

TEN KITTENS

By
G. A. PUCKETT

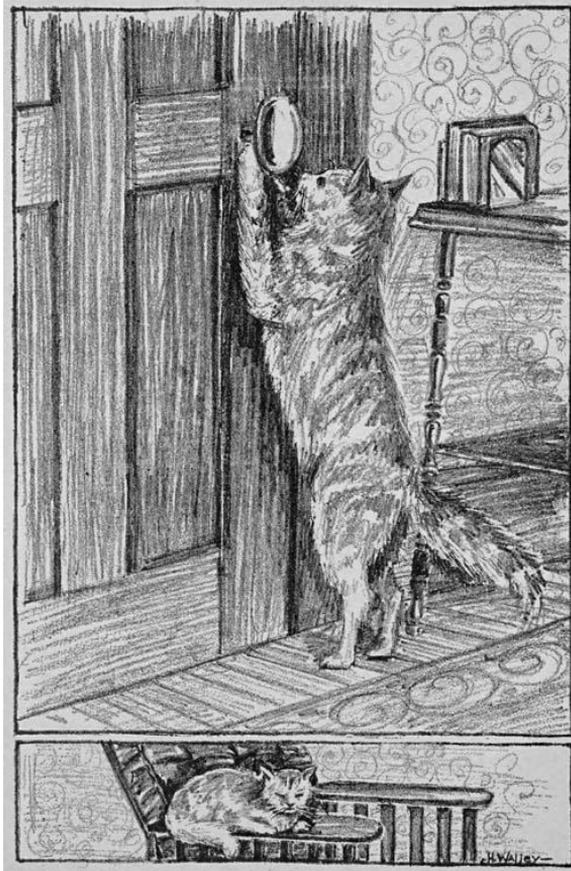
To the children who are interested in the welfare
of their pets, this little volume is affectionately
dedicated.

PREFACE.

The stories of the ten kittens told in this book are true to life. They have been gathered from here and there over the country. All the kittens have lived and played their little parts in the life history as told in each chapter.

The purpose of this collection of stories is to create more interest and love for kittens on the part of our boys and girls. If these stories help someone to be kinder to little kittens, then the author's purpose will not have been in vain.

G. A. P.



MACK.

The story of Mack begins in a Rescue League in Albany, New York, where he was born. The story was very interesting to me as

the lady who owned Mack told me about him. I will try to tell you about the unusual circumstances in this kitten's life.

Mack was a Tiger Persian kitten but was afflicted with a disease called mange when he was very small. His mother had a very bad case of the mange, but instead of being cruelly treated, her mistress took her to the Rescue League where she could be well cared for. While under treatment in this League, which was a home for sick, afflicted and homeless kittens, Mack was born. A short time after his birth he and his brothers and sisters became afflicted with the disease of the mother. When Mack was six weeks old the mother and all the kittens, excepting Mack, were chloroformed, because of their awful condition with the disease.

Mack was left an orphan kitten with no home but the quarters of the Rescue League. One day a kind lady went to this League and from all the kittens there she selected Mack to go and live in her home. This was very kind of the lady because Mack needed a home. Let us not forget this example when we see a homeless or hungry kitten. It would be easy for many people to make kittens happy in this way.

The lady who took Mack had a little daughter who became attached to the kitten and in a few weeks they were the best of friends. By the time Mack was one year old he had learned many tricks and was very obedient. When he wanted someone to open the door he would stand on his hind feet and put both front feet around the door knob and try to open the door or attract attention. It was a good thing that Mack learned to do this. One night he was left in the kitchen to sleep. The little girl of the home, Mack's little mistress, was asleep in another room which opened into the kitchen. About two o'clock that night the girl's mother heard Mack

rattling the door knob and meowing with all his might. She knew that something was wrong so she went to the kitchen to see why he was calling so much. When she opened the door she saw that the kitchen was on fire and the blaze had almost reached the door of the little girl's room, where Mack was calling for help. His fur was scorched a little but he was not seriously burned. The mother said that five minutes more and the blaze would have been beyond control and would have made its way into the little girl's bedroom. She feels that Mack saved her daughter's life by calling for her to open the door.

When the lady and her daughter moved from Albany, New York, to Chicago, they did not leave Mack behind. He moved with them as one of the family and lived for a long time in a boarding house in the big city. There are so many kittens that do not get to travel over the country; neither do they get to live in boarding houses. Almost any kitten is satisfied to have a good place to sleep and plenty to eat. There is another thing most kittens like, and that is kind treatment. They like to be petted and loved as well as being cared for with home and food.

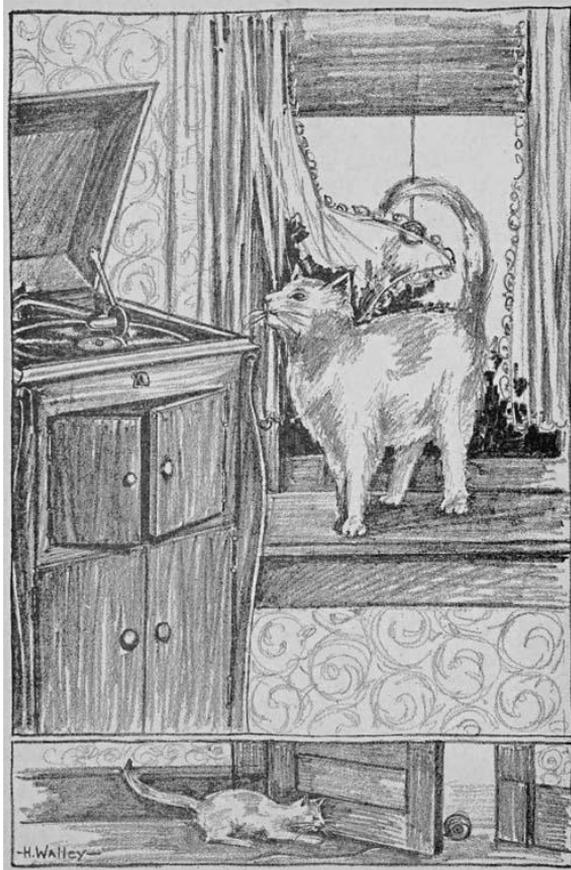
After leaving Chicago, Mack moved to Kansas City with his kind mistress. For some time he lived in this city but at last he moved to Maple Park, just east of the city on the Interurban line to Excelsior Springs. It was there he lived and spent many happy days. Out there in the open, away from the crowded streets of the big cities, Mack caught grasshoppers as his favorite pastime in the fields. This he enjoyed very much and it was also good exercise for him.

When the lady's husband would sit down to read the evening paper in the big Morris chair, Mack would always sleep on one of the arms of the chair. At meal time he would sit in a high chair at the

table and eat just what was given to him. He would not offer to get on the table nor bother anything in the kitchen. One day another kitten came into the home to live but he was not so careful to keep out of the food not intended for him. When he would try to get into anything or stand up against the cabinet or table, Mack would box his ears and make him get away. Mack had been trained from his baby days to keep off the table or cabinet and to keep out of food which did not belong to him.

The years passed by in Mack's life until he became a very old cat. He never forgot his early training and the many little tricks which he had been taught to do. Of course, his mistress thought more of him after he saved the little girl from the fire but he always had a favorite place in everything.

At the ripe old age of fourteen years Mack died. His life had been useful and he had been kind and obedient through all the years. It was a sad day in the home when Mack died. The whole family went to his burial. He was buried at Maple Park in a little grave over which many tears were shed. He was loved by all and had helped to make life brighter with the life which he had lived. A beautiful and obedient cat was laid to rest.



SNOOKS.

Snooks was a very small kitten and lived in a preacher's home. He was well liked by the children in the home. One day one of the girls became very ill and for weeks everyone had to be very quiet.

The kitten liked to be in the house and romp with the children but during those weeks of sickness he had to stay outdoors. One day a young man called at the house on an errand and as he turned to leave he noticed the kitten asleep in a chair on the front porch. He told one of the children that he would like to have the little ball of gray and blue and to his surprise the little girl gave it to him.

The first ride the kitten ever had in an automobile was that afternoon when the young man started home with the little gift. Kittens do not like to ride as dogs do, so this kitten was afraid and had to be kept from jumping out while the car was running.

The kitten soon made friends in the new home and was named Snooks. This name was given him by his new mistress because a little pet chicken she once had was named Snooks. He was trained in many ways during the early months in this new home and could be trusted alone in the house for he would not climb upon the table or bother anything.

Nearly all kittens are afraid of water but Snooks likes to get into it and play by splashing it with his feet. He also likes to take a bath for he will not offer to scratch or bite, but stands in the bathtub while his mistress washes him.

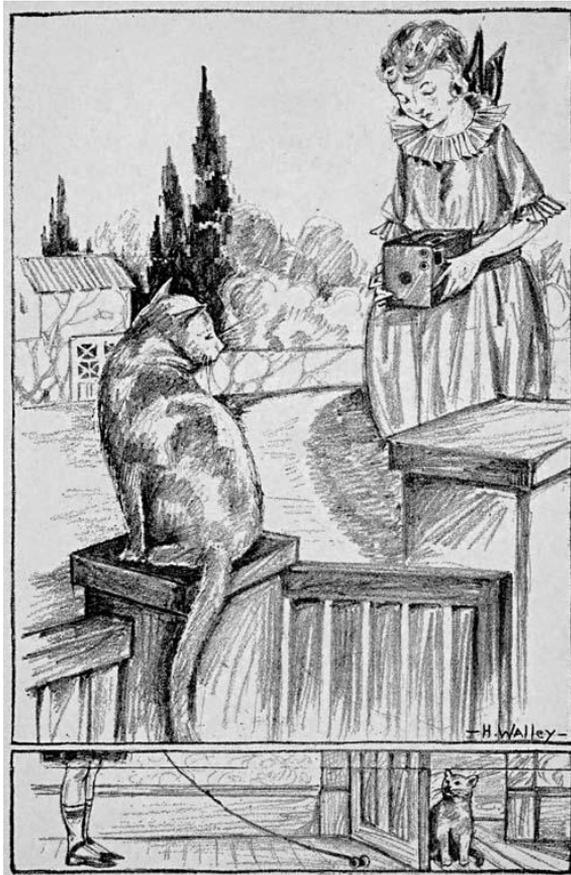
Sometime during each day Snooks has a big romp from room to room. He has learned to run fast and then jump on little rugs and slide on the floor. Many times a day these rugs have to be straightened and put back into place. On cold nights he is allowed to sleep in the house on a little bed which is all his own. This he greatly enjoys, but little does he realize that many poor kittens which have no homes have to sleep out in the cold. Many times

they go to bed on the cold ground and their little ears freeze because they cannot keep warm.

One of the greatest delights of this kitten is to play with a little rubber ball which was bought for him. He will chase it from room to room, like playing with a mouse. He makes it roll by striking it with his feet or jumping at it. One day the ball rolled under the pantry door and the mistress heard Snooks meowing but did not go to see what he wanted. Soon he came to the living room and meowed again and then started back toward the kitchen still meowing. The mistress followed and Snooks led her to the door of the pantry and looked under as much as to say, "I have lost the little ball, will you get it for me?" She opened the door and found the ball and the kitten went on playing again perfectly satisfied.

On another day a Victrola was brought into the house where Snooks lives and at first he was afraid of the music but soon showed signs of interest. He would sit and listen and liked to watch the records go 'round and 'round. He would walk all around the machine smelling and looking as though trying to find where the music and voices were coming from.

At this writing Snooks, the little blue and gray kitten, is alive and well. He lives in a college town but has never gone to college. He is satisfied to eat three times a day and every day he plays with the little ball which he enjoys so much. He is now about one year old and is going to be a large cat when grown. Let us hope that he will always have a good home and be well and playful.



DUMP.

This is a very peculiar name for a kitten but kittens often have peculiar names. Dump could not be called a beautiful kitten but his good nature and playfulness made him attractive and likeable. His

mother must have thought him pretty for she petted him so much by smoothing his fur with her tongue. I have not yet told you the color of this kitten and I am sure you are wondering about it. You might say he was very pretty. His fur was a bluish gray and white and his face was white almost all over. He was just a common kitten but you know the common kittens are smart and many times as good in disposition as the thorough-breds.

Dump was very playful and would do many cute things. One thing that he did and seemed to like most of all was playing hide and seek in the house. He would get behind the door and wait for his little mistress to come and then he would jump out at her as though he meant to frighten her. Of course, she had jumped at him in the same way many times and in this way had taught him the game of hide and seek.

One afternoon in the summer time the little girl thought of something to do of which Dump had not thought. It was this. The girl had a nice little kodak which her uncle had given her and she thought of taking Dump's picture. Not very many kittens are fortunate enough to have their pictures taken. The little kitten had never posed for a picture and of course thought it was great fun, that is, if he thought of it at all. Anyway, they both went into the yard and the little girl placed Dump on the gate post. He seemed to know the purpose of being placed there for he sat still in the warm sun just like he was really posing for the picture. It was a good picture, too, and the girl has the little picture yet, although she is grown now and has a home of her own and another kitten takes Dump's place.

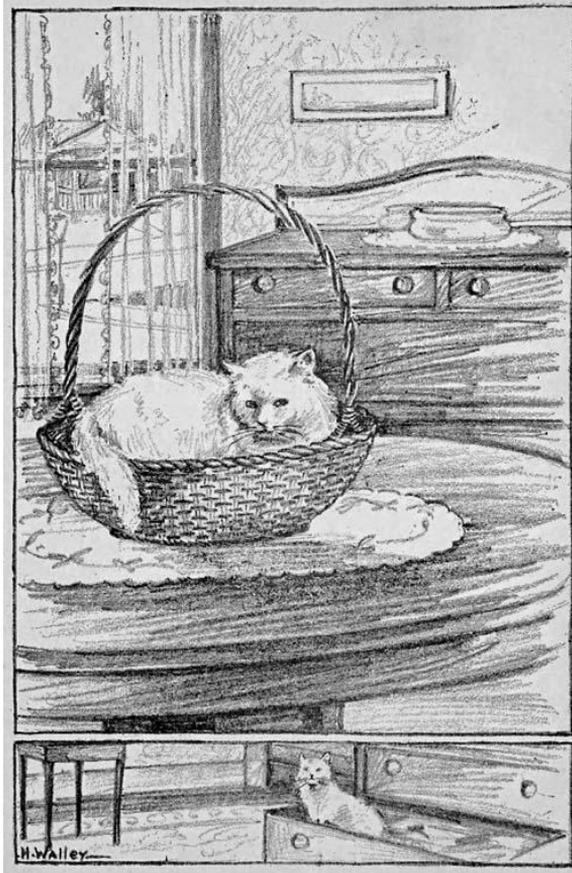
Dump always slept in the window during the summer between the screen and curtains. He would always answer his little mistress

with a little meow when she called him. He knew when it was time for his meals as his master worked down town in a meat shop and when he would go to the house for his meals Dump would meet him at the door and beg for meat.

When the yard was mowed and the grass piled up in one big pile, the kitten would run to it and hide himself from his little mistress. This was great fun for both. They loved each other very much and where one went around the yard or in the house the other was to be found, too.

Dump never cared to play with other kittens and would not be very friendly. One of the neighbors had a big cat next door, but Dump would never let him come through the yard fence if he saw him. He must have been a little selfish but probably it was because he loved his mistress more than other kittens.

Many times Dump would go to the woodshed and watch for mice. He nearly always caught one and he loved to play with it for hours at a time before eating it. One hot summer day he played too long and it cost him his life for he became overheated and died in just a little while. The little girl did everything she could for him but could not save his life. Dump's little body was buried back of the cave beside the graves of two little bantam chickens and a little gold fish.



MITCH.

Mitch was a beautiful Persian kitten and lived in Kansas City, Missouri. City kittens do not have such large playgrounds as kittens on the farm for many times they are kept in the house

almost all the time. There are many dangers for kittens outside in the big cities, too. Some one may steal them and take them away from their homes or they may get run over by the cars and big trucks.

A little girl whose name was Mitchell gave the kitten to the lady who told me this story. The family called him Mitchie for awhile after the name Mitchell. Some of them thought that name too long so they shortened it to Mitch, and that became the name of this beautiful Persian kitten.

The mistress kept a large fruit basket on the dining table and when there was no fruit in it, Mitch used it for a bed. He learned to run toward the table and with one jump he would land right in the basket. Then he would curl up for a long nap and be perfectly satisfied for hours. He always liked to get into boxes and when the dresser drawers were left open he would get into them. It did not make much difference to Mitch just what it was for he could feel contented in anything. One day a member of the family brought something home in a paper sack and taking the articles out, laid the sack on the bed. In a few minutes Mitch was curled up in the sack, fast asleep.

The lady's husband worked at night, or about half the night, and when he came home about midnight, Mitch would always meet him at the head of the stairs ready for a romp. He loved to play with the man's watch chain but one day it was a costly play. The watch was left on the dresser with the chain hanging over the edge and Mitch decided to romp with it a little while. Of course, he did not know the watch might fall and break. In some way he got his claws fastened in the chain and jerked the watch to the floor. Mitch did not mean to break the watch but it cost about seven dollars to

have it repaired. Mitch could not repair the broken watch and he had no way of paying the debt except by love and affection for his master.

Mitch was like Snooks (in the other story), he liked water and liked to play in it. He was very careful about keeping clean and would go to the lavatory and put his feet in the water and then wash his face. One faucet in the bathtub leaked a little and Mitch found that he could get a drink there. In some way he learned that he could strike the faucet with his feet and turn on more water. One day some member of the family had prepared a half tub of water for a bath and about the same time Mitch decided that he wanted a drink. He went to the bath room and as usual jumped right over into the tub, but this time he landed in all the water. You should have seen him scramble to get out for he was terribly frightened.

One day the lady and her husband moved away from the city to the farm and of course Mitch went along and became a country kitten. I am sure that he liked to be on the farm where he could get out into the big outdoors and catch lots of mice. About a year passed and the family moved back to the city, but Mitch was left on the farm with the family who moved on the place. Evidently he did not like his new friends or else decided to go back to the city for he disappeared one afternoon and has not been heard of since. If you should see Mitch anywhere it would be kind of you to tell him that the fruit basket is on the table in the city waiting for him. His mistress, too, will be very glad to hear from him or have him return to his former home.



THOMAS.

Thomas is another very peculiar name for a kitten. He was a grocery-man by trade, as he lived in a grocery store for seventeen years.

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