

Texas Girl, Worth \$15,000,000, Spurns Gilded Palaces for Prairie Romances



of Pony on Sea of Alkali Is Sweet Music to Anne Burnett.

International News Service. WORTH, Texas, Aug. 12.—A plains—vast areas of alkali—stretching from the borders of civilization far out into the distant, blind—glare of a western sun—have been the scene of a romance. The girl, Anne Burnett, 25, has a bank account of \$15,000,000, the largest of all the gilded fortunes of Europe's most famous re-

whinny of a prairie pony, the crack of a whip—all these are to the ears of Miss Burnett. Her minor disabilities legally blind, Miss Burnett, only grand-daughter of the late Burk Burnett, followed his way to wealth on the Texas plains. She is a young woman in America, a girl of the west, the daughter of a "granddaddy" who has a bank account of \$15,000,000, with a residue of real estate of \$1,000,000.

Wells in the central Texas fields spouting liquid gold that will add additional wealth into her coffers. Hundreds of thousands of head of cattle are grazing on the lands of acres of land now owned by Anne Burnett owner.

Not Bothered by Fortune.

A question of "what to do with money" is not bothering Miss Burnett. A competent staff of executives will handle her business affairs. She will continue to live—undisturbed and protected—with no inclination toward a more strenuous life. The coal of the old west, she has interest in traveling abroad, as many other Americans do. Nor is she going to return to school. For the last three years she has been a student in Holton Arms school, at Elgin.

"I'm through with study for a while," she says.

Popularity is earned by Miss Burnett. She radiates all the soulfulness of the west. The freedom of the plains still lives with her, though a noticeable fineness betrays her every action. She swims and is a great lover of the water.

Over all things else, however, she loves to ride horseback. That is inherent, because her famous "granddaddy" made his millions while at in the saddle. There are vast stretches of land she owns. The "6666" ranch, in Garfield county, famous in pioneer lore, is more than 200,000 acres, owned by her. She also is sole owner of the Dixon Creek ranch, in Carson county—an area of 100,000 acres. And for her grandfather—many of valuable oil lands give her a fortune of her wealth.

She is not impressed with the

vastness of all this. Nor is she materially affected by the tragedy that has colored her life. In the midst of it all, her youth is uninterrupted and flows on.

Holding the family coffers, almost bursting, in her strong grasp she can afford to be tolerant to an aged grandmother, who has come upon the scene and now is occupying the Burnett home with Anne and her mother.

Grandmother Declared Sane.

The grandmother is here for the first time since May, 1911, when she was declared insane. The wife of the late millionaire cattleman has lived for 11 years with her relatives in Weatherford, a small town near here.

While Burk Burnett served as her guardian during his life, his sister was appointed guardian of Anne at his death. Soon thereafter his wife was declared sane and was brought here to reside with Anne and her mother, Mrs. Ollie Burnett, divorced wife of Tom Burnett, the virtually disowned son of the pioneer cattleman.

Tom Burnett, following a divorce from his first wife, the mother of Anne, married Lucile Mulhall, professional horsewoman. Recently he was divorced from her, and rumor has it that he may be reunited with his first wife.

While the hand of Anne Burnett herself may be sought by many youthful cavaliers, she has no thought of marriage.

"Get married?" she queried impudently in reply to a question. "I should say not. I do not care to talk about that."

Though rumor has it that suitors are flocking to the "mañana of millions," courting the favor of the youthful Anne, blond and pretty.

While the ghosts of the past move about her and are constantly being revived in person, Anne goes blithely on, tossing her permanent wave—bobbed, at that—snapping her fingers and letting her millions accumulate interest.

Now I realized what had made me hesitate as I entered. It was the famous bath tub, huge in proportion and unusual in design, already filled with water, and occupying the center of the room.

Although it was still early afternoon, MacKall was apparently tired, and the tub was being prepared to receive him once more, as it had every night through those terrible years. There, immersed in the tepid water, and lying upon floats and other cunningly arranged devices, he could sleep—and only there.

I turned with an involuntary shudder from the tub, and sat down rather suddenly in a chair beside his bed. MacKall was unbelievably thin from the operations and constant suffering he had endured during the four years which had dragged on No Man's Land, but he extended a hand, and asked me if I smoked.

For some reason this question added to my discomfort, and I nervously fumbled for a cigarette. Although that terrible tub was behind me, it continued to distract my attention as if it had a personality. I came to almost with a start, and attempted to awaken my reporter's instinct by sizing up MacKall's appearance, as he lay before me face down on the bed. I saw a face thin and lined with suffering, and serious blue eyes, which must have been merry once, set off by a thick shock of bright red hair. He spoke scarcely above a whisper.

His Place Not Mine. "Well, how about the fire, did you get burned any?" I asked.

"Why no?" he said slowly, as if giving the question mature consideration. "Why, no. There was a lot of bunk printed in the papers this morning about what happened to me during the fire, but there's nothing to it. My place didn't catch fire. The papers had told how when all had been removed to safety excepting MacKall, that instead of showing concern, he had joked with his attendants as the flames crept nearer.

"Were you afraid?" I asked, groping for some object with which to get him talking easily. I felt like a cub reporter on his first important assignment.

"Why, no," he replied with an attempted smile. "Why should I have been afraid? And then perceiving that I had read the feeling in his heart, he added hastily, 'There was no danger for me, you know. This house never even caught fire.'

"How are you being treated here?" Are you getting everything you want?" was my next venture. I was obsessed by the nearness of that awful bath tub.

"I can't complain," he said, "everything is being done for me that can be done, I'm sure. I'm getting good treatment, and I guess I see as many visitors as is good for me. No, I haven't any complaint to make at all."

Strikes Own Match.

MacKall was holding an unlighted cigarette between his bony discolored fingers. Relucting my offer he wiggled his arm in position to strike a match. He took several puffs with apparent satisfaction and said suddenly, "look here. Here's something you can do. You represent the Legion. Well, all right. The Legion has done more for us fellows here than any body else. I don't know what would have happened to some of them if the Legion hadn't fought for them. Now here's what I want, and all my buddies here want it. Don't let them take this hospital away from Fort McHenry."

"There'll be a lot of people want to do that on account of the fire. Of course the place is not as good as it might be. There's still the fire danger, and other drawbacks, too. But the big point is this: When a man's in hospital year on end, he gets discouraged, and he gets lonesome. The best medicine for him is to have him near his family and friends where they can come to see him and bring him things to cheer him up.

"I've had a lot of time to think during the past few years," he said with an attempt at a smile which was most apologetic, "and naturally I can't think about myself all the while, so I think a lot about my buddies here, especially the NPs. And I'm convinced of one thing. That keeping a man's spirit up is one of the biggest factors in getting him well. They called it keeping up the morale during the war. Fellows got cheered up near home and friends. But take them too far away, and they get downhearted and dejected. Sometimes they get so bad they won't even kick at anything."

"Keep Them Near Home."

"These men at Fort McHenry live near here. And if you want them to get well, keep them near home."

"Now promise me that you won't try to get this place moved on account of the fire," he whispered earnestly. I nodded my head for reply. "Not that it would affect me personally," he added hastily, "if I found out that I thought he might be asking something for himself. They can't move me you know. They didn't even try it last night when the fire was all around here," he continued, but checked himself suddenly. He realized that this didn't quite fit with his former attitude that he hadn't been in any danger.

"Well, anyway, I'd stay no matter what happened. I have lots of company, but I'm unusual." It was becoming more of an effort for him to talk, and MacKall's mind was racing ahead of his halting whippers. He hesitated, and the right pause, with accompanying smile showed me he meant me to understand that he had more visitors than the average, and not that he considered himself or his case "unusual." Modesty, courage and patience showed itself in abundance. But far beyond these shone the effort to think of others and forget self—that mutilated, racked body above which the spirit of man could rise, but which the incessant pain would not let him forget.

He took a fresh grip on himself. "I have plenty of company and they're always doing something for me besides," he said, reaching with a backward roll of the eyes the attendants busy at the other end of the room.

Tired By Interview.

It was plain that the interview had tired him. I got up and clasped his hand carefully, fearing to crush his slender fingers against the large steel ring which he kept on with difficulty. "Now listen buddy," he whispered as his grip tightened, "you've stuck by us. Keep it up. Have the American Legion keep on plugging to keep the hospitals near the boys' homes. That's what'll make them pick up faster than anything else."

I gave a final squeeze to his hand, and walked hastily toward the door. As I reached it, I turned back, carefully avoiding the horrible bath tub. He was still lying face down, and his head had again dropped to the pillow, upon which his head rested. He attempted to wave his dead cigarette to me in token of farewell, but only succeeded in twitching it slightly in his emaciated fingers.

"Take me back by the shortest route," I told the doctor. "I want to catch the train for Washington." And so I left MacKall lying up on his face, but soon to be placed in that unspeakable bath tub—from which he would be lifted the next morning, to spend the day lying on his face again. And so on in the endless circle, while you and I and others enjoy health and strength and freedom from pain.

So this was the famous bath tub case. But how little words mean to one who has not seen it, and perceived the spirit of the man who, in constant agony, gave his thoughts and efforts to help his helpless "buddies."

Two Phrases to Remember. The American people are a versatile and volatile nation, with military leaders at times who have shown an aptitude for phrase-making which has immortalized their names. Two of these already stand out, one justly famous, the other awaiting the judgment of history.

The first is a by-word, as one great general once said, speaking of war and its effects, "War is Hell."

To this celebrated enrichment of our language may now be added a more recent commentary on war. Not uttered in the heat of battle it is true, but nevertheless illuminating in the light it throws upon war's aftermath, although penned in the seclusion of the studio.

While this second golden phrase came from the pen of a general of lesser accomplishments, its author nevertheless, because of the high position which he holds, now looms greater upon the horizon of America's disabled war heroes, than his more illustrious, if less important brother in arms. I refer to Brigadier General Sawyer, recently of Marion, Ohio, but now personal physician of President Harding and advisor to the chief executive in matters concerning disabled soldiers.

General Sawyer has opinions of his own concerning how America should care for her war wounded, and because of his personal relation to the president, his ideas are not lightly to be reckoned with.

Gen. Sawyer Accused. Recently the general was accused by the American Legion of obstructing the Veteran's Bureau hospital building program for the disabled. I almost said the disabled hospital building program. In explaining his attitude, and attempting to justify it, the general commented upon what he considered the change of sentiment in the American people toward its soldiers now suffering in government and contract hospitals.

He told how eighteen months ago, people who wished to do something for the disabled crowded this office, but that now the situation had changed.

Then the general dictated his famous phrase. "Few are there, indeed, who have particular concern," he replied to A. A. Sprague of the Legion, who had accused him of delaying the much needed hospital program.

Perhaps it is true. It may be that the general, as an astute interpreter of public opinion, has diagnosed his own case and that of the public correctly, and that outside of veteran organizations and their auxiliary, the people are indifferent or at least apathetic toward the fate of men whom they cheered and wept over three short years ago.

We reporters know that the public is fickle, changeable. It demands to be entertained above all else, and must be intensely interested before it will throw itself wholeheartedly into a project.

War Still On For Thousands. But the writer does not believe that the American people have forgotten, nor does he believe that the newly-coined phrase, "Few are there indeed, who have particular concern," is a correct diagnosis of the American conscience, and he knows it cannot be, so long as there are men like MacKall, suffering in makeshift hospitals, who in their own forgetfulness of self, recall

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to those who did not enter the war, that the war still continues today for thousands of America's broken young manhood.

MacKall died a short time after I talked to him, and I imagine his my interview was the last he ever gave. His funeral was quite an event. President and Mrs. Harding sent flowers, the body lay in state for 24 hours, and hundreds of Legionnaires and other veterans turned out to do him honor. A firing squad fired three rounds over his grave, and a bugler sounded taps, "good night to the brave."

But MacKall's soul goes marching on. And his buddies will take up the torch which he let fall, and will continue to prove the falsity of the newly-coined phrase, "Few are there, indeed, who have particular concern."

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