs. Nelson, a sister of Frederick Goetzard, and a woman the fame of whose paws has traveled around the world, where it is a broad shelf, upon one corner of which rests a silk cushion for a pet cat. In the middle of the shelf is a squirrel cage, upon the other a sunny spot for a white bull pup, while overhead hang several singing canaries in a gold cage. The whole is saved from menagerie effect by the faintness of the appointments and the beauty of the animals.

There is in New York, they tell us, a Mrs. Ritching, who has a tortoise shell cat of that fine variety that will eat nothing but founders. They are brought fresh every day, fried to a delicate brown, placed upon a plate which is put upon a wooden soap box, over which is spread a clean napkin. As a precaution against the water bug sometimes found in the pantry where the tortoise cat eats the dish is placed in a pan of water so that no bug can get toward the animal. Several times, to "face" him, as the clerks said, they would sing out the words of "Tommy's liver," to see Mr. Tom, taken and show interest in surroundings. "Tom, it's dinner time," said a very pretty girl clerk. And at once Tom walked across the room, reached up with his paws to a tin, pulled it down and came bringing it in his mouth. The office boy was then sent for milk.

A HAPPY FAMILY. Four dogs or to attack little ones, she places pictures of giant dogs, and statues of all around her rooms, and invariably upon the accession of kittens pleads, "where their first picture will be a ball of paper tied to the tail of a plaster of Paris dog. This is but a faithful illustration, but it shows that the domestic cat has much to learn and is capable of learning it.

Cats as playmates for children are not quite as safe as dogs on account of their claws. But I noticed the children of Dolworth's dancing school taking pet kittens with them in their carriages and leaving them with maids to be taken home again after their sitting. These cats are trained to sit upright, and to hold their heads straight and proudly. In spite of the "Carina" that they wear with its jeweled buckle, unlike the neck adornment of their mistresses.

Since there is talk of bringing cats from the far west for the cat shows of the future and from all parts of the country, we may yet see in New York pet cats from the home of that California heiress, Miss Fair, who makes her own cat collars. I'm told, and takes her pets to walk with her by the half dozen.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN. Where Pretty Girls Are Not Wanted. New York World. Here is a little story which seems to indicate that the pretty girl's business prospects are hampered by her prettiness. The secretary of a large Eastern insurance company decided a short time since that it would be better for his office work to introduce half a dozen or more women as typewriters, operators and assistant bookkeepers. He had noted that of the feminine employees in his office the pretty ones were the least effective and the most inefficient. First he advertised, stating that applicants should give age and number of years' experience. He did not succeed in getting a single satisfactory reply. Then he went to a well-known business college and told the manager that he did not suppose he would have any trouble in adding him, as he did not want a young or attractive looking woman. The manager listened to him while he explained his wants, and then, going to a desk, took out a file of letters with a smile and laid them before him. There were upwards of half a hundred applications from banks and commercial institutions, and every one of them, without a single exception, asked for a woman of the age and appearance of the pretty girls in his office. The manager said that it was absolutely impossible to supply the demand for employees of the description that business men now demanded, but he had a list of pretty girls at all times who were applicants.

Lack of vitality and color-matter in the bulbs causes the hair to fall out and turn gray. We recommend Hall's Hair Renewer to prevent baldness and grayness.



NEWS NOTES OF THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

New York April 8.—Special Correspondence.—When Easter Sunday is past you will see:

Fine leghorn straw hats with long feathers on each side and a bunch of feather tips over the forehead. The brim bends down to meet the eyes in front and almost to the nape of the neck behind. Yellow straw hats with pale green ribbon rosettes, black ostrich plume on one side, two white ones on the other. Black straw toques with yellow jonquills under the brim, wired rolls of yellow ribbon standing up over the crown in double bows.

Black straw picture hats with black pleated chiffon to veil the brim, and great bunches of shaded roses for trimmings. The "new man" is going into millinery, and the results of his efforts are apparent in the present very original mixture of colors. Sometimes seven hues are seen on one hat. Black, cream and orange are a usual combination. Black, green, pink and yellow deserves to be called fashionable. On the whole, the new man is to be congratulated on boldness and fertility. Now that women are inspectors of street cleaning, insurance agents and the like, it's high time for men to take to millinery.

The newest veils are interesting. The Easter novelty is a long veil of white Mechlin lace, which is slightly frilled in front and reaches the chin in front. It is tied at the back and the ends fall over the neck. Black figured net is the standby. It is the best material for the milliner, but chenille goes better with toque or ca-

pot. Dotted veils hurt the eye, but that is an old story and one that has never counted against them. Eyes are of no consequence from some points of view.

The spring blouse has first place in every right-minded girl's affections. A particularly clever one, of which the artist has given you a picture, is made in pale pink crepe, gathered at the neck and loosely gathered at the waist under a belt of green velvet. The full, short sleeves have rosettes at the elbows and bows and feather trimmings. For the picture is a black chignon ruche forms a fur collar at the throat, knotted in front with a bunch of violets. There is a Swiss belt of jet embroidery for the waist, and, of course, huge balloon sleeves.

White and black is the spring combination. Not black and white, but a combination with black accessories. Take a

white dress that perhaps you have been wearing and are a little bit tired of, and cover up all the bad places with black feather trimmings. This is you in the very height of fashion, for thus are half of the spring dresses made. One white satin evening dress has an entire covering of jetted lace. The bodice is of white satin with a deep band of black jet across the bust and a fall of it over the shoulders. The gloves are white and in the hair of the clever blonde who has designed the "confection" is woven a tiny black algaette fastened with a white satin bow.

Spring capes take it upon themselves row and then to be most brilliant in coloring. There are butterfly things of shot silk, accordion pleated and edged with jet or passementerie. Then there are the hoodies in blue and green and golden brown cloths with tartan linings. The jacket which goes is tight fitting in the back. It has a turn-down collar and revers opening in the front over the "hoodie" worn underneath. It has full gilet sleeves pleated into the arm-holes. Plain or tailor jackets are in the market and are at once smarter and less convenient to wear over high sleeves.

An evening cape for spring is of pale blue accented pleated mousseline de sole put on to a plastron of black silk covered with gipure. On each shoulder is a ribbon which is caught up in loops, then taken down to the waist, where it is knotted again, the ends falling down over the skirt of the costume.

Home Atmosphere. Harper's Bazar and sciences come so much more delightful to us in their compensations than the creation of the home atmosphere, and although the ability to make a home is a natural endowment of some fortunate beings, it is not the less a talent which may be cultivated, and which will continually repay the time and care devoted to its acquisition. Men sometimes elect to live together in bachelor freedom, surrounding themselves with comforts and luxuries, having well-trained servants, and household machinery moves without noise or jar, and then flatter themselves that they have made a new Eden. Perhaps they have, but it is the Eden that existed before "Heaven's" last best gift was bestowed upon the world, and at its very best is only a lifeless imitation of the beautiful reality, since it lacks the "womanly atmosphere of home," and is without its nameless grace, its abiding sweetness, its indefinable but most potent charm. Yet a household of women can make a home in the fullest sense of all points emphasized, so that rooms which have been hard and forbidding assume a genial and inviting aspect. These clever folk not only love their homes, they love to improve them, and take pride in improving it to the utmost.

The majority of women possess what Hawthorne calls "the gift of practical arrangement," which is, he continues, "a kind of natural magic that enables these favored ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them, and particularly to give a look of habitableness to any place which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their lot." Under the skillful touch of these persons unpromising or incongruous materials are brought into subjection, harmonious arrangements replace stiff cutlance defects are concealed and good points emphasized, so that rooms which have been hard and forbidding assume a genial and inviting aspect. These clever folk not only love their homes, they love to improve them, and take pride in improving it to the utmost.

All Girls Should Walk. New York World. Now that spring has actually proclaimed itself, the longing for out-of-doors will follow as inevitable as the desire for pretty costumes and the expenditure of all spare change for roses and violets. The fashionable girl who owns a pet horse, the proper girl who can afford to be independent and rent a wheel for a "spin" each morning, is certainly to be envied, for fresh air and sunshine are the two factors which insure a healthy life at this season of the year. But the girl who has no pony, but little time and less cash, needs exercise as much and perhaps more than the girl who is a working girl. How will she meet the emergency and gain her out-of-door life without money and without price? In just the simplest way in the world, by indulging in the exercise that nature makes possible to every woman, which costs nothing, and yet cannot be surpassed by anyfad which the heart and body of the wealthy woman can devise, namely, walking.

Although English girls ride, drive, "go in" for tennis and even cricket, they will suffer constantly from insomnia, and owe more to their long tramps across country than to all else combined. There are but two requisites to make a two-hour tramp, even for novice, the most desirable, healthful exercise in the world: comfortable, low-heeled shoes and a short skirt. Surely these two essentials are possible for every girl in either the city or country. If so, then every girl who does not promptly brighten up her complexion and strengthen her muscles, even if it involves the sacrifice of a half-hour's morning sleep, has only herself to blame.

One young woman, who had both horses and bicycle at her command, but who suffered constantly from insomnia, was ordered by her physician to walk at least one mile every day. So loth was she to begin what she considered "such an undertaking" that her fond parents finally begged her by offering her the financial consideration of 50 cents a mile. After six months of daily tramps the pedestrian was heard to say that she had long ceased taking the bribe and had begun to feel that the walk was on the contrary worth paying for, so great was the benefit received.

For girls who have plenty of leisure it is a most charming pastime to set up pedestrian parties and visit places of interest during the summer, tramping for half a day, then resting and recuperating for the morrow. This method of spending a vacation possesses the double merit of improving the health and leaving the pocketbook in robust condition.

Sleeves. Boston Home Journal. "Come my love," said the young husband, as he placed a large bundle on the table, "I've bought you a pair of sleeves."

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LODGINGS IN DUBLIN.

Dirty and Ill-Kept, and With Queer Neighbors.

DECAY OF THE OLD GENTRY.

Experiences of Americans Who Wanted to Live Cheaply and Study the Irish People.

We had always talked of going abroad and living in lodgings. Life seemed so picturesque, so unique and un-American when placed in the environs of a London lodging house, for instance, that we longed to experience its delights. "Now is our opportunity," said the lady when we found ourselves in Dublin for two months. "We desire to live inexpensively."

"But this is not London," the companion objected, thinking of Dickens and David Copperfield. "No, but living in lodgings seems to be quite the thing in Dublin," remarked the lady. "We might go out and look at some now," reaching for his hat. We did, but not finding what we wanted, concluded to advertise. How the replies poured in, and what beautiful lodgings they described! But, alas, it was only on paper and in the imagination of the writers. Such dirt and stuffiness and bareness as we found would fill a blue book. The man became disgusted and fell out of the race, but the lady and the companion persisted in the search, as women will when carrying out a pet scheme. They were becoming faint-hearted when by the merest accident they stumbled upon what promised to be a perfect realization of their desires, two immense drawing rooms for \$11 a week, including service.

It is true that the plump little Irish lady owning the coveted rooms looked rather frowsy and dirty, but she talked with such silver-tongued eloquence we quite forgot her personal appearance. Fires would be extra, but as it was June we'd hardly need any fires. We only

needed two rooms, as the man was devoting himself to some post-graduate work in the hospital and would have a room there, only taking his meals with us. He was invited to go out and look at the rooms before we finally agreed to take them, and became as enthusiastic as we were. "It is so near the hospital," he said, surveying the length and breadth of faded grandeur. "Just think what high-born and perhaps famous people once lived or visited here. This used to be one of the fine and fashionable houses of Dublin. See those great windows down to the floor, and the decorations of the walls."

"Considerably tarnished and broken now," the man calmly replied. "Well, if there is anything I love it is plenty of space," said the companion, marching up and down the room. "See the gorgeousness of that yellow lamp shade."

"How are the beds? They don't look very comfortable." "Oh, she has promised to make them all right. I'll declare if the lamp shade isn't real nice, and do you see how the sun shines in through the window. Can't you imagine stately dames in rustling brocades and powdered hair sweeping through these rooms, gossiping with gallant beaux. We'll take our meals here, you know, where they used to have afternoon teas and receptions."

We had our first meal in lodgings that evening, and during the fact that the little Irish maid who waited on us was so sooty you couldn't see the color of her skin everything passed off quite merrily. "You see, we have gas in this room as well as the lamp," said the lady excitedly. "But what's the matter with your fire?" the man inquired after gazing silently at

"SEE THE GORGEOUSNESS OF THE YELLOW LAMP SHADE." the end of a chair while I light the gas in the hall." "After that week we were contented to try some smaller rooms where things were cleaner and we could keep warmer. Our landlady had a very nice English woman who dropped her h's with reckless prodigality and robbed us every time she had an opportunity. We found in a few days that it was a choice between doing our own marketing or bankruptcy, and we did the marketing. But new trials attended that experiment. It was nothing for one of us to have to rush out at the last moment and buy something necessary for a meal at midday or in the dusk of the evening, and we rarely went out without returning home burdened with packages to use cream or macarons, strawberries, butter, and even bacon and eggs. "It makes life one continual struggle," grumbled the companion. "What do you care if it was me again?" "But I don't think we are getting just what we expected. I know this butter is fine and that run through the paper presently."

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"With those rashers of bacon in your handbag?" "Oh, no. I shall leave them at home. Do you remember Prof. P.'s book on Shakespeare? I have it with me; put it in purposely because we were coming to Dublin, and I hoped to meet him. Come with me and let these affairs take care of themselves."

But she went down alone, the companion following a little later. We met upon the college grounds, black-gowned students looking at us as they hurried by on their way to recitation. "Are we to be admitted?" "No," said the lady, dejectedly. "Did you see the professor?" "Oh, yes. He is charming. He said that he felt very sorry that he couldn't ask us into the lecture room, but such a thing would be impossible yet at Trinity. That woman was knocking loudly at his door now, and they must do something for them. I should think so." She wound up a little indignantly. "He asked me to wait; he wanted to see us again."

"We wandered idly about the college grounds until the lecture was over and the professor came out to join us in cap and gown, his tall, spare figure as fine as a needle, and he said to us as they hurried by on their way to recitation. "Are we to be admitted?" "No," said the lady, dejectedly. "Did you see the professor?" "Oh, yes. He is charming. He said that he felt very sorry that he couldn't ask us into the lecture room, but such a thing would be impossible yet at Trinity. That woman was knocking loudly at his door now, and they must do something for them. I should think so."

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AN EASTER GREETING.

There has never been a blue like that which is called turquoise this spring. Look at it and wear it if the fashion suits your complexion.

The prettiest evening dress that I have seen this week was a very pale yellow

and held in with a soft fold of blue velvet. The sleeves are immense bouffant affairs just to the elbows where the long black gloves meet them.

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IN BLACK AND TURQUOISE BLUE. The skirt was accordion pleated and had not even an edge of lace, while the bodice was gathered full over a yellow silk lining from the throat to the waist and tied with very heavy deep yellow satin ribbons. As the lining was cut low the tulle maids were pretty covering for the girl's shoulders, and the full sleeves

of chiffon were held in at the elbows with the same ribbon used on the waist. The young wearer, with her dark eyes and dark heavy hair arranged with a yellow rose at one side, was one of the most striking pictures of a brilliant evening.

Natural flowers, by the way, are the proper decoration for the hair this spring. Red haired women wear dark roses of an evening, young girls wear rosebuds with ferns, and for dances or especially festive occasions small flowers with trailing grass to fall over the hair are much in vogue.



WE DID THE MARKETING.

"SEE THE GORGEOUSNESS OF THE YELLOW LAMP SHADE." the end of a chair while I light the gas in the hall." "After that week we were contented to try some smaller rooms where things were cleaner and we could keep warmer. Our landlady had a very nice English woman who dropped her h's with reckless prodigality and robbed us every time she had an opportunity. We found in a few days that it was a choice between doing our own marketing or bankruptcy, and we did the marketing. But new trials attended that experiment. It was nothing for one of us to have to rush out at the last moment and buy something necessary for a meal at midday or in the dusk of the evening, and we rarely went out without returning home burdened with packages to use cream or macarons, strawberries, butter, and even bacon and eggs. "It makes life one continual struggle," grumbled the companion. "What do you care if it was me again?" "But I don't think we are getting just what we expected. I know this butter is fine and that run through the paper presently."

"Well, I am going down to Trinity College today and see if we cannot be admitted to Prof. D.'s lectures on English literature."

"With those rashers of bacon in your handbag?" "Oh, no. I shall leave them at home. Do you remember Prof. P.'s book on Shakespeare? I have it with me; put it in purposely because we were coming to Dublin, and I hoped to meet him. Come with me and let these affairs take care of themselves."

But she went down alone, the companion following a little later. We met upon the college grounds, black-gowned students looking at us as they hurried by on their way to recitation. "Are we to be admitted?" "No," said the lady, dejectedly. "Did you see the professor?" "Oh, yes. He is charming. He said that he felt very sorry that he couldn't ask us into the lecture room, but such a thing would be impossible yet at Trinity. That woman was knocking loudly at his door now, and they must do something for them. I should think so."

"He asked me to wait; he wanted to see us again." "We wandered idly about the college grounds until the lecture was over and the professor came out to join us in cap and gown, his tall, spare figure as fine as a needle, and he said to us as they hurried by on their way to recitation. "Are we to be admitted?" "No," said the lady, dejectedly. "Did you see the professor?" "Oh, yes. He is charming. He said that he felt very sorry that he couldn't ask us into the lecture room, but such a thing would be impossible yet at Trinity. That woman was knocking loudly at his door now, and they must do something for them. I should think so."



THE MISTRESS SEZ, FAITH, AN SHE GIVES ONE TOWEL A WEEK.

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