

## An Educated Monkey.



SCIENTISTS call him an arboreal anthropoid ape, but the people call him Joe. He is not a particularly handsome insect, and at times there is a slight Celtic suggestiveness about his mouth, but he is immensely popular, and thousands of American school children who have been invited to his receptions, to say nothing of the learned college professors who have studied him in the interests of science from his head to his prehensile appendage, think there never was a monkey that could touch him. He can, in fact, do almost anything that a human being can do except talk, and there are people who think that this, in itself, is a veritable virtue.

A full account of Joe's daily doings would be a mere catalogue of all the things that other gentlemen do. He sleeps in bed just like any human being, and, in the poetical language of one of his friends, he "dreams of the days when he pulled the tail-feathers out of the multi-coloured parrots in the land of his birth." He knows when to sleep on his back and when to turn over on his right or left side. When awake he stretches and yawns, and then, like lots of others, he pleads mutely for "just a second more," and drops off quickly into his "beauty sleep." Finally, he leaves his couch, discards his pyjamas, and takes his morning bath. He does it all himself, and spurns assistance offered by any interfering mortal. These are but a few of his accomplishments, as our pictures show, and they have been acquired simply by imitation. Monkeys have always been a subject of serious study by learned men,

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from Darwin down, and their imitative faculty has been a source of constant surprise. A short time ago Joe was invited by Professor William James, of Harvard University, to give an exhibition of his intelligence before a few invited guests, among whom were a professor of fine arts, a philosopher, a theologian, and a professor of Christian morals. The exhibition was a huge success. When Professor James whistled, Joe puckered-up his lips and made a rude attempt to produce the sound. Then a toy snake was wriggled in front of him, and

Joe exhibited great terror, throwing himself frantically into the arms of his keeper. To ascertain whether he really recognised the object as a snake, a piece of rubber hose of the same size and flexibility was displayed before him, but this he regarded with the utmost composure, and, baby-like, tried to put it in his mouth.

The professors then tried Joe with an electric bell, rung by pressing a button. The monkey was seated on a small table and the bell was placed on the floor, just out of his sight. Then a small board with the

button attached was placed before him and the bell was rung. Joe was immediately interested. He listened to the sound and watched the button with grave curiosity, but his primitive brain could not at once grasp the relation of cause and effect, the perception of which is generally supposed to be an attribute of man alone. After several demonstrations, however, Joe began to see vaguely that the button had something to do with the noise under the table. He now tried to pull the button out, then he twisted it, and finally pressed it. The bell



JOE.

From a Photo. by Bromberg, Portland, Oregon.





JOE AT BREAKFAST.  
From a Photo. by Jones & Kennett, San Francisco.

rang out, and Joe nearly fell off the table in his anxiety to see the sound beneath. A plaster cast of one of his species was then put before him. Joe recognised it, fondled it lovingly, and then tasted one of its ears, as if in proof of his affection.

When Joe finishes his morning ablutions, he puts on his trousers, a flannel undershirt,



JOE WRITES A LETTER.  
From a Photo. by Browning, Portland, Oregon.

and a coat. Then, with a knowing air, he puts on his shoes, laces them with able fingers, and is ready to appear in public. This operation takes some time, of course, for Joe has a way of stopping to admire himself in his Sunday togs, and of curiously examining the materials of which his raiment is made, which sometimes exasperates his long-suffering keeper.

His preliminary toilet being finished, Joe orders in his breakfast. He now shines effulgent. Every bit a gentleman, he has a serviette regularly provided, and he wields his knife and fork as if Dame Nature had never given him claws. Indeed, he never so far forgets himself as to use his hands, except when eating nuts or certain kinds of fruit,



ON THE DOWNWARD PATH.  
From a Photo. by Browning, Portland, Oregon.

and the books on etiquette graciously allow such a privilege, even to monkeys.

When Joe writes, he does it with the superfluity of troubled thought and manual effort characteristic of a spring poet. He seats himself at the table, with the ink-pad before him, and arranges the virgin sheet with a precision that convulses his audience.

"Write me a letter," says the keeper, and Joe laboriously sets to work. The result is a curious collection of Simian hieroglyphics which may be understood in the forests of Borneo, but not in ignorant America. When the letter is finished, the keeper tells Joe to sign his name, which Joe does in big black letters. "Now dot your i's," adds the keeper, and the monkey, by a clever stroke, drops a huge blot of ink above the middle



letter of his name with the satisfied air of a sign-painter, to the intense delight of the children in the audience.

With his meals he takes a glass of beer or whisky, or a cocktail, and enjoys his appetizer. He clutches his bottle of "Old Crow" with the avidity of an old toper, and a look on his almost human face as if he foresaw the drunkard's doom. Joe also enjoys a quiet smoke, and it makes little difference whether it is a cigar, pipe, or cigarette, as long as it is tobacco. He puts the cigar between his lips, takes a match, lights it on the box, and then puffs with relish. So far as is known, Joe is the only monkey able to light a match and put it to its proper use.

One of the cleverest of Joe's accomplishments is his make-up as a bricklayer's helper. With gorgeous pink whiskers, which he adjusts himself, his trusty pipe, and his workman's costume, he looks the typical labourer. Joe then grasps his hod, loads it with miniature bricks, and ascends a ladder with astonishing naturalness and slowness, just as if he were paid to do it by a contractor. He



From a] JOE AS A HOD-CARRIER. [Photo.

stops every few minutes to look round and puff his pipe, and finally reaches his destination safe and sound.

A noteworthy quality in Joe is that he is just as interesting in his leisure moments as he is when on exhibition. He is no stage *poseur*. When not on exhibition he is very much like a child, and, while amusing himself, he is always amusing others. He sits on the floor among his playthings, and tries to put everything in his mouth.

As a policeman Joe is not a picturesque success, but he dearly loves to put on the familiar helmet and uniform of the American "bobby." If truth must be told, there are at least half-a-dozen policemen in New York City who would be easily mistaken for Joe, if it were not that they manage their arms and legs better than Joe does.

This celebrated monkey gives his keeper little trouble, although at times his obstinacy is equal to that of his cousin-german

—the mule. He seems to realize that his keeper's financial success and his own welfare depend on his own behaviour, and, except when other animals approach him with hostile intent, he is very mild and gentle. His travels through the United States have been extensive, reaching from San Francisco to Boston. In the latter city he was lately exhibited for some months, and nearly every child in the city made his acquaintance at the "Zoo"—a



JOE, THE BOBBY.

From a Photo. by Elmer Chickering, Boston.



well-known "dime museum."

Joe finds recreation on the wheel, in accordance with the dictates of fashion. He rides well, and never was known to "scorch." Of course, his bicycling performances are confined to the museum, for if he got out on the street, he would be run in with celerity by the conscientious police. It was some time before Joe got accustomed to the brake on his wheel, and the bell still bothers him. No one would deny—and our illustration supports the statement—that Joe is a picture of grace on the wheel; and it is said that the lady-monkeys of the United States have one and all lost their hearts to him since they first saw him on his nickel "mount."



JOE ON HIS WHEEL.

*From a Photo. by Jones & Kennett, San Francisco.*

When night comes, Joe is tired. Exhibitions are all very well in their way, but no conscientious monkey can stand it for twenty-four hours. Accordingly, Joe longs for his bed after a hard day's work. He has a quiet smoke and takes a little "night-cap" in the manner of man, and rapidly dons his pyjamas. His bed is a small iron contrivance with the mattress close to the floor. Repeated use, and a slight ignorance of the proper treatment which should be accorded to a bed, have made the framework a little shaky. Joe guards against

accident by clutching the head-piece with his brawny, hairy hand, and, with his pipe in the other, prepares for a night of peace.



*From a Photo. by]*

JOE IN BED.

*[Elmer Chickering, Boston.*