

# AMERICANISM IS THEME OF SERMON

Rev. Albert Buxton Holds Thanks-  
giving Service at First  
M. E. Church.

PEOPLE GLAD TOWARD GOD

Americans of Past, Who Have Million  
Followers, Have Triumphed in  
Land of Promise.

Rev. Albert Buxton, Ph. D., deliver-  
ed the Thanksgiving sermon at the  
Union services held at the First M. E.  
church. Following is the first text of  
his remarks:

This, of all the year, is a day of  
gladness. From the headlong hurry of  
pressing care, we pause for the restful  
delectation of a glad breath—for the quiet  
consciousness that we are glad. We  
deepen that gladness by its simple  
recognition. In the mere mindfulness  
that we are happy, our happiness finds  
generous increase. With each beat that  
we devoutly count in telling our rosary  
of blessings, are mount from joy to  
higher joy. While we number the gifts,  
the reminiscent beads slip fast through  
challenging fingers, until, despairing to  
tell the whole tally, we drop the  
beadstring sorrow.

Our tables are full for the feast and  
no skeleton is there. We place a ready  
chair for each feaster, and then still  
another, and love comes to take her  
seat, chief guest at our board. Wifely  
virtue and childish glee and grace to  
the fireside, and those firesides, secure  
from foe, and radiant with friend, per-  
fect the felicity of our domestic peace.  
Health and love look hands to guard  
our gateway, and faith, with falcy  
wand, transforms the humblest homes  
into palaces of unending splendor.

Summer, with its warm breath of  
harvest, has lingered like a reluctant  
lover, loath to bid a last adieu, and  
the classic step of first frost announces  
winter, with its prophecy of rest. We  
have reluctantly closed our rebellious  
windows, and through them the cold  
eyes of autumn's glory still salute our  
eyes. We are slow to bar our portals  
close, for we welcome the mountain  
zone, even yet bearing a faint trace  
of perfume for our nostrils, and laden  
with an electric invigoration for each  
quicken breath, that distends the  
lungs with the buoyancy of a new  
born babe.

But ours is a higher delight than the  
gratification of the senses, or even the  
complacency of safety. We rejoice that  
we are men; that the glory of hill and  
valley, of plain and prairie, of mountain  
and stream, are not alone servants of  
our too appreciative senses, but also,  
and more truly, ministers to our up-  
building; at our souls' peril, we  
are slow to shut our eyes to the  
glorious, and the last play of  
humanity; and Americans are the  
last perfected actors, drilled for that  
drama.

As surely as God, ages before the  
Israelitish patriarchs drew breath, cre-  
ated the eastern Mediterranean coast  
into the holy hills of Palestine for His  
people, yet unborn, and then called  
Abraham to enter this land of promise,  
and crowd it with his posterity, so  
surely did God wrinkle the Rocky  
mountain chain to hide a metal wealth,  
smooth level to the east and the west  
plains and prairies and meadows of  
matched fertility, groove deep with His  
finger for ready traffic its mighty river  
basins, and then call His own to enter  
and possess the land.

And what a land He had prepared for  
His chosen. It is a blending of all  
climates, of all soils, of all contours.  
It has sandy soil, and alluvial soil and  
rock ballasted soil—each for its own  
favorite produce—for cotton, for wheat,  
for the vine. It has the robust vigor  
of the colder north, and the luxurious  
breezes of the sunny south. If one sea  
made Greece, another Italy, and an-  
other England, America has all seas  
to make her ultimate queen of com-  
merce. Her inland seas are themselves  
five inland oceans, and one river alone  
gives to steamers a longer course than  
the transatlantic cruise.

To this land of preparation and promise,  
God has called the giants of the  
world. The divine call goes forth from  
America:  
Bring me men to match my mountains;  
Bring me men to match my plains,  
Men with empires in their purpose,  
And new eras in their brain.  
Bring me men to match my prairies,  
Men to match my inland seas,  
Men whose thought shall pave a high-  
way.  
Bring me men to match my rivers,  
Continent cleavers, flowing free,  
Drawn by the eternal madness  
To the mingled with the sea;  
Men of oceanic impulse,  
Men whose moral currents sweep  
Toward the wide infolding ocean  
Of an undiscovered deep.

But what is America, and what are  
Americans?

AMERICA PROMISED LAND.

America is more than a country, or  
a continent or a hemisphere—more than  
a mere map—and an American is more

# Dr. PRICE'S CREAM Baking Powder

Awarded highest honors by the  
great World's Expositions, and  
proved of superior strength and  
purity by the official tests.

No alum, no lime phosphates

Food officials, state and national,  
with physicians, condemn the use  
of alum in food, and deplore and  
denounce the dishonest methods  
by which alum baking powders  
are imposed upon the public.

than a mere dweller on that map. In  
the unfolding plan of Providence,  
America is a second promised land,  
and Americans are a peculiar people, pre-  
pared of old to enter and occupy that  
land of promise, merica cannot be de-  
fined without Americans, nor Americans  
without America. They are counter-  
parts—complements and each was  
made for the other from the founda-  
tion of the world. Without the thought  
of American, God never ordained that  
an American should be born.

Without that peculiar people, known  
as Americans, America would be a mere  
stretch of soil, and without that pecu-  
liar Palestine that we call America  
for their unique development, Ameri-  
cans would be impossible even to the  
God with whom all things are possi-  
ble.

Let us pause to find a helpful defini-  
tion—or if need be, several.

America is opportunity, and an  
American is he who grasps at opportu-  
nity, and finds that he has linked his  
hand in that of a God—OPPOR-  
TUNITY spelled in every letter with  
capital—opportunity with a halo on  
its brow and diffusing a divine halo.

Again: America is a stage, built only  
for one drama, and that the last play  
of humanity; and Americans are the  
last perfected actors, drilled for that  
drama.

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Israelitish patriarchs drew breath, cre-  
ated the eastern Mediterranean coast  
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Of an undiscovered deep.

God protected this land from the ac-  
cess of plottings, by an ocean too  
mysterious and dangerous for cowards  
to sail. He wanted only heroes here  
to sire His chosen sons. Columbus, he-  
roic heir of ages, heard the call, leaped  
with his followers into uncharted seas,  
and dared the frightful western waters.  
He attempted the impossible, and suc-  
ceeded. Columbus proved himself the  
first American, and a complete Ameri-  
can.

This leads me to define an American.  
My first definition is this: The Ameri-  
can is a hero, that hears the voice of  
God and dares to become God's fellow-  
worker in transforming the earth. He  
hears the call of God to an inaccessi-  
ble land of promise, swims oceans,  
climbs mountains, and fights savages  
to subdue that land.

Heroes are not alone born. Their  
worthy deeds develop the slumbering  
giant. Hercules became a giant, not  
alone because he was sired by Zeus,  
the strongest god, but because as a  
babe he strangled serpents in his cradle.  
Every heroic labor of his left him a  
larger hero.

Let me give a second more daring  
definition. The American is he that,  
with faith in God and faith in himself,  
dares the impossible. Had Hercules  
sought the western world for his labors,  
he would have been the first American.  
But the world waited for Columbus.

Columbus had faith in himself and  
God, essayed the impossible, and placed  
the first American foot on American  
soil. No American had been here be-  
fore. The aborigines, satisfied for cen-  
turies with mere soil surface, were  
aliens in the land. But Columbus, of  
earthly Italian birth, was spiritually  
born into American faith and destiny.  
He was not a naturalized adventurer;  
he was in the spiritual sense a native-  
born American. He came into his own,  
and his own received him to native  
shores.

Columbus was an American, and such  
an American! He sailed from Spain  
with the dog and the lion, and the  
terrier bark toward the vasting shores.  
He landed with the stars of a new  
sky, and the crimson of the setting  
sun toward which his faith turned, the  
first stars and stripes of the con-  
queror.

It was an American reply that he  
gave his mutinous and cowering crew,  
as they cried in increasing terror, "turn  
back!"

Behind him lay the gray Azores;

Behind him lay the ghost of shores;

Before him, only shoreless seas.

The good mate said, "Now we must  
pray."

For 'tis the very stars are gone;

Speak, admiral, speak, what shall I  
say?"

"Why, say, 'sail on, sail on and on!'"

They sailed; they sailed;

Then spoke the mate:

"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight;

He curls his lip, he lies in wait

With lifted teeth as if to bite."

Brave admiral say but one good  
word."

The words leaped as a leaping sword,

"Sail on, sail on, sail on and on."

Then pale and wan, he kept his deck;

They peered through darkness; ah

that night!

Of all dark nights! and then a speck.

A light, a light, a light, a light!

It grew a star-like flag unfurled;

It grew to be time's burst of dawn;

He gained a world, he gave that world  
its grandest lesson, "On, and on."

Yes, Columbus was an American. He  
wrought with God, dared the impossible,  
and won. Later, over the same sea,  
a band of spiritually native Americans  
entered into their own. In a leaky  
boat, without sailors, upon a wintry  
sea; on a hostile shore, without soldiers,  
the Pilgrims dared death to enter as  
native born into their birthright. God's  
voice was ever ahead, and a tireless  
courage within. Amid the storm they  
sang:

And the stars heard, and the sea;

And the sounding aisles of the dark

held to the anthem of the free.

GREAT AMERICANS.

Later, behold the first real American  
army, gathered beneath the Cambridge  
elms, to receive the first truly Ameri-  
can commander. Washington, taught  
only in forest skirmish, with a hand  
of a few thousand farmers against a  
tidal and war-scarred general, with a  
million trained soldiers at his call or  
purchase. Our revolutionary fathers,  
with implicit faith in a guiding God,  
working with Him, transformed sol-  
diers into freemen. "They trusted in  
God and kept their powder dry." They  
were Americans.

Then Lincoln, with a country divid-  
ed in sentiment and war, and a hand  
on the very throne of God, and with  
the other shook fear into the foe  
and faith into friend until he, too,  
with God, wrought the impossible, and  
made united nation of two halves,  
that sought each others lives. O Lin-  
coln, Lincoln! thou typical American—  
thou art truest of them all!

The American blood, as the American  
sand, is a blending of the best. The  
Dutch sturdiness, the Italian sparkle,  
the Scotch faith, and the British brav-  
ery unite in a new race. The Ameri-  
can is not German, nor Irish, nor even  
Anglo-Saxon. He is a new triumph  
of racial evolution.

I have named Americans of the past.  
But they have a million fellows. And  
their triumph has not been alone in  
Ule-conquest. Unconquered heroes have  
worked with God to transform the land  
of promise into a paradise of plenty.

Whitney taught us to respect the cot-  
ton seed of its close-hugged fibre, for  
the loamy soil of Howe tipped the  
rapid shaft with the cambric heel-  
dle; Franklin robbed the air of its light-  
ning, and Edison yoked it to a slender  
wire and tamed it to a meek light;  
Carnegie reached into the deep earth  
the crust, and clutched the dirty ore  
and squeezed it into tempered steel;  
Rockefeller pierced the soil with his  
long fingers, and the wells sprang oil  
The Wright brothers leaped free from  
earth, launched their airy ships in the  
blue sky, and flapped the happy wings  
of navigating freedom.

These, too, are Americans.  
What thank must we raise to God  
for an America worthy of these her-  
oes, and for heroes worthy of such  
an America!

And we are thankful that the Ameri-  
can spirit is not dead, but quickens  
with new life at each problem. The  
clear visioned prophet sees a land still  
in its infancy, and has a vision of an  
ultimate sublimed nation, red, re-  
deemed, and radiant, a new Jerusalem,  
like the new Jerusalem, coming down  
out of heaven from God.

The true American has ever an un-  
attained possibility ahead. By battle  
of force but kindly thought, the rival  
parties have worked great principles  
into our Constitution. They are aliens  
who believe that the last amendment  
has yet been written or proposed.  
For ever will be written until the Con-  
stitution and sky are together rolled up  
as a scroll.

By battle of thought, the religious  
sects have come to a new toleration.  
The word of God, but no church is  
American that claims to write a final  
creed. Thank God today for the rich  
contributions of all faiths—even those  
most grotesque, and even O my God,  
that any final determination, shall ever  
be sought by force, or by ostracism.  
Let the battle for religious truth, ever  
clearer, never ultimate, be vigorous by  
charitable, and forever from I today  
highest in my thanks, pour out truest  
American thanks, that this country was  
never made Catholic or Protestant, an-  
ti-Catholic or anti-Protestant, Jew or  
gentile, anti-Jew and anti-gentile, and  
forbid that even the slenderest  
silken thread shall ever bind Utah to  
any religious or anti-religious com-  
pulsion.

Free as the prairie air we breathe,  
and measureless as the sky toward  
which we lift our pious faces, may our  
religious faith, with its individual ex-  
pression ever broaden and clarify, un-  
til the final dawn of all religions.  
I thank God for you, in public voice  
today, that Americanism permits two  
or ten free political parties, and scorps  
those un-American aliens that gag with  
brass buttons and social ostracism an  
opposing, though honest, vote. I thank  
God that true Americanism allows two  
or a hundred religious cults, ever strug-  
gling, constantly approaching, and re-  
ceding, never reaching ultimate re-  
ligious statement—the genuine brand  
of Americanism that scorps as un-  
American and despotic sarcasm, or civic  
ostracism that places on the track of an-  
other's religious faith.

Thanksgiving to God, that with all  
the honest differences of civic views,  
fought out at battle, in Congress, in  
every executive office, we are at last  
reaching the shelter of courts that  
know no varying bias, but just as  
the sovereign God.

I thank God in public Thanksgiving  
today that, while voters are free to  
shout or think as they choose, the pecu-  
liar planks of any platform, the creed  
of any church, cannot be brought by  
the dominant victors through the door  
of a little red school house, to taint  
the freedom of the public schools; that  
while varying theories are unpropor-  
tate by warring thinkers into our laws,  
only one standard is allowed in our  
child-training—the standard of free  
search for truth. Let no un-American-  
ism lay unholy hands on sectarian  
control or partisan graft upon the Ameri-  
can school. Let Tammany tiger growl  
to grown men—let the Republican ele-  
phant trumpet or the Democratic donkey  
bray to the color of the animal deli-  
cious, but our schoolhouse is not a Noah's ark  
for any beasts.

I give our final thanks today, that  
this is becoming a Christian common-  
wealth, and that our halls of justice,  
our seminaries of learning, and our  
hospitals of charity find their highest  
supplement of safety in the churches  
of the cross, that never cease to so-  
forth dauntless crusaders to guard the  
sepulchre of our risen Lord from the  
desecration of infidel arms.

WATCHED FIFTEEN YEARS.

"For fifteen years I have watched  
the working of Buckner's Arsenic Salve,  
and it has never failed to cure a  
sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it  
was applied," says A. F. Hardy, of  
East Winton, Maine. 25c at Z. C. M. I.  
Drug store, 112-114 Main street.

CHRISTMAS NEWS BOYS.

Boys who intend canvassing for  
subscribers for the Christmas News  
cannot order blanks at advertising  
matter at the circulator's window.  
Here an easy way to cure your  
Holiday money. Come at once. Do  
not delay.

HALF RATE EXCURSIONS

Via D. & R. G. November 25, 26

One single fare for the round trip  
between all points in Utah. Tickets  
good returning until Nov. 30.

AN EXPLANATION.

The reason for the popularity of  
the Fleur-de-Lis chocolates is that  
they are absolutely pure and of the  
best quality. For sale by Wm. H. Wil-  
liams Drug Store, Smith Drug Store,  
Horseshoe Street Pharmacy and Halliday  
Drug.

CIRCULATORS ORGANIZE.

City circulators of the local daily  
press met last evening at the Cullen  
hotel to take steps to protect them-  
selves against fake circulators who have  
been working the town. There were  
present Messrs. W. H. Alder, J. McKee,  
Newell K. Wilson, Rufus Johnson, A. J. Kelly  
and J. M. Musgrave. It was decided to  
organize a committee on constitution  
and by-laws for an association was  
appointed. It is intended to make the  
organization of Circulation Managers.  
Another meeting will be held Dec. 10.

AT THE UNIVERSITY.

The girls of the University, under  
the direction of Miss Lucy Van Cott, have  
formed an organization to be known as  
the College Woman's league. The ob-  
ject of the league is to bring the  
wives of the members of the faculty in-  
to closer touch with the college, and to  
create a more congenial and sisterly  
feeling among the girls. The league  
will be divided into groups of 10, and  
will have a president and a secretary.

COFFEE

If you say of a house,  
"good coffee," it is high  
praise; "poor coffee" is  
nothing out of the com-  
mon.

You say of a man, "he is a good  
housekeeper," it is high praise; "he is a  
poor housekeeper" is nothing out of the  
common.

You say of a woman, "she is a good  
housekeeper," it is high praise; "she is a  
poor housekeeper" is nothing out of the  
common.

You say of a child, "he is a good  
housekeeper," it is high praise; "he is a  
poor housekeeper" is nothing out of the  
common.

You say of a dog, "he is a good  
housekeeper," it is high praise; "he is a  
poor housekeeper" is nothing out of the  
common.

You say of a cat, "he is a good  
housekeeper," it is high praise; "he is a  
poor housekeeper" is nothing out of the  
common.

You say of a bird, "he is a good  
housekeeper," it is high praise; "he is a  
poor housekeeper" is nothing out of the  
common.

You say of a fish, "he is a good  
housekeeper," it is high praise; "he is a  
poor housekeeper" is nothing out of the  
common.

You say of a reptile, "he is a good  
housekeeper," it is high praise; "he is a  
poor housekeeper" is nothing out of the  
common.

You say of an insect, "he is a good  
housekeeper," it is high praise; "he is a  
poor housekeeper" is nothing out of the  
common.

You say of a mollusk, "he is a good  
housekeeper," it is high praise; "he is a  
poor housekeeper" is nothing out of the  
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You say of a crustacean, "he is a good  
housekeeper," it is high praise; "he is a  
poor housekeeper" is nothing out of the  
common.

You say of a poriferan, "he is a good  
housekeeper," it is high praise; "he is a  
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You say of a coelenterate, "he is a good  
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A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.  
Dr. R. T. Felix Gournaud's Oriental  
Cream or Magical Beautifier.  
Removes Tan, Pimples,  
Redness, Itch, and Skin Diseases,  
and every blemish  
on beauty and skin  
detracting. It  
restores the skin  
to its natural  
color, and makes  
it soft and  
smooth. It is  
the best of all  
beauty preparations.  
For sale by all druggists and Fancy  
Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.  
Felix T. Hopkins, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

with a girl from each group to act as  
an executive committee and a profes-  
sor's wife for president.  
Although the freshmen have in a way  
agreed to abide by the campus rules,  
their way of living up to them will  
determine whether they are worthy of  
a special style. The freshmen adopted  
a cap of brown serge with their  
names embroidered inside a large U  
in gold silk. The U cuts close to be-  
ing the official block U worn only by  
those who have been inside a large U  
on the athletic field.

Dean Cummings will deliver an il-  
lustrated lecture on the cliff dwellers of  
southern Utah at the First Congrega-  
tional church Friday evening. The pur-  
pose of the lecture is to raise funds  
for an archeological museum for the  
State University.

Your complexion made clear and beau-  
tiful by keeping your blood clear. Hol-  
lister's Rocky Mountain Tea cleans the  
blood as no other remedy does; noth-  
ing so good for the complexion. Your  
friends recommend it. 35 cents, Tea or  
Tablets. Godbe-Pitts Drug Co.

"AD." MEN ORGANIZE.

Local advertising men met last night  
in the Atlas block offices of the Giles  
Advertising company to organize the  
Ad. Club of Utah. J. J. Connor of the  
company was chairman, and C. R. Brazier,  
secretary. Committees were appointed  
on constitution and by-laws, and it was  
decided to affiliate with the national body.  
The club will make a fight on the east-  
ern mail order houses, and boost for lo-  
cal industries.

Pimples and skin eruptions are caused  
by poisonous substances in the  
blood. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea  
removes skin diseases, makes healthy  
complexions and purifies your blood.  
35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Godbe-Pitts  
Drug Co.

Dress Suits for rent. Daniels, the  
Tailor, 37 W. 2nd St.

HOTEL MEN TO UNITE.

A. Fred Wey has just returned from  
Denver, where he went to attend a meet-  
ing of the Rocky Mountain Hotel Men's  
association. The idea of a ranchman's  
association was brought up, and a com-  
mittee was appointed to work on the  
scheme to report at the January meet-  
ing which will be held at the Cullen  
Hotel in this city. Mr. Wey was chosen  
third vice president of the Rocky Moun-  
tain association. The other officers cho-

sen were: President, Samuel F. Dutton,  
Denver; vice president, Harry Burnett,  
Grand Junction; secretary, A. H. Stev-  
ens, Denver; treasurer, John Hime-  
house, Colorado Springs; second vice  
president, W. S. Dunning, Colorado  
Springs; executive committee, H. H.  
Stephens, Colorado Springs; Martin E.  
Rowley, Denver; C. C. Denton, Sallida;  
David Whinton, Denver; C. D. Hamil-  
ton, Denver.

WOMAN CARED FOR.

A pathetic case of illness and mental  
derangement was called to the atten-  
tion of the police shortly after 2  
o'clock this morning when word was  
effect that a demented woman was wan-  
dering about the streets near Eighth  
East and First South, trying to get in-  
to several residences.

The patrol wagon, with a number of  
officers hastened to the scene, but they  
could find no trace of the unfortunate  
woman. About