

W. T. FERRIS.

[Johnston County Democrat, June 12.]

ON SUNDAY, May 25, 1919, the loved ones and friends responded to the sad duty of paying their last tribute of love and respect to W. T. Ferris, of Connerville.

Mr. Ferris was born in Arkansas, October 13, 1866. He spent the greater part of his early life in and near San Antonio, Texas, where his father moved when Mr. Ferris was quite young.

He was 10 years old at the time of his father's death; and he being the oldest of the family, the care of his mother and the younger children fell to his lot.

He was faithful and loyal to his mother, he gave her his entire labor and care, protected and shielded her from the burdens and hardships of life as much as it was in his youthful power. He cared for his mother and family until three years after his own marriage.

On December 8, 1887, he was married to Miss Ada Spear. To this union was born fourteen children, eight boys and six girls, all of whom are living except one boy that died in infancy.

In the year 1892 on the 26th of May, Mr. Ferris, with his family, landed in the Indian Territory near what is now Reagan, and he spent the remainder of his life within a radius of fifteen miles of his first landing.

At the time of his death he was living on his farm and ranch, Meadow Brook home, about three miles south of Connerville.

When Mr. Ferris started in life for himself he was poor, but God had endowed him with brains, energy, physical and moral courage and self reliance.

These were great riches and well did he make use of them.

For the past several years it seemed whatever he turned his attention to prospered and grew into wealth and prosperity.

For a number of years he and R. L. Stewart have been partners in various kinds of business aside from their individual affairs.

Mr. Ferris leaves his wife and family all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. He raised a family of which he was justly proud. The older ones have made good, useful and industrious men and women. And the younger ones, who seem to realize they are robbed of the firm but loving guidance of their father, are wholly submissive to their mother and the older brothers and sisters.

Ples, the oldest boy at home, will have charge of the farm and ranch and carry on the work which his father managed so successfully.

Mr. Ferris had been in poor health since November, but he thought it nothing serious; however, his family and friends prevailed on his going to Hot Springs, Ark., for a rest and to take the baths. He went on the 8th of May, but it seemed the water and baths did not agree with him, and he grew rapidly worse. A message from his physician summoned Mrs. Ferris to his bedside on the 19th.

All that medical skill, trained nurses and loving attention could do was done for him but all this was of no avail. On the morning of the 22nd at 8:00 o'clock death relieved him of his suffering.

Mrs. Ferris, R. L. and J. P. Stewart, an uncle of Mr. Ferris, were with him when the end came.

Could Mr. Ferris have had his choice of who should be with him when he was called to pass through the valley of the shadow of death he would have chosen the very ones that were there.

The wife that had always occupied the throne of love and reigned supreme in his heart; the Stewarts, who were tried and true friends.

The body was embalmed, placed in a handsome, copper lined casket and brought to Tishomingo, where scores of friends and neighbors gathered to give their love and sympathy to the sorrowing family and pay their respects to the memory of their fellow man who had so unexpectedly been taken from among them.

The remains were brought from Tishomingo to his home, there to await the coming of one of the sons, Wyatt, who was in the medical training corps at Des Moines, Iowa.

On Sunday afternoon the funeral services were conducted at the Connerville cemetery in the presence of the entire family, two brothers from Mountain Park, Okla., and the largest crowd ever gathered at this cemetery. A very impressive sermon was delivered by Rev. Carey, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Tishomingo.

The singing was furnished by the Presbyterian choir. Mr. Ferris was a 32 degree Mason, an I. O. O. F. and W. O. W.

After the sermon the Masons took charge and conducted the remainder of the services.

The floral offerings were profuse and lovely. The grave was buried beneath a wilderness of the most choice and beautiful flowers that Ardmore and Ada could furnish.

Mr. Ferris leaves a heritage of a useful and upright life. He possessed a strong, noble and substantial character and nothing is more useful or essential.

Long will be remembered the immense concourse of friends who gathered to pay the last sad tribute of respect at his burial.

Rich and poor, high and low, all showed sorrow at his unexpected death. The entire community was in mourning. Truly did it seem that the angel of death, hovering near, had touched the heart of every home. No more noted gathering ever assembled to pay tribute to the dead than that which came to show their respect, add their sympathy and mingle their tears in sorrow with the family and friends.

So let us not so much mourn that he is dead, but rather let us rejoice that he has lived. Let us not think so much of his untimely taking off, but rather of the fullness of his life.

For the deeds and lessons of his life and the good example he gave will live forever.

Mr. Ferris left to his family, to his friends and to all with whom he associated, a monument more enduring than marble and a heritage more precious than gold.

[By the Worshipful Master of Pontotoc Lodge, 136.]
Brother W. T. Ferris was made an entered apprentice Mason November 11, 1899, and was passed to the degree

of a fellowcraft December 23, 1899, and was raised to the sublime degree of a master Mason January 27, 1900. He was elected an served as worshipful master of Pontotoc lodge, 136, during the year 1911.

Brother Ferris was a member of the consistory at McAlester.