

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA

Has Landed in New York City With His Suite, and Has Been Accorded a Hearty Reception.

THE BANKERS RESERVE LIFE

As an American Public Institution Joins in a Royal American Welcome.

Americans have no especial reverence for kings or emperors, for monarchies or inherited public titles. But the American people rejoice at the opportunity of welcoming royalty to her shores when royalty comes representing a great nation...

ALL SISTER NATIONS.

Prince Henry will find Americans hospitably huzzing wherever he appears and invites him to carry back to the stalwart nation which honors him as a prince royal a message of amity and genuine friendship.

Germany and America are never likely to engage in any form of warfare involving armies and navies, whatever commercial reprisals and controversies may come into their business relations.

THE BANKERS RESERVE LIFE

admires the German character, the German nation and the German loyalty to the German fatherland. Among its policy holders it numbers many of German birth and descent. It claims the right, therefore, to join with Americans generally in the felicities of this occasion.

Should Prince Henry come to Omaha

B. H. ROBISON, PRESIDENT,

will be more than pleased to show the royal guest that here in Nebraska we have built up a life insurance company in four years which ranks among the best in the union for its age. It would probably startle him to know that one of the oldest and strongest eastern companies was sixteen years old before it reached the volume of business carried today by the Bankers Reserve Life.

PRINCE HENRY IN OMAHA

would be a notable guest. He would say with every other thoughtful person that it is folly to send away \$1,500,000 of savings annually to secure indemnity which can as well be purchased at home.

The German government is strong because of the loyalty of its people to the fatherland. The west can be strong upon the same principle. Let us stand by our home enterprises. Three new states are to be opened immediately. Write to B. H. Robison, president, Omaha, Neb., for territory and terms, for general, state or special agencies of the Bankers Reserve Life.

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Anecdotes With a Religious Flavoring

AFTER the bishop of Liverpool preached a sermon recently an old woman was heard to say: "Never was I so disappointed. I never heard a bishop. I thought I'd hear something great. But I could understand every word he said."

Rev. Dr. Nextly, in pursuance of a design to deliver a series of discourses on the mountains of the bible, made the following announcement:

"Next Sunday evening, brethren, I shall preach a sermon on Mount Ararat."

And after the services were over, relates the Chicago Tribune, Aunt Ann Peebles went forward to say goodby and wish him a pleasant voyage and a safe return.

General Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America tells a story of a prayer meeting held in New York on the east side during the recent mayoralty campaign. In the midst of a prayer, he relates, one pious brother said: "O Lord, we pray Thee that the democratic party may hang together in the coming election." "Amen, answer prayer, Lord," put in a republican who was near. "But I do not mean it as the republican brother means it, Lord. I pray that we may hang together in concord and accord," continued the democrat. "Amen, Lord," again said the republican; "any cord, so long as they hang."

A story is told of a certain English bishop well known for his verbosity, who rose to address the House of Lords on a very important occasion. "I will divide my speech under twelve heads," he said, to the discomfort of his audience. The marquis of Salisbury begged to be allowed to interpose with a little anecdote. "A friend of mine was returning home late one night," he said, "when opposite St. Paul's he saw an intoxicated man trying to ascertain the time on the big clock there. Just then it began to strike and slowly tolled out 12. The man listened, looked hard at the clock, and said: 'Confound you, why couldn't you have said that all at once?'" The bishop heartily joined in the laughter which followed and took the hint contained in the story.

The good minister of a Scottish parish had once upon a time a great wish for an old couple to become teetotalers, which they were in no wise eager to carry out. After much pressing, however, they consented, laying down as a condition that they should be allowed to keep a bottle of "auld kirk" for medicinal purposes. About a fortnight afterward John began to feel his resolution weakening, but he was determined not to be the first to give way. In another week, however, he collapsed entirely. "Jenny, woman," he said, "I've an awfu' pain in my head; ye nicht gie me a wee drapple an' see gin it'll dee me any gude." "Well, gudeman," she replied, "ye're owre late o' askin', for ever sin' that bottle cam' into the hoose I've been bothered sae with pains i' my head, 't is a' dune an' there's nae drapple left."

An evangelist who is making many converts in Holton, Kan., preaches like this:

"The man who poses as a skeptic and will not listen to conclusive proof as to the truth of God's word is a dishonest puppy."

"You may announce yourself as a man, but when you go into partnership with whisky, either by your vote or support, you become a dirty, low down, white-livered devil."

"Don't tell me you are an atheist, and then go 'round pouring out blister-mouthed profanity in the name of a God you don't believe in, you skillet-headed old scrub."

"The men that can be bought at a big price here won't bring 15 cents a dozen in hell. I am reaching for you—politician."

In making the announcements to his congregation recently, reports the San Francisco Wave, an Episcopal minister, whose parish is not more than a thousand miles from San Francisco, said:

"Remember our communion service next Sunday. The Lord is with us in the forenoon and the bishop in the evening."

Here is another lapsus lingue, which had its origin in a Sunday school out in the mission. The superintendent was making a fervid prayer a few Sundays ago and asked divine blessing upon each and every enterprise in which the school was interested. He closed his petition to the throne of grace in the following words:

"And now, oh, Lord, bless the lambs of this fold and make them meet for the kingdom of heaven. Amen."

A gentleman prominent in one of the state departments had occasion recently to visit New York, relates the Albany (N. Y.) Argus. Upon his way back he was seated at dinner opposite a gentleman whom, by the cut of his frock, the white tie and general appearance, he took to be a clergyman. The waiter entered with the dinner ordered by the supposed clergyman. He was a pompous dandy, with a pronounced strut and dignity to give away.

Just then the train rounded a curve and before the waiter could get off his dignity the tray was tipped a little and a bottle of salad oil fell into the "clergyman's" soup, breaking the dish and spattering soup all over his clothes, white tie and

gray whiskers. The clerical gentleman exhibited all the external appearance of having an apoplectic fit, but before he could say a word the waiter gathered up the tablecloth with all its contents and was out of sight in a minute. The "clergyman" turned to the Albanian and emphatically remarked: "My God! ain't he the limit!"

The widow of an English army officer was visiting me with her son, a charming little fellow about 5 years old, relates Harper's Magazine. The mother told me with pride how honorable he was, how high-minded, and that she had never for an instant seen in him indications of any traits that were low or base.

The child was put to bed every night at 5. We dined at 7. I was sitting in the drawing room one evening before dinner. The room was dark, the doors open, and my seat commanded a view of both the stairway and the dining room. The table was set, and in the center was a dish of tempting peaches.

Presently there came to my ears the patter of little bare feet, and a childish figure, clad in a night gown, stole down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining room, up to the table. Small fingers seized the topmost peach from the dish, and the little fellow turned and trotted away upstairs again.

As I sat in the dark, in an agony of apprehension, there came again the patter, patter of little feet, and a white-clad figure stole down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining room, up to the table. Small fingers replaced the stolen peach just where it had been, and a stubborn little voice muttered, "Done again, old devil!"

He was a typical small boy, who lived in a well-to-do town in the western part of the state, with pride in his native home and a vague idea that the city people considered all outsiders as small potatoes and few in a hill at that.

Now, when his mother brought him to Milwaukee to visit her brother, relates the Milwaukee Sentinel, he held his head proudly and intended to convey the idea that he and his were of some importance.

His uncle took him to see the different big buildings, including the Pabst theater, the library, postoffice and the various churches.

On Sunday they were seated in St. Paul's. The mother turned her head to take in the beauty of the pictured windows with their pretty colorings, and secretly wished her lot had fallen in the city, but the boy sat bolt upright as though such surroundings were very common to him.

When they reached home his uncle remarked: "Well, Tommy, the church is something grand compared with your buildings in C—."

With an impatient toss of his head, Mr. Impertinence announced: "It wouldn't make a woodbox for our Baptist church."

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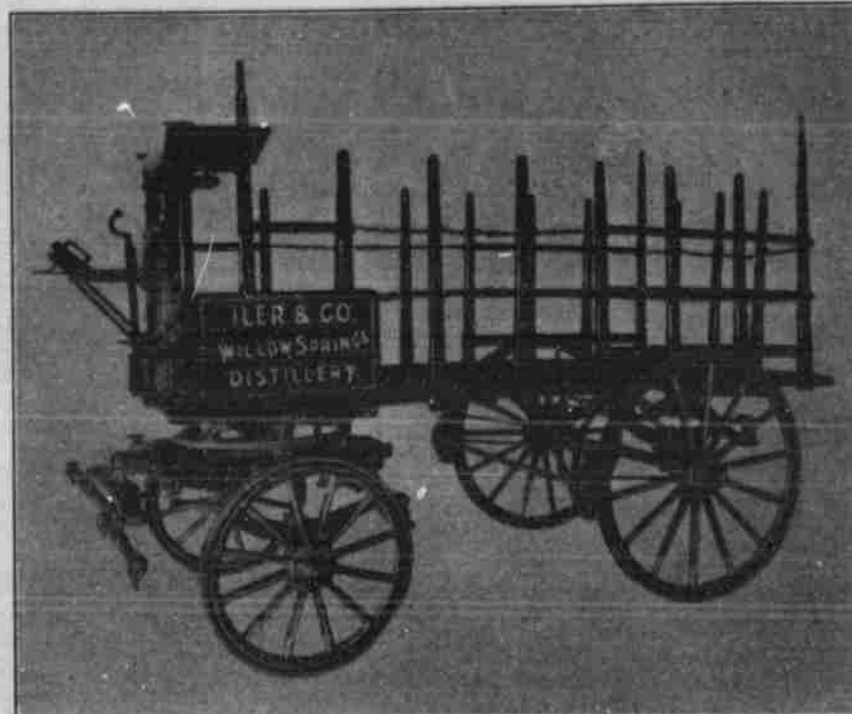
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