

N. Y. Zoological Park.

Nov 25, 1899

Dear old Pard:-

At last, after months and months of work and rush, I can sit down for a quiet pen chat with you, feeling that the Zoological Park is OPEN, and I am entitled to fifteen minutes "recs!"

It has been months since I have indulged in the luxury of sitting down and leisurely writing a visiting letter to a friend or relative. For months past it has been only "business", "hurry", "rush", "get-it-out-in-time", - and I have had my fill of it - for once. Mind you, I am not grumbling, nor complaining, - far from it; but like a Thanksgiving dinner, even the most of work can fill a fellow so full he has enough!

Josephine's report of her visit to you was filled my soul with longing to see you all once more. And it awakens many reflections. Yours is, in many respects, a perfect life. It costs the rich people of New York fortunes to secure during 8 months of the year the wholesome atmosphere, the quiet, and luxuries of Nature which you and yours have all the year round, for almost nothing!

You all work hard for what you get. - but so does everyone save the very wealthy, and they work hard in trying to amuse themselves, and to be very good to themselves. And all even the very wealthy get out of life is their brand and clothes, and the



privilege of helping others. The last item is what makes wealth really desirable! If I could have \$10,000. to give away tomorrow, I think I would be quite happy for the remainder of the week.

Don't you depreciate your <sup>"wining"</sup> ability to entertain. That is all hi-Betty-Martin! A man of your breadth and intelligence and wit and wisdom never can be dull in appreciative company. It takes steel to strike fire from even the best flint in the world. When a bright man is silent or dull, ten to one the reason is because he lacks a good listener. In the days when we were boys, and slammered our bullets and backshot into the antiripified aruments of the tropics, you were one of the brightest and most versatile of conversationalists. Tell me that you have lost your hair, or your epidermis, and I will believe it, but don't tell me that you have lost any of your ability as a host or entertainer. Josephine tells a different story.

I am sorry that we Americans lead such blamed fast lives we so seldom can find time to visit or write. It is all sorry! But we are young enough to reform. How do you and Mrs Jackson return Josephine's visit during the coming winter, & see Greater New York incidentally. We have now enough Midigan stuff in the



cellar to keep you fed up decently for quite a spell. + make you feel quite at home, literally. This reminds me to thank you a whole lot for the splendid lot of hickory nuts, walnuts and butternuts on which we are now feasting. Fortunately two of the members of the family don't care for butternuts, and I have therefore taken all their butternut stock off their hands at par. The cider is FINE! It is so rich, and so very unlike the watery stuff we have been drinking for the last 10 years (until we quit it in disgust) that we hardly know how to take it! The change is so sudden + so great I am still taking a little water with your cider, in order that my system can get used to it. This is a fact! You can't buy for money, in any city that I know, such cider as this of yours.

With Michigan cider, apples + nuts in the cellar, the burden of taking care of the furnace has grown so much lighter I do not mind it at all. In fact, Josephine claims that I now fire up altogether too much, + carry out the ashes entirely too often! Helen has quite fallen into the habit of going down to keep me company, which is all right; but she has simply got to get a hammer of her own.

We have a great run of young people at



our house, - and old bachelors & bachelor girls, too, - who are cooped up down town in "apartments," alone, & practically friendless. Josephine is a Lady Beautiful to about two dozen such kids, and kidresses, and the inroads they will make on your staff will be something frightful. The leave begins this afternoon.

As I said before, It is Open! We opened it on the 8<sup>th</sup> with appropriate ceremonies, which were presided over by an Ex-President of the United States. So far only words of praise have been heard. but there has been some ~~licking~~ and growling because we reserve the right to take photographs of our own animals & sell them.

The thing is a success, and  $\frac{1}{3}$  Complete. For the remaining  $\frac{2}{3}$ , the rocks are flying 200 feet into the air six days each week. I will send you a copy of our new Guide Book, which will tell you all about it.

Again & again I thank you & yours for the barrel of nuts gathered & sent for our crowd, & assure you that in our orisons all of you will be remembered. For today, I must close, but only with love and good wishes to you all, & from all of us.

Yours very sincerely. W. H. Hornaday.



WILLIAM T. HORNADAY,  
NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK,  
183d St. and Southern Boulevard,  
NEW YORK.

Save!



Mr Chester E. Jackson.  
Ovid,  
Mich.





William T. Hornaday to Chester E. Jackson

N.Y. Zoological Park  
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