

Baptist Union Elects Officers

Dr. William Franklin Named President of Ministers and Deacons Group.

Dr. William Franklin was named president of the Ministers' and Deacons' union of the New Era Baptist association of Nebraska, now in session here, Tuesday morning.

Other officers elected are A. N. Harold, assistant president; W. J. Andrews, secretary; H. C. Garner, corresponding secretary; Rev. J. D. Davis, treasurer; and Rev. J. Burt, board member.

Present convention of the association opened in Omaha Monday. The association is divided into three departments: the Ministers' and Deacons' union, the women's auxiliary, whose sessions began Tuesday afternoon at 1:30, and the Association of Churches, sessions of which will begin Thursday afternoon at 1:30 and close with services Sunday afternoon at 3. Dr. W. F. Botts is moderator of this organization, and H. L. Anderson is secretary.

Dr. H. F. Botts, pastor of Zion church, Omaha, preached Tuesday morning at 11.

Widow of Early Nebraska Minister Dies in Omaha

Mrs. John Huston, widow of a pioneer Nebraska Presbyterian minister, died Tuesday morning at the home of her son, L. E. Huston, 3225 North Fifty-ninth street, Mrs. Huston had lived at the House of Hope for the last four or five years, until two weeks ago when she suffered a nervous stroke and was removed to the home of her son.

Rev. Mr. Huston, her husband, organized the First Presbyterian church at Atkinson, Neb., in 1832. He died 30 years ago.

Besides L. E. Huston, Mrs. Huston is survived by two other sons, J. J. Huston of Omaha and T. R. Huston of Milwaukee.

Funeral services will be held at the Kramer Undertaking establishment this afternoon at 2, following which the body will be taken to Atkinson, where Mrs. Huston will be buried beside her husband.

Man Wanted in Wyoming on Check Charge Held Here

H. V. Jones, living at 2120 California street under the name of Murphy, was arrested by Detective Franks Tuesday on information received from Sheridan, Wyo., where he is said to be wanted for passing worthless checks. He is held for investigation.

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER, Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Claude Wheeler, a Nebraska rancher, is disappointed in wedded life with Edna, daughter of Jason Boyce, a banker in Lincoln. After a year and a half together, Claude goes to visit her younger sister, Caroline, a missionary, who is ill, and she and three years in a smart dress and a camp and is commissioned a lieutenant. He had three years in a smart dress and a camp and is commissioned a lieutenant. He had three years in a smart dress and a camp and is commissioned a lieutenant.

BOOK FIVE—CHAPTER XVIII

"With us it's always a feast or a famine," the men groaned, when they sat down by the road to munch dry biscuits at noon. They had covered 15 miles that morning, and had still seven more to go. They were ordered to do the 25 miles in eight hours. No body had fallen out yet, but some of the boys looked pretty well wilted. Nifty Jones said he was done for. Sergeant Hicks was expostulating with the faint-hearted. He knew that if one man fell out, a dozen would.

"If I can do it, you can. It's worse on a fat man like me. This is no march to make a fuss about. Why, at Arras I talked with a little Tommy from one of those Pal battalions that got slaughtered on the Somme. His battalion marched 25 miles in six hours, in the heat of July, into certain death. They were all kids out of school, not a man of them over five-foot-three, called them the 'Bantams.' You've got to hand it to them, fellows."

"I'll hand anything to anybody, but I can't go no farther on these," Jones muttered, nursing his sore feet.

"On, you! We're going to have you onto the only horse in the company. The officers, they can walk!"

When they got into battalion lines there was food ready for them, but very few wanted it. They drank and lay down in the bushes. Claude went at once to headquarters and found Barclay Owens, of the Engineers, and studying his maps as usual.

"Glad to see you, Wheeler. Your men ought to be in good shape, after a week's rest. Let them sleep now. We've got to move out of here before midnight, to relieve two Texas battalions at Moltke trench. They've taken the trench with heavy casualties and are beat out; couldn't hold it in case of counter-attack. As it's an important point, the enemy will try to recover it. I want to get into position before daylight, so be woe! know fresh troops are coming in. As ranking officer, you are in charge of the company."

"Very well, sir. I'll do my best."

"I'm sure you will. Two machine gun teams are going up with us, and some time tomorrow a Missouri battalion comes up as support. I'd have had you over here before, but I only got my orders to relieve yesterday. We may have to advance under shell fire. The enemy has been putting a lot of big stuff over; he wants to cut off that trench."

Claude and David got into a fresh shell hole, under the half-burned scrub, and fell asleep. They were awakened at dusk by heavy artillery fire from the north.

At 10 o'clock the battalion, after a hot meal, began to advance through almost impassable country. The guns must have been pounding away at the same range for a long while; the ground was worked and knesed until it was soft as dough, though no rain had fallen for a week. Barclay Owens and his engineers were throwing down a plank road to get food and the ammunition wagons across. Big shells were coming over at intervals of 12 minutes. The intervals were so regular that it was quite possible to march forward without damage. While B company was pulling through the shell area, Colonel Scott, overtook them, on foot, his orderly leading his horse.

"Know anything about that light over there, Wheeler?" he asked.

"Well, it oughtn't to be there. Come along and see."

The light was a mere match-head noticed in the ground. Claude hadn't noticed it before. He followed the colonel, and when they reached the spark they found three officers of A company crouching in a shell crater, covered with a piece of sheet-iron.

"Put out that light, called the colonel sharply. 'What's the matter, Captain Brace?'"

A young man rose quickly. "I'm waiting for the water, sir. It's coming up on mules, in petrol cases, and I don't want to get separated from it. The ground's so bad here the drivers are likely to get lost."

"Don't wait more than 20 minutes you must get up and take your position on time, that's the important thing, water or no water."

As the colonel and Claude hurried back to overtake the company, big shells screamed over them in rapid succession. "Run, sir," the orderly called. "They're getting on to us; they've shortened the range."

"That light back there was just enough to give them an idea," the colonel muttered.

The bad ground continued for about a mile, and then the advance reached headquarters, behind the eighth trench of the great system of trenches. It was an old farmhouse which the Germans had made over with reinforced concrete, lining it within and without; until the walls were six feet thick and almost shell-proof, like a pill-box. The colonel sent his orderly to enquire about A company. A young lieutenant came to the door of the farmhouse.

"Where is Captain Brace, lieutenant?"

"He and both of our first lieutenants were killed, colonel. Back in that hole. A shell fell on them not five minutes after you were talking to them."

"That's bad. Any other damage?"

"Yes, sir. There was a cook wagon struck at the same time; the first one coming along Julius Caesar's new road. The driver was killed, and we had to shoot the horses. Captain Owens, he near got scalded with the steam."

The colonel called in the officers one after another and discussed their positions with them.

"Wheeler," he said when Claude's turn came, "you know your map? You've noticed that sharp loop in the front trench, in H 2,—the Boar's Head, I believe they call it. It's a sort of spear point that reaches out toward the enemy, and it will be a hot place to hold. If I put your company in there, do you think you can do the battalion's credit in case of a counter attack?"

Claude said he thought so.

"It's the nastiest bit of the line to hold, and you can tell your men I pay them a compliment when I put them there."

All right, sir. They'll appreciate it."

The colonel bit off the end of a fresh cigar. "They'd better, by thunder!"

head. When Barclay Owens arrived, he asked him what could be done here before daybreak. The doughy engineer felt his way about as Claude and Gerhardt had done; they heard him coughing and beating off the flies. But when he came back he seemed rather cheered than discouraged.

"Give me a gang to get the casualties out, and with plenty of quick-lime and concrete I can make this loop all right in four hours, sir," he declared.

"I've brought plenty of lime, but where'll you get your concrete?"

"The Hun left about fifty sacks of it in the cellar, under your headquarters. I can do better, of course, if I have a few hours more for my concrete to dry."

"Go ahead, captain." The colonel declared.

The boys went back to the colonel, who was standing at the mouth of the communication, and told him there was nothing much to report, except that the burying squad was needed badly.

"I expect!" The colonel shook his head.

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The pattered defenders of the Boar's Head stumbled past them through the darkness into the communication. When the last man had filed out, the colonel sent for Barclay Owens. Claude and David tried to feel their way about and get some idea of the condition the place was in. The trench was the worst they had yet encountered, but it was less disgusting than the flies; when they inadvertently touched a dead body, clouds of wet, buzzing flies flew up into their faces, into their eyes and nostrils. Under their feet the