

Winifred Moorehead
1447 West Main Street
Decatur, Illinois

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CAT LOVERS

by

Winifred Moorehead

The monthly luncheon of the "Tabby Club" was getting under way. The ladies had drunk their tomato juice cocktails and were beginning to investigate their salads. Between the crunching of crisp celery and the grinding of carrots, the conversation was flowing readily. One woman rapped on her glass to get the attention of all present.

"I want to announce that my Cinder is having kittens before very long. I'll give them all away except one, for I can't keep more than two cats in my apartment."

"Oh, Mrs. Scott," said a white-haired woman, "please let me have one for my little grand-daughter. I've been promising her one for a long time, but I have never found the one I want. Your Cinder is such a lovely cat. I'd love to have one of her kittens for Mary Jane."

"All right, Mrs. Bradley," agreed Mrs. Scott. "I'll put you first on the list." Mrs. Scott took out a pencil and wrote on the back of her place card,

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which was in the shape of a cat.

"Put me down as number two," a woman almost shouted from the end of the table.

Mrs. Scott wrote hurriedly as the requests came in.

"Aren't any of the rest of your cats having litters?" she asked, as the list grew beyond any possible fulfillment.

"Oh, yes, mine is," said a demure little woman, "but she is only an alley-cat. I don't suppose any of you ladies would want one of hers."

"Well, an alley-cat is better than no cat at all," said one who meant to be kind.

"Some alley-cats are more desirable than some pedigreed ones," said another woman, who hadn't been able to get in on the "Cinder" list.

The Tabby Club president, sensing the danger of the members becoming "catty" in word and deed, adroitly changed the subject.

"Have you tried the new cat food which comes frozen just like fruits and vegetables? My Toby didn't like it at first, but I mixed a little salmon with it, and now he is crazy about it."

"My cat won't eat anything but red salmon," sighed one member. "It adds a lot to our grocery bill, but I tell Henry I'll save other ways to make up for what the cat costs us. Mrs. Brown, I suppose it doesn't cost you anything to feed a cat on your farm, with all your milk and cream."

"Our cats have all the milk they can drink," replies Mrs. Brown, "and there are always mice in the barn."

"Oh," squealed a member. "I couldn't stand to have my cat eat a horrid mouse." And she turned pale at the thought.

Mrs. Brown looked at her in surprise. "I thought it had always been a cat's nature to eat mice," she said.

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The president changed the subject again.

"Miss Winthrop, do you have a report ready to give us about the king of shelter for homeless cats we want the City Council to build for us?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Miss Winthrop, indicating a thick manuscript. "I have it right here."

The president rapped on the table. "The meeting will now come to order. We'll have the minutes of the last meeting."