## N. y. goological Park. Nov 25, 1899

Dear old Pard :at last, after menettes and menettes of work and make, I can sit down for a quiet pen chat with you, feeling that the Zoological Park is OPEN, and I am entitled to fifteen necester recers! It has been mouths since I have indulyed in the luxury of setting down and leisurely writing a visiting letter to a friend or relative. For months "get it leas been only "luriners, " learny", much, fill of it - for once. Mind you. I am not grune bling, nor complaining, - for from it, but like a Huntergining diener, even the miest of work can fill a fellow so full be has enough! Josephine's report of her visit to givens filled my soul with longing to see you all once most. and it aunteus many reflections. Tuess is in many respects, a perfect life. It can the nich people of New York fortunes to secure during 8 months of the year the edioles we atmosphere, the quiet, and luxuries of Wature which you and yours have all the year much. for almost reotting! You all work hard for what you get . - but so does everyone save the very wealthy, and they work hund in trying to arress themselves, and to be very good to themselves. and all even the very wealthy get out of libe is their brand and clothers, and the

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

Don't you depreciate your ability to entertain. That is all lie-Betty-Martin! a man of your breadth and intelligence and wit and wisdom never can be dull in appreciative company. It takes steel to shike fire from even the first flich in the world. When a bright mean is silent or dull, ten to me the reusen is because be lucke a good listener. In the days when we were buys, and planninged our bullets and buckerhoot into the unterrified amounts of the tropies, you were one of the brightest and most visutile of conversatemalists. Tell me that you have lost your hair, or your epidermin, and I will believe it, but dust tell host or entertainer. Josephine tells a different

Dans sorry that we americans lead such blanded fast lives we so selder can find time to visit or write. It is all warmy! But we are young enough to reform. How do you and Mrs Jacks on return Josephines visit during the coming winter, I see meater New York incidentally. He have now enough Midigan stuff in the

Cellar to keep you fed up decently for quite a spell. + make you feel quite at line literally. This reminds me to thunk you a whole lot for the splended lot of hickory wets, walnuts will brillements on which we are now frusting, Fortunally for me, two of the members of the family death care for butternuts, and I have therefore taken all The cider in FINE! It is so mich, and so very unlike the watery stuff we have been drinking for the last 10 years (until we quit it in disquest ) that we leavily know leav & take it! The change is as smillen + so great I am still Taking a little water with your ader, This is a fact! You count buy for money, in any city that I know, such cider as This y yours. With Muligan cider, apples or rents in the Cellur, the harden of taking care of the furnice has grown so much lighter I do not recived it at all. In fact, Josephine claims that I revo five up attojether too much, & carry out the ashes enterely too often: Helen has quete fallen which is all right; but she has simply got to got a learner of leer own. We have a great men of young people at

mer lever , and old buchelors & buchelor girls, ter, — who are cooped up down town in "apartiments," alone, & practically friendless, "Josephine is a Ludy Benetiful to about two dozen such kids and kiderses, and the inwads they will make an gover street, will be smething frightful. The have begins this afternoon.

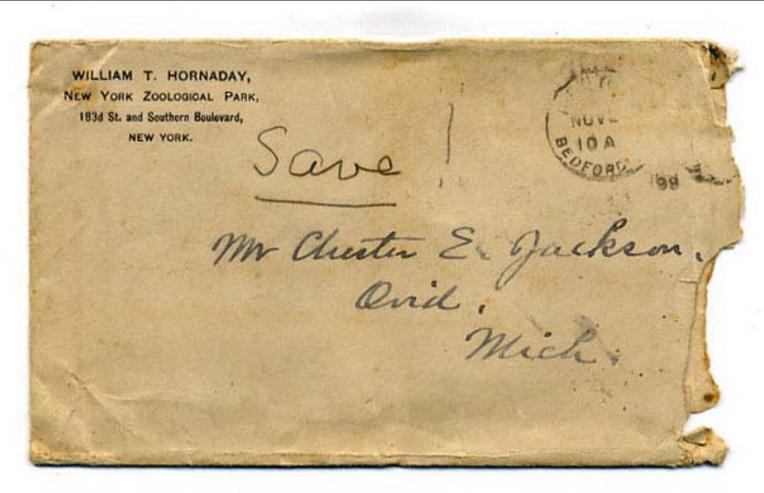
it in the 8th with appropriate ceremonies, which were presided over by an Ex-President of the United States. So far only words of prince have been been from but there has been anne kicking and granting because we reserve the right to take photographs of our am animals & sell them.

The Thing is a Success, and & Complete. For the remaining 3. the rocks are flying 200 feet into the air six days each week. I will send you a copy of mer week.

Book which will tell you all about it.

the burnel of reats gathered + sent for our crowl. + assure you that in our orisons all of you that in our orisons all of you that in our orisons all of you that only inthe close, but only with love and girl wishes to you all, 4 from all of us.

yours very sincerely. M. Harnaday.







## William T. Hornaday to Chester E. Jackson

N.Y. Zoological Park November 25, 1899

Dear old Pard:

At last, after months and months of work and rush, I can sit down for a quiet chat with you, feeling that the Zoological park is OPEN, and I am entitled to fifteeen minutes "recess!" 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-done-on-time," -- and I have had my fill of it for all. Mind you, I am not grumbling, nor complaining, -- far from it; but like a Thanksgiving dinner, even the nicest of work can fill a fellow so full he has enough!

Josephine's report of her visit to you'uns filled my soul withlonging 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 stmosphere, 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--well, to be very good to themselves. And all even the very wealthy get out of life is their board 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 "waning" 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 slammed our bullets and buckshot into the unterrified varmits of th 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 wrong! But we are young enough to reform. Now do you and Mrs. Jackson return Josephine's visit during the coming winter and see

Greater New York incidentally.

We now have enough Michigan stuff in the cellar to keep you fed up decently for quite a spell, and 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 for me, 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 and 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 and 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, and 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 and bachelor girls, too--who are cooped up down town in "apartments", alone and practically friendless. Josephine is a Lady Bountiful to about two dozen such kids and kidesses, and the inroads they will make on your stuff will be something frightful. The havoc begins this afternoon.

As I said before, It is Open! We opened it on the 8th 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 kicking and growling because we reserve the right to take photographs of our own animals and sell them.

The thing is a success, and 1/3 complete. For the remaining 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 and again I thank you and yours for the barrel of nuts gathered and sent for our crowd, and 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, and from all of us.

Yours very sincerely,