

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

(Continued from Fifth Page)

lane he pitched his tent at the end of the lane and then turning to his wife, and putting his arms around her and kissing her, he said "you stay here, dear, with the four children that are well and I will take the sick girl in the wagon down to the end of the lane, and we will call that the hospital, and I will stay with her and nurse her the best I know how."

Boy Had Small Pox.

When the doctor came in the afternoon he examined those children that were in the tent, and found that the eldest boy already had the small pox. He was carried into the wagon too; so that my grandfather now had two patients. My grandmother would go to the village and get what food she could, and then after preparing it on her camp fire she would carry it half way to the wagon, then laying it on the ground she would call her husband, or attract his attention in some way, and ask him about her sick child. Sometimes when she called him he didn't answer; perhaps he was busy attending to the children, or perhaps he had gone for a walk across the field, and then in the anxiety of her big loving heart she would wonder if he was sick, or if the children were worse, and then she would walk up and down the lane in a distracted condition, saying "my poor children have died." Of course you couldn't keep a mother long away from her two first born children, and there came a day when grandmother was too sick to get up, and when the doctor came he had to tell them the awful news, that she had the small pox too. Now, my grandfather could not keep them separated any longer, and hitching his horses to the wagon he pulled the wagon alongside the tent, and as he did it a little baby was born in the home, so that now, he had mother, baby and two children all down with the small pox, and three children well. For thirty days and nights he never had his clothes off and never saw a person to speak to, save the doctor who made his daily visits and he fought that disease the best he knew how.

The Death Bed Promise.

One morning going into the wagon and trying to make his wife more comfortable, she raised herself up in bed and putting her arms around his neck, she said "I am going to leave you soon, and before I go I want you to promise me that you will be a better father to the children, that you will not swear so much at them, and that you will not drink so much." He promised her because he loved her and would have done anything to have helped her at that moment. And, afraid of breaking down in her presence and feeling that he could not contain himself any longer he ran out of the wagon and throwing himself full length on the ground by the wagon wheels, he laid there and sobbed like a child, when presently he heard his wife singing, and she was singing, "I have a Father in the promised land. God calls me, I must go to meet him there."

If you had shot my grandfather you could not have startled him more, for God was never used in that home only as an oath, and jumping up he ran into the wagon and said to his wife "Where did you hear that? In all the years of our life together I have never heard you sing anything like that." And then she told him that when she was a little girl her father had pitched his tent and wagon on a village green opposite a church, and on the Sabbath day she crept over and heard them sing. They would not let her into the church because she was only a Gypsy girl, but on that day she had heard that chorus and in all the years of their married life it had not come back to her memory, only on this occasion.

If you are skeptical, will you please tell me what brought that chorus back to her? Would you say it was a freak of memory, or would you say it was a coincidence? I shouldn't. I should say it was the Holy Spirit, for God said "When the Comforter is come he will bring back to your remembrance all things," and I feel just as sure as I am standing here speaking to you that God, in His infinite goodness, saw my grandmother dying in ignorance and superstition, with no one to tell her of Himself and the plan of salvation, and I believe He sent back that chorus to her, so that by the means of it she could climb out of ignorance and superstition up to the throne.

A Gypsy Grave.

The next morning my father and his little sister were playing hand and hand up the lane, for those two little things were inseparable, when suddenly my father heard his name called, "Rodney, Rodney," and when he turned around he saw his eldest sister

standing in her night robe on the door step of the wagon and she was saying, "Rodney, mother is dead," and my father fell with his face to the ground and sobbed out from his little boyish romantic heart, "Rodney, you will never be like other boys any more, for you have got no mother."

When the undertaker came he told them that of course, as they were Gypsies, she could not be buried in the day time, but that they would bury her the next night after dark, and that instead of a hearse he would rent for them a farmer's cart. The only cemetery in the vicinity was one in the yard of the Church of England, and when the rector was interviewed he said "What, bury a Gypsy in consecrated ground? What would my parishioners think?" But when the undertaker pointed out to him that that was the only public cemetery, and that the English law forbade private burying grounds, he very reluctantly gave his consent that she could be buried in a corner of the church yard where the sexton threw his rubbish, and the next night at midnight my grandfather with a lantern, followed as the only mourner, and my grandmother was laid to rest in the rubbish heap of that church yard.

God in His infinite goodness came into the home again in a few days and took away the little baby, and mother and baby lay side by side.

The Change in the Home.

That was the beginning of the changes in our Gypsy home. My grandfather came back from that funeral a changed man. Not, of course, in a Christian sense, but in the sense that he had promised to his dying wife to be a better man, and because of his great love for her he tried to make good his promise. He didn't always keep it, sometimes he broke it, and then after the children were in bed at night, and thinking they were asleep, he would sit over the campfire and talk to his wife, thinking she could hear him, and he would tell her how he had broken his promise to her and asked for forgiveness. My father used to wear in those days what we call in England a "smock frock." It was a loose slip that went over the shoulders with sleeves and pockets, a kind of an over-all. Well, it was an under-all too, because when it was off it was goodnight, you were ready for bed. The boys used to like them because of the capacity of the pockets, and a few months after my grandmothers' death the family were camping on the land of a very fine farmer, and he was noted for rich plum orchard. That morning my grandfather said to the children, "I don't want you to leave the wagon today." This meant to the children, "that this farmer and I are very good friends, he has confidence in me and I live in his good graces, so I don't want you children to go all around the farm seeing what you can find." The children usually obeyed their father, for a Gypsy father is very fatherly and he has a way of taking his children when they disobey across his knees with their faces downward and when he makes an engagement like that he never breaks it. Sometimes he nearly breaks them. In a Gypsy tent the father raises the children, but very often in this age in America the children raise the father.

My father knew about that plum orchard, and he wanted some of the plums, and he made up his mind that he was going to have some, licking or no licking, and about noon, while his father's back was turned, he went to the orchard and picked out what he thought was the best tree, and then climbing to the top of the tree, for the best fruit is always at the top, he filled both of his pockets with plums, and he had one in his mouth that he was enjoying when he looked down and saw the farmer standing there. The farmer gave him a pressing invitation to come down, and my father said "I am not a good climber," and the farmer said "well, I will wait for you," and then he thought he could get on the soft side of the farmer and said "You know, sir, I have no mother," and he thought that did kind of touch the farmer so he said it again. The farmer said "I know you, and I know your father, he has been camping on my farm for years and he has always respected my property, and I know he would not allow you to be here in my orchard if he knew it, so you had better come down, for I am going to wait for you until you do." My father came down, but he did not make any haste about it, and there wasn't any joy either, and when he got to the ground the farmer got hold of him by the ear, and I can well remember as a boy when somebody got hold of me by the ear I somehow knew they were glad to see me by the grip they gave me; it was a grip of congratulation and I always wanted to go the same way they were going. Pulling my father by the ear he took him over to a tree, on which was nailed some printing, and he said to

him, "Can you read?" and my father answered "No sir," he said "all right, I will read it to you," so he read "Whoever is found trespassing on this property will be prosecuted." The farmer said "Do you know what 'whoever means'?" and my father said "No, sir," and he said "well, you will before I get through with you." He began to lug my father across the field, still hanging on to his ear. My father was small for his age and some times his feet were clean off the ground, and he was crying and promising and protesting that he would never go near the orchard again if the farmer would only let him go. Eventually the farmer relented, he let him go with a caution, and he threw an old shoe at him, but he forgot to take his foot out of it.

Fur-lined Pants.

After this father got tired of over-all. His father had trousers and his brother had them and he wanted them, and one day going up into the wagon he looked into his father's face and said "Please dad, can I have a pair of trousers?" My grandfather said "Certainly, I will give you a pair of mine." My father was very small for his age, but my grandfather stood six feet and weighed 240 pounds. Getting a pair of his corduroy trousers which hung up in the wagon, he got a pair of shears and cut the trousers off at the knee, and then throwing them off on the grass he said "There you are, son, go and get into them." My father took them into his dressing room, which was behind the hedge, and proceeded to get into them. He was having a great deal of trouble, while his father and brother were making sarcastic remarks, and his brother with a piece of string in his hand went behind the hedge and said "Rodney, what time does the balloon go up?" He said he felt very much like a balloon, for he had lots of room and it was a windy day, and when he came from behind the hedge his father said to him, "Which way are you coming? Are you coming or going?" But he saw what they wanted to do. They wanted to laugh him out of those pants, and he would not be laughed out of them.

A few days afterwards they were the guests of the Prince of Wales, our late King Edward, only the prince didn't know it. They were camping on his ground and were poaching his rabbits. They had bagged nine rabbits when they were surprised by the Prince's game warden, and of course there was only one thing to do, and that was to break for cover. My grandfather hesitated for a moment. He did not know what to do with the nine rabbits, whether to leave them or whether to be caught with them, which meant a long penitentiary term; suddenly he saw my father running towards the woods with those old trousers of his on and he called to him and said "Rodney, come here," and when my father came back, my grandfather took the nine rabbits and hung them on his suspenders inside the trousers. So his first pair of trousers became fur lined.

The Change in the Gypsy Home.

But I want to tell you of the real change that came into our Gypsy home. My grandfather never got over the loss of his wife, and the winter following her death he made up his mind he would go to London, where he knew he would find some of his own people, for the companionship of those who would understand him. One day on his way to London he saw over a distant hill coming towards him two other Gypsy wagons. When they got closer he found out by the color of the paint and by the build of the wagons that they belonged to his two brothers.

When these three big fellows met in the center of the road they put their arms around each other and kissed each other, and my father told them of his loss and they tried to sympathize with him, and their wives came out from their tents and tried to comfort the five motherless children. My grandfather said "Men, I don't know just what is the matter with me. Ever since I buried my wife I have not been able to sleep or eat properly. I have not any heart for my work," and putting his hand on his heart he said "I have a burden here that is driving me out of my mind, and I am on my way to London and I am going to ask everyone I meet what this thing is, for I don't get rid of it I shall go out of my mind."

A Burden Removed.

The two brothers decided to turn back and go to London with their brother. On their way to London they stopped one day at a village inn, and as the three men with their two wives stood behind the bar and called for their drinks the saloon keeper's wife happened to come in and understood that my grandmother was not with the crowd. She asked where she was, and my grandfather told of his loss, and then of the burden at his heart, and said to her "can you help me?"

The saloon keeper's wife said "No," but, says she, "I have a book up stairs that makes me cry every time I read it, and if you will wait I will go up and get it for you." And when she came down she handed across the bar to those who were sitting at the bar, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The Gypsies said, "We cannot read, mam." A young man who was drinking at the bar said "I will read it for you," and they went out of the saloon and sat down on the hill side and the young man began to read on and on until long after he was tired. They were fascinated; they had never heard such a story in their lives, and he read up to the day when most of you who are familiar with the story will remember, when Christian, with a bundle strapped to his shoulders mounts the hill and when he gets to the top of the hill and kneels down at the cross the fetters that bind his bundle are broken and the bundle falls to the ground and rolls down the hill. My grandfather, jumping up said, "Men, that is what I want; I want to lose my burden in that way." But the young man who was reading couldn't help him, and the saloon keeper's wife couldn't help him, so my grandfather went to London more disappointed than ever. Arriving in London he camped in the east end of London, where there were a number of Gypsies who had come there for the winter, and he went about his daily tasks, and one day soon after camping there he met an old man who was breaking up stone on the side of the road. The old man was a Methodist and he had religion, and he had the face on him of about a quarter acre of sunshine. My grandfather, after a while, began to tell him of his wife, then of the burden of his heart, and the old man said; "I know what you need, you need to be converted." My grandfather said "I don't know what you mean." Then the old man said "Well, what you need is Jesus." My grandfather said "If Jesus will help me, if you will tell me how and where to find him I will do anything on earth." The old road mender said, "If you will go back to your wagon I will come for you tonight and I will take you and any other of the Gypsies that want to go down to our little mission home where we are holding some services," and that night my grandfather and one of his brothers whom he had persuaded to go with him were standing waiting for the road mender to come, and when they saw him approaching my grandfather turned around to his children and said, "Goodnight, my dears, I am not coming home until I get converted." My father, who was just going to bed, said, "Daddy, who is he?" He had never heard that word "converted" in his life and had no idea what the word meant. And after the two Gypsy men had gone, my father said, "We have no mother and we shall soon have no father, for he is going out of his mind; I will follow him."

At the Mission Home.

So, my father followed those men until they came to the Mission Home, where they were taken to the front seats and my father, a boy of sixteen, crept into a church for the first time in his life, and for the first time to hear the story of Jesus Christ. He stayed behind the pillar in the rear, for he did not want his father to know that he was watching him. That night somebody told the story of Christ so simply and sweetly that the Gypsies could understand it, and after he had spoken he asked the Gypsies to arise and then they sang this little chorus:

"I do believe, I now believe, that Jesus died for me,
And on the cross He shed His blood,
Of sin to set me free."

There were words in there that the Gypsies did not understand for months afterwards, but the speaker on that occasion asked all those who would like to know what it was to have their sins forgiven to come forward and kneel at the altar rail. My grandfather and his brother preceded by the old road mender, went forward and knelt at that altar rail. My father said that it felt like hours before he got to his feet, but of course, it was only a few minutes at the most, when, presently, that big fellow jumped to his feet and from his face there had gone the look of worry and unrest that had been there saying "I am converted." My father took one look at his father's face and grabbing his little cap he ran home and said to his brothers and sisters "well, whatever 'converted' is Daddy has got it and I am going to bed."

Those two Gypsy men that night were converted and they went home singing the chorus they had learned, and the children were afraid of them, for they had never heard their father sing before; and when he saw they were afraid he called his children to him, and putting his big arms as far around the little motherless children as he could get them he said, "Don't be afraid of me, dears. God has sent

home a new father to you," and before they knew what was happening he had dropped on his knees and was praying that the same experience might come into the hearts of those children, and he never ceased to pray for them until each one of them became a preacher of the Gospel. The Gypsy children watched their father very closely in those days, for he was a new man to them and they grew up in that tent to say, not that they wanted to be like God, or that they wanted to be like Christ, because they didn't know anything about God or Christ, but they grew up to say, "We want to grow up like Daddy."

To Preach the Word.

My father, some months after his father's conversion was sheltering in a rain storm one day under an oak tree and he said to himself, "Rodney, are you going to be a nobody all your life, or are you going to be a Christian-like your father?" And that morning my father made his decision and said, "I am going to be a Christian like my father." The following night, going into a little Methodist church in the city of Cambridge, he placed his decision before Jesus Christ. The next morning he asked his father if he could go to school. Nobody had heard of a Gypsy going to school before, and my grandfather said, "what do you want to go to school for?" And my father said, "I want to learn to read, so that I can read the Bible."

And he let him go to school that winter. But all he got was four weeks and that is all the schooling he has ever received, and yet, one of our London dailies said of him, a few years ago, that he was one of the finest exponents of the possibilities of the Anglo-Saxon speech since the days of John Bright, and that is a great deal to say of a Gypsy with four weeks' education.

In those early days the first words he tried to learn were those of King James' version of the Bible, and, of course, the best Anglo-Saxon is to be found there, so that his diction became pure and, in his boyish way, he made up his mind that if the way ever opened he would like to become a preacher.

Just about this time the Rev. Wm. Booth had started an organization in London known as the Christian Mission. It was to teach the men and women of the slums of London, and God had so prospered it that they had a number of halls and about thirty-five salaried workers. Mr. Booth used to call them together once a year for an all day prayer and it was in one of these meetings that my father made his first appearance. Mr. Booth saw him sitting near the front and he had heard that this Gypsy boy wanted to be a preacher, so calling on him in a hurry, he said, "Our next speaker will be a Gypsy boy."

His First Speech.

My father trembled like a leaf in a thunder storm, but he jumped to his feet, and Mr. Booth seeing his nervousness said, "Before he speaks he will sing," and after my father had sung he was clearing his throat, a little nervous habit which young preachers have, and an old man behind him said, "Keep your heart up, youngster," and my father said, "It is in my mouth, now, where do you want it?" That gave him a chance, while the audience laughed to recover himself, and he said: "I am only a Gypsy boy and lived in a tent and I would not know how to conduct myself if I were in your home. But I do know Jesus and I have given Him my heart, and I am going to be His boy," and then he sat down.

After the service was over Mr. Booth went to him and putting his arms around his shoulder he said, "My boy, how would you like to be an evangelist?" My father said "I don't know what you mean by that," and he said, "Well, it means to be a teacher," and he turned and said, "Mr. Booth, do you think I will make a good one?" and Mr. Booth said "Yes, I think you will," and he said, "All right, sir, I will be one." And Mr. Booth arranged for him to leave his tent the following June, to be an evangelist. He was just seventeen in March, and the following June he started out with Mr. Booth in his mission work in the slums of London.

Then Mr. Smith related how Mr. Booth afterwards became General Booth and the Mission became known as the Salvation Army, and how his father was used in the formation of a new cause in the different cities of England until, leaving the Salvation Army, he went out into the work of an evangelist.

Mr. Smith said that a great many honors had come to his father during his life of usefulness, but that the thing he valued more than ever was the picture of an old Gypsy wagon and a Gypsy tent which hung on the wall of his study, and he said that when his father went home sometimes from a very successful trip and the devil tempted him and told him that it

was his own hard work, magnetism and personal attraction that had made him what he was, Mr. Smith said that his father would look at the old picture and say, "No, but for the grace of Jesus Christ I would be in my old Gypsy tent."

He closed his appeal to the people by saying that if he were a master artist he would like to paint two pictures—one of the old Gypsy tent, with a wagon, and a father and five motherless children, with no God and no Christ, and no school; and the other picture he would like to paint would be of the tent that had been crammed and jammed night after night for a month, listening to one of these boys that had come down from the Gypsy tent, and then under both pictures he would like to read this text: "What God hath wrought."

ONTARIO GOES DRY.

Ontario went bone-dry April 18 by an estimated majority of from 125,000 to 200,000 on a basis of 600,000 votes cast.

The question on the ballot was: "Shall the importation and bringing of intoxicating liquors into the province of Ontario be forbidden?"

The result of the election will be the application of the Dominion law prohibiting the importation of liquor from any province, state or country.

It is too early to give definite returns, but press reports indicate that some of the cities voted up heavy no-liquor majorities.

Abbeville-Greenwood Mutual Insurance Association.

ORGANIZED 1897.

Property Insured \$8,875,360

WRITE OR CALL on the undersigned for any information you may desire about our plan of insurance.

We insure your property against destruction by FIRE, WINDSTORM, or LIGHTNING

and do so cheaper than any Company in existence.

Remember, we are prepared to prove to you that ours is the safest and cheapest plan of insurance known.

Our Association is now licensed to write insurance in the counties of Abbeville, Greenwood, McCormick, Edgefield, Laurens, Saluda, Richland, Lexington, Calhoun and Spartanburg.

The officers are: Gen. J. Fraser Lyon, President, Columbia, S. C., J. R. Blake, Gen. Agent, Secretary and Treasurer, Greenwood, S. C.

DIRECTORS—

A. O. Grant, Mt. Carmel, S. C.
J. M. Gambrell, Abbeville, S. C.
J. R. Blake, Greenwood, S. C.
A. W. Youngblood, Dodges, S. C.
R. H. Nicholson, Edgefield, S. C.
J. Fraser Lyon, Columbia, S. C.
W. C. Bates, Batesburg, S. C.
W. H. Wharton, Waterloo, S. C.

J. R. BLAKE,

General Agent.

Greenwood, S. C.
January 1, 1921.

Lombard

Foundry, Machine, Boiler Works and Mill Supply House GEORGIA

AUGUSTA

Cotton Oil, Gin, Saw, Grist, Cane, Shingle Mill, Machinery Supplies and Repairs, Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers, Grate Bars, Pumps, Pipe, Valves and Fittings, Injectors, Belting, Packing, Hose, etc. Cast every day.

GASOLINE AND KEROSENE ENGINES

Pumping, Wood Sawing and Feed Grinding Outfits.

NOTICE.

On the night of October 19-20th, 1920, the vault of The Bank of Trenton, S. C., was burglarized and the following Certificates of stock covering stock owned in the Trenton Fertilizer Company, was stolen and the public is, hereby warned, not to accept any of these Certificates as application has been made for duplicates.

Number 16 dated October 1, 1919, issued to Mrs. Emma Hord for 8 shares.

Number 15 dated September 29, 1919, issued to Walter W. Wise for 5 shares.

TRENTON FERTILIZER CO.