

**Professional Directory.**

Office ..... 784 { Oliver Johnson, D.D.S. { Office over Harley's  
drug store  
1105 O street }

Office ..... 618 { Dr. Benj. F. Bailey { Office, Zehrung Block 9 to 10 a.m.  
Residence, 1818 C street 12 to 1 p.m., and by appointment. 12 to 12:30  
Evenings, by appointment. Sunday's 12 to 1 p.m., and by appointment. 2 to 4 p.m.

{ Dr. J. B. Trickey,  
Refractivist only { Office, 1035 O street ..... 9 to 12 a.m.  
1 to 4 p.m.

**DENTISTS.**

Office ..... 530. { Louis N. Wente, D.D.S. { Office, rooms 26, 27 and  
1, Brownell Block, 127 so 11th street.

**Lincoln Infirmary of Osteopathy,**  
**Farmers and Merchants Building.**

**Business Directory.**

Office, 12, 13, Montgomery blk { C. W. Chambers { Real Estate, Fire Insur  
Phone 507. Res 645 North 16 } ance Surety Bonds.

**INSURE IN THE PHENIX**

LANDY C. GLARK, Agent.

1009 O street.

Telephone 105.

**C. M. Seitz,**  
**GOOD LUCK GROCERY**

1107 O Street, Telephone 626.

**POPULAR BECAUSE GOOD**

There are concentrated Flavoring Extracts made with best crude ingredients, (that's why they're so pure and strong.) Bottles are larger than the customary Grocer's short-measure, flat-sided kind. Take a bottle home if you are not satisfied bring it back and exchange it for any other equal-priced goods in the store or get your money back.

RIGGS' PHARMACY CUT RATE DRUGGIST,  
Funke Opera House, 12th and O st



**D. K. DePutron**  
**Photo Supplies.**

ROOM 5,  
1041 O St.  
Lincoln, Nebr.

**SOCIETY****The Return of the Regiment.**

That great event upon which the heart of a people has waited, became very truth to us of Lincoln on Tuesday evening at nine.

Through these last dragging days the slow hours have trailed like years to the mother, whose boys were on the long trains which climbed the mountains, swept over the long plain and across Nebraska's fields of corn. Since the train left San Francisco, Nebraska, Argus-eyed, has kept watch westward and her words to the watchmen have been, "What of my sons?"

The capital city from whose gates Nebraska's troops poured out a year and more ago, held her breath and waited. Robed in the colors of glory she sat all day in the midst of her sunlit plains and watched for the first-born, until they came with the night. Before darkness had fairly settled, multitudes thronged the streets, pouring in converging streams down all the ways to the Burlington depot. There, as if finding a level, they fed a wide, restless flood, which poured through the waiting rooms, spread itself along the tracks, filled the empty trains and even climbed to the roofs of surrounding buildings and cars. Faces looked out from every window. Southward the viaduct loomed dimly, its entire length overflowed with a dark stream of watchers. Down by the tracks was pandemonium. Above the ceaseless clamor of tongues, the wail of horns, the uproar and the cheering, the crack, crack of revolvers and muskets rose, frenzied and shrill, the never ending scream of the steam whistles. After hours of this nerve fraying waiting they came. Through all the tumult pierced the whistle of the engine, pulling the first section, and as its gigantic eye came in sight the cannon roared to the people and the people roared back. As that great calm eye drew slowly, slowly nearer, the surging mass of people went mad, waved their arms, their hats, enough handkerchiefs to rig a ship, screamed themselves hoarse, thus bestowing upon the arrivals the ultimate evidence of American approval and affection. Strange and much commented upon fact! What an American can loves he yells at, with all his heart, and all his lungs, and all his might. This is the first American commandment, and the second is like unto it, "make all the noise you can." In marked contrast to the excited, gesticulating crowds through which it came, was the slow majestic progress of the train, with its calmly smiling soldier-boys crowding the platforms and windows. Slow and certain as the wheels of the mills of the gods which has ground us out such a strange grist this year past. As this train pulled in, stopped and a thin stream of blue could be seen here and there threading the crowd whose units crushed each other to make room, as they do in other lands when royalty passes. And not mistakenly, for that faded blue is indeed the nation's purple.

And it was not a merely local interest and feeling that made these people willing to endure suffocation for the priceless privilege of seeing them eat and drink, or hearing them speak, while others almost threw themselves under the wheels of the other two sections as they slowly pulled in. People rushed on the trains in eager search for their loved ones; people who had no kin, but were kin to all, cheered and watched with worshipful eyes. The band played as never before and could not be heard. Never were flags so bright, nor the world so glad. For our boys were home from the weary marches and the cruel battles. Here and there in the edges of the encroaching darkness, were scenes too sacred for even the sympathetic onlooker. When the boy who had torn himself from the grasp of friends and followed burriedly after his kin folks, found mother where she stood waiting. Were ever such soldiers? So brown, so brave, so stalwart and manly? And yet so boyish withal, some of them, that the sight of their young faces, with the memory of a score of far and well-fought fields brought the quick tears.

In the days of arbitration will the nations heart ever beat for her sons who arbitrate as it beats now for the boys who have carried her colors on their bayonets through the swamps of Luzon? and what of the night when we shall know no home comings like this?

There were those who stood in the crowd Tuesday night and remembered the unreturning, and their welcome was for them.

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

A reception was given to Company D, and all Lancaster county soldiers, by the Woman's patriotic league, at the Capitol on Thursday evening. So immense was the crowd which filled the corridors long before the hour appointed for beginning the program, that it was necessary to admit a part of the crowd to the representative hall before room could be made for the entrance of the soldiers. The company then marched in, preceded by the young ladies' auxiliary, passing between two lines of the members of the reception committee, standing on either side of the central aisle. The committee consisted of the following persons: Messrs. and Mesdames C. H. Gere, J. E. Orcutt, E. J. Burkett, J. B. Strode, Ex-Governor and Mrs. S. A. Holcomb, Governor and Mrs. Poynter, and all state officers, Professor and Mrs. Hodgman, Dr. and Mrs. Huntington, Professor and Mrs. Aylesworth, Mayor and Mrs. Winnett, Colonel and Mrs. Campbell, Colonel and Mrs. Vifquain, Judge and Mrs. Reese, Mrs. S. M. Walker and Miss Walker. The hall was beautifully and artistically decorated with flags and flowers. After the company was seated Mrs. D. G. King, chairman of the Woman's patriotic league, announced the program, which was bright and interesting. Excellent and inspiring music was furnished by the band to which Mrs. King continually referred as "this famous Hagenow's band." The speeches were crisp, well delivered and to the point. Miss Pauline Maud Oakley sang, Home, Sweet Home, in a manner beautiful and satisfying. Miss Gerhart recited, Old Glory, in strong, clear ringing tones, and with such fire and inspiration that she was enthusiastically recalled. She responded with a short, humorous skit. Several substitutions in the program were necessary. Mrs. W. J. Bryan