

# McWilliams, John Watson

Fitting Tribute from the Pen of Thos. H. Grisham

John W. McWilliams departed this life on the 21st of January 1907 at his home in this city.

Mack is no more, but the generation in which he lived will not forget him. He had reached the age of 66 years. Born in Pennsylvania he was educated in that state and in 1862 enlisted in the United States army for the suppression of the rebellion. He was a member of the Signal Corps and was one of the men that helped to make history;

In April 1865 he was on the signal station at Georgetown near Washington. He saw a light wig-wagging from the top of the Patent Office in Washington. He read it, "Lincoln and Seward both assassinated." He waved it to the next station at Fairfax and it soon reached the army of the Potomac.

After the war he studied law in the office of Major Totten in Washington, D. C. He edited a newspaper in Cannonsburg, Penn., for a while and then came to Kansas and has resided here ever since.

It is not saying too much to say that Mack was one of the kindest hearted men that ever lived and if all the good things that he ever said about people were translated into all the languages of the earth, the world would be better for it, Like Peter the Hermit, what he received with one hand he freely give away with the other; and the cords in his bosom always vibrated at the sigh of sorrowing hearts.

He was good to people, he was good to the beast of the fields and to the birds of the air. He would not hurt a worm and nothing so aroused his resentment as to see some one abuse a dumb animal. If Mack could have had his will there would have been no sorrow in this world. He would have opened the jail doors and shook hands with the most despised criminal and bid him God speed. He would have invited every Monarch to come down from his throne and fraternize with all the people of the earth. A favorite quotation of his was, "And it seemed to be a relief to him to relieve the wants of something though it might be only a dumb animal." Kindness was his natural and if all the kind things that Mack ever did were piled together they would build a tower high enough to cause a confusion of tongues.

There are some persons in the world who are special favorites among all who know them, who find or make friends everywhere, whose company every one enjoys and from whom every one is loath to separate, their frank and easy manners inspire confidence, at first sight and one numbers them as friends almost as soon as one has made their acquaintance.

No one is ever not at home to them, their visit is anticipated as a pleasure and no one feels disposed to part with them without the cordial inquiry, When shall we see you

again?' There is an exuberance of pleasurable life about them, which seems to diffuse itself among all around and their presence is felt to be an addition to the general amount of happiness in the circle privileged with their company.

In selecting a party of friends, their names are always suggested first and the absence of any two others would be a less disappointment than theirs. Everyone seeks their side at the dinner table and he deems himself fortunate whose chair in the social circle is next to theirs. Innocent childhood loves to be near them and prattle its earnest nonsense in their ear.

Impetuous youth finds in them boon companions, and old age values them as esteemable friends. They seem to have transparent kindly natures, a desire to promote, the happiness of all around them a generous warmth of feeling, a frank cordial bearing a universal sympathy, in one word--Heart. Such a Ivan was John Watson McWilliams.

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