WISEST OF MONKEYS.

A Chimpanzee of Rare Intelligence and Fine Manners.

He Lives in a Private Apartment Supplied with All Modern Conveniences—Not a Success as an Electrician.

There have been other monkeys who have worn dress suits, eaten at table with knife and fork, ridden bicycles, slept in beds, and all that sort of thing, but they have done these things usually at the end of a whip lash. But with Consul it is very different. Consul is a chimpanzee of rare intelligence. He enjoys whatever he is doing. He is a natural-born humorist, and a most precocious child of four years. At present he infests a spacious apartment in a Coney Island palace as the star boarder and bosom companion of Frank C. Bostock. His nature has endeared him to the hearts of all who have had the good fortune to know him.

Consul arrived at the port of New York recently after a pleasant voyage across the ocean aboard the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. On his arrival he rode with his hat and suit cases gathered about him in his cab to his suite at a hotel.

Consul is only about three feet high, and his legs are so short that he has to hold up his fingers and walk on his knuckles when he drops to all fours. His lips are thin, but most extensive; when he smiles they reach from ear to ear. For one so young, he wears a fine set of side whiskers which meet and disappear beneath his chin, but the rest of his face is fairly smooth. His nose is not noticeable, but there is a fine, long upper lip. His ears are generous to a fault, and his forehead is so low that the tips of his ears, had they eyes, could see each other over the top of his head. He is rather sensitive about his large ears, and conceals the deformity under a spacious jockey cap, which he wears even to bed.

Consul is very fond of children, especially the curly-haired boys of the

"GOOD MORNING!"
(Consul Said to Be the Most Intelligent Monkey Living.)

Bostock family, and at the hotel in New York his chief delight was to outdo the little boys in turning somersets over the bed and landing on his feet on the floor beyond. These three had very happy times playing the children's game known as "follow the leader." Consul was the "leader," and the children tried to do everything he did, while Consul, after he performed a trick, would jump on the bed and say to them (pantomime). The children "followed" more acceptably (imitating Consul) from the headboard on to the bed, over pillows, chairs and trunks, but when it came to swinging from the chandelier and climbing a beam on the ceiling they failed, and the children had to admit "the superiority of the animal in athletic exercises."

At bedtime in the apartment at Coney Island, which Consul occupies, Consul moves his mattress to the floor, and one of the children occupies the bed. Consul is very fond of his bath, which he takes in the morning, and he is very fond of his bed, which he takes in the afternoon. He dislikes the electric fan, the chandelier, the reception parlor and the private office—he thinks the office would be better if it were kept away from the prying eyes of the public. The whole establishment seems to belong to Consul, and he knows it. Consul knows (he) are his servants, he wait upon the wants of his master. Consul knows the use of the electric light switch, and he knows how to turn off and on the current. After a couple of days with a keeper in nothing but work clothes, Consul knew he could take his place upon the floor of the restaurant. He knew the use of the menu card, and he knew how to order food from the waiter. He knew the use of the telephone, and he knew how to call up the kitchen and order food from the waiter. He knew the use of the electric bell. The bottle of whisky he knew the use of. He knew the use of the cigars. He knew the use of the cigarettes. He knew the use of the pipe. He knew the use of the cigarette. He knew the use of the pipe. He knew the use of the cigarette. He knew the use of the pipe. He knew the use of the cigarette