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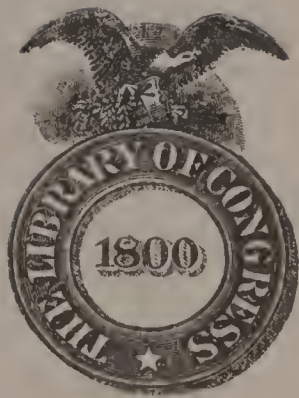
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REMIAM

THE CAT



by
WILLIAM
MAURICE
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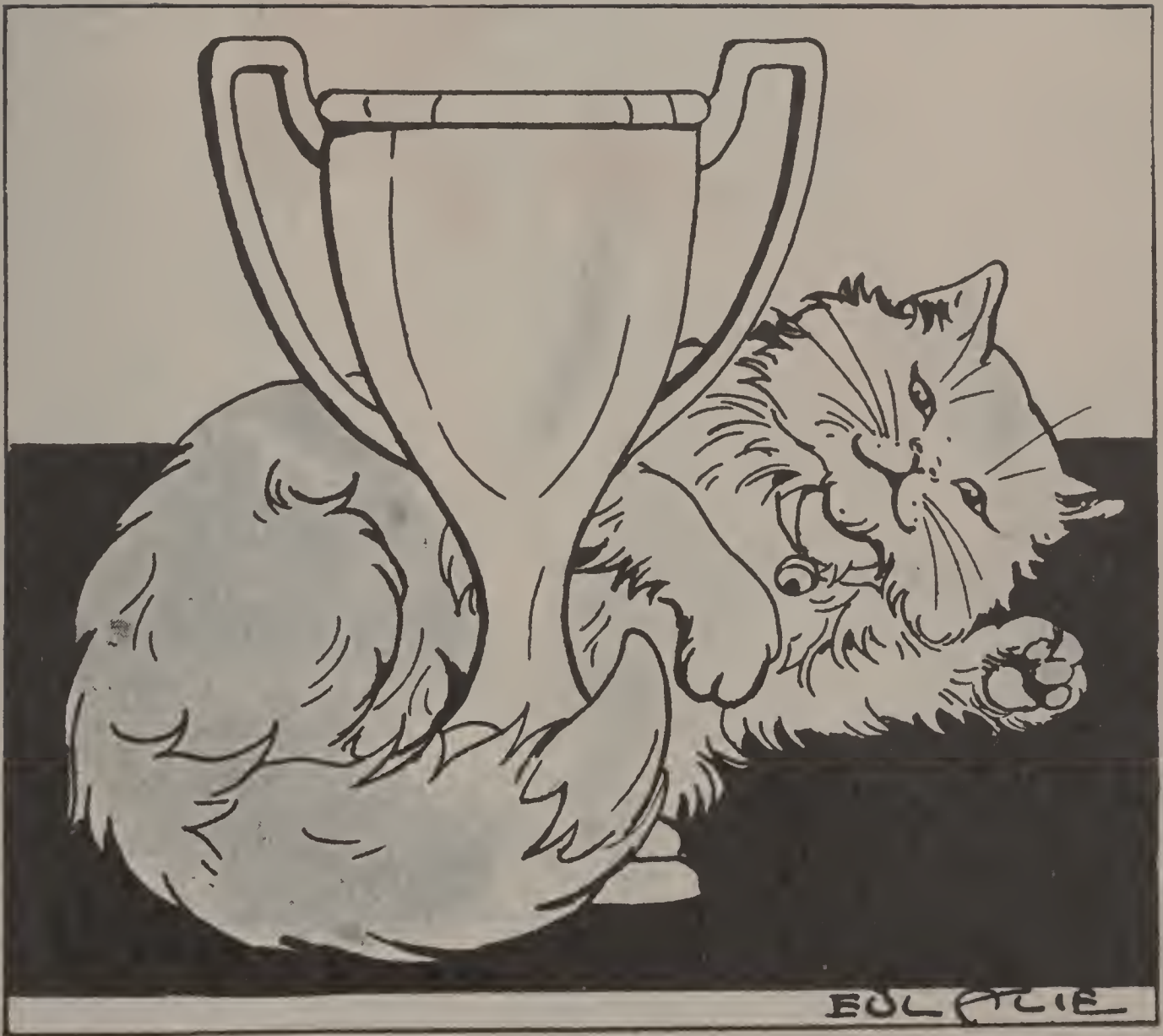
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JEREMIAH





*I belong to Bobby Jack, for I am a cat, a big blue cat,
and Jeremiah is my name.*

JEREMIAH THE CAT

By

WILLIAM MAURICE CULP

II

Author of

AND A DUCK WADDLES TOO



Illustrated by

EULALIE BANKS WILSON

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ALBERT  WHITMAN
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We have a big yellow ball to play with and roll



JEREMIAH THE CAT

Jeremiah, Jeremiah,
Jeremiah is my name.
I am a cat.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

I am a cat,
A Big Blue Cat.
Jeremiah is my name.
I sing all day
Purr-purr, purr-purr, purr-purr,
For I am a cat,
A Big Blue Cat,
And Jeremiah is my name.
Purr-purr, purr-purr, purr-purr,
Jeremiah is my name,
Purr-purr, purr-purr.
I have long hair
 that stands out so.
I have two eyes
 that see all things.
I have two ears
 that hear all things.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

I have one tongue
that tastes all things.

I have four legs
to run all ways.

I have one nose
to smell all things.

For I am a cat,
A Great Blue Cat,
And Jeremiah is my name.

My eyes are green.

My ears are short.

My nose is wet.

My tongue is rough.

My hair is long.

For I am a cat,
A Great Blue Cat,
And Jeremiah is my name.



I have two eyes that see all things

I live in a house,
A great green house,



The Great Green House

That stands on a hill
'Way up from the town
Where the street cars run.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

There the automobiles go
Honk-honk, honk-honk.
And the street bells ring
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.
There Bobby Jack goes to school.
Bobby Jack belongs to me.
I belong to Bobby Jack.
We both belong to Mother
 and Father,
Who live in the house,
The great green house
On the top of the hill
In the great green house
On the top of the hill.
Bobby Jack has a room
Which has four windows

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

That look toward the town
Where the street cars run.
And the automobiles go
Honk-honk, honk, honk.
And the street bells ring
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.
I live in the room of Bobby Jack.
I have a bed
 in a large yellow box
That stands near a window
Which looks toward the town.
We play in the room of Bobby Jack.
We have a big yellow ball
 to play with and roll.
Then I sing and sing
Purr-purr, purr-purr, purr-purr.



I have a bed in a large yellow box

When Bobby Jack goes to school
I am left all alone.

I wait and wait and wait

For Bobby Jack to come home
from school.



We go to the kitchen

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

I know when Bobby Jack is home.

He calls, "Jeremiah, Jeremiah."

I hear him calling

"Jeremiah, Jeremiah."

I answer fast,

"Meow, meow, meow."

I run down the stairs

to the door.

There Bobby Jack

picks me up.

We go to the kitchen.

Bobby Jack talks to the cook.

Gretchen gives Bobby Jack a

cookie.

Bobby Jack gets my plate,

It is a large white plate.

He gets a big bottle of milk.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

He pours milk for me to drink.

I like Bobby Jack to pour
the milk for me.

It has cream in it.

It tastes good.

Then I am happy

And I sing and sing.

For I am a cat,

A Big Blue Cat,

And Jeremiah is my name.

Gretchen gives Bobby Jack a cake.

She says, "No more."

Then Bobby Jack and I go

out to play in the garden

Where the sun is shining

upon the green grass.

There we roll the yellow ball

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

In front of the window
That is in the side of the house
On the top of the hill—
The big green house
With the yellow blinds
That looks toward the town
Where the automobiles go
Honk-honk, honk-honk,
And the street bells ring
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.
In the garden is a fish pond.
In the fish pond are water lilies.
The goldfish swim in the water
 under and around
 the water lilies.
I watch the goldfish.



We both watch the goldfish

Bobby Jack watches the goldfish.
We both watch the goldfish.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

I put my paw in the water.

I try to catch a fish.

Bobby Jack tries to catch a fish.

The fish jump here and there.

Bobby Jack laughs and laughs.

I laugh louder and louder

with a purr-purr, purr-purr.

Bobby Jack laughs:

“Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha.”

So we both laugh:

“Purr-purr, ha-ha, purr-purr, ha-ha.”

So we play

The whole time through

For I am a cat,

A Big Blue Cat,

And Jeremiah is my name.

A SURPRISE

“Mother,” asked Bobby Jack,

“May I take Jeremiah
to school?”

I listened and listened hard.

Mother thought and thought.

“Why do you want to take
Jeremiah to school?” she asked.

“We are making a circus,”
said Bobby Jack.

“Jeremiah will be a tiger,
A Big Blue Tiger,
And sit in a cage.”

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

I listened and listened

to hear what Mother would say.

Bobby Jack listened and listened.

Mother then asked, "Would the
teacher like Jeremiah?"

Bobby Jack said, "Yes."

So I began to purr.

Then Mother said, "Yes,

You may take Jeremiah to school.

But you must dress
him up."

Bobby Jack said he would
right away

So this is how

Bobby Jack made me
ready for school.



Bobby Jack made me ready for school

First we went upstairs
to the room of Bobby Jack.
Then we went to the bathroom.
Bobby Jack ran warm water
in the wash bowl.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

He brought pink soap
that smelled sweet.

He brought a big brush.

Then he got a big
white towel.

I looked and looked
at Bobby Jack.

Bobby Jack said, "Jeremiah,
You must have a bath
before you go to school,
just like me."

So I began to sing,
"Purr-purr, purr-purr."

For I was to go to school.

Even if I am a cat,

A Big Blue Cat,

And Jeremiah is my name.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

I like warm water.

Bobby Jack put me in the bowl.

He wet me all over.

He rubbed soap over me.

He took the brush

and rubbed and rubbed.

I began to be all white.

Bubbles were in the water.

Bobby Jack laughed and laughed.

I laughed and laughed.

We both laughed.

“Ha-ha, purr-purr,

ha-ha, purr-purr.”

Soap got into my eyes.

Soap got into my ears.

Then Bobby Jack poured

warm water over me.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

The soap went away.
Then Bobby Jack
 took the towel.
He rubbed and rubbed.
Sparks came out of my hair.
Bobby Jack put me
 in the window in the sun.
I felt fine.
Then Bobby Jack took a
 hard, dry brush.
He brushed and brushed until
 my blue fur shone.
Mother came and looked at me.
“How nice Jeremiah looks,”
 she said.
I felt proud and happy.
“Bobby Jack,” she said,



I felt proud and happy

“You must get a ribbon
for Jeremiah.”

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

Come to my room.

I will give you one.”

Bobby Jack went to the room.

He brought back a

large yellow ribbon.

He tied the ribbon

around my neck.

Mother looked at me.

Bobby Jack looked at me.

Both said, “How wonderful
Jeremiah looks after his bath.”

Then Bobby Jack said, “He is ready
to go to school.”

So I went to school singing

Purr-purr, purr-purr, purr-purr.

THE CIRCUS AT SCHOOL

Father took us to school

in his big red automobile.

The school had many rooms.

There were many boys and girls.

They were playing in the yard.

They laughed and ran.

Everybody was happy.

Bobby Jack carried me

into his schoolroom.

Bobby Jack said to his teacher,

“Miss White, I have brought

Jeremiah to school.”

Miss White looked at me.

She said, “Bobby Jack,

What a wonderful cat.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

“Children, look at Jeremiah’s
bright blue fur.”

I felt happy and started
to sing, “Purr-purr.”

For I am a Cat,

A Great Blue Cat,

And Jeremiah is my name.

We had a fine day at school.

The Circus was great fun.

There were many cages.

Three or four boys and girls

belonged to each cage.

The cage of Bobby Jack was
for a tiger.

I was the tiger.

I sat behind the bars.



Only Blue Tiger in Captivity

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

I tried to look like

 a fierce blue tiger

 with my yellow ribbon

 and shining blue fur.

I growled, “Grrr, grrr, grrr.”

They put a sign

 over my cage,

ONLY BLUE TIGER

 IN

 CAPTIVITY.

That was a big word,

 CAPTIVITY.

I felt proud.

Then the teacher said,

“Children, we must write

 a poem for Jeremiah.”

So this is the poem

 the children wrote.

POEM TO JEREMIAH

Tiger, tiger,
Jeremiah,
Is that what you are?

No, I am a cat,
A Great Blue Cat,
And Jeremiah is my name.

Tiger, tiger,
Jeremiah,
Do you like to go to school?

Meow, meow,
I answer back,
I like to go to school.

And be a cat,
A tiger cat,
With Jeremiah as my name.

THE TIGER HUNT

The teacher asked Bobby Jack
to write a story
about a tiger.

Bobby Jack thought and thought.
I, Jeremiah, thought and thought.
So Bobby Jack wrote this story
about a Tiger Hunt.

Once upon a time
there was a tiger
named Jeremiah.

He lived in a wild forest.

The trees were tall.

Monkeys lived in the trees.

Elephants lived under the trees.

Lions lived in the tall grass.



A tiger named Jeremiah

A little Black Boy called
Bobby Jack lived in the forest.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

His home was made of grass.

It was round and had a very
small door. Bobby Jack lived
with his father and mother.

They were called Hoopla

the Big and Lulu the Little.

Hoopla the Big hunted in the forest.

Lulu the Little stayed at home.

Bobby Jack hunted with his father.

This is how they hunted

Jeremiah the Tiger.

They dug a deep hole

in a path before a water hole
where Jeremiah came to drink.

They put a net in the hole

and covered it with grass.

JEREMIAH THE CAT

Jeremiah the Tiger did not see
the deep hole.

He fell into the hole hard.

He was caught in the net.

He could not get out.

Jeremiah the Tiger growled,

“Grrr, grrr, grrr.”

Bobby Jack and Hoopla the Big
came running fast.

They saw Jeremiah the Tiger
in the net in the deep hole.

They shouted, “Boomla, Boomla.”

Which means in forest talk,

“We have a Tiger cat, a Tiger cat.”

So Jeremiah the Tiger was put
in a strong cage.

A man came from far off.



They put a net in the hole

He gave Hoopla the Big many
things.

He took Jeremiah the Tiger far
away.

He put him in a large cage.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

The cage was sent to a Circus.
Over the cage was this sign :

J E R E M I A H T H E T I G E R
B I G G E S T T I G E R
I N
C A P T I V I T Y

Many boys and girls came
to see Jeremiah the Tiger.
He was yellow with black stripes.
He was not blue like
Jeremiah the Cat.
He walked up and down, and
growled, "Grrr, grrr, grrr."
This way Bobby Jack ended the
story.

THE TIGER SONG

Boomla, boomla, boomla,
A Tiger Cat am I.

I prowl all night
All out of sight
A forest meal to find.

Boomla, boomla, boomla,
A Tiger Cat am I.

The night is dark,
The dogs do bark,
So hungry I do go.

Boomla, boomla, boomla,
A Tiger Cat am I.

The hole is deep,
My fate I meet,
A Tiger Circus Cat to be.

JEREMIAH GOES HUNTING

Bobby Jack sang the Tiger song.

I, Jeremiah, liked the Tiger song.

I thought about the Tiger hunt.

I, Jeremiah, said to Bobby Jack,

“Meow, meow, meow.”

That meant this time

in cat talk

“I want to go hunting.”

I want to go hunting now.

So Bobby Jack and I

went out into the garden.

We went down to the lower wall.

In that place was tall grass.

Rose bushes were over the wall.

I looked around.



Bobby Jack sang the Tiger Song

I saw an open hole.

Bobby Jack saw it also.

Bobby Jack cried out,

“Jeremiah, there is a gopher hole.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

The gopher is eating the rose roots.

Jeremiah, you must catch
the gopher.”

So I hid myself

behind some grass.

I watched the gopher hole.

I watched a long time.

Bobby Jack sat under a tree.

He went to sleep.

I, Jeremiah, did not go to sleep.

I wanted to catch the gopher

that was eating the rose roots.

So I watched and watched.

I looked very sharp.

There was a little sound

of scratching feet.

The gopher was peeping

out of the hole.

JEREMIAH THE CAT

He peeped here and he peeped there.

I, Jeremiah the Cat, was very still.

I watched and watched.

Soon the gopher came out
of the hole.

Then I, Jeremiah, jumped high.

I jumped upon the gopher.

I caught him with my claws
and held him in my mouth.

The sound wakened Bobby Jack.

Bobby Jack shouted, "Jeremiah
has caught a gopher."

I, Jeremiah, was happy.

The rose bush was saved.

This is how I, Jeremiah,
first went hunting.

THE GOPHER SONG

The gopher,
Like a raggety, wickity little mole,
Lived in a long and darksome hole.

His fur was short
From the last report
As he burrowed beside the wall.
To the great world outside
Where the most folks reside,

The gopher,
Like a raggety, wickity little mole,
Who lived in a long, dark hole,

Was not a sport at all.
For he lived in the dark,
Even out in the park,
And ate the roots of all.
So a cat came along
And that was the end of the gopher.



I jumped upon the gopher

JEREMIAH WAS THREE

I, Jeremiah, was three years old.

I was a great big cat.

I thought myself very wise.

I had been to school

with Bobby Jack.

I had heard Bobby Jack

read the story of the Tiger Hunt.

I had gone hunting for the gopher

down by the wall.

I could roll the yellow ball.

I could wash myself

bright and clean.

I did not spill a drop

of milk from my white dish,

when I ate my dinner.

JEREMIAH THE CAT

I, Jeremiah, felt very wise.

For was I not

A Big Blue Cat

With Jeremiah as my name?

So I sang and sang.

Purr-purr, purr-purr, purr-purr.

Mother one day said

to Bobby Jack,

“Why, Jeremiah is three years old.

He should have a birthday.”

Bobby Jack jumped and laughed.

He said, “A birthday party

for Jeremiah.

We must plan for the party.”

So Bobby Jack and I

sat down to think.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

We thought, thought and thought.

I purred and purred and purred.

“First,” said Bobby Jack, “we must
have three boys and girls.

Each boy and girl must
bring a cat.

That will make four cats
and four boys and girls.”

I purred and purred.

“We must,” said Bobby Jack,
“have a long table.

The cats must have four dishes.

Each cat must have some cream.

Each cat must have a goldfish
in a bowl before him.

The party will be grand,”
ended Bobby Jack.



There are eight of us

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

The day of the party came.

I was all dressed up.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

I had on a new pink ribbon.

Mary Ann came with Susan.

Dick came with Tim.

Sally came with Tillie.

Bobby Jack had me, Jeremiah.

Susan had on a yellow ribbon.

Tim had on a green ribbon.

Tillie had on a blue ribbon.

And I, Jeremiah, had on my
pink ribbon.

There were four cats

and two boys and two girls.

“There are eight of us,”

said Bobby Jack.

“Let us play in the garden first.”

So Mary Ann, Dick, Sally, and

Bobby Jack played in the garden

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

With Susan, Tim, Tillie,
and me, Jeremiah.

They played school.

Bobby Jack was the teacher.

He had Mary Ann recite.

Mary Ann recited this:

“Mary had a little lamb,

Its fleece was white as snow.

And everywhere that Mary went

The lamb was sure to go.”

Then they had me, Jeremiah, recite.

I recited this way:

“Meow, meow, meow.

Purr-purr, purr-purr, purr-purr.

MEOW—

PURR—PURR.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

Meow, meow, meow, meow.”

Mother then called to us,

“Come in to the birthday supper.”

We all went into the house.

There was a table

for the boys and girls.

Right beside it was one

for us cats.

Upon the table were

three blue candles.

Bobby Jack lighted the candles.

There were four dishes

upon the table.

Bobby Jack poured cream

into the dishes.

All of us cats began to eat.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

Bobby Jack then gave each
of us cats a piece of fish.

“That was fine,” we all purred.

Then the boys and girls
sat down to eat.

They had ice cream and cake.

There was candy in a dish.

The ice cream was pink
and green and white.

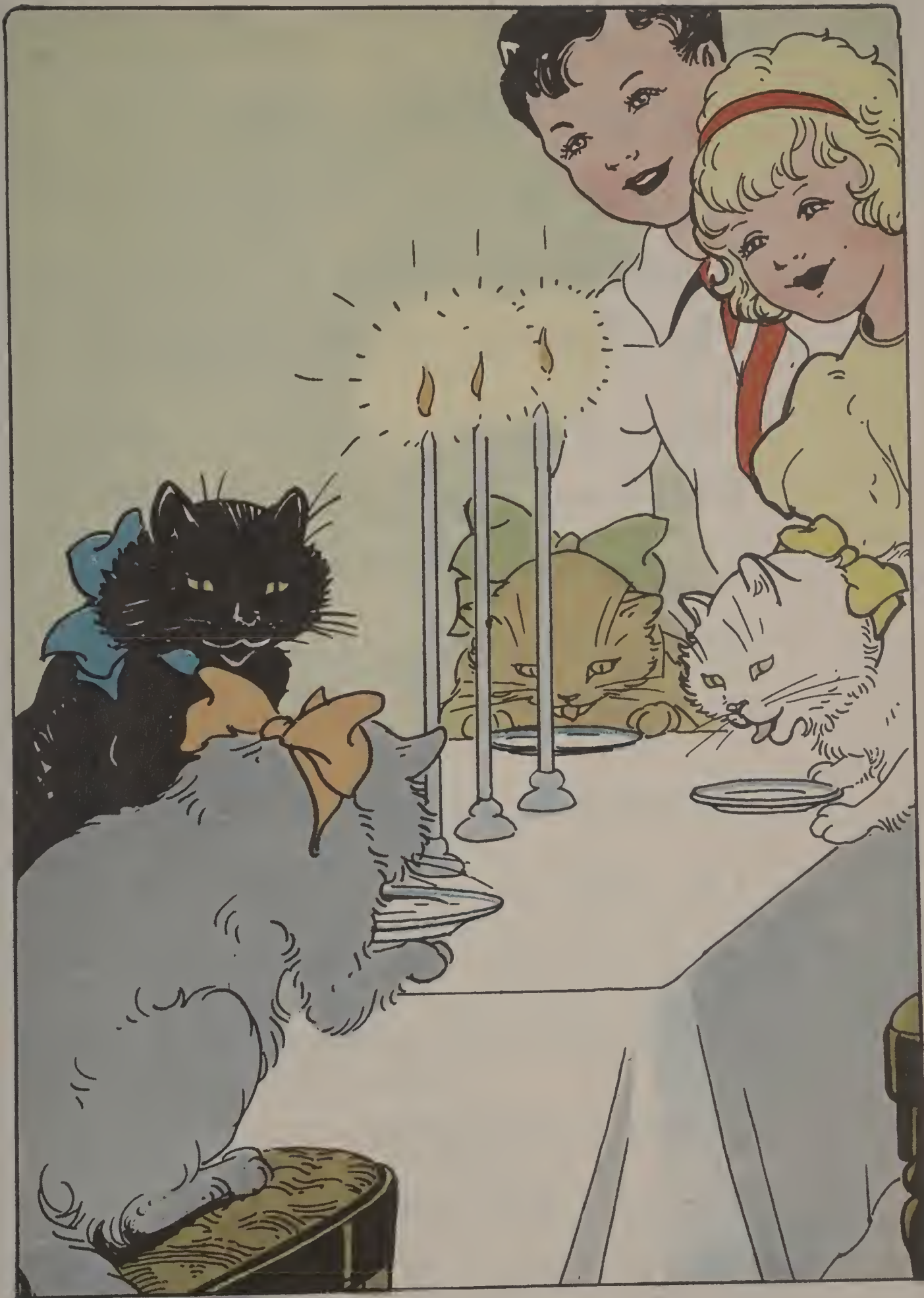
The cake was white and had
frosting on it.

It looked very good.

I, Jeremiah, thought this was fine.

So did the other three cats,

Susan, Tim, and Tillie.



All of us cats began to eat

A BIRTHDAY SONG

One day a year
It does appear
The Birthday comes along.

Upon that day
We all are gay
As it is one of song.

The candles burn
As lit by turn
To shine upon the throng.

The cake we ate
As is its fate
So it can be no wrong.

To boys and girls
Of locks and curls
The Birthday does belong.

JEREMIAH CLIMBS A PALM TREE

Boomla, boomla, boomla,

A Tiger Cat am I.

I growl all day,

Grrr, grrr, grrr.

I am a cat,

A Big Blue Cat,

And Jeremiah is my name.

I wanted to climb

forest trees like a tiger.

So I went out the front door.

There stands a tall palm tree.

Its head is bushy.

The branches spread

all around.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

I growled like a Tiger Cat,

“Grrr, grrr, grrr.”

I started climbing up the trunk.

I saw the branches far up.

I kept climbing.

I growled “Grrr, grrr.”

The birds flew away.

I reached the first branches.

I rested and looked around.

There were branches and branches.

There were thorns and thorns.

I walked very carefully.

The birds scolded and scolded.

I growled like a Tiger Cat,

“Grrr, grrr, grrr.”

JEREMIAH IS AFRAID

I felt proud.

I was a hunting Tiger Cat.

I was in a jungle tree.

The birds were afraid of me.

Everybody was afraid of me.

For was I not Jeremiah,

A Big Blue Tiger Cat?

I found a place to rest

in the sun.

There I washed and brushed

myself proudly.

Then I went to sleep,

as all good cats do

in the afternoon.

It was after school.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

Bobby Jack was home
I heard him calling,
“Jeremiah, Jeremiah, Jeremiah.”
I answered back,
“Meow, meow, meow.”
Bobby Jack came out of the house
and listened and looked.
I said, “Meow, meow, meow.”
Then Bobby Jack saw me
’way up in the palm tree.
“Jeremiah, come right down,”
said Bobby Jack.
I started to go but the
ground was far below.
I was afraid to climb down.
Bobby Jack called and called.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

I was afraid to go down, and I
meowed and meowed
and meowed.

Father and Mother came
out of the house.

They all called and called
and called.

THE FIREMAN COMES

It was getting dark.

To be a Tiger Cat was not fun.

I did not growl Grrr any more.

Father said we must call

the firemen. They have ladders.

He went into the house.

Bobby Jack started to cry.

I started to cry, "Meow, meow."



I was afraid to climb down

There was a great clanging
of bells.

A big Fire Truck rolled up.
Many people came running.

“They are going to save a cat,”
They all cried.

The firemen took a ladder.



Then Bobby Jack came up the ladder

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

They put it against the tree.

A fireman climbed the ladder.

He said, "Here, kitty; here, kitty."

I crawled back and back.

I was afraid of the big fireman.

Then Bobby Jack came
up the ladder.

He called, "Jeremiah, Jeremiah."

I went to Bobby Jack.

He carried me down the ladder.

I was happy.

I said to Bobby Jack,

"Meow, meow, meow."

That meant in cat talk this time,

"I will not play Boomla
Tiger Cat any more."

A LETTER FROM MARY ANN

Bobby Jack was all excited.

He came calling me,

“Jeremiah, Jeremiah, come
listen to this letter.”

I ran fast.

Bobby Jack read this letter:

“Dear Bobby Jack:—

I saw in the paper
how you saved Jeremiah.

I am so glad.

I hope you and Jeremiah
can come and see

Susan and me tomorrow.

Your friend,
Mary Ann.”



Bobby Jack read the letter to Mother



I was all washed and brushed

JEREMIAH GOES CALLING

Bobby Jack read

the letter to Mother.

Mother said, "Yes, you
may go tomorrow.

I will take you and call
upon the mother of Mary Ann."

Tomorrow came.

I was all washed and brushed.

Bobby Jack was all washed
and brushed.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

Mother drove us

in the big red car.

We went through the town.

We saw many people.

There were many automobiles.

They made many sounds.

Honk, honk, honk, honk.

Bing, bang, bing, bang.

I sang purr-purr, purr-purr.

Bobby Jack laughed.

“Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha.”

We came to the house of Mary Ann.

Mary Ann and Susan saw us.

Susan and I

purred and purred and purred.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

Bobby Jack and Mary Ann
played in the garden.

We played with them.

We had something to eat there.

Mary Ann poured milk for Susan
and me into two pink plates.

Bobby Jack and Mary Ann had
little white cakes to eat.

I showed Susan how
to growl like a Tiger Cat.

Grrr, grrr, grrr.

We both growled,

Grrr, grrr, grrr.

Bobby Jack and Mary Ann
thought that was funny.



But if a mouse came along

So we growled again,
Grrr, grrr, grrr.

THE SONG OF SUSAN

A lady cat am I,
Susan is my name.

I would not harm a fly—
Such is my fame.

But if a mouse came along,
An ugly, wiggly little mouse,
Then I could do no wrong
If I should rid the house.

A lady cat am I,
Susan is my name.

I like to sleep all day
Before the window pane;
But when the dark is here
I prowl and prowl and prowl,
For then I have no fear
Of the fluttery, screechy owl.

GREAT NEWS

Mary Ann asked Bobby Jack,

“Are you going to the Cat Show?”

“When is it?” asked Bobby Jack.

“Next week,” said Mary Ann.

“I am going to enter Susan.

Are you going to enter Jeremiah?”

I listened. Susan listened.

“I shall have to ask Mother,”

said Bobby Jack.

We all ran into the house.

“Mother,” said Bobby Jack, “may I

enter Jeremiah

in the Cat Show?”

Mother laughed. “Are you going

to let Mary Ann enter Susan?”

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

She asked the mother of Mary Ann.

“Yes,” Mary Ann’s mother said.

Then Susan and I

purred and growled, Grrr.

For we would be Tiger Cats

in the Cat Show.

Then Mary Ann and Bobby Jack

began to make plans.

“We must have cages

for Susan and Jeremiah,”

said Bobby Jack.

“Yes,” said Mary Ann, “we must

have something very extra.”

Soon Bobby Jack and I went

home. We were both

too excited to sleep much.



I was to be a Tiger Cat

JEREMIAH MADE READY FOR THE SHOW

I am a cat,
A Big Blue Cat,
And Jeremiah is my name.
I am to go to the Cat Show.
It is to be next week.
Bobby Jack and I made plans.
Two days before the show
Bobby Jack gave me a
 very extra bath.
He brushed and brushed my hair
 until it shone.
He took a little brush
 and brushed my feet and tail.
He took some fine powder
 and rubbed my ears.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

Bobby Jack brushed my tail
until it fluffed all up.

My hair fluffed out
all around me.

I looked at myself in a mirror.
I thought I looked
very fine.

Bobby Jack gave me cream
to eat in a new blue dish.

He said I must not
run in the grass.

For then I would get
wet and dirty—

For I was to be a Tiger Cat
And go to the Cat Show.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

The morning of the show
Bobby Jack called,
“Jeremiah, come here quick.”
I ran to where Bobby Jack was.
He had a little chain.
On the chain was
 a little silver bell.
It tinkled and tinkled and tinkled.
Bobby Jack put it around my neck.
When I moved the bell
 tinkled and tinkled.
I was brushed some more.
We went out to the big red car.
I purred and purred,
For I was Jeremiah the Cat.

THE CAT SHOW

The Cat Show was held
in a big building.

We went into what was called

THE EXHIBITION ROOM

Bobby Jack could hardly say

EXHIBITION

There were rows and rows
of cages.

Each cage had a little box
to hold drinking water.

There was sweet grass
on the floor of the cages.

Above the cages were
many banners.

Around the walls were banners.



There were rows and rows of cages

JEREMIAH THE CAT

On the walls were pictures
of funny-looking cats.

There were lots of people
running around.

Everybody was busy bringing in
all kinds of cats.

I never knew there were
so many cats in the world.

Bobby Jack was excited.

“Mother,” he asked, “do you think
Jeremiah will win a prize?”

“That is hard to tell,” said Mother.

“Jeremiah is a very fine cat.

He might win a prize.

Let us hope so.”

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

That was something new to me.

I, Jeremiah, was to be judged.

I do not want to seem proud

 but I knew I looked fine

 in the mirror.

My blue fur shone.

My hair fluffed all out.

My whiskers looked big.

My eyes slanted just so.

I looked fat and well.

I hoped that I would

 win a prize.

For that would please Bobby Jack.

So like a Tiger Cat

I growled, “Grrr, grrr, grrr.”

THE CATS IN THE SHOW

I could not count all

of the cats in the show.

There were black cats, white
cats, yellow cats, gray cats.

There were cats with long tails
and cats with no tails at all.

There were cats with short hair
and cats with long hair.

There were fat cats and lean cats.

There were cats that meowed
the whole day through.

There were cats that licked
their chops.

There were cats that washed
their whiskers.



*There were black cats, white cats, yellow cats.
gray cats*

JEREMIAH THE CAT

Everything was strange to us.
People kept coming down the walk.
They had books in their hands.
They would look at me and say,
“Jeremiah, full blooded Persian,
Blue, number one thousand.”
“Susan, one thousand and one,
Persian, white.”

It kept up that way all day.
Many boys and girls came.
Most everybody stopped
at our cages.

Bobby Jack said to Mother,
“The people think Jeremiah
is a wonderful cat.”

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

There were kittens that
cried for their milk.

Susan had a cage on one side.

Tim had a cage on the other side.

Tillie was in a cage
across the walk.

We were all washed and brushed.

I had on my silver bell.

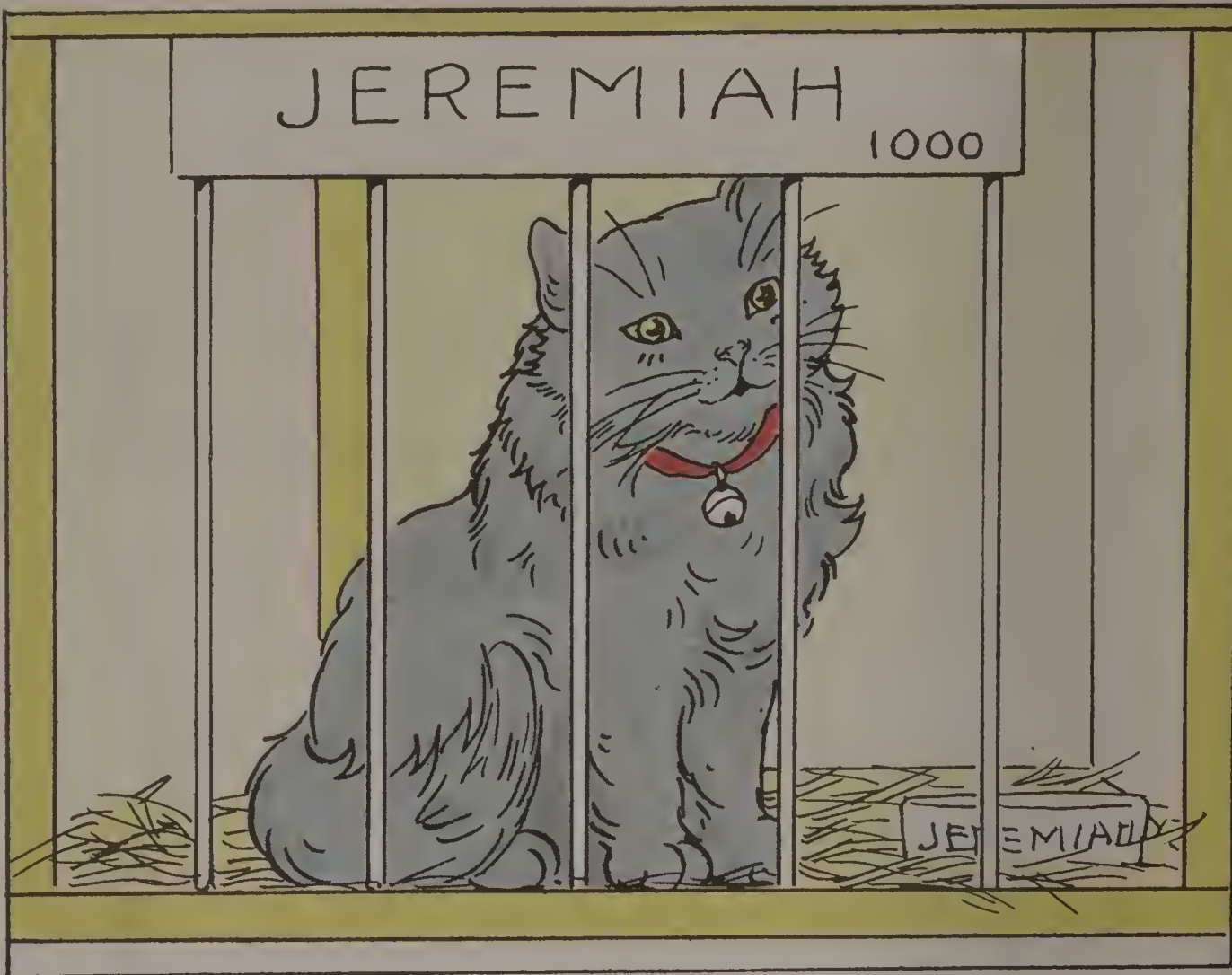
Susan, Tim, and Tillie
had on new ribbons.

We felt at home and
could talk with each other.

But the bars were between us.

I asked Susan how she felt.

Susan said, "Not so well."



The bars were like silver

THE CAGE OF JEREMIAH

I liked my cage.

The bars were like silver.

I had my own silver dish

in the cage for my dinner.

It had my name on it.



Take that cat over there

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

People saw the name and laughed,
“Why, look at the cat’s dish
with the name on it.”

I liked that.

I was fed by Bobby Jack.

He then took me out of the cage
and brushed me some more.

“Jeremiah,” said Bobby Jack,

“You must be a good cat.

They are going to judge you soon.”

“Meow,” I answered back.

That meant this time in cat talk

That I, Jeremiah, the Cat,

Would stand up or sit up straight
just as the judges wished.

THE JUDGING

The judges came and said,

“You are next.”

Mary Ann carried Susan.

Dick carried Tim.

Sallie carried Tillie.

And Bobbie Jack carried me.

They had rows of cats
on a table.

The judges walked up and down.

Then one said to Bobby Jack,

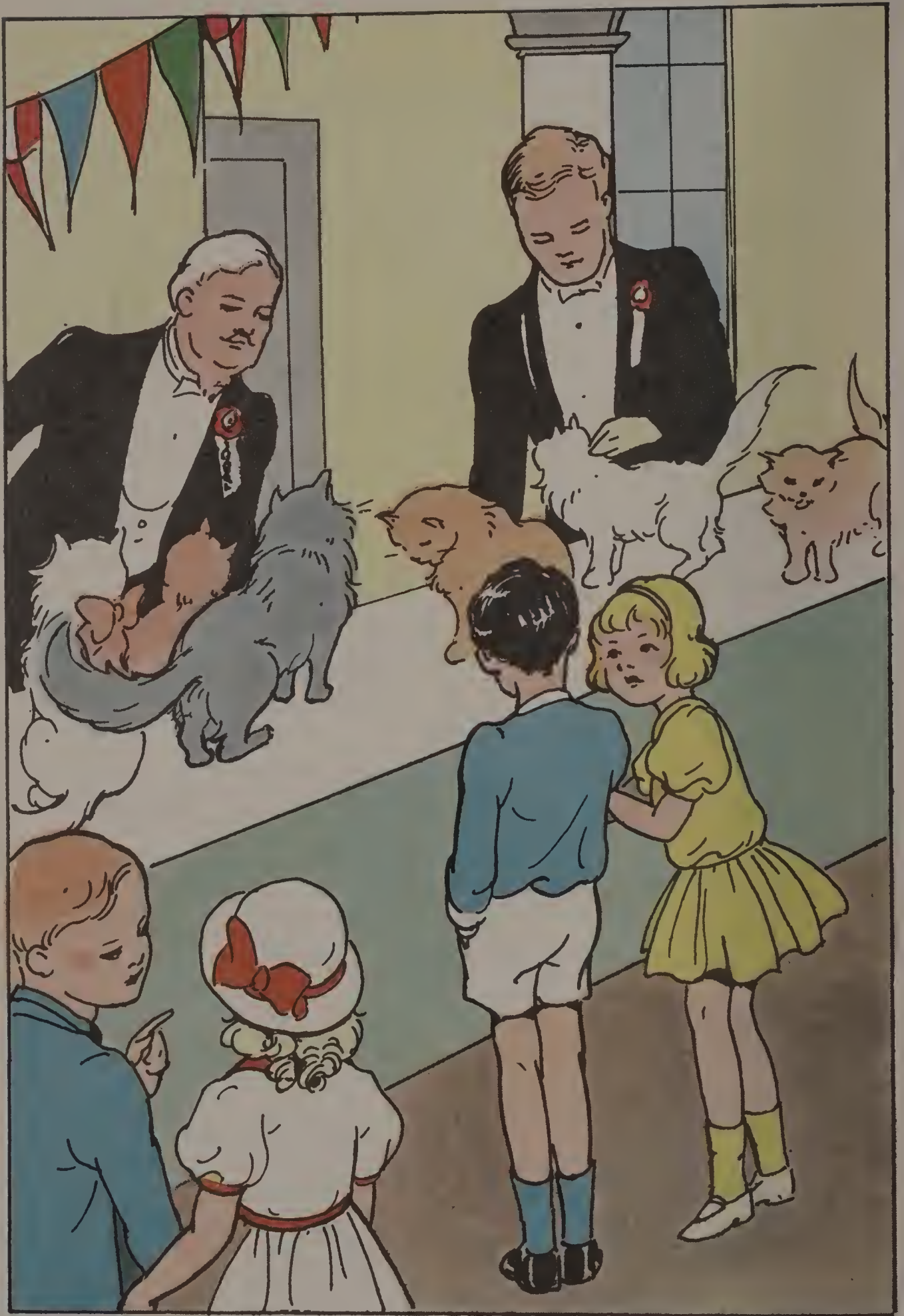
“Take that cat over there.”

I, Jeremiah, was that cat.

I felt sad. I was not

good enough to be

with the other cats.



We were put on a table



We all felt sad

Bobby Jack felt sad also.
The judges went up and down.
They sent three other cats
to where we were.
Susan was one of the cats.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

The other cats were sent back
to their cages.

They brought up a great
many other cats.

Some were put with us.

The others were sent away.

After a long time there were
ten of us set apart.

We all felt sad.

For we thought we should be
looked over more.

And so it was.

The judges then called out,
“Bring those cats over here.”

We were put on the table.

The judges walked up and down.

JEREMIAH THE CAT

They talked together.

They said to Bobby Jack,

“Take your cat over there.”

I was the first cat to go.

I felt very sad.

Bobby Jack felt very sad.

Susan was next to go.

They sent each cat away until
none was left.

Then the judges talked together.

THE PRIZE

One judge then came to the front.

He said, “Ladies and gentlemen,

We will now award the prizes.

First will be the Grand Prize award.



He took the great silver cup



I growled and growled with joy

This award is for
the best cat of the whole show.
The award goes to Jeremiah, number
one thousand, a Blue Persian.”
Bobby Jack carried me up.
He took the great silver cup.

J E R E M I A H T H E C A T

He said, "Thank you, Mr. Judge."

I was happy.

Bobby Jack was happy

Father and Mother were very proud.

Susan was judged the

second best cat in the show.

Mary Ann was happy.

I shook my neck.

My silver bell jingled.

I growled and growled with joy,

"Grrr, grrr, grrr."

I am a cat,

A Big Blue Cat,

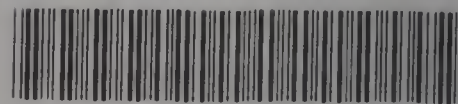
And Jeremiah is my name.

To boys and girls

of all the world

My story now is told.

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