

February 2019

## Series III. Folder 6. Poems, n.d.

Melville Homer Cummings

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ATWATER KENT RADIO  
By M. Homer Cummings

If you desire a radio  
And do not have sufficient "dough,"  
Come, get our plans for payments slow;  
Our terms are reasonable and low.  
We sell ATWATER KENT, you know,  
The best machine you can bestow  
Upon a friend, sweetheart or beau,  
Your mother, sister or Aunt Chloe.  
You'll find it really is a foe  
To gloom, despondency and woe.  
All o'er the nation you can go  
By simply tuning in just so  
On hosts of stations in a row  
From Canada to Mexico.  
As artists do their voices throw,  
The sweetest strains from it will flow  
Of "Swanee River," "Old Black Joe,"  
And hymns that with great fervor glow  
And sermons that God's mercies show.  
You'll hear musicians trombones blow-  
Professionals and semi-pro,  
The farmer told his hay to mow,  
The time of year his corn to hoe  
And why his roosters ought to crow.  
There'll be some poems, too, of Poe,  
The weather forecast, "Rain or snow,"  
Instructions how to stronger grow  
By exercising to and fro  
The arm and limb, the head and toe.

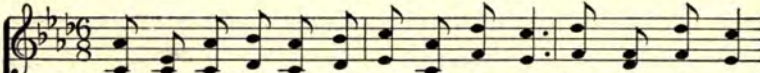
# Christ Above All

Motto of the Methodist Youth Fellowship

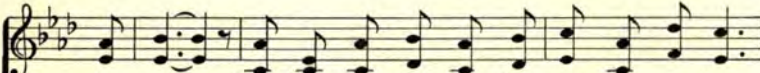

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M. H. C.


M. Homer Cummings



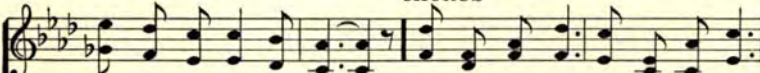
1. Give to the Mas-ter your best ev - 'ry day, Loy - al de - vo-  
2. Let your light shine where-so - ev - er you are, Faith - ful - ly work  
3. Lift up your eyes, see the ripe, gold - en grain, Wav - ing o'er hill



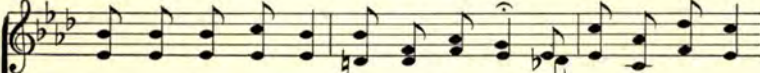
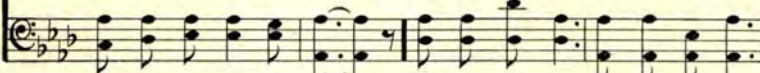
tion true; Serve Him with glad - ness, His pre - cepts o - bey,  
and pray; Wheth - er at home or in re - gions a - far,  
and plain; Reap - ers are need - ed, O will you be one?



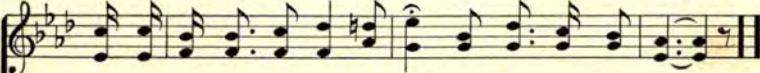

## CHORUS




What - e'er He bids you do.  
Fol - low Him all the way. Christ a - bove all, Christ a - bove all,  
Wait not till day is done.



Seek first His king - dom, heed now His call; There's no oth - er name



so re - splend - ent with fame For He is Christ a - bove all.



Copies of this song to be inserted in hymn books may be obtained by writing to M. Homer Cummings, Glasgow, W. Va.

Altho' I do not ancient feel  
my age to you I now reveal

I do not think you do believe  
That I'm as old as Grandma Eve  
I can not feel you'd waste your  
breath

Contending I'm as old as Seth  
methuselak I know that he  
is older than I'll ever be

I did not enter Noah's ark  
And with him on that trip embark  
I did not wade the river Nile  
when Moses was a little child

In 1492

Columbus sailed the ocean blue  
But I'll be very frank with you  
I was not with that motley crew  
no, I was not so rash and frantic  
I had to cross the deep Atlantic

I came to earth some years ago  
Out in the county of Monroe  
I was so young when I was born  
I can't recall that fateful morn  
But I have heard my mother say  
The time was after break of day

Oh vision the hands of the Saviour

By them were the multitudes fed;  
I see them outstretched to the children,  
On blessing were laid on each head.

In pity they lifted the fallen,

By them were the suffering healed;  
They served at the tasks of the humble,  
The sweetness of labor revealed.

They lead now the way to the city  
Whose Builder & maker is God;  
They'll never unclasp till we enter,  
Thro' highways His footsteps have  
trod.

wonderful hands, hands of the Saviour  
nailed for my sake to the tree;  
Hands that were used in service to  
others  
Hands that will ever lead thee.

# WALTON MEMORIAL METHODIST CHURCH

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1944

ORGAN PRELUDE. The people in devout meditation.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

HYMN No. 76—"There's a Wideness."—The people standing.

THE APOSTLES' CREED, repeated by all, the people still standing.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, repeated by all, the people seated and bowed, or kneeling.

ANTHEM.

RESPONSIVE READING, Forty-First Sunday, "The Helper Of The Afflicted."—The people standing.

GLORIA PATRI.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

PRESENTATION OF TITHES AND OFFERINGS.

INVOCATION.

SERMON.

HYMN No. 233—"Jesus Calls Us."—The People Standing.

BENEDICTION.

DOXOLOGY.

ORGAN POSTLUDE.

## REGULAR SERVICES

Sunday school, 9:30 A. M., Leo R. Tucker, superintendent; morning worship service, 10:45; evening worship service, 7:30, conducted by the young people; prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLEASE DO NOT MISS A SINGLE SERVICE!

DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

By M. Homer Cummings

We owe a debt that we must pay  
To ministers of yesterday.  
These men of God are now retired  
But oh, the lives they have inspired!  
They went before and blazed the trail,  
O'er hosts of sin they did prevail;  
They stood up bravely for the right,  
Against the wrong they waged the fight.

They faithfully performed their work,  
From duty's path they did not shirk;  
They walked the valleys, crossed the rills,  
They climbed the mountains and the hills.  
In rain and sunshine, heat and cold,  
They preached the Word to young and old.  
They cheered the lonely and distressed,  
They helped the fallen and oppressed.

Immortal souls, lost and undone,  
Were by their earnest efforts won;  
Lives wrecked by Satan were transformed  
And ~~many hearts~~ <sup>hearts once cold</sup> were strangely warmed.  
They toiled with all their might and main-  
Not for themselves nor worldly gain  
But for the glory of the cross:  
For Christ, they gladly suffered loss-  
No task too hard to undertake,  
No sacrifice too great to make.

On this occasion in November,  
~~Their noble deeds~~ <sup>let us their noble deeds</sup> let us remember.

\* \* \*

Their health has failed, their strength is gone  
And they no more can carry on.  
Now, as they face the golden west,  
Their closing days should be their best.  
Let us fulfill the promise bright:  
"At ev'ning time, it shall be light."

*"Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing." Ps. 100:2.*

GLASGOW METHODIST CHURCH

M. HOMER CUMMINGS, PASTOR

Glasgow, West Virginia

*"For when the one Great Scorer comes to write against your name, He writes - not that you won or lost, but how you played the game"*



I heard a talk on Palestine  
And wished the pleasure would be mine  
Some day to cross the ocean wide  
Beyond its rolling, surging tide  
And place my feet upon the sod  
Where Christ, my blessed Savior, trod.

I'd like to see Jerusalem  
And old historic Bethlehem  
And Nazareth and Galilee  
Where Jesus loved so much to be.

I'd like to stand on Jordan's strand  
And cast my eyes to Canaan's land,  
Where Abraham and Isaac dwelt  
And where the mighty prophets felt  
The power of the Spirit fall  
Enabling them to tell to all  
The message that on them was laid  
When they so earnestly had prayed.

I think I'd climb up Sinai  
And while upon that summit try  
To find the place where Moses ~~stood~~ stayed  
While laws on stones were being made.  
I'd like to look the country o'er  
Where there abideth nevermore  
The Amalakites, ~~and~~ the Jebusites,  
The Hittites and the Perizzites.

The pleasure mine may never be  
The famous Holy Land to see,  
But there is something greater still  
For me to live in Fayetteville  
And seek to do my Father's will  
My sphere in life each day to fill.  
Yes, I may journey with Him here  
And feel His presence ever near.

— M. Homer Cummings

5.42-  
2

**M. HOMER CUMMINGS**

**Sacred Music Publisher**

**Box 390**

**WHEELING, W. VA.**

*Pastoral Address*

Fayetteville, W. Va.,

March 24, 1930.

Miss Uldine Utley,  
New York City.

Dear Uldine:-

Yesterday morning, I heard the mellifluous strains of your melodious voice as the harmonious tones floated upon the ethereal space when they emanated from the dynamic speaker of our Screen Grid Atwater Kent. Distance was annihilated and time made as naught you spoke to us in our own home on the West Virginia Appalachian range. Altho' our mortal eyes could not behold your pleasant smile and the ribbon that you twined around the microphone, in our fertile imagination we could form a mental picture of you as you stood there addressing us.

LIVE THE WAY YOU PRAY

I knelt to pray when day was done  
And prayed, "O Lord, bless every one,  
Lift from each saddened heart the pain,  
And let the sick be well again."

And then I woke another day  
And carelessly went on my way,  
The whole day long I did not try  
To wipe a tear from any eye.

I did not try to share the load  
Of any brother on my road,  
I did not even go to see  
The sick man just next door to me.

Yet once again when day was done  
I prayed, "O Lord, bless every one."  
But as I prayed, into my ear  
There came a voice that whispered clear:

"Pause, hypocrite, before you pray,  
Whom have you tried to bless today?  
God's sweetest blessings always go  
By hands that serve Him here below."

And then I hid my face and cried,  
"Forgive me, Lord, for I have lied,  
Let me but live another day  
And I will live the way I pray.

Calendars delivered  
 Mrs. Maloney for Jim  
 Mrs. Foster  
 Mrs. Myrtle Young ✓  
 Mrs. Howard Chise  
 Mrs. Roy Martin ✓  
 W. W. Rutledge ✓  
 Mrs. Hammar Dr  
 J. A. Lewis ✓

53  
 47  
 8

$\frac{1587}{3}$      $\frac{15}{37}$      $\frac{5}{43}$   
 $\frac{7}{47}$

Homer jr  
 Hugh  
 Homer  
 Laura  
 Grace  
 Bob  
 Vernd

1.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

By M. Homer Cummings

Had I the words at my command,  
I'd like to take my pen in hand  
And write the story of my life,  
Its joys and sorrows, peace and strife.

Life is, indeed, a paradox;  
It's full of boosts, it's filled with knocks.  
It has its sunshine and its rain;  
It has its pleasure and its pain.

It has successes and defeats,  
It has its hunger and its eats;  
It has its smiles, it has its tears,  
It has its courage and its fears.

It has its sickness and its health,  
It has its poverty and wealth;  
It has some things to make us glad  
And other things to make us sad.

If we but knew before our birth  
The trials we would meet on earth,  
Would we be willing to be born  
And face its ridicule and scorn?

I do not know, I cannot say.  
But we're not questioned any way  
About our coming to this sphere  
Or if we want existence here.

It was one August long ago  
Out in the county of Monroe,  
I first beheld the light of day  
And thus began my earthly stay.

No doubt my parents did rejoice  
Whenever they heard my screaming voice-  
Of course, like other babes I cried  
When this old, troubled world I spied.

I can't recall that fateful morn  
When Dad and Mother, tired, forlorn  
*With others looked upon my face  
And held me in their fond embrace.*

It was about ten years ago,  
I was assigned by friend or foe  
To be the pastor of this church-  
A job for which I did not search  
And none of you invited me  
To come here and your preacher be;  
But Bishop Straughn and Doctor Yoak  
For Glasgow's Methodism spoke.

I took the place of Brother Scragg  
Whose interest in you did not lag.  
He labored faithfully and well  
As each of you can gladly tell.  
To Shepherd's Chapel he returned  
An honor he had justly earned.

When I arrived in '47  
To tell you how to get to heaven  
And from your duty not to swerve  
But watch life's highway and each curve,  
You welcomed me with open arms  
~~And~~ You won me with your smiles and charms.

Since then, we've had our ups and downs  
For Fortune often on us frowns.

My stay with you has pleasant been,  
You've stuck to me through thick and thin.

Grave problems we have had to face  
But God Has given needed grace.  
Yes, He who guides with loving care  
The song birds through the pathless air,  
Has promised all- both you and me  
That as our days days, our strength shall be.

We've not accomplished what we could  
Nor ev'rything we knew we should;  
But some achievements have been won,  
There are a few things we have done.

The building in which now you sit  
Has been remodeled ev'ry whit.  
The carpet, altar, and the pews,  
The organ and the chimes we use,  
That lovely picture on the wall,  
The pulpit and the chairs so tall,

<sup>I went</sup>  
Where'er ~~I've~~ gone, in church or tent,  
I ~~ve~~ preached that people should repent.  
Some heeded what I had to say  
And others coldly walked away.

\* \* \*

Two score and seven years ago,  
I was assigned by John Beddow  
To Boomer in the Magic Valley  
Where all my strength I had to rally  
To be the pastor of that charge,  
Its nine appointments made it large.  
And after two years did elapse,  
There were some folks who thought perpaps  
'T was time to have a needed change  
And so James Engle did arrange  
For me that fall to go away  
And I was moved up Elk to Clay.

Next year to Ripley I was sent  
Where two years in that town I spent.  
From there I journeyed up to Proctor:  
Where I resided with a doctor.

To Wheeling next I was assigned;  
While there a wife I chanced to find.  
The war broke out- - - across the sea;  
I hearkened to my country's plea,  
The call to colors I did heed  
And I was stationed at Camp Meade.

Then, when the Germans ceased to fight,  
<sup>a church I pastored</sup>  
~~I moved to Raleigh~~ at Glen White.

Two children did our lives adorn  
And in this town, they both were born.  
Five years passed by, 't was time to go  
Down where we watched Ceredo grow.  
From there to Fayetteville we went;  
To Williamstown, we next were sent.  
When we were moved, 't was understood  
That we should go to Ravenswood.  
We left that village with its bounty  
To Coalwood in McDowell county.

The table and the flower stands  
Are all the gifts of willing hands.

But there's so much for us to do,  
The grain is ripe, the reapers few.

I'm sorry that each Methodist  
Is not upon the active list.  
When in the church they ought to be,  
Some stay at home and watch T V-  
Their solemn vows they disregard,  
They do not come, though we plead hard.  
Some board their cars and drive away  
And visit on the Sabbath day.  
Some take a Double D O L,  
Just where they go I cannot tell.  
I trust that they won't land in -- well  
That place I'll not pronounce nor spell.

Three times each week, I try to preach  
And frequently a class I teach.  
The various meetings without end,  
I strive to faithfully attend.  
I go to see the poor and needy  
And also call upon the greedy.

Work with the children is a joy,  
For, as you know, I'm still a boy.  
It is a privilege and treat  
These precious little ones to meet  
In Homes, at church, or on the street  
A trust more valuable than gold  
Is given us their lives to mold.

I like to listen when they speak,  
Their sayings often are unique.  
About three years or more,  
I met a girl, her age was four,  
She told me, "Preacher, I love you  
And I love old Mrs. Cummings, too."  
This darling child, I should have told  
That women never do grow old  
And that my wife will always be  
Both young and beautiful to me.

We read that Christ, our Lord, one day  
The children did not turn away

*Mrs. LeHyde Stife*

*(over)*



But placed His hand upon each head,  
"Forbid them not to come," said.

To Conference, we soon will go  
And, like St. Paul, we do not know  
What shall befall the powers there.  
It is our earnest hope by prayer  
That whether we shall meet or stay,  
We'll do our best for each day.

~~And now our Congressman Bob Byrd,  
Whom most of you have seen and heard~~

And as he speaks I'm sure that he  
A blessing to each one will be.

*or*  
I now present to you Bob Byrd  
Whom most of you have seen and heard

They talk about a woman's sphere,  
As though it had a limit;  
There's not a place in earth or heaven  
There's not a task to mankind given,  
There's not a blessing or a woe,  
There's not a whisper, yes, or no,  
There's not a life, a death, or birth,  
That has a feather's weight of worth,  
Without a woman in it.

*The face you see. my age.*

*Rud Robinson*

*Samuel Edwin Purman  
Born June 5, 1871 - Died Sept. 17, 1960*

RESPECTS AND RESOLUTIONS.  
(In Rhyme)

Our report we now present which, you understand, is meant to express our heart-felt thanks for the kindness shown our ranks.

We record with deep regret, brethren, we have often met at these sessions heretofore, will convene with us no more. Arbuthnot and Fullerton, Powers, Craig and Morrirston- all have laid their armors down and received the promised crown.

Ten devoted preachers' wives for the Master gave their lives. From their labors they now rest in the mansions of the blest.

Four this year from us retire, full of faith and holy fire; but with health already gone, they can't hope to "carry on." Frank S. Townsend heads the list- from our councils, he'll be missed. E. D. Fellers, noble soul, also is upon this roll. There is James R. Basket, too; J. B. Rupert now is through. These are mighty men of God, who the paths of duty trod.

Transfers. We shall mention, first, Dr. C. R. Havighurst. To the clime from which he came, he returns with added fame. M. L. Gamble will go hence to the Pittsburgh Conference. From the grand old Buckeye state, comes a man with prestige great. It is William Mallalieu, with a will to dare and do. He and Havighurst arranged for their works to be exchanged. From the bright and sunny south, which has never had a drouth of illustrious divines, hails a minister who shines with a heart for souls aflame. Ross Culpepper is his name.

Not one moment would be squelch what we think of Bishop Welch, who has been assigned the charge of our area so large. He's presided with great care and his rulings have been fair. We all pledge to him our aid in the burdens on him laid.

We desire also to state that we do appreciate what O'Neill and Grose have done and Van Sickle- ev'ry one on whom Conf'rence duties fall. We do thank them each and all.

Lowther, pastor of this church, (and we know we'd have to search for a better man to find) to our hosts has been most kind. Sister churches of this city are included in our ditty. They have sought to make our stay what we wished in ev'ry way. We are grateful to the choir for their songs which did inspire; and we add this further word that the messages we heard in this house from time to time were uplifting and sublime. Doctor Stafford, Bishop Hughes- how their talks did us enthuse! Other men well-known to fame- space forbids to give each name- spoke upon some vital truth that pertained to age or youth.

Metropolitan Theater, which is not a second rater, let us use its house and screen where "THE OPEN DOOR" was seen, setting forth our country's needs and the missionaries' deeds. "KING OF KINGS" was also shown to the ministers alone. We our gratitude express for such gracious thoughtfulness. We must not forget to name tickets to the football game, given to us all one day to behold our college play.

We shall not neglect to stress good-will shown us by the press. They've allotted lib'ral space to our business in this place.

Morgantown, we say, "Adieu!" We shall ever think of you; to our friends we'll often speak of our pleasant stay this week. Time, we trust, will soon draw near when once more we'll gather here.

Paul Flanagan, Chairman  
M. Homer Cummings, Secretary.

POST SCRIPT. We forgot to say that the janitor each day faithfully performed his task, doing all that we could ask. While we write about this layman, we must mention Bro. Wayman. He's the one who does not fail to look after all our mail.

Elizabeth Perry - M  
Lottie Kelly - M  
Irene Kelly - M  
Gene Perry - M  
Dora Peters - B  
Lottie Kelly - B  
Effie Kelly - B  
James Peters -

RHYME FOR ROTARY.

When I was asked  
And almost tasked  
By <sup>Frank Nathaniel</sup> our attorney Bacon,  
To give this time  
A little rhyme,  
By fright I was o'ertaken.

I could not think  
With pen and ink  
Or Hammond's bum typewriter;  
With pencil's lead,  
My thoughts all fled-  
The burden was no lighter.

At last it came  
Quick as a flame  
Thro' dry leaves of the wildwood,  
Write as you feel,  
It will appeal  
To old age, youth and childhood.

In Fayetteville  
Each one is ill  
Because of vaccination;  
We tried to do  
All that we knew  
To help the situation.

My arm is sore-  
I want no more  
Of this inoculation;  
All night I moan,  
All day I groan  
And grunt in desperation.

But yet they say  
The only way  
To keep small-pox from spreading,  
Is with vaccine  
Or quarantine-  
Then it will have rough sledding.

And so I say  
Go forth today  
Your arm the doctor scratching;  
You then will find  
Small-pox unkind,  
No longer will be catching.

Fayetteville, Va.,  
March 15, 1922.

1. Birmingham  
2. Atlanta  
3. Sparta  
4. Norfolk  
5. York  
6. Longwood  
7. South Carolina  
8. Fayetteville

Last December, my wife ~~order~~ some merchandise and making a small deposit, she asked you to send the balance due on the package. The parcel arrived all O. K., and it was marked on the package S. O. D. with pen and ink, but there was no tag or C. O. D. number. Several times I wanted to pay the postmaster here and he advised me to wait until the legal angle and tangle could be unraveled.

We have decided that inasmuch as

## UNANSWERED YET

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded  
In agony of heart these many years?

Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing,  
And think you all in vain these falling tears?  
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;  
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented  
This one petition at the Father's throne,  
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,  
So urgent was your heart to make it known.  
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;  
The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;  
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,  
And God will finish what He has begun.  
If you will keep your incense burning there;  
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;  
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;  
Amid the wildest storm prayer stands undaunted,  
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock;  
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere!"

Used to wonder just why father never had much time to play.  
Used to wonder why he'd rather work each minute of the day.  
Used to wonder why he never loafed along the road and shirked;  
Can't recall a time whenever Father played while others worked.

All I knew was when I needed shoes I got them on the spot;  
Everything for which I pleaded, somehow father always got.  
Wondered, season after season, why he never took a rest,  
And that I might be the reason, why, I never even guessed.

Saw his cheeks were getting paler, did not understand just why;  
Saw his body growing frailer, then at last I saw him die.  
Rest had come; his tasks were ended, calm was written on his brow;  
Father's life was big and splendid, and I understand it now.



Text: 17th book not  
dealt so with any  
nation - Ps. 147:20

Context.

1. Home.

2. School

3. Labor

4. Respect for property

5. Religion.

Rabson.

A bar to heaven, a door to hell-  
Whoever named it, named it well!  
A bar to manliness and wealth,  
A door to want and broken health,  
A bar to honor, pride and fame,  
A door to sin, and grief, and shame,  
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,  
A door to darkness and despair,  
A bar to honored, useful life,  
A door to brawling, senseless strife,  
A bar to all that's true and brave,  
A door to every drunkard's grave,  
A bar to joy that home imparts,  
A door to tears and aching hearts;  
A bar to heaven, a door to hell,  
Whoever named it, named it well.

You are starting, my boy, on life's journey, along the grand highway of life;  
You'll meet with a thousand temptations- each city with evil is rife.  
The world is a stage of excitement, there's danger wherever you go;  
But if you are tempted in weakness, have courage, my boy, to say No!

In courage, my boy, lies your safety, When you the long journey begin;  
Your trust in a heavenly Father will keep you unspotted from sin.  
Temptations will go on increasing, as streams from a rivulet flow;  
But if you'd be true to your manhood, have courage, my boy, to say No!

Be careful in choosing companions, seek only the brave and the true;  
And stand by your friends when in trial, ne'er changing the old for the new;  
And when by false friends you are tempted the taste of the wine cup to know,  
With firmness, with patience and kindness, have courage, my boy, to say No!

VANETTA.

On Gauley's a town  
Of wondrous renown,  
No doubt you have heard of its fame:  
Its rocks and its rills,  
Its valleys and hills,  
All gladly its grandeur proclaim.

No region afar,  
Or glittering star,  
Or planet can with it compare;  
For here all the best  
The earth doth possess  
Abides in this Eden-land fair.

Here ign'rance is bliss  
And knowledge we hiss,  
And culture we madly disdain;  
No labor or toil  
Or hickory oil,  
Could make us more learning obtain.

The gârls, tho' great flirts,  
With hobble-tail skirts,  
Are our chiefest joy and delight.  
Their beauty, we hail;  
Their boys, we assail,  
If found with them but for a night.

The clerks, to be sure,  
Are honest and pure,  
And "Jimmie" who issues the scrip;  
The Super of course,  
And all of his force,  
Are sailing on Zion's old ship.

Each one of us preach,  
And most of us teach  
The Book that all people should know;  
To hear us all talk  
And watch us all walk,  
You'd think we had Heaven below.

But tho' its begun,  
We'll soon have to run,  
And flee from the dust and the smoke.  
'T is Paradise lost  
At terrible cost-  
Our "Taylor-made" chimneys are broke(n).

JUDGE FRANK P. CHRISTIAN.  
President.

J. S. DIGGS,  
Secretary.

THEO. A. DEITZ,  
Treas. and Gen. Man.

# LYNCHBURG COLLIERY COMPANY

MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF

## KANAWHA GAS AND SPLINT COALS

32  
VANETTA, W. VA.,

*Handwritten note:*  
This is a copy of  
the original  
Bill of Lading

5.00  
2.15  
2.15

*Handwritten:*  
The Elston Com-  
pany,  
Ridgely, W. Va.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I slumbered in my room,  
I beheld a man of sixty, bent with pain and filled with gloom.

He had taken pounds of strychnine, he had swallowed loads of pills,  
In a long and vain endeavor to alleviate his ills.

From a thousand drug store flagons, he had blown the costly foam,  
And he talked about his symptoms till the cows had all come home.

He would tell each one that saw him how he suffered night and day  
From a sort or kind of hurting that refused to go away.

But his friends could not assist him, so they coldly passed him by  
As he told of his diseases and the way he hoped to die.

But his doctor, Mister Coleman, came and sat beside his cot,  
And he said, "I will not listen to a string of tommy rot.

"You have talked about your ailments, you have brooded o'er your pains,  
Till you think them living issues, and they've soured your poor old brains.

"I have come around to cure you; and I will," the doctor said.  
And he took him by the ankles, and he pulled him out of bed.

Then he made him don his raiment and he chased him out of doors,  
And he urged him with a pitchfork till he helped him do the chores.

"Now," he said, "I've found the trouble- what is wrong I plainly see,  
Like the vulture and the raven, you have eaten meat for tea.

"It has been some unclean creature that has been a long time dead,  
It has caused your indigestion, it has settled in your head.

"Write at once to Preacher Cummings, ask about that old dead hog  
Shirey ordered from a picture that was in a catalogue.

"He has sold it to the butcher, and from him you chanced to buy.  
Write and ask him all about it, I am sure he won't deny."

I awoke. The night had vanished and the shadows fled away.  
I received your welcome letter and my dream came true that day.

— M. Homer Cummings

WHEN WHITING WILL MAKE WINDOW WEIGHTS.

Say, when will window weights be made,  
And Whiting's creditors be paid?  
This answer I can give to you—  
When skies above no more are blue,  
When frogs are given wings to fly,  
When <sup>Babies</sup> children know not how to cry,  
When women all have ceased to talk,  
When snakes stand on their feet and walk,  
When oil and water mix together,  
When we shall have one kind of weather,  
When William Caperton likes work,  
When there are none to loaf or shirk,  
When Baptists little children sprinkle,  
When stars forget just how to twinkle,  
When Methodists backslide no more,  
When preacher's sermons do not bore,  
When Presbyterians leap and shout,  
When infidels no longer doubt,  
When Cath'lics join the ~~the~~ Ku Klux Klan,  
When summer days require no fan,  
When fleas grow up as large as cattle,  
When Fords are made that do not rattle,  
When fish shall climb the mountains high,  
When all the lakes and streams go dry,  
When doctors throw <sup>away their pills,</sup> ~~their pills away,~~  
When grocers do not send us bills,  
When merchants give us honest measure,  
When there is naught on earth but pleasure,  
When all the days are bright and sunny,  
When wives quit begging us for money,  
When Democrats win each election,  
When there's no danger of infection,  
When there is not a single pain,  
When there is not a tax in Wayne,  
When boys quit swinging on the gates—  
Then Whiting will make window weights.

Backus 3<sup>rd</sup> Church  
May 5, 6, 7

J. A. Church  
S. J. Wade  
Piquette

JNO. T. BENSON

W. A. BENSON

R. G. BENSON

PRINTING  
ENGRAVING  
EMBOSSING



BLANK BOOKS  
LOOSE LEAF  
DEVICES

January 30, 1926.

Rev. M. Homer Cummings,  
Ceredo, W. Va.

Dear Brother:

We thank you very much for the \$30.00 which we have applied on your account. It is hardly necessary for us to state that we appreciate these payments that you are making.

I note that you have had some trouble on account of the paper being wrinkled. We haven't had any trouble ourselves but will wait until we see your book before writing you about the matter.

Yours truly,

*J. T. Benson*

245
125
161
592

256
2500
27.56
5.92
21.64