

# Omaha Will See Wee Eclipse of Sun Wednesday

## Shadow Will Cover But 11 Per Cent of Lumina—Middle Reached at 8:26 A. M.

By WILLIAM F. RIGGE, Professor of Astronomy, Creighton Univ.

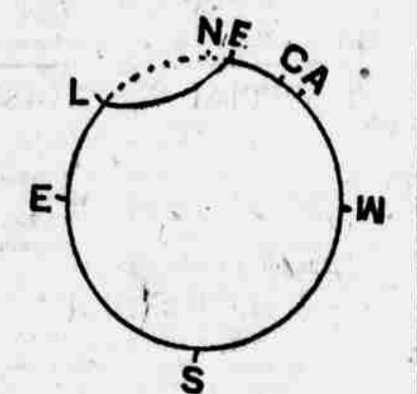
Those interested in astronomical matters will have an opportunity of observing an eclipse of the sun next Wednesday morning. The eclipse is a rather small one, only 11 per cent, but as such phenomena are rather scarce—the next solar eclipse visible in Omaha being in 1923, on September 10—it will repay our trouble to observe it especially if we do it in a somewhat scientific way.

The present eclipse will be visible to a greater or less extent over the northeastern half of the United States, but its magnitude will nowhere exceed 45 per cent. Full particulars will be found in the August-September number of Popular Astronomy.

For us in Omaha the eclipse will begin at 7:59. As the sun will rise at 7:07, this will give us ample time to get ready. To observe the eclipse scientifically with absolutely inexpensive apparatus, the best thing to do is to punch a hole with a lead pencil or a nail through a piece of pasteboard, fasten this to an open window or a post, and catch the image it makes of the sun on a white card about 10 feet away.

Diagram Explained.

The annexed figure shows this sun with its cardinal points N, S, E, W. As it appears in the sky, at the beginning of the eclipse the point A will be on top, and at the end C will be on top, so that the figure must be slightly turned. The moon will first indent the sun at the point F, 33 degrees to the left of A and 9 degrees to the right of N. This is



called First Contact, and as seen from the Creighton university observatory will occur at 7 o'clock, 59 minutes, 21.12 seconds. Holding the diagram up before us with A on top, and comparing it with the sun, we can readily locate the point F. We must then use a dark glass, unless clouds or smoke dim the sun's brilliancy sufficiently to enable us to look at it directly.

If we wish to make use of our white card we may draw a circle on it to represent the sun of any size that we please, two inches as a diameter being a very satisfactory size, and then hold this at such a distance that the sun's image fits our circle. We may then copy the figure here given, or even use this very one in the paper, provided we do two things. First we must turn the figure half way round with the same side facing us, so that A is at the bottom. Secondly we must turn the paper over to the other side toward the diameter through A. If we do these things, get our time correctly from the whistle, and then observe very carefully the point F, locating A if necessary with a plumb line, we may catch the moment of First Contact within a few seconds.

The middle of the eclipse will occur at 8:26. The sun will then be most darkened, 22 per cent, and look like the figure.

At 9 o'clock, 17 minutes, 34.14 seconds the moon will finally leave the sun at the point L, Last Contact, 81 degrees to the left of C, and 49 degrees to the left of N.

With that we must say goodbye to solar eclipses for nearly three years. The next lunar eclipse will be a total one on April 21, 1921, and will be completely visible in Omaha.

### Town Hires Woman to Become Pastor of Church

Lenox, Mass., Nov. 6.—Ordination of Miss Charlotte Brown as pastor of the Congregational church of Boston has solved the "pastor problem" in that isolated Berkshire county town. For several years the town had been able to hold a preacher only a few months. The best salary that could be paid was not big enough to attract married men. Single men came along in procession, fell in love with New Boston girls and hurried off to larger places and larger incomes. But Miss Brown will preach where ministers won't stay.

Miss Brown is a native of Otis. She was graduated 12 years ago from the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy and for nine years has been director of religious education for the Lake Avenue Baptist church of Rochester, N. Y.

When it was suggested to one of the older members of the New Boston congregation that there is no law against a woman pastor taking a husband the veteran said:

"We realize that, but we figure that if one of our young men marries the preacher she'll be all the more likely to settle down with us."

### Co-eds Are Vamping Profs To Get Good Grade Marks

Berkley, Cal., Nov. 6.—Lip sticks, mobile eyes and winking ways have supplanted the fountain pen, midnight oil lamp and text books, and California girls, noted for their beauty, are winning their class marks at the University of California with these substitutes.

Thus charges the Daily California, the student paper at the big school. The paper declares that "certain of our unheeded instructors are still susceptible to feminine charms," and adds that the co-eds, the sorority sisters, are aware of this fact. And because of their famed beauty the California girls are easily winning their degrees. The student body has opened a vigorous campaign against the "vamping" of the professors.

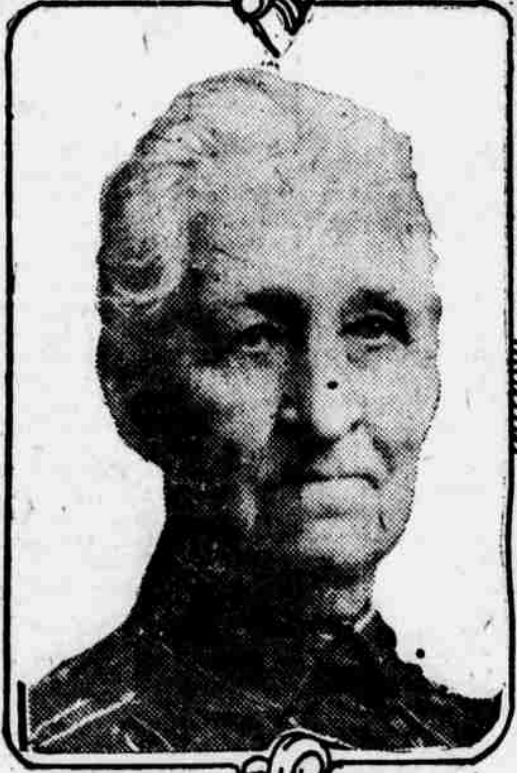
# Banker Who Borrowed Money to Get Married Entertains Whole Town on Golden Anniversary



SAWYER CABIN BUILT IN 1870 STILL STANDING



GEO. F. SAWYER



MARTHA LUELLE SAWYER



PRESENT HOUSE OF GEO. F. SAWYER

By JOHN H. KEARNES.

Just as if every person in the community were kindfolk which they were in spirit—if not in flesh and blood, George F. Sawyer, the village banker of Western, Saline county, and his good wife, entertained them all as guests, at their golden wedding anniversary, last Friday.

Besides the population of Western and of North Fork precinct, there were scores of persons present from all parts of Nebraska, many of the visitors being among the most prominent men and women of the state, to pay their tributes of respect to Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, whose 50 years of married life, rounded out on that day, is an epic of achievement and usefulness, in the history of the state.

Their house, while large, was not big enough and they hired the opera house, which afternoon and evening, was filled with overflowing with their guests. The program was an unusual one. There were old-time songs and there was old-time feasting; a wonderful story of pioneer experience was told, and there were eloquent speeches of felicitation by orators of more than local fame.

It was a great big family gathering, in honor of an ideal country banker, a community big brother, and his lovely Quaker wife, both of whom confessed they had started housekeeping half a century before with nothing more substantial than the motto which has guided their lives: "Let no day pass, whose low descending sun, views from thy hand no worthy action done."

Love and Courage.

And as this celebration was unusual, so, too, have been the lives and the fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer—for they started with no other assets than love, and courage and perseverance, and a high sense of duty, and lofty ideals of integrity. Today they have wealth and honor, an unbroken family circle and the whole-hearted affection of their neighbors, as well as health and strength, good appetites and digestion, and a still youthful outlook on life.

The story of their careers reads like a romance. George F. Sawyer was born a cripple. His birthplace was a log cabin in an Indiana wilderness, where he entered upon life in an environment of absolute poverty. His father, who came to this country from Ireland, was a country doctor, in a sparsely settled locality. Mr. Sawyer, who is now 73 years of age, lost his mother when he was 4 years old. He was the oldest of three children. Their home was the typical log cabin of the wilderness, with puncheon floor and with weighted poles for a roof. There were no roads, only blazed trails through the forest, and the neighbors were miles apart. His father remained a widower, but kept the little family—a child a year old, the other 3 years old, and George, the oldest, together.

As he grew older the country settled and he went to school. When he had attained 17 years he had studied so industriously that he felt competent to take up the schoolmaster's profession. His father was

### SULPHUR IS BEST TO CLEAR UP UGLY BROKEN OUT SKIN

Any breaking out or skin irritation on face, neck or body is overcome quickest by applying Mentho-Sulphur, says a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation that instantly brings case from the itching, burning and irritation.

Mentho-Sulphur heals eczema right up, leaving the skin clear and smooth. It seldom fails to relieve the torment or disfigurement. A little jar of Mentho-Sulphur may be obtained at any drug store. It is used like cold cream.

in act—to dumb animals and to man. In a home environment of simplicity and virtue, plain living and high thinking, peace and quietude she passed her girlhood. She received an education in letters and in goodness in a neighboring school taught by denominational "Friend."

In the early '60s her parents moved to Iowa with other Friends in search of better lands than those of the granitic fields of their native state. They located near Pella and there the shy, modest Quaker maid first met the country school teacher from Indiana, a lad who had been made diffident and shy in the presence of members of the fair sex by the deformity of his feet.

But Quaker maid and Hoosier schoolmaster saw in each other beauty of soul and character, which, after all, is the magnetic attraction of true and lasting love. They made a quiet courtship and at last a mutual understanding.

In 1869 Mr. Sawyer, with the girl's father, came to Nebraska literally to spy out the land, and it found favor in their sight. They moved here and located in North Fork precinct, Saline county. Arrived there, the first thought of the sweethearts was to establish a home.

From now on let the story be Mr. Sawyer's own:

"Well, we fixed the day for the wedding. I did not have any money to pay for the license or the wedding fee. I expected, however, to receive some from Iowa, and in anticipation of this I went to a neighbor and made arrangement to borrow from him what cash I needed. This was in the fall of 1870. He promised me I could have a small sum, but when I went to him a few days before the time we had set for the wedding he turned me down cold. So many persons had left the country in disgust, forgetting to pay their debts, causing him financial loss, that he was afraid to loan another cent.

"He was the Croesus of that part of the country and when he refused me my heart sank into my boots. Down in Nemaha county, nearly 100 miles away, I had a true friend and in the bleak weather, afoot, I set out to see him and try to obtain financial help or to shuck corn to relieve my extremity. It was a weary journey, but I never had to make it, for, on the way, I found a friend.

"It was approaching dusk and at a point five miles east of Beatrice, in a field at a bend in a creek, I saw a man pulling turnips.

"We accosted each other, as was the custom in pioneer days. After mutual introductions I found that he had known me in Iowa. Then I told him my story and the object of my journey. He said, after listening

to it: 'I will let you have half of what cash I have in the world.' He pulled out two \$5 bills and gave me one of them. I next went to a German preacher, who wanted \$3 to perform the wedding ceremony. Cash was precious to me and the bargaining instinct, born of necessity, was strong. In three hours I succeeded in talking him down to \$1.50. My eloquence was worth 50 cents an hour.

"The next day was set for the wedding. Martha and I set out for the preacher's house quite early, and in great state. I owned a pony and borrowed another and a set of harness. We hitched the animals to a lumber wagon, and sitting on a board seat, we started out.

"When the minister had concluded he ordered us to shake hands, which we did, he joining ours with his hands, and that was our wedding ceremony. His task done, he said, 'Now you are married' and he turned away without a word of congratulation.

"We prospered in a humble way. I can remember when we were affluent enough to kill our first hog for winter meat. We did like the modern packer, used every part of the hog but the squeal. We made sausage and head cheese, lard and cracklins, and had side meat, backbones, tenderloins, ham, shoulders' and jowls.

"We moved from the log cabin to a dugout. We lived in the latter in 1873 and it sheltered us through the great Easter storm of that year—not only us, but for 36 hours we had five head of horses in the dugout with us. The great wind which ushered in the storm blew the roof off our frail barn and we had to take the animals in to save them. The wind and blizzard raged for a part of two days and one whole night, but the horses kept us warm.

"It is hard to realize what has taken place in the history of North Fork precinct or Saline county since 1870. Only one person, my brother-

in-law, is living with us in this precinct of those who were here in that year. Death or wanderlust has called the rest. In the hard times men moved away in large numbers. One man deserted his 160 acres of land because he could not pay a debt of \$100. Another man left in order to escape a daily diet of the staple and almost only food of the country—corn bread. I saw that he got a good feed of it before he departed, for he was a guest at my house.

"The lack of courage of one man and the finicky appetite of the other were costly to them, for the lands they abandoned now sell at from \$100 to \$200 per acre."

"In early days most of the people of the country could not have gotten along without the railroads, especially away from the timber. The corporation ties furnished fuel and most of us had a running acquaintance with their special agents.

"Good years came, however, and they have far outnumbered the bad. There were hardships, it is true, in the pioneer days, but we had youth and the strength of youth and the true spirit of adventure, and a faith in the country and always ahead of us was a certainty of a rich reward for that faith."

"Mr. Sawyer, despite his physical infirmity, has always been an active man. He started in banking at Friend, Neb., in 1882. He has been with the Saline County bank of Western, of which he is president, for the past 35 years. The greatest honor that has come to him, unsolicited, he says, was that of being made president of the Nebraska State Bankers' association in 1912. He was also a member of the American Bankers' association.

In his community he is regarded as the ideal country banker. He has the sentimentality of a dreamer and the shrewd, common sense of a practical man of affairs. His dual nature has made it possible for him to meet all those with whom he has dealings on a common footing of sympathy and interest. He acts as the confidential adviser of the community, draws up wills, administers estates and if needs be, settles family quarrels. In the 50 years he has lived in the county he has served on early one jury. His banking motto has always been: "Let the other fellow make money—help him make it—and then take the going rate of interest away from him."

Mrs. Sawyer says she has, with all its vicissitudes, had only one "blue day" in her married life, and that was when George had to go some distance away to work. The next time he took her.

The six children who have been born to them, because of the democracy of their raising, and the relationship of the parents to their community, are held in that peculiar local esteem which, in this country, is found mostly in the old south. These children are living and all have families. They are: Mrs. F. D. Fager, Lincoln, Neb.; Mrs. C. L. Abbott, Genoa, Neb.; Mrs. J. M. Van Auker, Western, Neb.; Mrs. A. J. Storms, Auburn, Neb.; James G. Sawyer, Western, Neb. and Homer B. Sawyer, Moorefield, Neb.

From the day they started out in life, bound by a mutual contract, Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer have left they were partners of their neighbors. They have helped boys become men; they have assisted struggling couples, youthful and aged, to competency. They have loaned their money, wisdom and experience to those less fortunate than themselves.

And because they are typical of the pioneer race who blazed the pathway of civilization in Nebraska, the race whose story is an epic, their golden wedding anniversary celebration in their native town was not only a great event in their honor, but also to the sober, honest, God-fearing, clean living, courageous, optimistic contemporaries who laid the foundation of things in this commonwealth.

# Old Man Wise

says:

## There are used cars—and there are used cars

A SHREWD buyer can today satisfy that desire to buy a quality used car—one that has not been "used to death," so to speak. Not only can a shrewd buyer "pick up" a quality car but he can get it at the kind of price he has dreamed about.

The past few months, because of the uncertain money market and because of the reductions in the price of some standard automobiles, has played havoc with the used car market.

However, it will be but a short time now until the market will be stabilized. Conditions are now improving and will continue to grow better rapidly.

Quality cars are our stock in trade. We handle the Cadillac, "the Standard of the World," and, generally speaking, the man who buys a Cadillac has a good car to "trade in."

Cadillac owners are quality buyers even in lower priced cars.

Every used car which we take in is put in first class shape, both mechanically and in appearance before we offer it for sale. We aim only to sell these cars for the "trade in" cost plus the expense of repairs, painting, etc. We expect no profit. Our profit comes from selling new Cadillac automobiles.

Grasp this opportunity—it is yours today. Tomorrow may be too late. At least come in and look them over.

Good used cars may never be so cheap again.

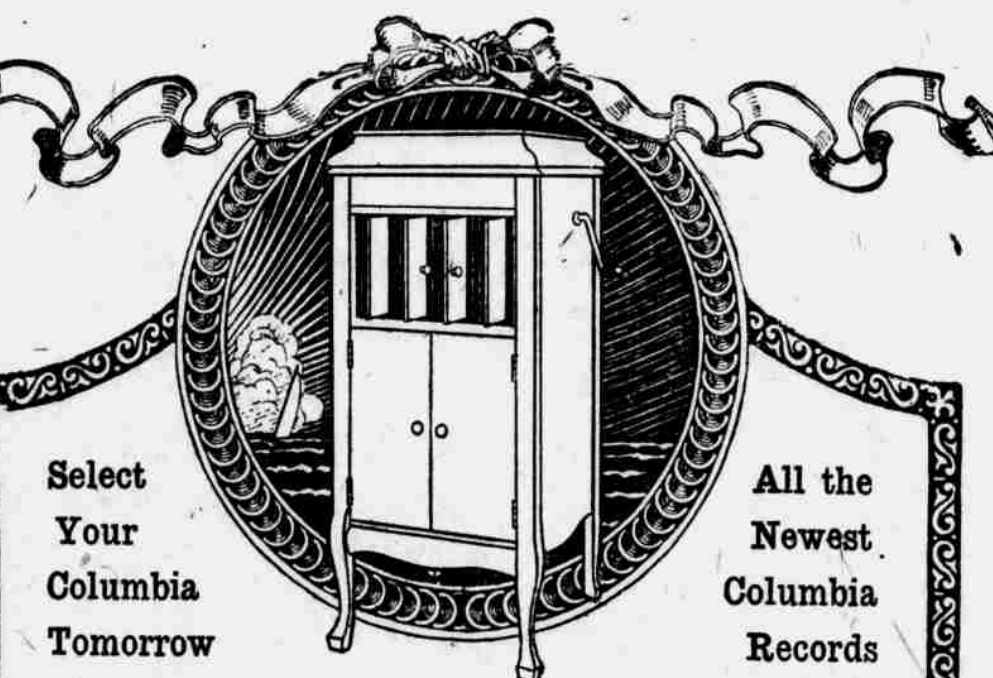
Consider what you get for your money. When you buy a used car buy a quality car.

"Open Evenings"

# J. H. Hansen Cadillac Co.

"A Safe Place to Buy"

Omaha. Lincoln.



Select Your Columbia Tomorrow

All the Newest Columbia Records

## Pay Us Only \$1.00 a Week

This positively astounding offer is made to you without the least hesitation on our part. We know that when you see the exquisite Columbia Grafonola models shown at Hartman's you will find one that pleases you—we know that when you put a Columbia Grafonola in your home you will never want to be without its wonderful influence.

Don't let another Sunday go by without your Columbia—select yours tomorrow and pay only \$1.00 a week from your earnings.

### Three New Records You Should Have

- Whispering, Fox Trot ..... Art Hickman's Orchestra \$3.01
- If a Wish Could Make It So ..... Art Hickman's Orchestra \$1.00
- Avalon (from Sinbad) ..... Al Johnson \$2.95
- Old Pal, Why Don't You Answer Me! ..... Henry Burr \$1.00
- The Japanese Sandman ..... Nora Bayes \$2.97
- You're Just as Beautiful at Sixty ..... Nora Bayes \$1.00

# Hartman's

Exclusive Columbia Shop  
415-17 South 16th St.