

is nothing more truly of Texas, and nearer to the hearts of all patriotic Texans, than the Texas State University and her Agricultural and Mechanical College.

The one, a noble seat of learning, already great and destined to place the Texas flag wherever learning erects her monument. The other, while receiving aid from a donation made by the Federal Government, still obtains her chief support and maintenance from the State, and is part of her flesh and blood. It is already one of the great technical and industrial colleges of the country. There the sciences kindred to her purposes are taught with great proficiency. There are taught the arts of both war and peace, for Texas within her halls trains and makes skillful her farmers, her mechanics and her soldiers; thus linking, with scientific skill and literary attainment, the independence and dignity of labor and the duties of a soldier. An institution that during the twenty years of her history, has added to the material advancement of the State, and has contributed her sons to science, to the shop, to the mine, to many manufacturing enterprises, to the farm, to the field of battle, and, if you please, to the professions.

Speaking for the Alumni, an ex-student of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, residing in San Antonio, you thus must know that we welcome all from both institutions. We honor both. Texas needs both, and, in the language of Commodore Schley, "There is glory enough for all."

To that institution, from whose halls we come, its proficient faculty, its gallant corps of cadets, and its ex-students and alumni, we make fraternal welcome. While I have pursued another

calling, and it is among the greatest known to civilization, still may I not with propriety, in the presence of this faculty and of this corps of cadets, pursuing the purposes and aspirations of that institution, without fulsome flattery, pay a tribute to those avocations the one teaches and the other studies to become. The farmer, the mechanic, the soldier. The better learned the better farmer; the better farmer, the better citizen, the more scientific the more successful. All men honor him. He is the developer of the earth's resources, the conservator of the peace, the enforcer of the law, the dispenser of true hospitality, the friend of religion and the enemy of corruption and tyranny. He is a soldier when needed, as the whole of the British Empire can testify at this time, and has learned before. He has no master and owes no allegiance, except to his country and his God.

The mechanic. To my mind, there is no profession or avocation requiring a higher order of intellect, more accurate training of stricter integrity than that of the mechanic. His science is an exact one. His art is order. Mistakes cannot be made, and dishonesty practiced and his work survive. A lawyer may be inaccurate and still win, a physician may be in error and the patient still recover, but let a mechanic make an error, and failure will mark his efforts. Let him fail to understand the machinery he operates, and disaster will be the result. The work of his hand is immortal, and out of the misty and hoary past arises sublime structures, monuments to his skill, industry and integrity, still existing when kingdoms have crumbled and kings and nations have been forgotten. He marks both the land and the sea with his domin-