

### Gypsy Smith, Jr., Ends Services But Crowd Cries "Go On."

Mr. Smith began his lecture, which was a wonderful life story of his people, and especially of the transformation of the lives of his father and grandfather, at a little after 8 o'clock. He had spoken an hour and a half, when he suddenly stopped and said to the people that he feared he was keeping them too long. Many cried out that he should go on. But after having the choir sing a stanza of the invitation hymn he pronounced the benediction. Then there took place a most unusual turn of affairs. Instead of leaving their seats the great congregation started to cheer, then they all sat down as if they were determined to stay there until they had heard the end of the story. Nothing was left for Mr. Smith to do but to go on. He took up the sermon story and for another period of about 40 minutes he held his hearers spell-bound. After he had finished the customary invitation was given, and several hundred came forward, touched with the appeal of the transformed lives of the Gypsies about whom they had been listening, and gave their hearts to Christ.

The complete address follows:

#### What is a Gypsy?

Mr. Smith said: I am generally not very long in a city before someone says to me, "Mr. Smith, what is a Gypsy?" I usually turn the same question back to the questioners and ask them just what they think a Gypsy is? I was lecturing in a middle western state on one occasion and a group of children who occupied the front seats said that they all knew what a Gypsy was. I pointed to one little child and said "You tell me what a Gypsy is," and he said "Please sir, it is a fellow who goes round and round and round seeing what he can find." That is a pretty good definition of a Gypsy, because the Gypsies are mighty good finders. Another little fellow said "Please sir, a Gypsy is a wild man," another said "a Gypsy is a loafer," a little girl said "please sir, a Gypsy is a fortune teller," while another boy said "please, sir, a Gypsy is a fellow that swipes kids." I told him that a true Gypsy didn't steal children, for a very good reason, that he didn't have to. I had a great uncle who lived to be the age of ninety-nine before he ever heard the story of Jesus Christ. You fancy living in a country the size of England, full of colleges, churches and chapels and teachers and being able to live for ninety-nine years without hearing that story, and when he heard the story of Christ it broke his heart and he surrendered his life to Jesus Christ and lived to be 101. When he died he was the father of thirty-one children, and I never heard that he added to that number by swiping kids. He was perfectly satisfied with what he had and when you teach your children when they are naughty the Gypsy will take them, then you malign and slander a race of people that you know nothing about, for there is no more slandered race of people under the sun than the Gypsy race. We are slandered in your novels, we are maligned on your stage. You owe all you are to the gospel of Jesus Christ and my people have never had your opportunity.

#### Jewish Origin.

There are in the world today between three and four million, and there isn't a scholar yet that can prove their origin. Some say that originally we came from Egypt; others will say that we came from India, but we believe ourselves to be Jews, and although I cannot prove that statement, yet I want to hurriedly give you one or two reasons why we think we are Jews. For instance, there were lost tribes, and if you took one hundred of our people promiscuously, you would find this remarkable fact, that 85 per cent of them have Bible names. My grandfather, whose conversion I want to tell you about in a few moments, his name is Cornelius; I have an uncle, my father's brother, whose name is Ezekiel, my sister has two Bible names, Rosa-Zilla. I had a great uncle whose name was Bartholemew, and he had six children, all with Biblical names, Ruth, Naomi, Elipah, Ezekiel, Samson and Delilah. You fancy having a Samson and a Delilah in the same family. Well, you say where do you get these names from; not the Bible? No, for we have not any Bibles, and if we had them we couldn't read them for a Gypsy never goes to school to learn to read or write. We have a great many customs that are akin to the old Jewish customs, for instance, if a person is taken sick in camp we would set aside for their use such things as they would need while they are sick, as plate and fork, spoon, knife, cup and saucer, and when the person gets better we destroy those things. They have become in the Gypsy language "chickley," which means

unclean. If the person dies then immediately the body is placed in the casket, and all of the clothes of the deceased. Anything that they have touched in their last sickness is either burned, buried or a casket is made large enough to admit of the body and the clothes. We have been able to trace those two customs of body cleanliness to the Orthodox Jews in Palestine, and have as yet not been able to trace it to any other nation.

#### Gypsy Has No Religion.

The Gypsy has no religion; he believes in a first cause. He does not know whether this first cause is a person or a spirit, but believes that some day this first cause will reward those who do right and punish those who do not. So there are certain laws that persons have handed down to him which he tries to obey. For instance, he teaches his children not to whistle on the Sabbath; he went on the Sabbath to the brook with his horses to water them, unless it is impossible to get enough water on Saturday to last until Monday; he won't go to the woods to gather sticks for his camp fire on a Sunday, he tries to get enough wood on Saturday to last until Monday. That custom can surely only have come from the Jews, for we read that when the Israelites had received the Ten Commandments one of their men on the Sabbath day went out of the camp and gathered wood for his fire, and when his tribe saw him they went to Moses and Aaron and said "what shall we do with this man who is breaking the Sabbath law Observances?" and Moses and Aaron did not know what to do, but they said "we will go and ask Jehovah," and Jehovah said "take that man that has broken my Sabbath day, take him out of the camp and stone him to death, for he has broken the Sabbath day." Now, the only place the Gypsy could get that from is from the Jew.

#### Marriage Customs.

Up to sixty years ago the Gypsies observed no law on marriage, only the old Jewish custom. If a man wanted to get married he must be twenty-one, and his sweetheart must be twenty-one, which was according to the old Patriarchal form of government too, for a boy was not a man among the Jews until he was twenty-one. Then after he had received the consent of his parents he built her a home on wheels, for a Gypsy girl does not believe in light housekeeping and then in the presence of his parents and her parents she went into his tent and became his wife.

#### Gypsy Morality.

Just a word now about the good qualities of the Gypsy. The late Mr. W. T. Saett, who went down on the Titanic, and was one of the greatest editorial writers that Britain has known in the last fifty years, said of the Gypsies, after making a life time study of them, that morally they had no peers in the world. Have you ever picked up a newspaper and read of a Gypsy committing murder? We have been in England for hundreds of years and are yet to have our first murder case. Have you ever read of a Gypsy committing suicide, or breaking into a bank or putting his hand into another fellow's pocket on a winter's day to keep it warm? I will tell you something that you have never heard of, and that is, you will never see one of our girls on the streets peddling her virtue, or find her in one of our segregated districts. A Gypsy learns from his cradle that he must grow up to honor and protect womanhood. You think of a race of people without any God, or schools or churches, or Bibles or teachers, and yet you have no murders or suicides, no bank robbers, no fallen women in your vice districts. I do not mean to make them out a paragon of virtue; they have their faults and God knows they are bad enough, but how would you like to live in a population of say forty thousand population, for that is the number of Gypsies we have in England, without any God or Christ, or schools or Bibles, and yet there has not a single denomination, as far as I know, who has ever sent an accredited missionary to my people. You send your missionaries to the Isles of the Sea, but as yet I have never heard of one being sent to my people.

#### Worst Fault Profanity.

I think our worst fault is profanity, but then Christianity does not seem to have done your men any good on that score. You can walk down Broad street any day and hear men swear as though they had taken a post graduate course in hell and had the devil himself for their school master, for they have learned the language to the pit of perfection, and you can always tell what kind of wheels a fellow has in his head by the spokes that come out of his mouth. The next worst habit is their drinking habits; they are not all drunkards but they all drink. A Gypsy man would never go into a saloon without taking his wife with him, and if his children were over the age of twenty-one they would go with

him too. The next worst habit is their petty pilfering. I don't like that word "thieves;" I think it is too harsh. I like the other word better, they are good finders, for they never buy anything they can find. If they come across your truck patch and they wanted something for dinner, well, they would take it, but they would not take very much. They wouldn't bother carrying it, they know there is plenty more further down the road. They are like their ancestors, they gather their manna daily. Occasionally they find an old piece of rope with a horse on the end. They worst habit is their lying when they profess to tell fortunes. A Gypsy girl knows that she cannot tell you anything of tomorrow, but she is not averse to making money by it. Formerly when we approached the saloon keeper and asked him to give his heart to Jesus Christ he would say "well, what about my business, this is the only thing I know and if I give it up what is to become of my wife and child?" The Gypsy girl says "if I accept your message of Christianity, what am I to do about my fortune telling," for she can make more money in one morning telling legitimate fortunes than she can make in legitimate trading in a week; but when you cross a Gypsy girl's palm with silver to tell you your fortune, let me tell you just what you do: You, a cultured, educated, refined woman pay an ignorant woman to lie, and you make it just that much harder for that girl ever to become a Christian.

#### A Change Comes.

Now, let me tell you something of the change that came into our family. My father was born the fourth of a family of five children, on March 31, 1860, in Epting Forest, which is just outside the city of London. He grew up just as wild as the birds and the rabbits, and as sweet as the flowers, for I think my father lives closer to Jesus Christ than any man I ever knew. He lives on the street and in his home the religion that he teaches from the pulpit, so that men believe in him and love him, and his children are trying to follow in his footsteps. The Gypsies are what you call in this country "peddlers," and we call them in England "hawkers." They make clothes pins of the willows, they re-can chairs, they make baskets out of underbrush, they do an odd job of tinkering. The girls carry on their arms as a blind a basket filled with notions, which she can sell to house wives if she cannot tell fortunes, for while the English law allows you to put out a sign of palmistry, it forbids a Gypsy girl telling fortunes, and so if she is approached by the officer of the law she says she is selling her wares. My grandfather and grandmother, with their five children, were travelling in the southern counties of England in this way when the eldest girl of the family was taken sick. The Gypsy women are skilled in the use of herbs, for they are children of nature, and my grandmother gave her what local remedies she knew of, but instead of the girl getting better she gradually got worse, until one day she said to her husband "we must go into a village and see a physician for our girl is getting worse." They pulled into a little town by the name of Boldock in Hertfordshire, and stopped opposite a doctor's house. My grandfather went up to the door of the house and asked for the doctor, and when the doctor came he said "what can I do for you, sir?" My grandfather said "I would like for you to come into our wagon and see our sick child." The doctor climbed up the steps to the wagon and looked in over the half open door.

#### Only a Gypsy Home.

He could not go into the home, for it was only a Gypsy home, and he beckoned to the girl to come from her bed. She got out as well as she could and crawled across the floor, and standing at the half open door in her night robe, while the March biting winds hummed around her. When the doctor had examined her he turned to my grandfather and said "get out of the city as quickly as you can, and get beyond the city limits, your daughter has the small pox." My grandfather knew that that disease was contagious; he also knew that she ought to have the best care and the best food and that is not always possible in a Gypsy tent. So turning to the doctor he said "where shall I go to, I don't want to go too far away, so that you cannot attend to my child."

The doctor named a little lane about two and a half or three miles out of the village, and said "you go there and I will come and see your sick child." My grandfather turned around with an aching heart, he loved his wife and children, even if he was a Gypsy, and he did not know how he was going to be able to separate that child with the disease from the rest of his family. When he arrived at the

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

# ATTENTION

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We have installed the most modern machinery for repairing and charging batteries. No battery station in any of the largest cities can give any better service, for we have a more modern equipment than most of them have. We have a specially trained and thoroughly equipped battery mechanic and we guarantee absolutely every battery we send out. We work on all makes and kinds, or build a battery. We also have rental batteries.

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### Women of the W. C. T. U. Commend Mr. Taylor's Brave Stand.

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Steward and Mrs. Kernaghan May 2, and was called to order by the president, Mrs. J. L. Mims.

Mrs. E. J. Norris graciously extended an invitation to Rev. Mr. Taylor, who was present, to conduct the devotions, which he did most acceptably. The reading was 1 Cor. 8. Mr. Taylor laid stress upon the last verse, urging that whatever may make our brother to offend is to be avoided by the followers of Jesus, that it is the Christian's duty to abstain from anything that might cause another to fall. Mr. Taylor's closing prayer was a plea for the protection of the young manhood and womanhood of our town against the evil tendencies of the age. After the singing of Coronation, Mrs. Mims resumed the chair, and thanked Mr. Taylor for giving us the pleasure of hearing him. She also presented the cause of the youth of our town and recommended them to our tender care, urging that we pray that God would protect them from the evil of the world and that we help them by encouragement, and by being courageous ourselves for the right.

A call to vigilance by the National Temperance Council was read.

Mrs. Peak read an article by Cora Stoddard which made the startling statement that the soldiers on the battle fields had better protection than the babies of some of our cities.

Martha Stewart sang a sweet little song for us, entitled "Six Little Daisies," accompanied on the piano by her mother.

Mrs. Rainsford read an article on Child Training.

Helen Duvoant sang sweetly "I'm in Heaven When I'm in My Mother's Arms," and literature was distributed on Better Babies.

Mrs. Mims told about the progress of Annie Schneider, the little girl who is receiving instructions in English from Mrs. W. C. Tompkins. She also spoke of the needs of some other foreigners who were here, and suggested a night school.

Mrs. Tillman used for her lesson in citizenship "The Municipal Government." Mrs. Mims discussed the council system and Mrs. Cogburn the commission form and the newer idea of a city manager was discussed.

After singing "All Round the

World," Mrs. Mims again urged the practice of giving expression to our convictions and give an incident falling under our observation, and asked the privilege to extend thanks to Mr. Taylor for his fearless stand in the American Legion to save our youth from the evil of intoxicants and to hold the organization to the high ideals of citizenship, which is the original intention of that organization.

Whereupon, Mrs. W. B. Cogburn moved that a rising vote of thanks be given Mr. Taylor and the young men who took high ground with him. The motion was seconded by Mrs. J. W. Peak and every woman rose.

The women of Edgefield believe in making the atmosphere of Edgefield safe for their sons and daughters, and will not condone anything which goes counter to it.

After the resolution was passed, which was entirely unexpected to him and seemed to be a spontaneous expression, Mr. Taylor arose and told the women of the lack of understanding of some of the young men, of the strong sentiment in our town and county against the use of intoxicating liquors, and saying that he had boys of his own whom he had to teach that it is a disgrace to make, buy or use

intoxicating liquors.

That, we believe to be the sentiment of a large majority of the people of our county, and of the nation at large, else the 18th Amendment to the constitution of the United States, which forbids the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors would not have been passed.

Every lawyer and public official is supposed to make oath to support the constitution, and he cannot support a law and disobey it at the same time.

The minutes were read by Mrs. W. L. Duvoant and the meeting was adjourned with prayer.

The hostesses assisted by Misses Carrie and Helen Duvoant and Katherine Stewart served block cream and cake, and the social hour was much enjoyed by the large number of members present.

#### NOTICE.

We having organized the Edgefield National Farm Loan Association in connection with the Federal Land Bank, I shall be glad to file your application for a loan.

J. H. CANTELOU,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

Edgefield, S. C.

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