

# A Munificent Gift

## A Novel Method of Starting House Keeping That Should Interest Every Reader

Written Exclusively for the Eugene Guard

In all the village of Burlington there was no man quite so shy as Charlie Churchill. As a child he became speechless with confusion when any one noticed him; he stumbled through the gawky age, and when he arrived at young manhood, although he was popular among his own sex, the sight of a girl's face would throw him into an agony of self-consciousness. He usually took the other side of the road when he saw a young woman approaching. Everyone wondered what would happen should Charlie fall in love. At length the day came.

Nellie Schofield was an attractive girl from a neighboring town, as pretty as she was talkative, and Charlie, who first saw her at church, was captivated by her charms. A few days later he astonished all Burlington by walking home with her, and capped that performance by several tentative evening calls. But whether he strolled down flowery lanes or sat with her on the porch in the evening, the words he wanted to say seemed to stick in his throat.

"Could you—could you—" he stammered on one of these occasions. "Could I what?" she queried. "Could you—could you—go driving with me tomorrow?"

It was not at all what he meant to say, but he vaguely felt that perhaps in a hazy it would be easier to ask the momentous question. Yet even these words failed him.

"Will you—will you—?" he began. "Will I what?" encouraged Nellie again, very sweetly and patiently.

"Will you—will you—take a walk with me tomorrow?" "Certainly," said Nellie.

And so it went on. Charlie was getting desperate. "Better hurry up, Charlie," his friends urged him. "There's a fellow in the town where she lives that wants her just as much as you do."

Charlie groaned. What was to be done? He could rehearse it all right before he saw her, but in her presence words failed him. All one night he lay thinking the matter over, and rose next morning weary yet triumphant. He believed he had solved the problem.

A few days later a crate arrived for him. "Looks as if it might be a typewriter," said the station agent. Still as Charlie was not given to literary pursuits, the guess seemed rather improbable.

That night Nellie was aroused from sleep by a voice beneath her window. Slipping on a kimono, she leaned out to listen. The tones of Charlie, a bit more nasal than she had ever heard him, reached her ear.

"I love you," the voice in the dark said rapidly. "I love you more than any one in the world. I'm not worthy of you, I know, but I'll do everything I can to make you happy. Will you marry me, Nellie?"

"Yes, I will," said Nellie, and a few moments later Charlie trudged home with his phonograph under his arm.

"I've always heard it was a grand thing, and now I'm sure of it," he muttered.

All this happened away down east in the little town of Burlington, in Vermont, and it was not long before there was a wedding. A letter to Henry Schofield of Eugene announcing the event soon brought a reply, for Nellie was, as Uncle Henry declared, the only one left for him to care for. He wrote very effusively of what he called "grit," and proposed that if Charlie and Nellie were to locate at Eugene and grow up with the country he would bestow upon them such a gift as would enable them to have a nice home and live comfortably the rest of their days.

"This," wrote Henry, "will be my wedding gift to you. I don't know anything better for you to do, for Eugene is growing fast and is the most suitable place for a young couple to start in life that I know of."

About ten days subsequent a travel-worn party arrived at Eugene, Henry, although 60 years of age, was on hand at the depot to greet the couple, and as he shook hands with both of them at once his face once more showed the gleam of youth and his feet were as spry as he gallantly directed the party to the machine standing near.

"Well, I hope you young folks enjoyed your trip," remarked uncle as they seated themselves. "Did you think you would never get here?" "Oh, we had a lovely trip," replied Nellie. "We stopped off a few days in Chicago and Denver and we got to Salt Lake just in time for their Mormon conference. Isn't that tabernacle organ a wonderful instrument?"

"Considering it's the largest organ in the world, it ought to be," replied Uncle Henry, "but tell me, what do you think of this 'berg of ours'?"

"Looks like a good live town," promptly replied Charlie, "and I feel assured Nellie and I are going to like it."

Steamers a half hour later and went whizzing out Willamette street, Nellie remarked: "Well, Uncle, isn't this a most exhilarating ride, and such a beautiful machine, too. How smooth it runs. Do they use many of them here?"

"Quite a number," replied Henry. "The Mosaic Garage is one of the most progressive firms, and since they commenced selling their White Steamers here they have sold quite a few of them, as, in my opinion, they have the best machine on the market, and one that I have found by experience gets the least out of order. It is noiseless, odorless, and its extreme simplicity permits even a mere novice to run it. It's a splendid hill climber, even on high gear, and it has one thing I like. You don't have to be tinkering with it all the time, for like my Howard watch, it's made right in the first place. I want you to meet Mr. Moulton and Mr. Zacharias, the proprietors of the garage, when we get back, for they have a fine garage, with good cars for rent or sale and when it comes to auto sundries you can't ask for a thing they do not keep, or any repair work they do is not known how to do."

"If you are fond of conundrums, Nellie," said Uncle, "as they drove along, 'here is one Mr. Fisher was telling me the other day, and he says The Guard will give a five-pound box of the Palace of Sweets' best confections to the lady and a new hat to the gentleman who sends in the neatly written correct answer by Saturday night, August 7th.'"

"Well, what is it?" laughingly inquired Nellie. "You've got me interested."

"Here it is," replied Henry, pulling out a sheet of paper. "A single I am, a twin I am never; A triplet I am, though my parts you can sever."

Search well for me here, but bear this in mind, The more you discover the less you will find."

"Gee, that's a good one!" said Charlie, as he studied the puzzle. "What's the answer?"

"The answer," replied Henry, "Mr. Fisher tells me is printed in four lines, but you study it out for awhile, or I'll tell you exactly what it is before we go home, and see if you can catch it."

In answer to the chaffeur's question where they wanted to go, Uncle Henry replied: "Just buzz her around town, Joe. We want to look at a bit of Mother Earth. It's the basis of home, Charlie." It was the first time the young couple had seen so many beautiful streets and shaded avenues, and the trip was made all the more enjoyable by Uncle Henry pointing out the various places of interest enroute.

After driving around for a while, Uncle Henry exclaimed: "What think you, after looking at the numerous places, that the corner lot, Sixth and Olive streets, next to the new post office, would be the most desirable place to live on? All right. That was a pretty place, wasn't it? Near an electric car line, with electricity, gas and sewerage, it is capable of having every modern convenience. It's a good investment, and for the price asked is a bargain. If you want to see about prices and terms I see by the sign we must go back and see John B. Coffron, of the Oregon Land Co., 412 Willamette street, who runs the leading real estate office in the city. He is a wide awake, up-to-date and thoroughly responsible business man, handling all kinds of real estate from houses up to acre tracts and big additions."

"I bought a ranch of him some time ago that is going to prove one of the best investments I ever made. You know, there are some real estate firms that are always looking for the best end of it, but Coffron has been renting my house for me for some time, and I have always found him honest and upright in all his dealings and fair to both the borrower and lender."

"Pointing fruit and bees make a nice combination for small farmers," remarked uncle, "which reminds me of a good conundrum. Nellie, Mr. Coffron handed me the other day. Why is a bee-hive like a bad potato?"

"Give it up," laughed Nellie. "I haven't been able to think of anything but those pretty Utah girls I saw at the Salt Lake conference, as we came 'brough,'" said Charlie.

"Nice thing for a young married man to say," laughed uncle; "but you got busy with some grape nuts and think it over. Or, maybe I'll tell you after a while. You remind me."

"Now," said Uncle, "we have settled the real estate question. I want you to have a good, big modern house, and I don't care a rap if it breaks the bank, so we'll go up to the First National Bank building and see Mr. E. R. Wells, our leading architect. Even with money we've got to have a firm who thoroughly understands the art of drafting, building, etc. He is one of the best architects in Eugene and has put up some mighty fine buildings. He is considered the finest architect in this part of the state and his services are constantly in demand. He prepared the plans for Prof. J. Straub's residence on East Eleventh street, Mrs. Ellen Pennell's on East Twelfth street, a beautiful home of the S. Challett design, and August Vitus' house in Springfield, with concrete waterproof basement. He is now building a beautiful fireproof building for Mr. L. M. B. on East Eleventh street, and a 12-room old Colonial style house on East Eleventh street, and a 12-room old Colonial style house on East Eleventh street, and a 12-room old Colonial style house on East Eleventh street."

Her amazement was equally great when shown the immense carpenter's workroom, which uncle assured her, as stocked with the best of everything, even to the assortment of a Royal Wilton rug.

"Now comes the question of floor covering," remarked Uncle Henry. "What would you want, Nellie, rugs or carpets?"

"Why, uncle," replied Nellie, "I think a pretty carpet for the parlor, a body Brussels carpet for the dining room and matting for the bedroom would be nice, don't you?"

"That's a good idea," replied Henry, "and I think we'll get some of those Macey book cases for the library and also some Wild's linoleum for the kitchen, for it wears like iron."

"Wasn't they pleasant gentlemen?" remarked Charlie on leaving. "You know it," replied Henry, "and a decided advantage in buying there, especially young people, is the popular plan of small monthly payments, besides there is nothing in the house furnishing line you can't get at Campbell-Fellman's, and when they move into their new building on Willamette street near Sixth they will have the finest furniture house between Portland and Frisco."

"Now," said Uncle Henry, "before we go any further, Nellie, I am going to buy you a few things for yourself, so come with me and I'll take you into the Woman's Toggery Shop, 25 East Ninth street, who are without a question the leading ladies' furnishing store in the city."

Upon entering the store uncle introduced the young folks to Frank Smith, the manager, who personally showed them around among the many departments that are of such interest to ladies of taste and breeding. Nellie was almost dumbfounded by the many beautiful things she found there, but bought a beautiful tailored suit, upon which there were but slight alterations to be made; a swell opera cloak, two of their beautiful new guaranteed silk petticoats, some combination petticoats, two pairs of A La Spirite corsets, several pairs of gloves, some fancy hosiery and many dainty little things in lingerie that appeal so irresistibly to every woman. While doing her shopping Nellie was heard to exclaim:

"Isn't this a pretty store for a city the size of Eugene?"

"You're right it is," replied uncle, "and that is why I brought you in here. They always keep so well posted on the latest styles, and with their excellent altering department give a lady such excellent satisfaction. Then they are the only store in the city who alter and fit corsets to suit the wearer, and with their rmodern bust forms, to make a neat and attractive figure, they are enjoying the patronage of the best people in Eugene."

"They certainly have some beautiful suits there," remarked Nellie, as they rode away.

"That was their new line of fall suits just arrived," replied Henry, "comprising the latest styles as shown in New York."

"Your talking in there so much, Nellie, reminded me of a story Mr. Smith told me a short while ago," said uncle as they drove on. "It seems the head teacher in a Sunday school was much worried by the noise of the pupils in the next room. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he mounted a chair and looked over the partition. Seeing a boy a little taller than the others talking a great deal, he leaned over, hoisted him over the partition and banged him into a chair in his room, saying:

"Now be quiet."

"A quarter of an hour later a small head appeared around the door and a meek little voice said:

"Please, sir, you've got our teacher."

"Seeing we are living in the electrical age," said uncle, on leaving Mr. Smith, "and I don't like oil any way you put it, we'll go down and see the Willamette Valley Company, and arrange for your lighting."

After introducing the young folks to J. L. Lambirth, the manager, uncle continued:

"It's remarkable, the service we are getting now in the electrical line, considering what it used to be. Do you remember all those illuminated signs you saw last night? The merchants here are rapidly waking up to the fact that electric signs are a paying, living advertisement, and it will not long before this town will be looking like Portland at night."

"Uncle Henry," said Nellie, "don't you think those little frosted bulbs in the dining room would be nice? They look so odd and pretty to me."

"Little girl," laughed uncle, "you can have anything you want, so we'll get them for sure. And two important electrical devices you don't seem to notice also," said uncle.

"What's the answer," laughingly inquired Charlie.

"Why, an electric flatiron, so Nellie won't have to get up a roaring hot fire on a hot day, and an electric fan for summer. Then you'll want a Clark-Jewell range, Nellie, for I never did believe in a woman's having to sweeter over a hot coal fire in summer, especially when gas to cook by is as cheap as it is here."

"Nice line of motors they seem to have there," said Charlie, as they left.

"I'd tell a man," replied the old man sentimentally. "I can't for the life of me," continued he, "understand how the farmers adjacent to and along the line of a power wire will persist in going without an electric motor. Its cost of maintenance is nominal and it saves time and energy on a farm in running the irrigation pump, the churn, corn husker, bone cutter and lots of other things where power is used. Well, some of these days they will come out of their 'Rip Van Winkle'."

"Now that we have arranged to buy our land," remarked Uncle Henry, "I don't believe I do not believe in taking any chances, so we will go and see the Lane County Abstract, Title & Trust Company, 536 Willamette

street, who furnish abstracts of title in Lane county. When the Lane County Abstract Title & Trust Company furnish the abstract of title, you can rest assured that you are not going to have any trouble, as they make the long form of abstract, so that any attorney can pass intelligently upon the title."

"They have been incorporated since 1908, with a capital of \$10,000, and furnish abstracts for leading attorneys, Eugene agencies and for real estate firms, loaning money in Eugene, and if they don't furnish the best and most reliable abstracts these companies, loaning large sums of money, would not accept them. For these reasons I feel that we are taking absolutely no risk whatever by placing this matter entirely in their hands to look after for us. They have the oldest and best set of abstract books in Lane county, with maps and plats, so I feel perfectly safe in leaving the matter in their hands."

Leaving Mr. Skene, the old uncle, in keeping with his generous nature, insisted on taking Nellie and Charlie into Mrs. Ruth McCallum Carter's millinery parlors, in the First National Bank building, and have Nellie pick out one of their becoming newest hats. Nellie was quite a while in making her selection, as she was bewildered by the great display of dress and pattern, basket, Spanish and turban hats, in all the latest shades, as well as the latest laces, ribbons, veillings and other feminine finery she found there.

Nellie found Mrs. Carter a very charming lady to deal with.

"Why, in Burlington," she declared, "they have no such millinery store as this one. If you don't object, Mrs. Carter, I am going to drop in here often when I'm lonesome."

Nellie was assured of a welcome at any time, and leaving her two Flisk hats, the perfect millinery, the hats all others are judged by, for some extra trimming, withdrew.

"Well," said Nellie, "I certainly know where to buy my hats in the future."

"You're right there," said uncle. "Mrs. Carter is a very progressive milliner, and conducts a first-class millinery store. She goes to Seattle and Portland this month to select her fall styles, but her parlors will be open all day during her absence. She is telling me the other day she is closing out her present stock with sweeping reductions, so I knew you would get a bargain."

"Speaking of the popularity recently of the 'Merry Widow' hat," laughingly remarked uncle as they left, "Mrs. Carter was telling me recently about a man whose wife was extremely jealous, planning a pleasant surprise for her in the shape of a trip to New York to see the 'Merry Widow,' and wrote to a friend in the city to let him know the earliest date for which he could secure seats. The next day when he was away from home the following telegram was delivered there, addressed to him, but opened by his wife:

"Nothing doing with the widow until the 10th. Will that suit you?"

"Now that we've got Nellie fixed," said Uncle Henry, on leaving Mrs. Carter, "let us go up the street and I'll introduce you to W. T. Gordon, corner Tenth and Olive street, our leading funeral director. You'll find him a very clever gentleman."

And introducing the young folks, who chatted for a few minutes on the beauties and climate of Eugene, Uncle Henry drawled:

"Well, folks, we'd better be moving."

"Wasn't he a pleasant gentleman," remarked Charlie, upon leaving Mr. Gordon, "and hasn't he a nicely appointed establishment?"

"You're right he is," replied Uncle Henry. "Mr. Gordon has made a host of friends in Eugene in the eight years he has been in business here, so much so that I, for one, have always said that when I die I want him to attend to the burying of me, as he is considered by every one to be the best funeral director in the city, and has the best funeral equipment in this part of the country. All of the leading families employ his services when a sad event occurs, and since he has been in business here I know he has directed the burial of more prominent people than any other director in this part of the state. He is a graduate embalmer, and besides being our coroner is one of our most progressive business men. His idea of what a proper burial should be was what our city needed, and the innovations he has made, eliminating so many of the unpleasant, gruesome features usually attendant upon a burial, is winning him the leading business of the city."

"Uncle Henry," said Nellie as they left Mr. Gordon, "if there is one thing I like on my table it is good butter. What do you know about it?"

"Give me something easy," laughed uncle. "We'll go up to the Eugene Creamery, 474 Willamette street, and I'll show you why and how they make the best butter sold in Western Oregon."

"My! What an immense churn," said Nellie, as having met D. A. Ruth, the manager, they were being shown through the plant.

"I'd tell a man," sentimentally replied uncle, "this churn is a whoop-butter every week."

"And what is that funny looking machine, she inquired."

"That's a Babcock tester for testing the butter fat in cream," replied Henry. "You see, he continued, "they have 200 farmers who bring their pure cream in two and a half times a week, and they are paid according to the percentage of butter

fat in the cream. One of my old friends, a rancher, was telling me the other day that the Eugene creamery paid the highest price for cream of anybody in town. You see, they use such enormous quantities of it, for besides making 4000 pounds of butter weekly, they also make over 2000 quarts of ice cream. The folks here in town are rapidly awakening to the fact that in buying the Eugene's 'fancy creamery butter' they only have to pay the same price for a strictly pure butter that some other people charge for inferior grades. I know, because I used the other until I got wise."

"Now, we can't go to housekeeping without something to eat," remarked Charlie. "Where do you think we can get the best deal in groceries and set them fresh?"

"We'll just ride up to Eugene's up-to-date grocery, 47 West Eighth street and I'll introduce you to Mr. W. A. Bell, the proprietor," replied uncle, "and as they run one of the busiest stores in the city they are selling goods fast enough to keep everything fresh on their shelves."

When they reached the store there was an up-to-dateness about it that attracted Nellie's attention, and after they had looked about and contracted for the goods they decided that Uncle Henry was right again, for they found a complete line of imported delicatessen goods, a fine line of fresh fruits and vegetables, the National Biscuit Company's crackers, the famous Heinz's canned goods and preserves direct from the packers, the well-known 'Monopole' and 'Preferred Stock' canned goods, a full assortment of domestic and imported cheese, the celebrated Chase & Sanborn's coffee, Schillings' teas and spices, creamery butter and everything else good to eat, which, Uncle Henry said, "were better and sold cheaper than at any other store in the city."

"And such pleasant people to do business with," remarked Charlie.

"Yes," replied uncle, "they are a firm whose word is good, and I notice that their customers always stay by them. They have, to my mind, the best and most attractive grocery in the city, it always seems so nice and clean. Then their prices are right, also, for no matter what you care to pay, they carry goods to suit. I like to trade there. Their phone number is Red 1581. Nell, which will save you a lot of useless marketing, for Bell, in the careful attention he gives to phone orders, saves many housewives the bother of tedious marketing."

"Uncle Henry," said Nellie, as they left Bell's, "I want a facial massage. Is there any one in town who gives it?"

"I should say so," replied uncle. "The Hastings Sisters, in the Register building, are experts, and I know you'll get satisfaction, so we'll ride and leave you there for a while, and I guess Charlie and I can find some innocent amusement while you are in their skillful hands."

Returning to Miss Hastings' in an hour's time Charlie averred he would hardly have recognized Nellie, if he hadn't left her there, her face looked so fresh and pretty from her massage.

"Miss Hastings treated me so pleasantly, too," remarked Nellie, as they drove on, "and her prices were so reasonable. I had a lovely shampoo, and they so quickly dried my hair with their new electric dryer. It just feels fine. I'm going there often, for I like their work very much."

"And, Charlie, you must go there too, and have them treat you for your falling hair, for Miss Hastings gives that and the cure for dandruff special attention."

"Did you have your nails manicured too?" inquired uncle.

"Of course," replied she. "Don't they look pretty? I never had a better manicure in my life, for she took such pains with them."

"Without question," remarked uncle. "The Hastings Sisters have the best appointed beauty parlors in the city, and I have heard several ladies speak very highly of their facial massage and the artistic coiffures they construct. Then they make all kinds of hair goods and puffs in all the latest modes and it just about keeps them busy with engagements at ladies' homes by appointment. Their phone number is 430. Nell, so don't forget it."

Charlie had been running around all this time sadly in need of a shave, so he asked the generous uncle to grant him his absence until he had his whiskers "pulled."

"Why, of course," replied uncle. "But what is the use of having your whiskers pulled when you can get a nice, clean shave by going into Marx's barber shop, 565 Willamette street. Mr. Marx is gentlemanly, courteous to his customers and deserving of your patronage."

Charlie's well shaved and smiling face soon appeared again.

"By Jove, that shave was a peach," said Charlie.

"Mr. Marx is all right," replied uncle. "He employs the highest-priced skilled labor in town, and a better hair-cutter I don't know if. It don't take 'em long to go over my old bald pate, though," ruefully remarked Henry, "but he's got the reputation, and that's what counts. Did you have a bath, Charlie?"

"Had a fine one while waiting my turn," replied he.

"To my mind," said uncle, "Mr. Marx has the finest shop in town; everything is so thoroughly up-to-date, no petty charges or little things, either, as some of the cheap shops seem to think is necessary. And when he gets the new front put in his shop and hot water heating throughout, he's going to have the finest place in the city. I go there regularly, for

George enjoys the best men in the city. "George was the only one who waited for me from Europe, and he was the only one who had the only one who provided they would as he did, and when he passed the razor on to me, he said, 'Well, sir, P. T. is the next fellow. Finish around looking like a razor to Barnum, he took it very slow, he was mauling side of his head with great care. Then walking to the store, he said, 'Say! talk about a razor, I'd talk about a razor. They say that crowd of Barnum to the lions of the mad.'"

"One moment," Charlie, "Nellie and I are on the train coming up to Eugene, and I look nice candy store in the anyhow," replied she. "I'll show you a can even Portland can't even it. Do you remember little baby you wanted me to take there?"

Arriving at the Palace of Sweets, Nellie said, "I want a facial massage. Is there any one in town who gives it?"

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