

# GIRL CROSSING SEA TO TEND CIRCUS APE

John Daniel, Valuable Gorilla,  
Pining Away, and Cable Sum-  
mons an Old Friend.

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PETTED HIM IN HIS YOUTH

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Miss Edna Cunningham Due to Ar-  
rive From London to Cheer  
Lonely Animal.

John Daniel, the sick and disconsolate gorilla which has been pining away in Madison Square Garden because he has been shut in a cage for people who visit the circus to look at, would have cheered

up yesterday and eaten three hearty meals if he had known the good fortune that is coming to him. His companion and friend, Miss Edna Cunningham of London, whose father captured John Daniel when he was a baby gorilla, is coming to see if she cannot make life happy enough for John to keep him from dying.

John Ringling has been worried about his pet animal, which is worth many thousands of dollars to the circus, and as a last resort sent a cable dispatch to Miss Cunningham saying:

"John Daniel pining and grieving for you. Can you not come at once? Needless to say, we will deem it a privilege to pay all your expense. Answer at once."

And Miss Cunningham wired right back that she was sailing on the Celtic, which is due in New York the first of this week.

Miss Cunningham is the niece of Major John Penny of the British Army. When her father brought John Daniel back from the jungle, a tiny black mite of almost human personality, she made a pet and friend of the strange ape.

He was never caged and moved at will about her home, even playing with the children who visited there.

Last January he was purchased by John Ringling and brought to this country a few days before the opening of the circus season. Since then John Daniel has steadily grown more and more miserable. He refused to eat, became weak and lethargic and would creep wearily into a corner of his bed and hide under his blanket when curious crowds came to gaze through the bars at him. But sometimes when only a few persons were there John would come out to the front of his cage, sit on his haunches and look at them so reproachfully and sadly that it seemed as if the poor beast must be suffering the pangs of loneliness and humiliation. At least that is the way the circus folks, experts in handling animals, interpreted John's melancholia.

He was so ill last week that yesterday he was taken to a room at the top of the Garden, to be by himself and be able when he wishes to look out of the window and see the clouds and the sky. When they moved his bed up there and took John along he grabbed his blanket from the bed, climbed up in a closet of the room and spread the blanket out on a shelf. He wanted to get as far from people as he could. But after the door had been closed a while and he was left in peace, he brought his blanket down, spread it on the bed and went to sleep comfortably for the first time in several weeks.

The New York Times

Published: April 17, 1921

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