

REMINISCENCES OF THE FOUNDER¹

MANY years ago my father, now deceased, was the senior member of the firm of which I was then the junior member and of which I am now the senior member. It fell to his lot in the distribution of the business of the firm to have charge primarily of the litigation and other legal matters in which William Marsh Rice was interested. As my father advanced into the evening of life I gradually took on greater responsibilities in the firm and very naturally succeeded to much of the business which formerly received his personal attention, thereby bringing me more and more into contact with Mr. Rice, both personally and professionally. Therefore, in addressing you this morning, you will understand that many things of which I speak came under my personal observation. With this explanation I will proceed with my story.

Mr. Rice was a native of the old Bay State of Massachusetts; he was born in Springfield in the year 1816. He came of a most excellent family, honest, hardworking, worthy, thrifty New Englanders. His family, that is the children of his parents, were rather numerous—some three or four sisters and about as many brothers. He grew up in Springfield about the same as every other boy of his age and day grew up and developed; he went to the grammar school, then to the public schools until, stimulated by his ambition

¹Address delivered by Captain James Addison Baker, of Houston, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Rice Institute, at the sixteenth commencement convocation of the Rice Institute, held Monday morning, June 8, 1931, at nine o'clock.

to get out into the world and carve a reputation for himself, he left school at the age of fourteen years and became from then on self-supporting.

After knocking about the little village—for at that time Springfield was a village—and being unable to find any work there to do, he wandered into the country hoping to get some character of honest work—perhaps a place on a farm. He was not looking for any particular type of work, but was ready and willing to engage in any honorable employment, irrespective of the wages he might receive for his services.

Finally, at the close of day, he dropped into a little country store and met the proprietor, to whom he told his mission and asked him if there was anything he could give him to do. The proprietor replied “Why, yes. What do you know about dry goods, groceries, notions, etc? Have you ever sold any? Have you had any experience along that line?” The boy replied “None whatever, sir. I am just fresh from school.” The man looked the boy over and said, “I do not know that you can be of much service to me, but you look like an honest fellow and willing to work. Do you wish to learn?” The boy said “Yes, indeed, I do.” The man then said “Well come back in the morning and start to work.”

Now that was the beginning of the business career of William Marsh Rice. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit to succeed, overflowing with energy and possessing that wonderful type of thrift so peculiar to the people of New England. He was always at work early in the morning and late at night, and slept in a little room above the store.

His employer soon found that he was very valuable and pushed on him, as is always the case, more and more re-

sponsibilities. After a short while William Marsh Rice was buying the goods, replenishing the stocks. He knew the customers by name. He welcomed them with a smile. They always endeavored to make their purchases from him direct. He possessed an agreeable, genial manner. And so things went along in this way until his 21st birthday, when he surprised his employer one day with this question: "Mr. Jones, would you entertain a proposition to sell this store?" Jones, surprised, said "What do you mean?" Young Rice replied "I mean just what I said. Will you entertain a proposition to sell this store and all its contents?" The proprietor said "Who wants to buy it?" Young Rice evaded answering, and said "That is not my question. Would you sell if I find you a purchaser?" and the proprietor said "Yes." The young man then said "Well, what will you take?" Again the proprietor asked who it was who wished to buy and finally Young Rice said "I do, Mr. Jones. I wish to buy if you will sell on my terms. I would like to pay you so much cash and give you my notes for the balance, payable in equal installments, for I do not have much ready money." And so the purchase and sale were concluded and Mr. Rice became proprietor of that little country store in which he had entered as a clerk some seven years before. He continued to carry on the business and to prosper.

The shots fired on the battlefield of San Jacinto on the 21st day of April, 1836, were heard around the world. They reverberated along the rock-ribbed shores of the old Bay State, and awoke the echoes of its hills and valleys; they fell upon the listening ears of William Marsh Rice, when at eventide he sat upon the gallery of his little country store a few miles out of Springfield.

He had been reading much of Texas, the new Republic of the West,—of its widespreading prairies covered with

wild horses, buffalo and other game; of its millions of acres of virgin forests, and of its wonderful future,—of Fannin and his 400 compatriots who died an ignoble death at Goliad, of Travis, Bowie and Crockett who gave up their lives at the Alamo, of which it has been said “Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none.”

His young and ardent soul was fired with the spirit of patriotism and adventure, and he then and there resolved to emigrate to Texas and cast his fortune with those heroic souls who at San Jacinto had humbled the Napoleon of the West and placed the new Republic of Texas on the map of the world. With William Marsh Rice to resolve was to act. In a few short months he had shipped by sea his small stock of goods, wares and merchandise, consigned to Galveston, and he himself was on the way by boat and stage to his new home in the new Republic.

On a bright, crisp day in the autumn of the late thirties, just as the morning sun was peeping over the Eastern horizon, a little packet, the Bayou City, then plying regularly between Houston and Galveston, tied up to the wharf at the foot of Main Street, in this City. Those gathered at the landing, at that early hour, were attracted to a young man with raven black hair, blue eyes, and striking presence, who immediately stepped ashore with that quick, nervous step so typical of the energetic New Englander. He threaded his way along the narrow muddy streets of the village to the Rusk Hotel on Fannin Street, and there registered in a bold and legible hand “William M. Rice, Springfield, Massachusetts.”

From his landing in Houston until the close of the war between the States, Mr. Rice made his home in Texas. The boat upon which he shipped his small stock of goods, wares and merchandise went down at sea, and was never heard of

again, and so that young and intrepid New Englander found himself a stranger in a strange land, without money, without friends, and even without acquaintances. But his courageous spirit did not falter—in the bright lexicon of his youth there was no such word as “fail.” He soon found employment as a clerk in a mercantile store. He read at night, saved his money, practised the closest economy, and was always attentive to business. It is said by those who knew him at that early day, that he was the first to reach the store in the morning, and the last to leave it at night; he was always hunting something to do,—trying to help this man, that man, and the other, at all times making himself useful. And so from his clerkship he advanced, year by year continuously and rapidly, until the name of Rice & Nichols, Exporters, Importers and Wholesale Grocers of Houston, was known, and favorably so, from the Gulf to the Red River, and from the Sabine to the Rio Grande.

Mr. Rice left Texas at the close of the Civil War, and thereafter made his home in the States of New Jersey and New York, but at all times maintained his social and business connections in Texas. He was passionately fond of Houston, and never for a moment lost faith in its splendid future. He often talked about the final disposition of his property and how it should be left so as to bring the greatest good to the greatest number.

He spoke frequently of his life in Massachusetts, and the fact that at the early age of fourteen years he was compelled to leave home to earn his daily bread, and carve out his fortune and his fame. No one more than he knew the trials and tribulations that beset the pathway of a young boy, who, without family influence, without money, without friends and with but a limited education, was pushed out in the cold and unreceptive world to survive or perish.

It was because of his early struggles and privations that he determined to dedicate his fortune to the boys and girls of the great Southwest, upon whose warm bosom he rested his weary head when he was a stranger in a strange land, without money and without friends.

Mr. Rice continued his mercantile business, from the time he landed in Texas, until the close of the Civil War. He was intimately associated, in business and otherwise, with many of the original founders of Houston, with Cornelius Ennis, Thomas M. Bagby, H. D. Taylor, Paul Bremond, W. A. Van Alstyn, W. R. Baker, A. Grosbeck, and a host of others. At one time he was largely interested in the construction of the Houston Texas Central Railroad extending from Houston to Denison, Hempstead to Austin, and from Bremond to Waco. For many years he was the financial representative of that corporation in New York City, and often came to its relief in important financial transactions. The little town of Rice on that road was named for him.

Between 1840 to 1850 he was married to a Miss Bremond, daughter of Paul Bremond, a wealthy Houston pioneer who, out of his own purse, practically built and operated the Houston East & West Texas Railway from Houston to Nacogdoches and to Shreveport. No children were born of his marriage with Miss Bremond. Shortly after the close of the Civil War he was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin Brown, the widow of a prominent physician and a sister of Mrs. Frederick A. Rice, the mother of Mr. Wm. M. Rice and Mr. Benjamin B. Rice, two of the Trustees of the Institute. Soon after their marriage Mr. Rice returned to the East to make his home and thereafter resided in New York City, except for several years when he occupied a beautiful home at Dunellen, in New Jersey. While in New York he was not in any very active business. He was a man of large

means, dealt more or less in the purchase and sale of securities, and had large interests in Texas and Louisiana requiring much of his time and attention. Since he had no children by his first or second marriage, he often gave careful thought and consideration to the disposition, after death, of his large fortune. He recalled frequently his early life, his lack of educational facilities, and the trials and struggles of his young manhood, and he early resolved that he was going to work, to the end, to increase his fortune as rapidly as possible,—not that he needed it, not that he cared for its intrinsic value, but that when his race was run he might leave it for the benefit of the boys and girls who needed it as badly as he himself did at fourteen years of age.

On one occasion he said: "At one time I made up my mind to establish such an institution as the Rice Institute on my 160 acre farm at Dunellen, New Jersey, and I prepared my will to that effect, and it stood for quite a number of years." If he had died before he was sixty years of age, the Rice Institute, or some similar institution, would have been established in New Jersey, instead of Texas. His will establishing this institution, and naming its Trustees and outlining its objects and purposes, was introduced in evidence in the important litigation instituted in New York immediately following his death. After 1883 when he began to spend more time in Texas than formerly, and had again come into intimate association with the friends of his early life, and realized that practically all his large fortune had accumulated from investments made, at an early day, in Houston and Texas, he then determined that the boys and girls of this vast region should have the use and benefit thereof. On one occasion he said to a friend of his: "Texas received me when I was penniless, without friends or even acquaintances, and now in the evening of my life I recognize my obligation to

her and to her children. I wish now to leave to the boys and girls, struggling for a place in the sun, the fortune that I have been able to accumulate."

So in the year 1891, he called around him a few of his friends—six in number—Frederick A. Rice, his devoted brother and associate in business from early youth, A. S. Richardson, then secretary of the Houston Texas Central Railway Company, Caesar Lombardi, of the firm of Wm. D. Cleveland & Company of Houston, Emanuel Raphael of Houston, then an attorney at law and secretary of the Houston public schools, J. Everett McAshan of Houston, the father of Mr. S. M. McAshan, now President of the South Texas Commercial National Bank, and the speaker, all of whom, except the latter, have been called to their reward. At his suggestion the charter of the William M. Rice Institute for the Advancement of Literature, Science and Art, was drafted and the six friends of Mr. Rice above mentioned, together with Mr. Rice himself, constituted the first Board of Trustees. A week later the Trustees met and organized, and at the suggestion of Mr. Rice, the speaker was made Chairman of the Board. Mr. E. Raphael was elected as secretary and served continuously and faithfully in that office until his death. Mr. Rice was then asked who should be treasurer of the Institute. He replied that he had given that matter very serious consideration and had finally concluded that he himself should serve in that capacity,—a striking evidence of his good business judgment. He did so serve until his death. It occurred to him that while he had just been elected treasurer, there was no money, or thing of value, which he should take charge of as treasurer. He laughed and said: "I doubt if we will ever have much ready money as long as I live, because I have use for every available dollar—not for my own personal pleasure, but to add to

the fortune of the Rice Institute which I am determined to increase as rapidly as possible. However, as an evidence of my good faith, I am going to give now to the Institute on this, its birthday, the sum of \$200,000, evidenced by my note bearing interest payable annually."

Afterwards, from time to time, he transferred other valued principally for its wonderful pine timber, which was others 10,000 acres of land in Jones County, Texas, afterwards sold by the Trustees to advantage. Later he gave to the Institute 40,000 acres of land in the State of Louisiana, valued principally for its wonderful pine timber, which was afterwards sold by the Trustees for several millions of dollars. About the same time he transferred to the Institute the Capitol Hotel building, located on Main Street at the present site of the Rice Hotel, coupled with the request that at his death it should bear his honored name.

Elizabeth Baldwin Rice, his second wife, was a brilliant woman, unusually handsome, tall and as straight as an Indian. Nature favored her with wondrous eyes and a handsome suit of hair. She moved and carried herself with the dignity, grace and charm of a queen. She loved society in its highest and best sense. She loved people and was always happiest when doing for others. From the beginning she was greatly interested in the Institute and was anxious to get busy in its construction. She once asked Mr. Rice, in the presence of some of the Trustees "Why not let us build a little cottage, near the Institute site, and settle down there to live, just you and I, and together enjoy the wonderful pleasure of establishing the Institute while we are yet living, and enjoy seeing it grow and develop and open like a beautiful flower." He replied, "Oh, my dear, I must be busy with other things. I cannot do that and make money too. If I do, I will be *paying out* all the time, but if I leave its

construction for the future my money will be accumulating from year to year, thereby building up a great fortune for the opening and endowment of the Institute when we have passed away. Besides, my dear, I am too old now to think about undertaking the construction of the buildings. We need younger men with newer ideas for such things. So we cannot adopt your idea, as much as I would love to follow your wishes."

In 1896, about four years after the incorporation of the Institute, and while its assets were accumulating under the excellent advice and business direction of Mr. Rice, his wife was taken seriously ill. She was taken to Waukesha, Wisconsin, where in a few weeks she died. Soon after her death there was filed, in the courts of Houston, her last will and testament in which she attempted to distribute half of Mr. Rice's estate which at that time was estimated at about four million dollars. Litigation followed the filing of this will and after its probate further litigation began in the courts of Texas between Mr. Rice and the executor of his wife's will.

At this point, in order that you may understand the nature of this litigation, it is well here to state that, under the laws of Texas, the marriage relation between husband and wife is treated very much as a business co-partnership. In other words, under the laws of Texas a wife in her humble, domestic sphere is believed to contribute as much to the acquisition of the property of the married couple as the husband in his broader field of endeavor, so that whatever is accumulated during marriage whether by one or the other, except that which is acquired by gift, devise or descent, is the joint property of both, in which each has an equal undivided interest. It afterwards developed that the attorney of Mrs. Rice, in preparing her last will and testa-

ment, was of the opinion that Mrs. Rice had a full half interest in all of her husband's estate, and the right to devise and bequeath it. Under her will she made a number of very handsome bequests to many of her next of kin, to a number of churches and other eleemosynary institutions, including a legacy of some two hundred thousand dollars for a public park to be established in the City of Houston. Mr. Rice realized that, if his wife's will prevailed, and all of its bequests were paid, his estate would be reduced fifty per cent and the great purpose he had in mind of establishing the Rice Institute and providing a handsome endowment for its support and maintenance, would be defeated. He therefore took the position that the community law of Texas, which recognizes the right of the wife to an equal half of the community estate, applied only to citizens of Texas, and was not applicable to him and his wife because, following their marriage, they immediately moved to and became domiciled in the States of New York and New Jersey, where the common law of England prevailed, under which the wife took only a dower interest in her husband's estate and succeeded to no interest therein upon her death. This view of the law was sustained by the federal courts of Texas, thereby enabling the executors of the estate of Mr. Rice to settle all of the claims of the legatees under the will of his wife for a comparatively nominal consideration, thus preserving intact substantially all of his great estate bequeathed by him for the endowment of the Institute.

From what I have just said you will understand that, in the litigation between Mr. Rice and the executor of the will of Mrs. Rice, involving the question of what, if any, property passed under her will, the important question to be decided was the domicile of Mr. and Mrs. Rice at the time of her death. If this question were decided in favor of

the will of Mrs. Rice then one-half of Mr. Rice's estate would have passed to her devisees, whereas if it were decided in favor of Mr. Rice then the whole of his estate would pass to the Institute. The litigation involving this question lasted for several years. The testimony of many witnesses in Texas, particularly in Houston, and in New York, was taken by both sides. Mr. Rice himself testified at length, stating with great positiveness that his domicile had always been since 1865 in New York and New Jersey, and at no time in Texas. During the taking of this testimony Mr. Rice was living in his apartment at 500 Madison Avenue, New York, quite alone, with no one but his valet, one Chas. F. Jones, a young man about thirty years of age, who had been in his employ for a number of years. Albert T. Patrick, a lawyer formerly practicing in Houston, was then residing and practicing his profession in New York City, and became associated with the attorney for Mrs. Rice in trying to establish, as a fact, that Mr. Rice's domicile was really in Texas and not in New York.

While this litigation was going on, and when the taking of the testimony was completed and the case practically ready for trial, on the 24th day of September, 1900, a telegram was received from the valet, Chas. F. Jones, reading substantially as follows:

"Mr. Rice died last night under the care of a physician. Certificate of death old age, extreme nervousness. Funeral tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. Interment at Waukesha beside his wife. Wire when you are coming."

Captain Frederick A. Rice, brother of Mr. William M. Rice, and the latter's attorney arranged to go, the first to attend the funeral at Waukesha, and the other to New York. Within an hour after receipt of the first telegrams

another was received from Mr. Rice's New York bankers which read:

"Mr. Rice died last night under very suspicious circumstances. His body will be cremated tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. Interment at Waukesha."

Thereupon immediate steps were taken to prevent the cremation of the body, and Captain Rice and Mr. Rice's attorney went immediately to New York. On arrival they went to Mr. Rice's apartment and were admitted by the valet Jones, who was asked a number of questions bearing upon the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Rice, some of which he answered, others he evaded, and still others he refused to answer; finally he said that Mr. Albert T. Patrick, attorney, was now in charge of the apartment and of the body of Mr. Rice. Bear in mind that this was the same Albert T. Patrick who for two years had been endeavoring to subject one-half of Mr. Rice's estate to the payment of the bequests under his wife's will. Patrick's explanation of his most unusual position was briefly this: that he was anxious to settle the pending litigation; that he did not believe the attorneys for Mr. Rice and the Texas attorneys for Mrs. Rice would ever reach an agreement; that he felt certain that if he could get in personal touch with Mr. Rice he could effect a satisfactory settlement; that he inserted an advertisement in a New York paper asking for a conference with the heirs of Mrs. Rice; that he arranged for Jones, the valet, to call Mr. Rice's attention to this advertisement; that when Mr. Rice saw it he wrote to Patrick to come to see him; that he did so under an assumed name, realizing that if Mr. Rice knew his identity he would drive him from his home; that gradually he won the confidence of Mr. Rice and finally made himself known; that Mr. Rice, while out-

raged at the deception that Patrick had practiced upon him, became reconciled to the situation and finally agreed upon a settlement by which Mr. Rice was to pay the legatees under his wife's will the sum of \$250,000 in full settlement of all of their claims; that following this settlement Mr. Rice and he became good friends and thereafter for several months Patrick became the counsellor, adviser and confidential attorney of Mr. Rice in all of his important legal matters; that still later, at Mr. Rice's request, he prepared his last will and testament in which he revoked the will in favor of the Institute and made another in which Patrick himself was named residuary legatee of all of Mr. Rice's estate. He called particular attention to the fact that Mr. William M. Rice, Jr., the nephew of William Marsh Rice, and one of the attorneys of Mr. Rice, were named as executors not only of the first or genuine will of Mr. Rice, but in the second or so-called Patrick will; that each of them received greater benefits under the second will than under the first, and while he, Patrick, was named as residuary legatee under the second will, yet he was in fact a trustee, to take over the property of the estate and administer it in carrying out a number of secret trusts verbally declared by Mr. Rice. He then went into quite a full explanation of the nature of the last sickness of Mr. Rice and the circumstances of his death, most of which proved to be untrue.

Mr. Rice had died on Sunday night, and the valet's telegram stated, as you will remember, that the funeral would take place early Monday morning, with interment at Waukesha, while the telegram of the bankers stated that Mr. Rice's body would be cremated early Monday morning. Meantime the police, acting under instructions, had prevented the cremation of the body and removed therefrom, for a microscopic examination, the contents of the stomach.

Reminiscences of the Founder 141

Following Patrick's explanation of how he had worked himself into the confidence of Mr. Rice, and became his counsel and legatee under his will, he then said that Mr. Rice desired that his remains be cremated immediately following his death; but the cremation was prevented by the police. He then produced a letter, purporting to be signed by Mr. Rice, directing the cremation of his body, which I believe you will be interested in hearing. It reads as follows:

New York, August 3, 1900.

Albert T. Patrick, Esq.,
No. 277 Broadway, City.

Dear Sir:

Concerning the matter of cremation. I sent down to the United States Crematory office for information and got two circulars which are very interesting. I will show them to you when you come up. Ever since Col. Robert Ingasoll and Col. Waring were cremated, I have thought that I should like to be cremated also.

Col. Ingasoll was a very smart man and a man of great judgment about all things which is possible for a man to know, but about religion a man cannot know. Ingasoll may be right or he may be wrong that is all guess work.

Col. Waring was a great sanitary man, and it seems to me that the law should not allow dead bodies to be buried all over the country, after dying of all kinds of diseases. I would much rather have my body burned than eaten by worms or stolen by some medical student and carved to pieces. If I should die I want you to see that I am not embalmed as they fill you with chemicals when they embalm you, but I want you to have my body cremated at once and my ashes put in an urn and interred with my late wife, Elizabeth B. Rice. As to funerals I do not think my relatives would care to come to mine and I see no use having one until my ashes are interred with my wife.

I write these things because I happen to think of them although you told me to give you written directions some time ago. But I expect to live twenty years, as I came of a long lived family and am in pretty good health for a man of my age.

Yours truly,
W. M. RICE.

What appeared to be Mr. Rice's signature was at the end of this letter. It was afterwards found by the court to be a forgery. The week following Mr. Rice's death the New York papers were filled with all kinds and character of statements in reference to Mr. Rice's death. Within a short time charges were preferred against both Patrick and the valet, Jones, for forgery and for the murder of Mr. Rice. About the same time application was filed by the executors for the probate of the genuine will of Mr. Rice dated in 1896, in which he devised his estate to the Institute. This will was contested by some of his next of kin, but by none of those who resided in Texas. The contests were settled by the payment of small amounts and the genuine will was admitted to probate. Meantime the Patrick will was filed for probate. It was resisted by the representatives of Mr. Rice's estate as a forgery and was adjudged in the courts of New York to be a forgery and denied probate. In the meantime Patrick and the valet were indicted for forgery and for the murder of Mr. Rice. The valet turned State's evidence and confessed that he had murdered Mr. Rice by undermining his health with medicines, some of which were prescribed by Patrick's personal physician and others he said by Patrick himself. In the course of his testimony the valet said that he procured the chloroform from Patrick, who told him how to administer it. This was a few minutes after six in the afternoon. From this meeting with Patrick, Jones said he returned to the apartment; that Rice was sleeping soundly; that the colored woman who did the house work was away for the day and the rooms were deserted; that he saturated a sponge with chloroform, constructed a cone with a towel, placed the sponge in the cone, then put the cone over the sleeping man's face and ran out of the room and waited thirty minutes for the chloroform to do its work.

Reminiscences of the Founder 143

Waiting in the next room he heard the doorbell ring and ring again—two of Mr. Rice's lady friends from Texas were calling—but he paid no attention to the summons and the visitors went away. When the thirty minutes had expired he returned to the bedroom, removed the cone from Mr. Rice's face, and saw that he was dead. Then after burning the sponge and towel in the kitchen range, he opened all the windows, straightened out the rooms, called the elevator man and asked him to send for Patrick's physician, and went to the telephone and notified Patrick that Mr. Rice was dead.

Patrick was convicted of murder and sentenced to death, and afterwards his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. After ten years he was finally pardoned and is now said to be living in Oklahoma. The valet was never prosecuted and his whereabouts have been unknown for many years.

Following the conviction of Patrick, and after paying the expenses of the litigation, incident to the contest of the so-called Patrick will, and the probate of the genuine will, the property of the estate amounting to four to five million dollars was turned over, by the executors of Mr. Rice's genuine will, to the Trustees of the Institute in the year 1907. Later Dr. Edgar Odell Lovett was elected President of the Institute. This was followed by the construction of several of the buildings now on the campus and in 1912 the doors of the Institute were opened for the admission of students.

It has since grown and prospered from year to year. Through an unusually able faculty of teachers and researchers, and a loyal student body handpicked annually from several times as many applicants as can be received, the fair name of the educational enterprise Mr. Rice founded has

been well established within and without the borders of the state of his adoption. At the same time its endowment, which at the end of the protracted litigation of six years or more amounted to approximately five million dollars has grown to fourteen millions,—three and one-half million of which are invested in land, buildings and equipment, and eleven million in interest bearing securities.

All you see here,—this expansive campus of 300 acres, the beautiful buildings, its modern and well selected equipment—have been paid for out of income,—not one dollar of the principal of the trust has been expended.

The Trustees have endeavored to follow the worthy example of Mr. Rice in this: “He lived within his income and invested his savings. In emulation of his example, and in tribute to his thrift, the Trustees are promoting out of the income of his fortune the philanthropic enterprise he founded.”

In the unavoidable absence of the distinguished gentleman we had expected to address you on this occasion, I have had pleasure in giving you this brief but incomplete review of the high points in the life and tragic death of Houston’s greatest benefactor, who starting at the foot of life’s ladder, struggled on, never faltering, never turning back, until he reached the top, and then, with the honors of nearly four score years and ten, like a garland encircling his brow, lay down to peaceful dreams, beloved by all who knew him, and will be loved by thousands yet unborn.

JAMES ADDISON BAKER



