

# O. Henry Stories

## IV. The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss.

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GO sometimes into the Bierhalle and restaurant called Old Munich. Not long ago it was a resort of interesting Bohemians, but now only artists and musicians and literary folk frequent it.

But the Planer is yet good, and I take some diversion from the conversation of writer 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 sterna, portrait of Goethe and verses painted on the walls—translated into German from the original 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 sterna parape, try covered, and the walls were painted to represent depth and distance, with the Rhine winding at the base of the vineyard 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 up.

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

Walter No. 18 came and breathed on my neck. I was his by right of discovery. Eighteen's brain was built 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 mine. "Did you ever have anybody hand you a double handful of good luck while both your hands were full of bad luck, and stop to notice how your fingers behaved?"

"No riddles, Eighteen," said I. "Leave out palmistry and manuring."

"You remember," said Eighteen, "the guy in the hammered brass Prince Albert and the oriole gold points and the amalgamated copper hat, that carried the combination meat ax, ice pick and liberty pole, and used to stand on the first landing as you go up to the Little Rheinschloss?"

"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 pose."

"He had more than that," said Eighteen. "He was my friend. He was an advertisement. The boss hired him to stand on the stairs for a kind of scenery to show there was something doing in the has-been line upstairs. What did you call him—a what kind 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's idea, rigging a man up in an antebellum suit of taware and standing him on the landing of the slesh. He bought the goods at a Fourth avenue antique store and hung a sign out: 'Able-bodied 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 dilling 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 fish-bait," says I.

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

"Well, the boss tries the Harvey-ized pajamas on him, and they fitted him like the scales on a baked red-snapper, 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 right ahead and guarding the Portugals of the castle. The boss is nutty about having the true old world flavor to his joint. Halberdier goes with Rindslösh," says he, "just as rats goes with rathskellers and white cotton stockings with Tyrolean villages. The boss is a kind of an antologist and is all posted up on data and such information."

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

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. Frellinghuysen.' 'Oh, don't be so formal and offish, Eighteen,' says he. 'Call me Hal—that's short for halberdier.' 'Oh, don't think I wanted to pry for names,' says I. 'I know all about the dizzy fall from wealth and greatness. We've got a rount 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 bell, 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 were 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 piling bricks and loading drays. But they gave out, and I had to resign. I was born for a halberdier, and I've 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 forty-eight 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 patrolling the Rindslösh."

"He made a big bit, 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 eley. And when he'd move they'd squeak and make eyes at him as they went up to the slesh. He looked fine in his halberdashery. He slept at \$2 a week in a hall 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 I. '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 coat and veil, and a fat old man with 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

"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 and a napkin over his arm and waits for the order."

"'Why, it's Deering,' says the young swell. 'Hello, old man. What the—'"

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

"The old man looks at him grim, like a Boston bull. 'So, Deering,' he says, 'you're at work yet.'"

"'Yes, sir,' says Sir Percival, quiet and gentlemanly as I could have been myself, 'for almost three months now.'"

"'You haven't been discharged during the time?' asks the old man."

"'Not once, sir,' 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 it, 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 a footstool. Take away this empty salt-cellar.' She kept him on the jump. She was sure giving the halberdier his.

"There wasn't but a few customers up in the slesh at that time, so I hung out near the door so I could help Sir Percival serve."

"He got along fine with the olives and celery and the blue points. They was easy. And then the consommé came up the dumb waiter all in one big 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 floor, 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 hotter 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 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: 'Walter, 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 slesh on the jump."

"'I want this man discharged at once!' roars the old guy. 'Look what he's done. Ruined my daughter's dress. It'll cost at least \$300. Discharge this awkward lout at once or I'll sue you for the price of it.'"

"'Dis is bad pizness,' says the boss. 'Six hundred dollars is much. I reckon I vill haf to—'"

"'Wait a minute, Herr Brockmann,' says Sir Percival, easy and smiling. But he was worked up under his tin suitings; I could see that. And then

"'Is there any explanation to this?' says she. 'Is it a practical joke, such as men play in those Griddlecake and Lamb clubs? I'm afraid I don't see the point. I heard, vaguely, that you were away. For three months I—we have not seen you or heard from you—'"

"'I'm halberdiering for my living,' says the statue. 'I'm working,' says he. 'I don't suppose you know what work means.'"

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"'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 armor and says: 'Heien, will you suspend sentence in this matter for just a little while? You don't understand,' says he. 'I've got to hold this job down a bit longer.'"

"'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's desk and gives him a smile that knocks the specks off his nose."

"'I think your Rindslösh,' says she, 'is as beautiful as a dream. It is a little slice of the old world 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's antology hobby just right. 'Sure,' says he, 'd'ot vill be fine. Und der orchestra shall blay 'Die Wacht am Rhein' all der time.' And he goes over and tells the halberdier to get upstairs and hustle the grub at the swell 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.'"

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he made the finest, neatest little speech I ever listened to. I can't give you the words, of course. He gave the millionaires a lovely roast in a sarcastic 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 Rindslösh, 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 desertion that has been done to this splendid Rindslösh—the confiscation of its halberdier to serve menially at the banquet board."

"'Even I could see that this stuff was piffle, but it caught the boss.'"

"'Meln Gott,' says he, 'you was right. Ein halberdier have not got der right to dish up soup. Him I vill not discharge. Have another waiter if you like und let men halberdier go back und stand mit his halberd. But, gentlemen,' he says, pointing to the old man, 'you go ahead and sue mit der dress. Sue me for \$300 or \$3,000. I 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: a pickled beet.' I told him, says the old guy, 'if he would earn his own living for three months without once being 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 question,' 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 Rindslösh 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 handkerchief 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 Rindslösh. 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 falls on the cigar case. That's how that happened.'"

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## SHIPPING BILL PASSES HOUSE, 211 TO 161

### Government is Empowered to Spend \$50,000,000 to Obtain Merchant Vessels.

Washington. — The administration shipping bill, designed to upbuild a merchant marine and strengthen the navy, passed the house by a vote of 211 to 161, virtually in the form in which it was introduced. The bill now goes to the senate.

The bill proposes to appropriate \$50,000,000 to be raised by Panama bonds, for the purchase, charter or lease of ships by the government. These ships would be sold or leased to private capital as rapidly as possible, with the government reserving the right to call them back into service as naval auxiliaries. The operation of such vessels as the government was unable to lease or sell would not extend beyond five years after the close of the European war.

A shipping board of five members, empowered to prevent rate discrimination and unfair practices by all ships plying American waters and fix maximum rates, would be created.

Only two democrats voted against it. Nine republicans, three progressives and one independent voted favorably and 11 members voted "present."

#### Need for Revenue is Less Pressing.

Secretary McAdoo submitted to Chairman Kitchin, of the house ways and means committee, and Chairman Simmons, of the senate finance committee, revised estimates of the government's receipts and expenditures for the current fiscal year and the fiscal year ending June 30, 1917, tending to show that much less new revenue will have to be raised to meet the bill for preparedness and other large contemplated expenditures than had been supposed.

Only about \$150,000,000 in additional revenue will have to be provided during the coming year, Mr. McAdoo said. This is less by \$75,000,000 than the most conservative members of congress calculated would be needed. All of the additional revenue will come from taxes on incomes, inheritances and munitions in accordance with a plan approved last week by President Wilson.

It is probable that all of the revenue measures now before congress, including provision for preparedness revenues, a tariff commission and the encouragement of the dyestuffs industry, will be included in an omnibus bill. The President is understood to favor that plan.

#### Income Evasions Are Frustrated.

Attempted frauds and evasions of the income tax law aggregating \$8,380,185 have been frustrated by the treasury department during the first nine months of the current fiscal year. The \$8,380,185 has been added by the incorrect returns, assessed against the delinquent corporations and individuals and will be collected. More than 80,000 individual and corporation returns have yet to be examined before the total of the amount withheld can be ascertained.

Agents of the internal revenue bureau, working under the direction of Commissioner Osborn, have for some months investigated all income tax returns and will continue their work until every one of the returns for the past fiscal year has been checked and verified.

In a statement issued by the treasury department, it was announced that income tax receipts would yield \$110,000,000 during the fiscal year.

#### Mexico More Friendly.

The state department was officially advised that it might expect soon a new note from General Carranza regarding the border situation. Indications are that it will be of a friendly character, and it is thought possible General Carranza may propose the framing of a definite understanding along the lines of the unwritten agreement reached by the military conference at El Paso between Generals Scott, Funston and Obregon.

Should this forecast be borne out, the delicate situation created by General Carranza's request for withdrawal of the American expedition would be a closed incident.

Special Agent Rodgers, at Mexico City, reported that the attitude of officials of the Carranza government had undergone a decided change recently. There were evidences in many quarters, he said, of increasing friendliness toward the United States.

Mr. Rodgers reported that Mexican officials now felt that the critical stage resulting from the Columbus raid had passed and said tension was greatly relieved in the Carranza capital.

#### Baptists Meet in Minneapolis.

Minneapolis, Minn.—The Northern Baptist Convention, representing 32 states and as many more foreign countries, was ushered in by preliminary meetings of the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Societies, who held spectacular pageants and programs.

A good newspaper is a good booster for any good community. If the community is good enough for you, and your local paper is good enough for the community, send some copies to your good friends once in a while. You will be doing good, the paper may do some good, and then we'll all be good fellows. dec22:rf

It doesn't cost you anything to advertise an article if you want to take advantage of The Sentinel's new want ad stunt. No sale, no pay; that's the way we do business. meh29:rf

Twelve-inch water motor for sale. The Sentinel. meh29:rf

## IS IT TRUE?

that high interest oftentimes means low security? Everyday events seem to prove it.

If you can be content with normal interest and want to be absolutely sure of your principal, then this strong National Bank has much to offer.

A savings account can be opened here with one dollar or more, or which we will pay you a fair interest. Peace of mind is worth something.

Think it over and consult us.

## The Old Reliable First National Bank Cottage Grove, Oregon

### KEEP YOUR SKIN CLEAR AND HEALTHY.

There is only one way to have a clear, healthy complexion and that is to keep the bowels active and regular. Dr. King's New Life Pills will make your complexion healthy and clear, move the bowels gently, stimulate the liver, cleanse the system and purify the blood. A splendid spring medicine. 25c at your Druggist.

**BICYCLE REPAIRING.**  
—SOLDERING OF ALL KINDS.  
**H. F. OAKES**  
Can allow you more for your old wheel on a new guaranteed wheel, than anyone in the county.  
Furniture Repairing a Specialty.  
Baby carriages repaired, tires put on. Satisfaction guaranteed. Will call and deliver any work.  
BICYCLES, SUNDRIES, ETC. PHONE 86-Y  
SCHLEEF BUILDING

### TO RID CHILD OF WORMS.

Don't scold the fretful, nervous child. Often it's due to worms. Get rid of these by giving one-half to one lozenge Kickapoo Worm Killer, a laxative worm candy. Give only plain nourishing food, lots of out-door exercise and put to bed early. Watch stools and continue giving Kickapoo Worm Lozenges, they will positively remove the worms. 25c at Druggists.

## L. L. Harrel Cottage Grove Transfer

**Draying of all Kinds**  
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DOES YOUR HORSE KICK ON HIS FEED?

### A