

# IV. The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss,

[Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.]



ary folk frequent It. But the Pilsner is yet good, and I take some diversion from the conversation of walter No. 18.

For many years the customers of Old Munich have accepted the place as a faithful copy from the ancient German town. The big hall with its smoky rafters, rows of imported steins, portrait of Goethe and verses painted on the walls -translated into German from the origtnal of the Cincinnati poets-seems atmospherically correct when viewed through the bottom of a glass.

But not long ago the proprietors added the room above, called it the Little Rheinschloss and built in a stairway. Up there was an imitation stone parapet, ivy covered, and the walls were painted to represent depth and distance, with the Rhine winding at the base of the vineyarded slopes and the castle of Ehrenbreitstein looming directly opposite the entrance. Of course there were tables and chairs, and you could have beer and food brought you.

I went into Old Munich one afternoon when there were few customers and sat at my usual table near the statrway. I was shocked and almost displeased to perceive that the glass clgar case by the orchestra stand had been smashed to smithereens. I did not like things to happen in Old Muaich. Nothing had ever happened there before

Waiter No. 18 came and breathed on my neck. I was his by right of dis-Eighteen's brain was built covery. like a corral. It was full of ideas which, when he opened the gate, came huddling out like a flock of sheep that might get together afterward or might not. I did not shine as a shepherd. As a type Eighteen fitted nowhere. I did not find out if he had a nationality. family, creed, grievance, hobby, soul, preference, home or vote. He only came always to my table and, as long as his leisure would permit, let words flutter from him like swallows leaving a barn at daylight.

"How did the cigar case come to be broken, Eighteen?" I asked with a certain feeling of personal grievance. "I can tell you about that, sir," said

he, resting his foot on the chair next to "Did you ever have anybody hand you a double handful of good luck while both your hands was full of bad inck, and stop to notice how your finsers behaved?" "No riddles, Eighteen." said L "Leave out paimistry and manicuring." "You remember," said Eighteen, "the ruy in the hammered brass Prince Albert and the oroide gold pants and the amaigamated copper bat, that carried the combination meat ax, ice pick and Mberty pole, and used to stand on the first landing as you go up to the Little Rindslosh?"

was the halberdier's hours. He got two meals with us help and \$1 a night. I eat with him at the table. He liked me. He never told his name. He was traveling impromptu, like kings, I guess. The first time at supper I says to him, 'Have some more of the spuds, Mr. Frelinghuysen.' 'Oh, don't be so formal and offish, Eighteen,' says he. 'Call me Hal-that's short for halberdier.' 'Oh, don't think wanted to pry for names,' says L. I know all about the dizzy fall from wealth and greatness. We've got a count washing dishes in the kitchen, and the third bartender used to be a Pullman conductor. And they work,

Sir Percival,' says I, sarcastic. 'Eighteen,' says he, 'as a friendly devil in a cabbage scented hell, would you mind cutting up this piece of steak for me? I don't say that it's got more muscle than I have, but'- And then he shows me the insides of his hands. They was blistered and cut and corned and swelled up till they looked like a couple of flank steaks crisscrossed with a knife-the kind the butchers hide and take home, knowing what is

the best. "'Shoveling coal,' says he, 'and pfling bricks and loading drays. But they gave out, and I had to resign. I born for a halberdier, and I've was been educated for twenty-four years to fill the position. Now quit knocking my profession and pass along a lot more of that ham. I'm holding the closing exercises,' says he, 'of a fortyeight hour fast.'

"The second night he was on the job he walks down from his corner to the cigar case and calls for cigarettes. The customers at the tables all snicker out loud to show their acquaintance with history. The boss is on.

"'An,' let's see-oh, yes, 'An anarchism,' says the boss. 'Cigarettes was not made at the time when halberdiers was invented.

"The ones you sell was,' says Sir Percival. 'Caporal wins from chronology by the length of a cork tip.' So he gets 'em and lights one and puts the box in his brass helmet and goes back to patroling the Rindslosh.

"He made a big hit, 'specially with the ladies. Some of 'em would poke him with their fingers to see if he was real or only a kind of a stuffed figure like they burn in elegy. And when he'd move they'd squeak and make eyes at him as they went up to the slosh. He looked tine in his halberdashery. He slept at \$2 a week in a ball room on Third avenue. He invited me up there one night. He had a little book on the washstand that he read instead of shopping in the saloons after hours. 'I'm on to that.' says 1, from reading about it in novels. All the heroes on the bum carry the little book. It's either Tantalus or Liver or Horace and is printed in Latin, and you're a college man. And I wouldn't be surprised,' says I, 'if you wasn't educated too.' But it was only the batting averages of the league for the last ten years.

"One night about half past 11 there comes in a party of these high rollers that are always hunting up new places to eat in and poke fun at. There was a swell girl in a forty H.-P. auto tan vell, and white side whiskers, and a young chap that couldn't keep his feet off the tail of the girl's coat, and an oldish lady that looked upon life as immoral and

"'Have you-have you lost your money? she asks. "Sir Percival studies a minute.

"'I am poorer,' says he, 'than the poorest sandwich man on the street-if I don't earn my living."

'You call this work? says she. 'I thought a man worked with his hands or his head instead of becoming a mountebank."

"The calling of a halberdier,' says he, 'is an ancient and honorable one. Sometimes,' says he, 'the man-at-arms at the door has saved the castle while the plumed knights were cake walking in the banquet halls above."

"'I see you're not ashamed,' says she, 'of your peculiar tastes. I wonder, though, that the manhood I used to think I saw in you didn't prompt you to draw water or hew wood instead of publicly flaunting your ignominy in this disgraceful masquerade." "Sir Percival kind of rattles his ar-

mor and says: 'Helen, will you suspend sentence in this matter for just a little while? You don't understand,' says he. T've got to hold this job down a bit onger.'

"'You like being a harlequin-or halberdier, as you call it? says she.

"'I wouldn't get thrown out of the job just now,' says he, with a grin, 'to be appointed minister to the court of St. James.

"And then the forty H.-P. girl's eyes sparkled as hard as diamonds.

'Very well,' says she. 'You shall have full run of your serving man's tastes this night.' And she swims over to the boss' desk and gives him a smile that knocks the specks off his nose.

"'I think your Rindslosh,' says she, 'is as beautiful as a dream. It is a little slice of the old wor'd set down in New York. We shall have a nice supper up there, but if you will grant us one favor the illusion will be perfect-give us your halberdier to wait on our table."

"That hit the boss' antiology hobby just right. 'Sure,' says be, 'dot vill be fine. Und der orchestra shall blay "Die Wacht am Rhein" all der time.' And he goes over and tells the halberdier to go upstairs and hustle the grub at the swells' table.

"'I'm on the job,' says Sir Percival, taking off his helmet and hanging it on his halberd and leaning 'em in the corner. The girl goes up and takes her seat, and I see her jaw squared tight under her smile. 'We're going to be waited on by a real halberdier,' says she, 'one who is proud of his profession. Isn't it sweet?'

'Ripping.' says the swell young man. 'Much prefer a waiter.' says the fat old gent. 'I hope he doesn't come from a cheap museum,' says the old lady; 'he might have microbes in his costume.

"Before he goes to the table Sir Percival takes me by the arm. 'Eighteen.' says he. 'I've got to pull off this job without a blunder. You coach me straight or I'll take that halberd and make hash out of you.' And then he goes up to the table with his coat of mail on and a napkin over his arm and walts for the order.

"Why, it's Deering!' says the young well. 'Hello, old man. What the'-

"Beg pardon, sir,' interrupts the halberdier. 'I'm waiting on the table.'

he made the finest, neatest little speech I ever listened to. I can't give. you the words, of course. He give the millionaires a lovely roast in a sarcas-

tic way, describing their automobiles and opera boxes and diamonds. And then he got around to the working classes and the kind of grub they eat and the long hours they work and all that kind of stuff-bunkum, of course.

'The restless rich,' says he, 'never content with their luxuries, always prowling among the haunts of the poor and humble, amusing themselves with the imperfections and misfortunes of their fellow men and women. And even here, Herr Brockmann,' he says, 'in this beautiful Rindslosh, a grand and enlightening reproduction of old world history and architecture, they come to disturb its symmetry and picturesqueness by demanding in their arrogance that the halberdier of the castle wait upon their table! I have faithfully and conscientiously,' says he, 'performed my duties as a halberdier. I know nothing of a waiter's duties. It was the insolent whim of these transient, pampered aristocrats that I should be detailed to serve them food. Must I be blamed-must I be deprived of the

means of a livelihood,' he goes on, 'on account of an accident that was the



result of their own presumption and haughtiness? But what hurts me more than all.' says Sir Percival. 'is the desecration that has been done to this splendid Rindslosh-the confiscation of its halberdier to serve menially at the banquet hoard.'

piffle, but it caught the boss.

"Mein Gott,' says he, 'you vas right. Ein halberdier have not got der right to dish up soup. Him I vill not discharge. Have anoder waiter if you like und let mein halberdier go back

# **OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST**

Important Occurrences of Past Week Briefly Compiled for Gur Readers.

Lebanon will celebrate "Cleanup Day" Thursday, April 27.

The hotel men of the state convened at Eugene April 19 and 20.

The East Umatilla County track meet was held at Umapine.

Some 2,000,000 pounds of wool have been contracted for in eastern Oregon. Fire destroyed the sub-station of the Drain electric light plant with \$1000 loss.

The organization of a chamber of commerce in The Dalles has been perfacted.

The Marion county enrollment in industrial club work totals 1000 boys and girls.

John G. Lanterman, 69 years old, pioneer of the southern Oregon country, died at Grants Pass.

Clatskanie has decided to rent out its city jail, which has not been occupled for more than a year.

Lodge Offered As Candidate By T. R. Chicago.-Before the conventions made their nominations, Colonel Roosevelt, in a message to the progressive convention, suggested the name of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, as a compromise candidate upon whom both parties could unite. The suggestion was laid before both conventions shortly before the nominations were made.

Taft to Give Hughes Active Support. Philadelphia .- "Will you take the stump for Hughes?" former President Taft was asked here.

"I am a soldier in the ranks, ready to take orders and do my duty. Judge Hughes will have my heartiest active support," Taft replied.

# **Daily Mails**

Mails at the Lents postoffice arrive and depart daily, except Sunday, as fol-

Arrive	
6:00 A. M	4.
12:50 P. M	d.
3:30 P. N	1.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

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# At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church 9:45 a. m. Bible School. 11 a. m. Freaching service. 8:00 p. m. Evening services.
7:00 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting.
8:00 Thursday Prayer meeting.
Everybody welcome to any and all of these services.

W. T. S. Spriggs, pastor,

#### Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church

- 10 a. m. Sabbath School
- 11 a. m. Morning worship. 7:p. m. Y. P. S. C. E.
- 7:45 p. m. Evening worship. 7:30 p. m. Tnursday, midweek service.
- 8 p. m. Thursday, choir practice. Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter s Catholic Church

Sundays: 8 a. m. Low Mass. 10:30 a. m. High Mass. 8:30 a. m. Sunday School. 12 M. Choir rehearsal. Week days: Mass at 8 a. m.

### Seventh Day Adventist Church

10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School. 11 a. m. Saturday preaching. 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting. 7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

#### Kern Park Christain Church

Corner 69th St. and 46th Ave. S. E. 10 a. m. Bible School, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching ser-

vice. 6:30 p. m. Christain Endeavor. 7:30p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer

meeting. A cordial welcome to all.

Rev. G. K. Berry, Pastor.

#### St. Pauls Episcopal Church

One block south of Woodmere station. Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8 p. m. No other services that day. Every other Sunday the regular cor-

Every other Sunday and vices will be as usual. Evening Prayer and sermon at 4 p. m. Sunday School meets at 3 p. m. B. Boatwright, Supt., L. Maffett, Sec. Rev. O. W. Tavlor Rector.

# Lents Evangelical Church

Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a.m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m., Albert Fankhauser, Superintendent. Y. P. A. 6:15 p. m. Paul Bradford,

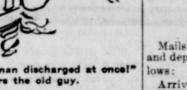
President. Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m. A cordial welcome to all. T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

#### Lents Friend's Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School, Mrs. Mand Keach, Superintendent. 11:00 a. m Preaching services. 6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor. 7:30 p. m. Preaching Services. 8:00 p. m. Thureday, mid-week 8:00 p. m. Thureday, mar and ser-prayer meeting. A cordial welcome to all these ser-John Riley, Pastor.

# Lents Baptist Church

Lord's Day. Bible School 9:45 a. m. Morning worship, 11 a. m. Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30



"Even I could see that this stuff was

"Why, yes," said I. "The halberdier. I never noticed him particularly. I remember I thought he was only a suit of armor. He had a perfect poise."

"He had more than that," said Bighteen. "He was me friend. He was an advertisement. The boss bired him to stand on the stairs for a kind of scenery to show there was some-Bing doing in the has-been line upstairs. What did you call him-a what Mind of a beer?"

"A halberdier," said I. "That was an ancient man-at-arms of many hundred years ago."

"Some mistake," said Eighteen. "This one wasn't that old. He wasn't over twenty-three or four.

"It was the boss' idea, rigging a man up in an antebellum suit of tinware and standing him on the landing of the slosh. He bought the goods at a Fourth avenue antique store and hung a sign out: 'Ablebodied halberdier wanted. Costume furnished.

"The same morning a young man with wrecked good clothes and a hungry look comes in, bringing the sign with him. I was filling the mustard pots at my station.

"'I'm it.' says he, 'whatever it is. But I never halberdiered in a restaurant. Put me on. Is it a masquerade? "'I hear talk in the kitchen of a fishball,' says I.

"'Bully for you, Eighteen,' says be. 'You and I'll get on. Show me the boss' desk.'

"Well, the boss tries the Harveymed pajamas on him, and they fitted him like the scales on a baked redsnapper, and he gets the job. You've seen what it is. He stood straight up in the corner of the first landing with his halberd to his shoulder, looking straight?" right ahead and guarding the Portugais of the castle. The boss is nutty says she. 'Is it a practical joke, such dress. It'll cost at least \$600. Disabout having the true old world flavor as men ray in those Griddlecake and charge this awkward lout at once or to his joint. 'Halberdiers goes with Lamb clubs? I'm afraid I don't see I'll sue you for the price of it.' Rindsloshes,' says he, 'just as rats the point. I heard, vaguely, that you goes with rathskellers and white cotton stockings with Tyrolean villages.' have not seen you or heard from you.' on I vill haf to"-The boss is a kind of a antiologist and is all posted up on data and such in; says the statue. 'I'm working," says Sir Percival, easy and smilling. formation.

"From 8 p. m. to 2 in the morning work means."



"I'm halberdiering for my living," says the statue.

annecessary. 'How perfectly delightful,' they says, 'to sup in a slosh!' Up the stairs they go, and in half a minute back down comes the girl, her skirts swishing like the waves on the beach. She stops on the landing and looks our halberdier in the eye.

reminded me of lemon sherbet. I was waiting upstairs in the slosh, then, and I was right down here by the door. putting some vinegar and cayenne into an empty bottle of tabasco, and I heard all they said.

"'It,' says Sir Percival, without moving. T'm only local color. Are my slosh on the jump. hauberk, helmet and halberd on

"'Is there any explanation to this?" were away. For three months I-we "'T'm halberdiering for my living.'

and any in the second second and the second s

a Boston bull. 'So, Deering,' he says, 'you're at work yet.'

'Yes, str,' says Sir Percival, gulet and gentlemanly as I could have been myself, 'for almost three months now.' 'You haven't been discharged dur-

ing the time?' asks the old man. 'Not once, str.' says he. 'though I've

had to change my work several times.' "'Walter,' orders the girl, short and sharp, 'another napkin.' He brings her one, respectful.

"I never saw more devil, if I may say ft, stirred up in a lady. There was two bright red spots on her cheeks, and her eyes looked exactly like a wildcat's I'd seen in the zoo. Her foot kept slapping the floor all the time.

"'Walter,' she orders, 'bring me filtered water without ice. Bring me a footstool. Take away this empty saltcellar.' She kept him on the jump. She was sure giving the halberdier his. "There wasn't but a few customers up in the slosh at that time, so I hung out near the door so I could help Sh Percival serve.

"He got along fine with the olives and celery and the blue points. They was easy. And then the consomme came up the dumb waiter all in one blg silver tureen. Instead of serving it from the side table he picks it up between his hands and starts to the dining table with it. When nearly there he drops the tureen smash on the foor, and the soup soaks all the lower part of that girl's swell silk dress.

'Stupid-incompetent!' says she, giving him a look. 'Standing in a corner with a halberd seems to be your mission in life."

" 'Pardon me, lady,' says he. 'It was just a little bit botter than blazes. I couldn't help it.'

"The old man pulls out a memorandum book and hunts in it. "The 25th of April, Deering,' says he. 'I know "You,' she says, with a smile that it.' says Sir Percival. 'And ten minutes to 12 o'clock,' says the old man. 'By Jupiter, you haven't won yet!' And he pounds the table with his fist and yells to me: 'Watter, call the manager at once. Tell him to hurry here as fast as he can.' I go after the boss, and old Brockmann hikes up to the

> "'I want this man discharged at once!" roars the old guy. 'Look what he's done. Ruined my daughter's

> "'Dis is had pizness,' says the boss. Six hundred dollars is much. I reck-

"Walt a minute, Herr Brockmann, he. 'I don't suppose you know what But he was worked up under his tin suitings; I could see that. And then pened."

und stand mit his balberd. But, gentlemen,' he says, pointing to the old man, 'you go ahead and sue mit der dress. Sue me for \$800 or \$6,000. stand der suit.' And the boss puffs off downstairs. Old Brockmann was an all right Dutchman.

"Just then the clock strikes 12, and the old guy laughs loud. 'You win, Deering,' says he. 'Let me explain to all,' he goes on. 'Some time ago Mr. Deering asked me for something that I did not want to give him.' il looks at the girl, and she turns as red as a pickled beet.) 'I told him,' says the old guy, 'if he would earn his own living for three months without once being **Reliable Shoe** discharged for incompetence I would give him what he wanted. It seems that the time was up at 12 o'clock tonight. I came near fetching you, though. Deering, on that soup queetion,' says the old boy, standing up and

grabbing Sir Percival's hand. "The halberdier lets out a yell and jumps three feet high.

"Look out for those hands," says he. and he holds 'em up. You never saw such hands except on a laborer in a limestone quarry.

"'Heavens, boy,' says old side whiskers, 'what have you been doing to 'em ?'

'Oh,' says Sir Percival, 'little chores like hauling coal and excavating rock till they went back on me. And when I couldn't hold a pick or a whip I took up halberdiering to give 'em a rest. Tureens full of hot soup don't seem to be a particularly soothing treatment.' "I would have bet on that girl. That high tempered kind always go as far the other way, according to my experience. She whizzes round the table like a cyclone and catches both his hands in hers. 'Poor hands! Dear hands." she sings out and sheds tears on 'em and holds 'em close to her bosom. Well, sir, with all the Rindslosh scenery it was just like a play. And the halberdier sits down at the table at the girl's side, and I served the rest of the supper. And that was about all, except that he shed his hardware store and went with 'em."

"But you haven't told me, Eighteen," said I, "how the cigar case came to be broken."

"Oh, that was last night?" said Eighteen. "Sir Percival and the girl drove up in a cream colored motorcar and had dinner in the Rindslosh. 'The same table, Billy,' I heard her say as they went up. I waited on 'em. We've got a new halberdier, a bowlegged guy with a face like a sheep. As they came downstairs Sir Percival passes him a ten case note. The new halberdier drops his halberd, and it fails on the eigar case. That's how that hap-

P. m. B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m. Evening worship, 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome to these services. J. M. Nelson, Pastor. Phone Tabor 5542 M. N. SADLER Lents Station Portland, Oregon

Depart

7:15 A. M.

12:30 P. M.

5:30 P. M.

Fifth Church of Christ

Fifth Church of Christ. Scientist of Portland, Ore. Myrtle Park Hall, Myrtle Park. Services Sunday 11 a. m. Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m. Wednesday evening testimonial meeting 8 p. m.

Lents M. E. Church

Sunday School 9:45. a. m. Preaching 11:00 a. m. Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m. Epworth League 6:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. W. R. F. Browne, pastor. Residence 5703 83rd St.

### Laurelwood M. E. Church

9:45 a. m. Sunday school. 11:00 a. m. preaching. 12:30 a. m. class meeting. 6:30 p. m. Epworth League. 7:30 p. m. preaching. The pastor is assisted by a chorns choir and the Amphion Male Quartette. 8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service.

Dr. C. R. Carlos, pastor.

#### German Evangelical Reformed Church

Corner Woodstock Ave., and 87th St. Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m. Morning Worship, 11 a. m. Y. P. S. at 7:30 p. m. German School and Catechetical Chass Saturday 10 a. m.

#### Third United Brethren Church

10 a. m. Sunday School.

- 11 a. m. Preaching.
- 3 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor.
- 6:30 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor.

# Brentwood M. E. Church

10 a. m. Sunday School. 11 a. m. Preaching service. Rev. W. L. Wilson, Pastor.

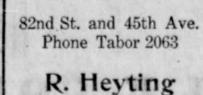
# LODGE DIRECTORY

Magnolia Camp No. 4026, Royal Neighbors, meets regular Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Wednesdays social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Wednesday, business. Ail Neighbors requested to come. By order of the Camp.

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