



CONSULIANA.

AN INTERVIEW WITH AMERICA'S
DISTINGUISHED MONKEY.

BY LEONARD R. BRIGHTWELL, F.Z.S.

It is improbable that the illustrious subject of this little article will ever see these words, for he never reads the papers. Nevertheless, we take this opportunity of publicly acknowledging that gentleman's kindness in forfeiting some five minutes' sleep to favour us with an interview. Possibly some doubts may be raised as to his actual speech, but it is a poor intellect that can only find expression vocally.

CONSUL may be said to have started life at "the top of the tree," yet nothing could exceed his unaffected ease and cordiality. "Make yourself at home," he urged, offering with his right foot a dish of monkey-nuts. "No ceremony here. Fire-water?—'Polly'?—here we are, say when! The cigars are by your elbow. Thanks, I'll take one, too, for company. And so you want a few hard facts, eh? Well, sir, I've been cruising around now for something like six years. Travelled 200,000 miles. Received at White House. Shaken hands with

Teddy. Dined and wined by America's four hundred. Aeroplaned on three occasions with Wright. Visited the Tombs. Refereed baseball. Pulled six athletes over the line at tug-o'-war. Presided at a 'Pink Tea,' Chicago. Been offered a nom-i-nation as political boss. Travel in my own Pullman—never get through my work otherwise." He paused a moment for breath, and then, "What have I been at in London? Oh! round the clubs, round the clubs—and the hotels. Dropped in at the Zoo t'other day. Chat with my brother 'Chimps.' Nice fellows, very!



"And still anxious to learn." (A few of the things Consul has already "mastered.")

but terrible backward. Still, what can you expect, kept under glass, like cucumbers! Why, Micky, nearly ten years my senior (I'm eight and a trifle), didn't know the difference between a mint-julep and a shandygaff. Know the difference? Why the innocent hadn't even heard of 'em! But

port, and no coddling have made me what I am. (He stands four-foot six, and weighs nine stone.) If I hadn't used myself to all weathers I'd have caught pneumonia, like the rest of 'em! (He is the fourth of a line of Consuls.) Hullo! there goes the hash-hammer; 'fraid I must shake hands

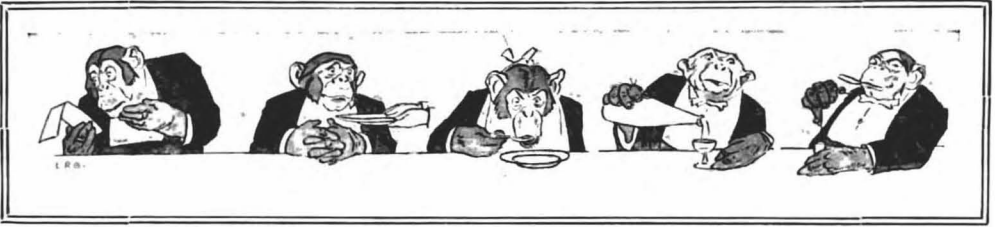


Reflections at the Zoo

that's not the worst." Consul leaned forward, protruded his lips some six inches, and whispered, "They sleep on straw, sir; and no pyjamas even! The Society oughtn't to allow it. It's not decent!"

"Am I a vegetarian? Not any! nor a T.T. either. No, sir, beefsteaks,

now. (His grip is as hearty as it is hairy.) Must clean myself and jump into a boiled shirt. (His wardrobe rivals that of many a human millionaire.) Sorry you can't stop." And exit Consul. He reappeared, however, for a moment to add, "Say, you might like to mention I'm ready to meet Jack



"Dining."

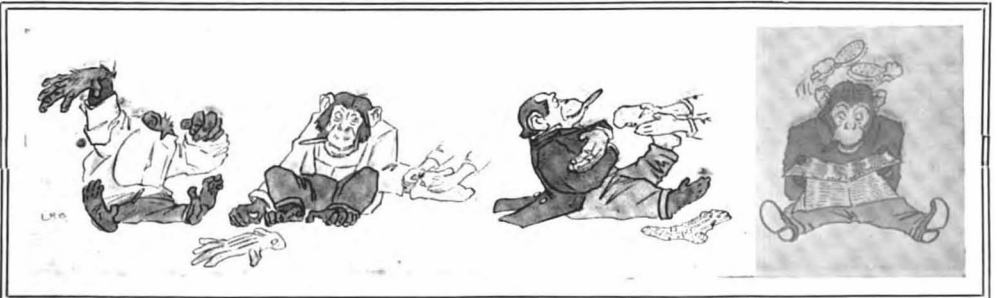
Johnson in a 24-foot room, though although in hurriedly donning the whether he's—" And Consul winked. "boiled shirt" he lost two collar studs,



"The Servant Problem—solved at last!"

"Fond of children, clean, cheerful, can do the work of two (when so disposed), comparatively honest—and no 'followers.'"

It says much for "America's distinguished monkey's" self-control that trod on his monocle, and nearly swallowed a shoe-horn, his expansive lips



"Dressing."

were never once sullied by the international expletive.

In conversation later with Mr. Bostock, we heard much concerning Consul that modesty had prevented his personally disclosing. At all athletic feats he is a past-master; and, when at last he adds a command of the fountain-pen to his triumphs, it is to be hoped that he will give us the story of his life. For this astonishing chimpanzee has consumed more wine and cigars, seen more countries, and met more celebrities than many human beings. Indeed, it was his late Majesty

return. This love for the drama has occasionally led to his seeking the stalls via the orchestra. Amiable to all, he is deeply attached to his owner, trainer, and medical attendant; and Mr. Bostock gave us a vivid account of the difficulty experienced in relaxing his prodigy's fond embrace when reunited after three years' absence.

High above all competitors, Consul is the bright side of the chimpanzee question. For it is an undeniable fact that an appallingly large and daily increasing proportion of the world's chimpanzees can now play a flash and



"Good-night and Good-bye."

King Edward who pronounced Consul "almost human."

It was from Miss Maud Allan that we learnt how the hands and feet might become eloquent in expressing the emotions; and now Consul, no mere carpet-knight, daily demonstrates to what wonderful utilitarian purposes the extremities may be put.

Can it be that in the blandly-smiling chimpanzee there lies the solution to the vexed problem of domestic service?

Like most artistes Consul keenly appreciates applause, and is equally ready to applaud deserving talent in

showy game of billiards, have a decided taste for strong waters, cast the glad eye upon fair occupants of stalls and boxes, and smoke like—chimpanzees! Now this sort of thing may be well enough as relaxation to one of Consul's brain power, but what of the others? Where is it all to end? The day may not be far distant when the newspapers, tired of the Yellow Peril, shall shriek aloud their warnings of the "Four-handed Invasion." Consul is a problem—a frock-coated, Havannah-smoking problem—that should make us read the "Descent of Man" with a new and more appreciative interest.