TELLS HOW GIPSY LAD ROSE UNTIL MILLIONS LISTENED

Evangelist At Record-Breaking Meeting of Mission Gives Story of His Life—Sea of Handkerchiefs Wave Farewell—Audience "Cheers For Gipsy."

[By Isabel C. Armstrong.]

The singing of the "Hallelujah Chorus" by a choir of 500 voices, while 6,000 people stood in the armories last night in tribute of fealty to the King of Kings brought to an impressive conclusion the awakening two weeks of the Gipsy Smith mission in London.

Perhaps never before in all the history of London has such a mighty audience been held enthralled by a speaker, responsive to his every mood and every phase of his message, as that which surrounded Gipsy Smith like a sea of humanity. They smiled with joy at a sunshine flash of his irresistible humor; laughed outright at a rapier thrust of his wit; wept over scenes of pathos, of difficulty graphically described; applauded for a noble sentiment which awoke a responsive chord of approval; sat in the hushed silence in which only the voice of the evangelist and their own heartbeats could be heard, as he led them to holy places in the life of his family, where great souls were miraculously converted to God.

Good-bye to London.

Gipsy Smith last night said "good-bye" to London by telling the story of himself and his family, of how God had taken an ignorant little gipsy boy and made him an evangelist to five continents, made him the means of preaching the gospel to millions of people all over the world, and made possible the mission in London of the past two weeks.

"His grace takes the beggar from the dunghill and places him among princes," were his closing words, after which, as thousands stood in acknowledgment of help received from him in the campaign, Gipsy Smith, his face radiant, invoked this blessing:

"O God, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the words we have listened to, for this mission and for the message of Thine evangelist. O God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit keep all those who tonight have stood up to testify that they see Jesus more fully and their brother man a little nearer. Make us a little more like Jesus. We have pledged ourselves to be more like Him. O God, help us to carry out this redeeming program.

"Abide With Us."

"Abide with us, O Master; abide with us as we separate. Help us all, O Lord, wherever we may be, on land or sea; and keep us true; keep up true in our joy or in our sorrow and our tears until the daybreak and the shadows flee away. Until we meet in that land where mother is and where so many of the boys are, where our treasure is. Keep us until we meet in that land where we bid good-night to earth and say 'Good morning, Jesus.'"

As the final note of the Hallelujah Chorus died away spontaneously all over the auditorium the parting hymn was caught up, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

There was a cry of "Three cheers for Gipsy Smith," and on platform floor and in packed gallery, right up to the very roof, where boys found a perch, handkerchiefs were waved by the enthusiastic throngs who cheered, even while there was a pang in their hearts over the departure of one who had endeared himself to them while bringing blessing to their lives.

Mr. Gladstone Brown, the musical conductor, and Mr. Hamilton, the pianist, who have become immensely popular with the choristers, came in for their generous share of the ovation.

Weary After Strain.

Weary after the long strain of the evening and of the fortnight he has been in London, the evangelist hurried away, not, however, without being stopped at almost ever step by someone who wanted to grip his hand.

"What time did you get here?" he asked of the people seated in the front rows, when he arrived shortly after six-thirty o'clock and found the armories filled literally to overflowing, the largest attendance of any evening during the whole of the campaign.

"Five-thirty o'clock? he asked. Then put the price of your supper on the plate to give children who need it some real Christmas cheer."

By 4 o'clock four whole hours before the regular opening hour for the evening meeting, people were waiting patiently at the armories to get in. By 6 o'clock numbers were already standing, unable to find seats. At a quarter to seven, when not a single person more was to be allowed in, it was decided to proceed with the program.

Expressed Thanks.

Rev. F. A. Robinson, chairman of the evangelism department of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, through whom Gipsy Smith was secured for London, expressed thanks to the local chairman, Rev. D. C. MacGregor; the chairman of the personal workers and all his assistants; the organizer of the ushers and those who so courteously assisted; the choir, and very especially Rev. G. O. Warner, who was responsible for enlisting the singers; to the press and all who had assisted in making the campaign a great power for good. Gipsy Smith supplemented the list of those to be thanked by making special mention of the doorkeepers, the policemen, the sergeants and those who had the task of cleaning up the armories.

The conductor, Mr. Brown, and pianist, Mr. Hamilton, were each called upon to speak, the latter making a great hit when he declared he'd like either to hold a longer mission in London or come back here to live. While not appearing in the uniform, he stated that it was through the Salvation Army he had been converted, and that he always likes to take the opportunity to give the army its due of credit.

With Rare Simplicity.

While the interest of the story, told with rare simplicity, yet marvelous dramatic power, hinged upon the incidents of the conversion of his father and uncles and the subsequent conversion and simultaneous intellectual awakening of himself, and his development, so rapid that he had started out as an evangelist six months later, an illuminating insight was given into gipsy life and character such as only a gipsy could give it.

"My people," he said, "have been mercilessly dealt with by you, slandered, misrepresented. What the novels and plays say of gipsies is wrong, and the newspapers mostly wrong. The only man who ever made an honest attempt to do justice to the gipsy in writing is Theodore Watts Duncan. Scattered all over the world are two or three million gipsies who are the 'real thing,' the genuine Romany, and of these some twenty-five thousand are in England. They are distinctive as the Jews, and have retained their identity in the same manner, without a country, their early history shrouded in mystery. Do you know, I have a notion that they will turn out to be one of the lost tribes of Israel.

No Organized Religion.

"They have no professed or organized religion; they believe in a God who is great and will reward good and punish wickedness. How much would you know if you hadn't any Bibles, any teachers, preachers or schools? Yet I have to hear of the first man to plead to have a missionary sent to the 25,000 gipsies of England, Scotland and Wales.

"Take the Bible, preachers, teachers out of one of your cities of 25,000 for 25 years, take out all the forces of righteousness, and how would any of you like to live in it? And, yet, a London, England, publication recently placed the gipsy race in the lead among races of the world in morality.

"The gipsies have no Bible, yet I defy you to find in the history of England a murder committed by a gipsy. Divorce is unknown, and I have never known a gipsy fallen woman. A gipsy man prides himself upon the purity of the women. (Applause). We have no divorces, and, don't forget, no religion, no Bible.

Must Protect Women.

"The boys are taught that whatever else they may do, they must honor and protect women. You may not send your boy to college, but teach him to treat the other man's sister as he'd like the other man to treat his sister.

"Someone who knows my sisters can tell you they are two beautiful women. Emily's husband never kissed her until she was his wife.

"Courting? Our boys and girls are sweethearts from the time they are children, and grow up true and loyal, with no thought but loyalty and faithfulness. They might sit on a grassy bank but not around the corner. A gipsy boy never asks a girl to go for a walk. He is taught to be reverent and respectful to girls. Hear me, girls. No man loves a girl until he respects her. Never girls, hold yourselves cheap. A man who doesn't respect, doesn't love. You have the making of the young manhood of the city what you like. If you want the men of the city to believe in women, make them believe in you.

Not Good for You.

"There is no such a thing among the gipsies as having two or three on a string at the same time. It is not good for you, though you may think me old-fashioned for saying it.

"I never heard of a gipsy man putting his hand in another person's pocket to keep it warm on a cold day. I never heard of him finding a rope in a field with a horse at the other end of it. I never heard of a gipsy robbing or reorganizing a bank; of a gipsy finding a few thousands and robbing widows and orphans. And I never heard of gipsies going to meetings and stealing 900 hymn books. (Laughter.)

"Gipsies are good finders. If they are passing a field of potatoes and need potatoes, they take enough for their needs, not any more—they know there will be another field.

"They don't steal children. They have enough of their own. A great uncle of mine was converted at the age of 99 and died at 101. He had 31 children. When you have a little family like that, you don't steal children.

Resemblance of Gipsies.

"Why do I trace a resemblance of the gipsies to the Jews and regard it as possible that we come of Hebraic origin? In two or three million people, without Bibles missionaries or teachers or preachers, 85 per cent of the names are biblical. Imagine having Sampson and Delilah in the same family!

"My father had no religion, but he split the wood and drew the water for Sunday on Saturday and we rested on Sunday. I have been knocked over for whistling a song tune on Sunday.

"Paderewski says the only naturally musical people in the world are the Jews and the gipsies."

Referring to his own pride in his people, "The man," said Gipsy Smith, "who is ashamed of the little cottage in which he was born is not a man at all. Be loyal to your traditions, stand by the bridge which has carried you across."

Following this introduction came the personal story of sunshine and shadow; the family of father and mother who loved one another, and little children, as happy as family could be without Christ in their tent home.

Really Seen Tree.

"Have you ever really seen a tree?" asks the speaker, then in torrents poured out an ode to the trees which he knows and loves and in the midst of which he has never been lonely.

"I was a poor, wild child," he said, as intimate with the forests as the birds and the rabbits. I helped the birds build their nests.

"I washed my face in the stream and the wind was my towel and combed my hair. I think a tree is one of the most wonderful things that God Almighty has made. What could we do without God expressed in root and trunk and branch and twig and leaf of tree? You go to the wood for all your music, for cathedrals, pulpits, churches. What would you do without them? A tree is a crystal palace, the shelter of man and beast, a fruit basket in the autumn. Place your ear to the tree and you will hear the song of cities yet to be, of navies to sail the ocean, now the laughing of a cradle or the sob of a coffin; then the choirs of the New Jerusalem. The tree is a sermon to the eyes, ears to the soul."

Reverenced Father.

In the gipsy home the children reverenced father and mother. When the great evangelist-to-be was six years old the great sorrow came to the family. Emily was stricken with smallpox, the father isolated with her in an unfrequented lane, while within calling distance the mother anxiously cared for her other little ones. Next it was a boy who fell a victim, and one day the mother ventured too near her sick and contracted the disease. Alone the father wrestled with the sickness that was preying upon wife and children.

"Our childish little hands were held out to save mother," said the evangelist, a break in his voice, "but stronger unseen hands were stretched out to take her." The father is started by hearing the mother singing a hymn, "I have a father over yonder." Where had she learned it? When she was a little girl and it had come back to bring her comfort in her dying hour. Who had brought back the remembrance? "When He is come He will bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." If Gipsy Smith didn't believe that the Holy Spirit Himself had led the mother who had called upon God into light he wouldn't preach another day.

Held in Dead of Night.

The funeral was held in the dead of night, the frightened children left alone in their tent while the father followed the beloved dead to the resting place, not a ray of hope to bring him comfort. Came days of sadness, nights when father sat alone by the fire, moaning of the emptiness and longing in his heart that could not be satisfied. Once more the bereaved, little family was on its wanderings. A reunion took place with two brothers and their families, the two brothers confessing to unrest in their hearts. They will go to London and see if the churches can help them, and not leave till they have found rest.

Tents pitched, the father makes friends with an unknown street laborer whose face is like morning sunshine. Of him he wanted to know the meaning of the unrest in his heart. "Perhaps it's converting you want," was the reply, and with it the invitation to go that night to a mission. The little Rodney fearfully followed father and uncles to the mission, where daddy was going to do that strange thing, get converted. That night in the mission, without a word being spoken, the father of Gipsy Smith and two uncles found peace and God. The boy in terror hastened back to the gipsy wagon. Father came home singing and gathering his children in his arms, told them of finding Jesus, prayed over his motherless little ones.

Meeting Before Breakfast.

The following morning, at a before-breakfast prayer meeting, thirteen gipsies were converted, the beginning of a great movement among them in England, where for years Gipsy Smith has had preachers and teachers working among his own people.

Then the day came when Gipsy Smith himself found Christ, and with it his intellectual awakening. He was given a Bible he could not read. He held it up last night to show it to the audience. A dictionary accompanied it. His first reading lesson was on a brewery sign which a passing "real lady" helped the eager gipsy boy to decipher. Immediately he knew he wanted to be a preacher.

Spoke at Mission Hall.

There came the first time when he spoke at a mission hall when Gen. Booth, to whom he gave loving and reverential tribute last night, befriended him, asked him to sing and to say a few words. General Booth asked him if he would like to be an evangelist. He didn't know what it meant, but said he would. Converted in November, it was arranged he should start out to preach the following 25th of June, and six months before he could not read a word of the Bible.

His pride in donning fitting clerical attire and abandoning the picturesque gipsy costume was ludicrously described. He went to London to stay with people who showed him his "apartment." Why did they use big words when simple ones would do? And the gipsy boy, who had always slept in the open, almost smothered that first night in a London bedroom on a hot June night.

Studying Dictionary.

He kept on studying his Bible and dictionary. The little gipsy boy became the honored guest of great people of the earth. Why? Because honestly he had tried to serve his Lord. And this was his final message to London, the story of the impossible made possible by God.

At noon today Gipsy Smith meets the executive committee of the campaign at luncheon, following which he leaves for New York and home in England. Is he coming back? If the people of London will stand by their professions of the past two weeks and thus induce their ministers to make the necessary efforts to secure him.

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SPARKS FROM GIPSY SMITH'S ANVIL

"My people are the most moral in the world."

"A gipsy boy is taught that whatever else he may do, he must honor and protect women."

"You may not send your boy to college, but teach him to treat the other man's sister as he would like his own sister to be treated."

"Hear me, no man ever loves a girl till he respects her. You young women have the making of the young manhood. If you want the men in the city to believe in women, make them believe in you."

"I have a notion that the gipsies will turn out at last to be lost sheep of the House of Israel."

"A man who is ashamed of the little cottage in which he was born is not a man at all. Never go back on the little church where your mother worshipped. Stay by the bridge that carried you over. Be loyal to your traditions."

"A tree is one of the most wonderful things that God has made."

"Gipsy parents raise their children. Some children raise their parents. Some of you parents are holding your children with far too loose a hand. You let them go in the streets far too much. If you don't take a firm grip on them you will rue it some day."

"Some people get education from the front——some don't. Some have a lively recollection of getting education from the back."

"Believe me, it is far more religion to stop at home from Christian Endeavor and Epworth League sometimes to give a tired mother a rest than it is to go. If your religion does not begin in the home IT IS NOT THE KIND I WANT."

"I am glad London has gone dry. I hope it has gone dry to stay. I don't see you all applauding. Does that mean you have a little drop in the cellar?

"I hope London and Ontario will set the world an example to get rid of drink."

"Jesus saved me before I had contracted vices. My blood is pure. Thank God for that."

"It isn't being a Christian to give up this or that; it isn't a Christian being a Methodist, Anglican or Presbyterian. The New Testament says you can't be a Christian until you are born again."

"There is as much religion in happy laughter as in a tear drop."

"When anybody comes to my home who says it is wrong to laugh in church, I tell the missus to count the spoons.

"A happy laugh is the blossom of a thought; a smile its perfume.

"To be born at the bottom is a misfortune. To be born at the top, an accident."

"Why do people use big words when little one will do?"

"If you see anything in me, it is the result of the honest desire of a gipsy boy to be loyal to Jesus Christ."

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CHORUS "YES" WHEN GIPSY ASKS "WILL LONDON BE BETTER?"

Final Afternoon Meeting Stands Almost Unanimous.

GIVE PASTOR GLAD HAND

Don't Be Afraid of Spoiling Him by a Little Praise, Declares Evangelist.

"Will London be any better after my two weeks' campaign? Will it be more like the city of God. Will the seed of the love of Jesus Christ, planted in your harts, spring up and grow and be fed spiritually?"

Gipsy Smith asked this of the great audiense that flocked to hear him on his last day in London Monday afternoon in St. Andrew's Church. There were young and old in that audience. Old St. Andrew's walls rang with the "Yes, Yes" of the people in answers to his queries, and there was hardly one that did not stand up when he questioned them as to whether his campaign had improved them spiritually.

"I think that you should be so charged with the presence of God in your hearts that you cannot possibly slide back into your old way of living and thinking that you can get along without God. I know all the ministers in London will help you and do not be afraid to ask them to. It encourages them when you do. I believe that there is hardly a minister here that has not gone to bed with his heart breaking on some Sunday evening, thinking that he cannot get into your hearts.

Never Be Afraid.

"Never be afraid to give your pastor the glad hand, and say 'Gee, Pastor, that sermon of yours did me good.' A lot of people say 'Don't pet the pastor or you will spoil him.' I do not know of one pastor that has even been spoilt by a little bit of fussing, but I do know of many that have been discouraged for the want of a little spoiling.

"Some of you ladies do a little less social work and go and ask your pastor what you can do to help him out a little bit. Give up just one dance or one card party and go and visit some one you know who has been brought to Jesus through the mission. Don't let the mission merely touch his emotions, but let it create a spiritual starving for the word of God, and you will be the one helping to feed his soul."

"Brother and sister, if any one of you who know and love God will do this for the comrade who has just learnt to know God you will be doing a service for the Almighty, and indeed you may remember the words of the Lord, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done unto Me.' Your reward will be above waiting for you.

Started From Tents.

"I remember how one day I started out from the tents to go to the town to dispose of my basket of wares, clothespins and the like, and I wandered along till I came to a little church. 'Twas in Cambridge. I slid into the pew beside an old man, and first thing I knew he was asking God to bless me. When I got up, I felt so good inside. I wondered at that old man saying that to a gipsy kid. And again I met that man, and he shook hands with me, and I knew then that he knew I was a gipsy boy, but that that did not count. If you will just give a glad hand to the convert or a kind word, it will work wonders.

"I was at a house one day where they had a sea gull, a tame sea gull—I might add its wings were clipped. The seagull was out in the yard trying to swim round in a pie dish. Imagine for one moment, a seagull used to skimming the boundless ocean trying to flutter in the pie dish. It's just the same with you people here; content to flutter in your own little pie dish when you should be out doing your bit for your Father and skimming the heights to eternity. You are to be pitied as much as the sea gull.

Get Out and Do Bit.

"I want you people who know the Lord to get out and do your bit that others may know Him too. Get right out and push that convert who is just on the brink of his happiness right in so that he or she cannot get away again. Show them that they cannot live without Him. That is the trouble with too many of you, you don't get in far enough that you fall out again.

"Nothing will reward me more than to leave your city thinking that someone is helping some one else to know the Lord, and to have the thought the city of London may be more like the city of God."

A song service of the old-time sacred choruses was conducted by Gipsy Smith before closing the service.

Was in Front Seat.

Mrs. Tagg of Colborne street, an old resident of London for many years, whom Gipsy Smith visited last week at her home, was in the front seat, and though over 90 years of age, was interested in everything that went on. Gipsy Smith asked her if the Lord had ever failed her, and though not audible to the entire congregation, many heard her reply, "No, never, not yet, and I know He never will."

Rev. Judson Kelly gave a fifteen-minute address, in which he charged the people to live up to all that they had heard and learnt at the mission. "There is always great joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, but we never hear much about it down here. It's a great thing to be joyful over, and I am sure that there is many, a repenting heart been brought to Jesus during the mission. There must be great rejoicing above, and I know there is joy in the hearts of many here. The past two weeks have been critical ones in the lives of the people of London, and I hope they will not soon be forgotten," said Mr. Kelly.

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Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by purifying the blood removes the cause of the disease and gives permanent relief. This alterative and tonic medicine has proved entirely satisfactory to thousands of families in three generations.

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The Christmas Store

SHOP EARLY

Service the Present Need

And this is the store for it. "This is my first visit to a 'dry goods store,' and I want to buy some Christmas presents," a man said rather despairingly. But there was a wide-awake cheerful, intelligent helper to make it all plain to him that he was welcome and that he had found real help at last. No one need be a stranger in this store—if you are addressed it is because we want to be friendly and make you feel at home. You are not a formal guest in our house, for we try to make you "one of our family." It is a good idea to gift shop in such a store.

Hear This:

VICTOR RECORD, 10-INCH RED SEAL, $1.25

64793 — "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me"—Sung by Alma Gluck with Orpheus Quartet.

Third Floor.

Gift Umbrellas For Sun or Rain

Women's Colored Silk Umbrellas are in great demand. New York is full of them. Handles are a big factor this Christmas; they come with backolite rings and cord loops to match the coverings with fancy ivory tips and shanks to match the handles. The colorings comprise navy, green, taupe, red, wine, purple, brown, some with fancy colored borders and others come perfectly plain. Priced from $8.00 and $9.00 to $18.00 and $20.00. Quantities are limited, so make your selection early while the assortment is best.

Women's Black Silk-Mixed Umbrellas, with a very close roll, neat silk cases, on good strong paragon frames; handles come well assorted with backolite rings, in a great variety of colors, also loops and cords. Prices $4.00, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, $8.00, $9.00, $10.00, $12.00, $15.00

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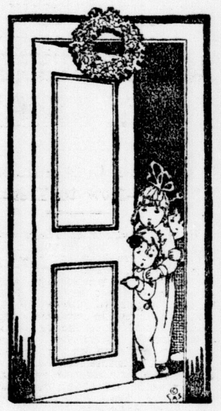
Children's Midget Umbrellas—Nothing delights a child more than a neat little umbrella, plenty big enough to protect one from the rain, wide range of neat little handles to choose from. All one price $2.00

All Umbrellas engraved at a very small cost.

For Children One to Three in the Infant's Shop

Whatever you may need for the young generation, the new-born babe and up to three years old, will be found in the Infants' Shop on the fourth floor.

Here is a partial list of apparel for those of advanced ages, from one to three years old.



Children's Three-Piece Wool Suits. Prices..... $4.50 to $6.00

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December Victor Records, Third Floor.

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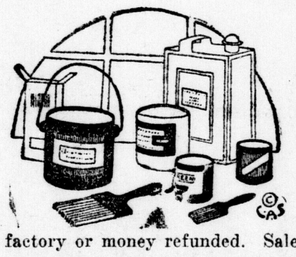

Pints, 45c and 75c *Quarts, 85c and $1.45*

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